

# BlazeVOX24

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# Spring 2024

Jenny Grassl

THREE POEMS

MAGICHOLIA

fall into the well  
really just a tear duct salt and undrinkable  
inked with all the words  
for trapped drowning  
ultramarine no name for the bruise  
tube of melancholy  
  
odoring far down redder  
sea of magma dawn blood and my stage  
fright birth I am my mother's  
crescendo in lava rain  
she so close to a star  
and I tumbled from the locked-dark side of her planet  
she bows to applause  
they place me in her distant arms  
  
the 'o' of *hello* not rising no bubble  
no ruby from an igneous  
  
my grief a lantern to find burnt things  
how can I speak of speech  
  
I land at births of my own  
children pushing apart my hips  
crack me into two mothers

my dark child reaches  
is this not joy

how much more I have  
to lose relict species of grief join down here—  
a canceled marrying an exile of myself as favored daughter—  
baring their teeth just to go on  
in this fathomless drop hold  
the ocean

shark fins cutting their leather above the waves

a marsh slips into the well

braid the reedy hay for a ladder to climb  
dragging animal glut and gland  
sac of the sweet clam and yellow bittern  
and the horribles white truck with woman  
corpse at the wheel  
hydra and skunk ape seeking

an ark I refuse no kind

a red bird glides beside me

flame flower  
smelling of iron and spice  
to wipe the surface mirror  
fogged with ancestral

Narcissus

at the rim of the wound find a tree

a snake whispers *eat*

*share you already know*

*your wellspring*

*what you have in tow*

## THOUSANDFURS

cloaked in the wolf hour/ I fold a solar system of dresses into a nutshell/ hide from my father in a malt barrel tree/  
leaking radium and rye/ he would wed me/ likeness of my dead mother/ yellow hair woe in the oak/ *upon a once* I  
could begin/ reaching longgold time ago/ landing only with leachate/ my father whiskered crayfish-strange/ he will  
wreck the forest buck and grub each threaded root/ leaving a strontium run-off kill/ can I care about blue loam  
when thrall is fill/ my tattoos rant/ skin a cursive tome of tiny truths/ inked in walnut stain/ drips dyeing a  
disguise/ my mother would have fed me prince and silence/ writ large my words grow lace armor/ I broadcast fire  
spells along limbs/ clamor for face/ how easily I facet an infinite

DEBACLE WEB

what do I lose

at the unburdening

I silk

an arc

umbilical cord to fasten

rain my hands cup

sibilance silver

whisper droplet-knit

*repair the net regold twist with noonsong*

on the hospital steps

shelter in ballroom cheek on velvet lapels

sanctum veil the masked nuptial

wayfaring ox pulls breath from sleep

a bridge of grass sewn to Mars

arachnid web is thought spiderlings truss pieces of mind

between dirt crumbs anchored

at rock and root

can survivors weave havoc with shine

ladder sequined to a meadow