

BlazeVOX 11

Winter 2011

Terry van Vliet

EUCHARIST

poets' words why from
where who knows or
expects them to come
unbidden thunder
lightning when they
come confront from
nowhere to shake me
shock me waken me
make me see grasp
real presence mystery
welcome embrace the
jolt slice of light that
bursts rolls away the
stone that undoes
reverses consecrates
the every day confects
bestows communion
tangible food
blessed sacrament
poetry

5 RUE DE VERNUEIL

when I'm in Paris I always go to 5 rue de Vernueil
to see Serge Gainsbourg's house because I like it as
well as the Louvre or the Pompidou and anyone can
touch its great graffiti that's as good as a Franz Kline
in Technicolor and his house is Paris full of surprises
like the rusting faucet on the rue Visconti that's been
transformed into a penis with mossy pubic hair that's
dripped on the paving stones for at least forty years
iron fine hard-on Giacometti might have wrought
and last Friday Tosh said he'd give anything to get
inside that house Charlotte closed for good in 1991
where the cheese in the fridge has ripened for over
twenty years rich as the riches Serge has stashed at
5 rue de Verneuil and isn't it sad no one's going to
ever see what he's stuffed in his Birkin bag *tant pis*

for Tosh Berman

THREE FOR FRANK O'HARA

March 27, 1926-July 25, 1966

HAPPY BIRTHDAY FRANK

I

hey it's your birthday Frank 85 today
and I went to the symphony where
I couldn't get you out of my mind or
heart never forget or push aside your
sharp rhapsodies major minor every
note you sang wrote down rocky as
the *Hebrides* the LA Phil played today
so there you were crescendo in my
head louder than drumming tympani
brighter than brassy trumpets blazing
fresher now than a hundred piccolos
and I thought how I'd like to have
a Coke with you smoke a Camel hear
your nasal twang that sang sings on
Frank
younger today than yesterday

SCHERZO

II

your birthday still hangs around
days after and I think how great
it would have been to have hung
out with you bumped into you
had a chance to fiddle with you
caress your corduroys hold your
hand fleece a poem or two from
your deep pockets tickle your
pink Irish prick feel the bristle
of red gold nettles crotch field
lust for you at a matinee watch
Merle Oberon and Cornel Wilde
in "A Song to Remember" piano
keys coughing up blood Chopin
dying in Technicolor and I'd
have gone to that lousy movie
any day just to sit with you scarf
your Milky Way divertissement
not to be because you came
too soon I too late but I don't
care because I've got you every
word hot breath of you next
to me where I can have you
any time yes all there is to
want of you hard in my hand
Frank very bone of you

DÉNOUEMENT

thanks to Joe LeSueur

III

apropos birthdays Joe
said the birthday poem
for Rachmaninoff you
wrote in July whose
birthday is in April
made me think Frank
of you and the poem
I wrote for you the
last day of April and
we know what they
say about April and
it's Monday night and
on the radio I hear
"The Red Shoes"
reeling in my head
see Boris Lermontov
make Vicky Page dance
a spectral pas de deux
you as her tragic prince
poems in your hands
that fall like lilies in
the last act of "Giselle"
hear church bells toll
faster than variations
by Paganini fast as a
car crash skittering
on sand and I weep
for you for that fatal
misstep in the Pines
weep for Vicky Page
under a train at Nice
final tours en l'air for
you for her *pas d'espoir*
the doctor said