

BlazeVOX 11

Winter 2011

Margot Block

Mermaid Love

this scar whispers to me
the tear in an unknown fabric
the zig zag stitch of all time
and a black out moving through the storm
spitting out the mermaid like sin
her shelled bra
vanishes on the canvas of our veiled imagination
her blond hair muddied with seawood
I think of you her lover
escaping the hard rush concrete
to find solace in a myth

Messiah

you are leaving or coming back
each song is draw and blank
I pause each word, the magician and sweet talk
to whisper straight Messiah
where your gospel was directed edge
it was Magdalene
the Virgin Mary pregnant with sin
and I believed Joseph

Misunderstood

she feels the boy man
he breathes a million novellas
and premature through smoke and mirrors
she knows it is too late for the recoil
for the step backward
nothing at all can erase this century
we were so fearless
wearing prolonged shock for fun
in the interlude
there is no such thing as sadness
all we have left is a painted hurt
when she wants is truth
delivered on a solid ray of light
so in the thin moonlight
in the streetlight's shadow
she whispers I'm misunderstood
and I don't know how to tell you any secret of mine
they both know the softest place in the world is here on the heart
pumping up for the great unforgettable fall
and so in these interludes she plays the angel
soft white feathers in tow
muddied
trading in running shoes for the trademark wings
treating the world like every backyard
they met in an elaborate dream
and she asked him
so did you want to play ball

Untitled

sensing doubt was a magical enterprise
and because I loved you I went to the river naked
so I went blue to the sun party
waiting for a sign you had left
for one of the other summer girls
you measure my emptiness in teaspoons
and watched me disassemble myself piece by piece
to this day you never quite abandoned me
the passion of every sixteen years
we never quite matched up
your longing and my despair
telling stories like a legend
like you were irreplaceable
when I left you were tired
my youth was out of your grasp
it would have been cruel of me to lead you on
or pass you by with some fair weather freak
to the truth these gray skies will last forever
with my eyes closed I could never love
to join the throng of past rejections
and you still think this is about cool
I can only suggest that you hibernate in winter
to never take my father's friendship for granted
in the cruel ways that you have done

Untitled

the love you shatter
trying to hold
you shuffle through a final chapter
the end lingering in a confusion
baba baking jewish love to feed us with
desperate to find the joy she missed halfway
infatuated with the dream
a housewife reading the forerunner of the harlequin
never to forget your fear or the loneliness
is this how we end
cold alone waiting for the sunrise