

BlazeVOX 20

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Spring 2020

Evan Hurlburt

# AMERICAN SHADE

## Miss Radiguet

I hope my girl is freaky  
If not I'll have to let her out

Traveling through Paris;  
face robbed, guitar stolen  
near streets of garbage  
I told her you need some experience

Maybe bleed gently like young heroin living easy in the summertime

It only gets stranger as I miss you  
Remember

cold sarcastic eyes;  
I hate myself, I want to die

by the seas and never  
dream seeing sequences end  
seasons with tea  
in sweet liaison forever

Dog waits behind door Man goes on whoring

## Jack the Revelator

Fallen dead  
the leaves break  
in silent morning,  
red and white stripes

where evil crosses  
the road looms a face  
dark as horse pacing  
Tell me who's that riding?

the man gallops closer  
exposing his hands  
a book, a letter  
a piece of writing

pleading like his eyes  
I read it in mine  
is he in the know?  
I can see

inside it,  
lions and violence,  
seven seals,  
riders and Pilate,

he speaks, I'm invited

come and see  
I've seen a revelation  
I've seen you in Galilee

## Amuse

Ever so high in the portrait pine  
I can hear you through the paint  
dripping old dementia  
as I call faintly  
through the artisan door  
silent by matter and dimensions  
love brush did fail to illude  
lucifer stray  
dancing round sheep shiven  
prey I can't dilute from my position  
disposition in the cruel sky  
days are mindless spies  
end me timely sun  
by a quiet buy

## Misses Majeure

I'm waiting for the green police  
dressed in blue controlling streets as  
Mrs. Teach patrols my niece  
she is blood and I am grief  
low numbers  
graduate

# American Shade

a white wanderer  
waned in faces  
new, and knew

no better way  
to lace his  
boots, than rabbit

loops, tied and  
true, he loses  
them, off and

on the road  
again, he sees  
a shadow there

before him, glaring,  
or is it simply not  
caring who is

wearing what? or  
where they came  
from to stumble,

on this  
road of dust.  
trust did nothing but

crumble into  
bunny shit. its  
funny the shadow

of a man, no  
different than a  
black woman,

*hand it over*

the dope stops the ride,  
that's the dopest hope  
said officer smokes  
rolling up beside.

you got any priors,  
lights or lies?

so crazy this weather,  
mind stepping out?  
underwear will be trouble

you think that you're safe?  
with gun in my hand  
with cat on my safe?

Once upon mistaking,  
she goes out today,  
something goes kaboom

Ka K K K K.  
some men misbehave.  
lame cop if you blew

I bet that you'd win.  
ka ka ku ku ka zoo  
ka ka ku ku ka zim.

it is her it is him  
in quick get away clean,  
feet to seat her ID.

tits upon limousine  
the man scrambles in bag,  
what hatches his pan?

she wants but a call  
he wants butt a shag  
there's no service or gas

he'll let this one slide  
but next time  
his blast

Lying in a field

where stalks are

in audience

the immaculate darkness

sprawls across frame

lying and dying

night bleeds its refrain

Children of the dusk

Children of the cane

Dying and lying

light lulls them the same

the immaculate whiteness

an immaculate shame

lying in a field

where stalks are

just names



## Less Miserable

forum  
um um um

forum  
um um um

forum  
um um um

dee dumb.  
dee dumb.

ever see a rhymezone poet?  
*supercalifragilisticexpilafauxit*

ever see *Sky High*?  
*nibighsoysigh*  
with red guy  
a green chick  
Gwen is a babe  
coachella sidekick

don't you know it's all about meeze?  
weeze are  
beeze are  
sleeze je suis un

homme homme homme homme

forum  
um um um

forum  
um um um

three doosh  
doosh dumb doosh

doosh doosh doosh  
dumb

## Flygirls

strap her up with wings & basically

send her to the field

to die for free,

who's asking please?

if you did

she was dead on decision

in any instance

a life of no revision, resisting

it's the *right* thing to do,

buffalo, killer

in the like

of an aryan

enlist! she's into the funeral fairytale

soldier picture

soldier clothes

soldier title

soldier life

## Pink vibrations

vibrating vultures

feed fight victorious

victims fill a knife in my ear

effects buzzing like effects

affect black fears peeling on chest

beautiful tremors repress dress

down your circles pierce

less is anything when gone

67' piper at the gates of dawn

crowning and reeling

clown evasive love scene

better now hear aching

run of the mill

can't take proof

in the end our eyes steal

time won't see

the bends naked

in the sound of seals

smears on my arm

steep will to fade colour

and beat poet off

new frequency wah with pink feeling

## Tinnitus

Tinnitus  
the end of all playing  
when you see me  
I'm dead

there is Tinnitus  
strings that date my fate  
bedtime bewareness  
the silver is fake, though stings shake

Tinnitus  
when the music's over  
red lighting white gates  
pink fear droning tape  
the fall and mistakes

Tinnitus  
freezing california rain  
draping mask, a kiss  
a beautiful miss at love  
singing is masochistic

Tinnitus  
uncontrollable burnout  
a waveform flaten guitarist  
death sentence  
the way is shut and loud

Tinnitus  
experimental nave  
come love or evil  
whichever will save me  
scientists, experiments  
the end of all experience

Tinnitus  
when your mind's astray  
enter lion siren page  
hum & bleed the freak boy

he is not the same

for Tinnitus  
    doctor rendezvous  
Tinnitus quack interview  
primary innocence  
    expert secretary imagist nude

Tinnitus  
day in, night in  
day in, nightinnitus  
    a face not faking scream  
    wood & paint be intimate

Tinnitus  
vince .ink  
.com depression  
will you turn b side or  
    suicide me doctor method  
    I take a xanax  
    & take a disease  
    & take me out back like the stupid dog I breathe

take tonight in  
    wearied eyes  
        out of light  
            out of life  
                out of time  
                    now I'm dizzy, fill not with drums

drugs Tinnitus  
    hug to sleep finally  
    think to leave violently  
        shrugs I stay awake, dumb  
        all the daze spinning

blink Tinnitus  
cancer bit cyst thinning  
like a bridge, all too shy  
will you whisper  
    I go down missing

love silently  
listen to this Fuck

Tinnitus  
hyperacusis  
at the door  
merry acoustic scissorman  
hanging by the sore

oh Tinnitus  
very serious  
walking gone and west  
witch twist best see the scarecrow  
if I only had a breath

without Tinnitus  
lonely soft  
hard sorry sick body  
beside effect  
what is affectionate listening

cough, Tinnitus  
pulsing nocturnal  
sleeve inside of ears  
there is no worse fear of mine  
in nature going deaf is fine

nevermind, Tinnitus  
ototoxic sleep dream murderer  
somewhere in the hills  
where music was ego &  
ego goes still

# Skeptical

Arise sight

blind visionary

glaring distant friend

my skin yields impeccable defense.

a skunk in Chinatown.

a skunk in any town

reestablishes the senses,

& makes them forget,

the taste of freedumb

& the sight of idiots

ruling masses divided.

don't you know? bye now

pressing decides all fake is acceptable

what makes a lie?

seven horns, seven eyes

or a saint who falls skeptical?



Los Angeles : very serious

Fame is angles at the mystery FREAK  
where players play live sullen keys  
their string pit vibes die violet peeks  
on you and me before the sheet  
the climax is spectacle.

“what an actress

or

actor” they say

applause swells pretension as  
they press me one question, answered...

## Vegetable Man : Act I

**Lunch:** The cafeteria reality your child isn't telling you about and what to do about it and how to stop ME and catch the bad men and it's all very intentional, costume vegetable, imagine it, you can really eat it **up**

“**Hell**ooooo kiddies, it is I, the one, the ONLY, the spooky, poopy, loopy man.... The Vegetable Man! Thank you all, yes thank you, what an applause. It's very lovely to be here for the final session of our Middle School Lunch Reform Circuit! Everybody give me a thumbs up with your thumbs - That's awesome! You know it feels so good to be back at West Middle, and I can't begin to tell you just how sweet, how – soft, the lunch lady staff has been with me. Ladies, thank you.”

**As** the crowd applauded the staff I zoned in on Shirley; look at those sandbags. I'll spare you my romantic fascinations with her hair net, but surely, you could see my DNA in the grey. She was old, but damn could she heat up some frozen shit and scoop applesauce. I want that hairnet. I had nearly succumb to a backache when I caught the end of Thelma's **praise**,

“**Any**thing for you Vegetable Man! You are dressed like a Vegetable! And last time a soup, and before that, a fudgsicle, and then, and then, and then, then before that you were, you were. And it was all so, so **healthy**.”

**The** witch was butchering my backstory. Thelma was Shirley's daughter but she had white hair. It was something out of a book or your favorite trilogy, in the sense that they captured the look of both Gandalf's.

“**Yes** it was! It's all very healthy here at the Reform Circuit! That's my job of course...I'm here to sell you kids' truth, happiness, and all varieties of low-calorie vegetable foods! So what do you say, do you guys want something to eat!?”

**I** began tossing vegetables of all colors and dirt across the cafeteria. The crowd of children erupted as I flung my ingredients all over the place. My adrenaline rushed as I pulled from my dirty bushels, I felt like

motherfucking John Henry. Nothing was more flattering than the children's love of the legumes. They were screaming,

“Carrots of the Earth!”

“Throw your beans and corn over here!”

“I love Vegetable Man!”

Suddenly, I started to lose control of the salad. Typically when I pack, I pack very specifically... especially for Veggie day. Corn, sprouts, beets, radishes, all the good eats. It is not wise to pack everything. One vegetable I never feed the children is the onion, the root of all sadness. I was blindly working out of my partner's lunchbox when I realized I had been whipping handfuls of sliced onions into the room for the past 4 minutes! Reality appeared in the eyes of some 59 crying children.

“No! Not the onion snow! Why Vegetable Man!? Why!?”

Despite my suicidal thoughts in the face of their tears, my costume was the safest place in the lunchroom inferno. I would've done it though, if my partner hadn't walk in at the last second with incredible news.

“Incredible, story redeeming news.”

## News

beliefs instilled from a Man at church it was a priest who Taught Us To Follow for me it was eagles for you it was swallow beat us with Bibles unable to flirt for me it was ties he took off your shirt”

hate is good &

bad is fun

they told us how to live

falsity & the frail

weak & obscene

lack of precocity

spring sprang & I sang no worship

sharp illusion, beautiful prostrate

blind to what is vivid

was it the words or the word?

Follow

Follow

Follow

Lead

they not follow me

## Bike

Daisy had just begun projecting *Inception* when I received a letter. We sat on my light blue tuxedo as the sound and colors beset my voice,

“It’s your sister, the things I’ve heard are unfathomable my son. I can’t imagine you in any of this. Should I believe the paper, or the young man I see every Holiday? Are you lost again? I think you should get home, get home now. You’re wasting yourself.”

“Who’s that from?” Daisy asked.

“I have no idea.”

“It’s certainly not for me.” She added.

“I know.”

“It seems really important and all, but what’s it got to do with a bike? Or *Inception*? I don’t like this so far E.” Her points were valid.

“It’s bad. I honestly don’t remember how this fits into anything.” I had completely lost my train of thought.

“Well, what the fuck are we going to do in this one?”

“Anything I guess. We could stop. Or, we could just watch the movie.”

“Let’s just stop here, this isn’t worth the time. They’re getting bored.” She had grown tired of it.

“You’re right, it’s a mess. Fuck.” I agreed.

“Have a drink or the pills.” The PA voice said with the men watching.

“Yeah! All of *us* could use a drink.” Daisy had never been more right.

“A drink and a pill.” I said through clenched teeth as I poured *you* each a glass of the good stuff. Daisy drank hers fast and was soon asleep on the floor next to us. She slept very still as you slipped yours down and began to feel strange. Soon to be with her, it was you and I on my blue tuxedo, sitting in the space. It was very nice to be there with you. I passed out next and dreamt of scary doctors and the girls I miss.