

BlazeVOX 20

Spring 2020

Pamela Miller

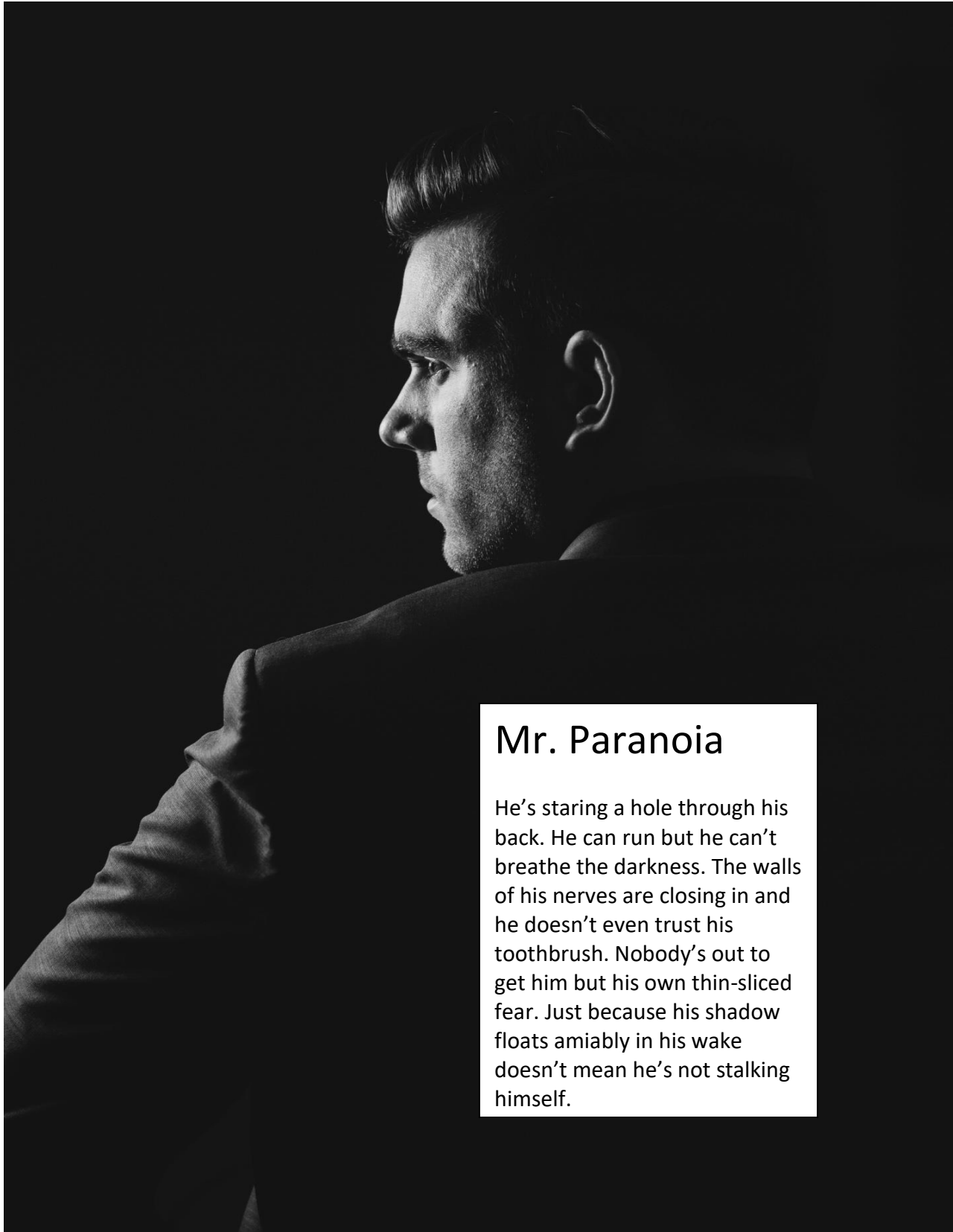
4 Visual Poems



Mr. Tilt

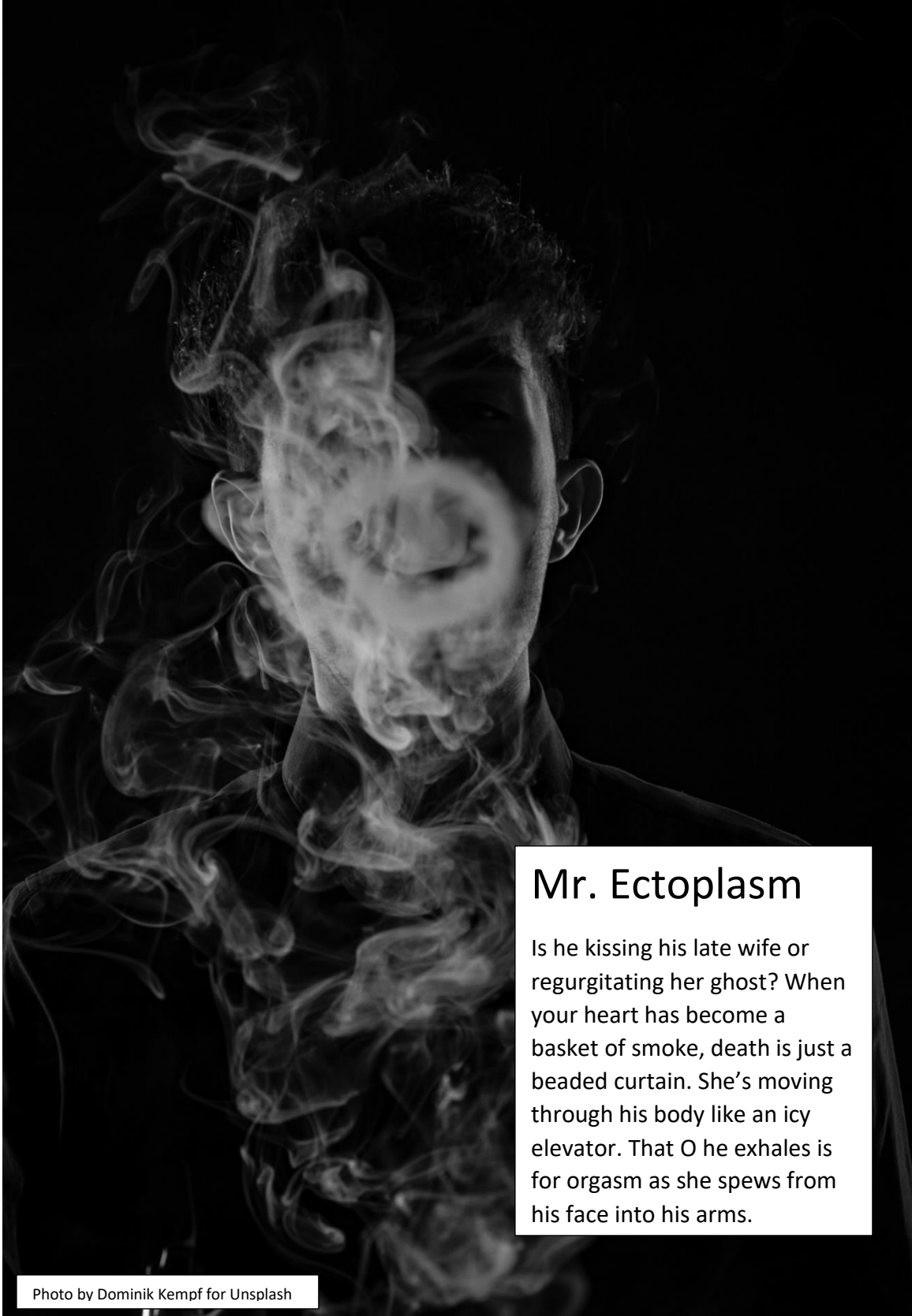
Why does your beard point straight to your brittle lips? Why does your hand clutch a blackened star? What's behind the buttons on your bat-dark clothes—bullet wounds? Tiny mouths? Beware the pinpoint sorrow that cowers beneath your brows. What avalanche of doubt in your impossible hair will tilt you down, and down, and down?

Photo by Jonas Svidras on Stock Snap



Mr. Paranoia

He's staring a hole through his back. He can run but he can't breathe the darkness. The walls of his nerves are closing in and he doesn't even trust his toothbrush. Nobody's out to get him but his own thin-sliced fear. Just because his shadow floats amiably in his wake doesn't mean he's not stalking himself.



Mr. Ectoplasm

Is he kissing his late wife or regurgitating her ghost? When your heart has become a basket of smoke, death is just a beaded curtain. She's moving through his body like an icy elevator. That O he exhales is for orgasm as she spews from his face into his arms.

Photo by Dominik Kempf for Unsplash



Photo by Anush Gorak on Pexels

Mr. Judgment Day

God, a swirl of celestial beef,

is holding two planets in His hand.

He's fed up with both of them.

He drums His testy fingers on His jeans.

So many ways to destroy a no-good world!

He'll glare them full of holes like a Wiffle ball

then decide which one to drop-kick first.