

# BlazeVOX 11

Winter 2011

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## Leading Up

There's an old gallon of paint  
and the footprint of your carburetor  
looks like a silhouette of your mother.

The fake pumpkin sits next to  
a fading box of pamphlets about  
investment properties.

You liked me, you once said, in your old  
faded tees and my hair a little disheveled.  
No make-up. Just me.

The ladder leaning on the sheet rock  
leads up to the loft I had my first time  
and you took the lead.

It's only now I see life leading up to you.

## **Time Clusters**

Up and Away in a yellow field.  
You aren't just here but attached to the  
breeze that enters me.

Far enough away,  
we're not corresponding shapes.  
Our skin mismatched from different breeding.

Hues blend then melt on alcohol  
tongue. I'm punch drunk on less than.  
We rise and fall as time clusters verge

ending up where we began.

## **Landscapes**

Oh how the scenery could  
change, adjust, move,  
take hold of me and place  
me somewhere near,  
and like a shape-shifter,  
I change too, now out of  
myself, and into someone  
better adapted for weather,  
banter, drivel, heartache.  
Miscommunication turned ugly.

The landscapes move and fold  
in on themselves and I just  
peel my skin and unfold onto them.

## Not Together

Sitting under the air vent, my hair slightly  
disheveled, unruly on the edges,  
there's a glimmer in your eye from the  
water glass reflection and I'm taken  
to our last encounter,  
unclothed, unruly on the edges,  
your eyes closed, mine rolled back,  
distant song.

Even though I'm not there, my back, in  
arc from habit, faces him, while he fingers  
a menu.

The condiments closer than we will ever be again.  
Or so it feels that way right now.