

# BlazeVOX 11

Spring 2011

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from Apparition Poems

#547

Spirit melts, leaving  
butter particles strewn  
along leaf-veined avenues—  
how absurd, that it should  
be in poetry, hiding there  
like a cat in a dry bath-tub,  
like water in a drain, like  
so much dark moon.

#1654

The traces of this woman, who *is*  
a woman, go all over the world, as  
I don't objectify what I have no  
need to objectify. Can you guess  
who she is? Can you guess why I  
would need to write in code so  
that all the little poets don't place  
me in brine vats? I heard him say  
all this, and let me tell you, it was  
sickening. Haven't we heard how  
bodies in text are obsolescent? This  
is where I jumped in, and I am the  
final eye, that sees all. Black and  
white impulse, red veins. Pleasures.

**#1622**

Poor Schopenhauer's axioms:  
all in the will is a fight to beat  
other wills. I see him in his  
meager room, his will bent  
not to do much, save himself  
the trouble of fighting these  
ineluctable battles, but not  
able to refrain from eating,  
breathing, shitting, fucking,  
all those simple acts that are  
will-to-survival, but Arthur  
casts himself into a future of  
power, not knowing when it  
arrived it was to be a crass joke,  
ended with face in turtle soup.

#1604

Here's where shifts (red shifts)  
happen in perspective, I thought,  
slopping dark meat onto my plate,  
here's where angles converge to  
put me past the nest. General  
laughter over pictures, womb-  
like spaces, but I was in hers as  
I was in with them. It hurts, but  
he's dead, I never met him. It's  
a shame, I never met him. Blood  
moves through air: between her,  
me, them— leaves on concrete.

**#1601**

What words get sent up  
on sharp frequencies are  
fractious, bent from pain,  
Hephaestus in iron-groans,  
what goes up sticks around,  
so that base/top get covered,

all things resonate like pitch-  
forks, tweaked by conductors  
before their final, triumphant  
performance for a hall empty  
of bodies, filled to capacity.