

BlazeVOX 11

Winter 2011

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shoot them both

legendary push-button brass official in a parade-dress helmet makes the rounds
pigeons follow in her wake she sheds seeds and marabou feathers
lip-gloss crickets we cross paths often she tells me I am
appallingly organic I cough and she covers her eyes I wish to lodge a
complaint with her superfluous arm: dear sir or melodrama, please be aware
your star and clockwork cop are working too hard shoot them both

aligning with the stars

in the realm of false concern King Tradeable Futures wields his tazer specializing in
weak signatures the mare of his awakening has bolted— now he'll never
find her or his belt-holster and the tiny grains of salt-substitute spill
themselves along the tablecloth seams aligning with the stars until
the table hums and the king taken aback demands the
gravy-boat and the lance

certain birds

the return of certain birds	that's a start.	how much stink
bug per blackberry bush and all that...	tinker with a car in the dusk	
cornhusk terrible	demon squash in undergrowth.	
nobody's varmint fence works.	the old lust for mud daft	
container garden not yet enough:	no lightning bug.	

a sort of machine

fever makes my day a sort of machine for counting droplets and shark's
teeth north winds blow the molars from my mouth *oh danny boy your boss, your*
boss must hate you and Picasso's bicycle on the wall heat has a sound
and light too I could dance to them all day