

# BlazeVOX 13

Spring 2013

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These graves listen to you  
though they lean too far  
half side to side, half

taking hold your spine, blinded  
in front by sunlight, in back  
by its endless bending down

as if together these bones  
would steady you, in time  
your limp disappear

already the small stones  
buried here, there, in the open  
to tell you what happened.

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To clear your lips -a simple wipe  
though once spread out  
your sleeve fills with shoreline

follows on its own, washed  
with enormous wings  
shaken off the stale crumbs

half sand, half seabirds  
half before each meal  
-you don't use spoons

they won't resist enough  
would empty the way this bowl  
is still looking for what will pour

easily through your heart  
letting it drip and for hours  
one arm circles the other

closer and closer, the one  
that will stay with you forever  
-always the wide, lower and lower

reaching in -your mouth  
no longer clears the rim  
broken open by its cry

to jump! and you bleed  
again from your arms letting go  
their dead breeze, dead sky, dead mouth.

\*

You come here to bathe -the dirt  
warm though the ocean underneath  
is breaking apart on the rocks

-you almost drown, crushed  
by the immense light  
covered over grave after grave

and all these stones adrift  
beneath your hands and one day more  
lower and lower, washed

with the drop by drop  
oozing out your shadow  
the way roots still flow past

for flowers and your hands  
filling with hillsides  
with waves that once had hair.

\*

It's a risk, these clouds  
gathered in the open, grow huge  
take on the shape they need

though once inside this jar  
escape is impossible  
-you collect a cloud whose mist

no one studies anymore, comes  
from a time rain was not yet the rain  
pressing against your forehead

and your mouth too has aged  
coming from nowhere to open  
as some mountainside

believed by all the experts  
too high for predators  
or a dirt that devours

even its place to hide in flowers  
yet you will date the jar  
for their scent and later on.

\*

As if its nest is too shallow this branch  
tests for rocks the way streams  
are nourished by some sea whose roots

still reach out for shoreline and stars  
already drinking from the night sky  
-you wait for the nest to rise

though what flows past is the tree  
is the time it takes its leaves not yet  
the waves spreading across

broken apart for echoes and edges  
that need a place to grow beside  
ripen into birdcalls that all along

die in no ones arms, die in the black smoke  
poured over them and every sunset now  
gropes for the twigs it left behind

as fruit and listening -you settle in  
unable to dry or promise it anything  
that breathes, that sings or children.