

A.J. Huffman

Flying Blind

after *Oppedette*, photographed by Dieter Appelt

He wanted to be
 like Icarus
and touch the sky, the searing face
of a star, but he was afraid
 of the sun.
His own opalescence made him too easy
a target for its burning
 rays.
Instead he built his wings in the cold
darkness of the caverns, modeled them
after bats
 instead of birds. Weaving
them from clay and moss, he made them malleable
enough to manage
 the dips
and tight curving
 drops
 that could never have lead
him anywhere
 but straight
to hell.

Unblown Balloons

bounce around my imagination.
Flaccid almost-orbs, flattened
and docilely draped about
the fixtures in tragic portrait
of abandonment. I test
their individual boundaries,
stretching, tying appropriately placed knots.
Continued disappointment radiates
as silence. Not a single peep
or growl resonates from breathless
rubber bodies, now lying
in unanimated animal forms.

The Road to Sensory Road

is an act of consumption,
defilation by mouth
 hands
 eyes
 ears and nose, the lesser
trespassers. Scavengers--all of them--
hide behind the guise of exploration.
Discovery is never without
sacrifice. Tactility, tangibility
are merely labeled excuses
to capture
 process
 contain
inside vessels known as knowledge
and misappropriated understanding.

Blue

eyes flutter stutter force
themselves open. Raised
lids widen to embrace the

velvet cracked cluster covers
stretching themselves thin thinner
dissolving into graceful expanse of

sky reflecting in equaled depths.
Uncharted echoes bubble
burst belch erupt in

waves flowing with schools
of scales fins funny
faced faithful followers of tidal

pools overlook the natural thunder. Man-
made Meccas for aquatic worship safely
contained. Sinewy bodies fan themselves like

feathers peacock proud prance preen
caw in ritualistic roar clutch for mate and maybe
youth all flashing back and by in blinking of