

BlazeVOX 13

Spring 2013

Mike Fadum

Flying through Aerosol

The pole vaulter falls to freedom on a dirty mattress.
Weak bent barbwire guards watch him leap.
The drainage ditch eyes check for victims.
He leaves imprints in the gravel for others to follow.
I want to spot for the man.
Concrete, you're such a cruel prison.
I love watching your grey hips give way.

Paco Villa

The full metal jacket melts into bone.
In your ankle, it found a home.
I watch you say it was a drive by.
But we wonder if it's a thug life lie.
The streets slap men for cartel kicks.
In the end, you choose your licks.
Late every morning for one semester,
I wonder why you lie and fester.

Now you've come to every class.
You've got the chance to maybe pass.
The street wise professor in tattoo ink,
Dreams of where he'll land not sink.
If I see you on that stage,
I'll cheer, for you broke the Top Town cage.