

# BlazeVOX 11

Spring 2011

Adam Katz

*from* Nosegays for Nancy Nothingness

1

I love you so much Nancy Nevermore  
Your friction tastes like nicotine and rain  
I bought this flower from the for you store

Envision psilocybin times champagne  
I cherish both your ins and your between  
That much raised to the power of Chopin

Nap tessellate like ladles in our teens  
The very words I say about you ache  
Pajamas only favorite pair of jeans

Lets read each other passages from Blake  
Lets have sex with your sister Nancy Nor  
They say that she gives excellent rapport  
Hold hands with me lets traipse across the lake

The nosebleed that she gave me was a door

2

Describe your body to me Nancy Nor  
What blush is there to blazon really where  
Would I begin from where should I end for

There is not all that much at which to stare  
My stripes are real my braids are made of steam  
The bread crumb whom I come from very poor

The priest who introduced us but a dream  
My name is made of paper cuts my room  
Has nectarines inside you want to seem

The scent of my deodorant is whom  
And this is the laboratory where  
I spin my own love hate mail on the loom

Am I like all the other boys are or  
There infinitely many of me more

Shall I compare thee to a winter's day?  
Thou art more tenuous and heroin-chic.  
Wild winds do thicken the February gray,  
And winter always lasts another week.

Sometimes nystagmographistries infer  
Oneiroponia at work beneath the bleak  
Obnubilous palpebra. Oftener  
The welkin seems to gape as if to speak,  
And in its indecision, perishes.

But you can modulate from black to plaid  
More swiftly than the sex one cherishes  
Hundreds of memories of having had  
With someone have a tendency to fold  
In on themselves like roses in the cold.

6

I'm all about the moment man  
I'll write that bitch an aria to slam

Like Lucifer in Paradise I tapdance at the foot of God 'til dawn.

I've never done this much at once before.

With ninjas in my criticism

Take apart the paper airplane war.

Bad quartos in my bank account I strut from this to that.  
My Oakleys dipped in kryptonite I look at number one.  
With oodles of Jew-usury I loan; Between Deep Thought  
& Wintermute I take your favorite pawn. Like Dante in  
The Renaissance both enemies & presidents' / Mischiefs will lapidarily lampoon.

Behold the boy I always am

With ogres in my sinuses I hum;  
On lyres of spider laser, vaguely strum.

And always stand up straight when you're alone.

With pockets full of broken glass I hit the fucking street.

Hey cupcake want to talk about me when do you expire  
The DJ told the dance floor that the party was on fire  
You wouldnt kiss me for a sonnet what about a dollar  
Want me to slap your pigtails if you fall into my collar

Then suddenly, the party rocked out to a brand new beat.

I think that I'm in love with Jenn JeJune.

Lets have each others pregnancies and honey on the moon!  
Get down on your postfeminist and suck the fucking street.  
My necktie splotched with viruses I walk the fucking street.  
It makes me me forever if you suffocate come when

Then suddenly, the party rocked out to a brand new motherfucking beat.

I'll snip my nape if you don't take me back;  
I want to fuck you even though you're black.

Last night for want of company the beach  
I poured myself a Camel Turkish Gold  
And listened to the static of the surf  
And listened to the static of the surf.  
Leaning against the bumper of my car  
I thought about decisions I had made  
And was OK with most of them. So far.  
I made a wish for justice on a star.  
The nicotine made me a little dizzy  
Because Im used to smoking my own pain  
Elizabeth Macbeth said she was busy  
And here I find alone myself again  
Listening to the static of the surf  
My favorite spot the empty parking lot

After we broke up from behind  
The first time that I came inside  
TV room on the fold out bed  
That time when we were stoned

When we were in Nevada rocks  
Alone beneath the dome of God  
That time with mirrors in our socks  
That night when we just touched

Then drove around the White Album  
Met Jeff and Teddy at the beach  
Who had just had a marathon  
Of Kevin Smith films each

That kiss when we were crying in the sun  
Till you were just a quickly shrinking train

If I were God Todd Kate said massaging  
My prostate I would always make it rain.  
Like soccer tribes of asterisks add oneths  
Against the skylight under which we lay  
Shucked to our nunchucks making fun of Brahms

The noses of the snow moths sprained their moms.  
Rain straight as nails enough to make folks stay  
Home masturbating sacrificing months  
At Yahoo Chess resin abuzzed again  
Lugubriously Instant Messaging

Their friends devoutly dotting for the Mets  
And listening to Schumanns String Quartets.

Then one day, automatically, the sky  
Would be so blue that everyone would cry.”

I met a ghost today named Nancy Yes.  
And am as of this word in love with her  
The sun is like a Mylar newspaper  
And though, of course, discourse cannot express  
Her architecture, pending introduce  
Dear Zach, when with the fingers of my stare  
Till they unplug me swear I I could nor  
Detect one mump of Braille there trace her face

Believe me. Also tomboy. In the field  
This morning Nancy both to feel the wind  
And me stripped us to jeans against her small  
Breasts so I stood up straight and kissed her. Then  
The sky ripped. Through the tattered slot, a huge  
Hand picked me like a tree, and disappeared.

Dawn. Pondering Scriabin, I  
'm whaling on my jive low-F  
Lee Oskar, 'ddorsed with dew, still slightly high.

This fog is like obfuscity itself.  
Thank you for who I am today  
Goodbye I am to wait for poof

What more is there. What else is left to say?  
Prove both of us just got here is a lie  
& I'll make love to myself yesterday

For showing me backstage behind the sky  
Thanks. Never have I ever been so bright  
List what we are afraid of how where why

When whom death deafness you recite  
With me: I have not yet begun to write.