

# BlazeVOX 11

Spring 2011

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Electric

my heart is tingling at an excited frequency  
listening to the lightening storm  
and looking at old messages from you

my heart is the lightening storm twittering and flashing  
with endocrine chemicals all bearing your scent  
you lovely world dressed as a woman

risen from the ivy pond  
i want you to carry my life in your womb  
and dress the wounds

of my life's world with your indian hair  
you are the nemesis of all the wild things  
that sit still instead of lighting

the air on fire with their marvelous wings  
i cannot fathom any deeper purgatory  
like some vegas airport full of lines

than standing another moment without your eyes  
gazing from the computer  
it is a cold and mechanical world

the monkeys we fired into space  
are cold features of a museum  
the robots we fire into space

carry love songs from our parents generation  
incised on golden disks for aliens  
who will be born from frantic alien foam

millennia after the last two horses starve  
curled on a bath mat in a sky scraper made of living glass  
it is the horror of knowing that drives them up the stairs

it is the surety of their horses hearts that curls them  
together on the floor of the master bath  
an astronomical warming

that for all the bleeding seconds of loam  
and the carnivorous uncovering of the worlds trenches  
has led warm to warm

for the love of all the asteroids and the blank satellites  
broadcasting episodes of friends  
ten thousand years after the world ends

i want you as my astronaut wife  
to climb with me into the tethered capsule  
and rise above the dust

## Apology

in the morning  
when the crows had waved their wings  
and carried themselves home  
his body lay in the street  
bare and bones  
his heart unbeating in its white unfinished church

the old women passed  
buying bread

the old man washed the night  
from his stairs  
with a hose

and the young men were sleeping  
dreaming of crows  
and the young women sat on their beds  
hating their looms

no one stood at her window watching  
as first the ants  
then the centipedes  
then the moths  
came to carry him down  
to their holes by the sea

Above Nebraska

today you are a Nebraskan town  
in a patchwork of square fiefdoms  
dull with fallow or in green circles  
arched inside their squares  
of scorpion corn

the rain is seldom but it rains  
and the water rushes from the leaves  
that wrap each ear of corn  
like a baby Indian

the fields sop until the soil drains  
spilling in fan shapes  
and open hand shapes  
lacework and latticework of ferns  
and fronds comingling

bleeding rivulet to rivulet  
until the soil  
crumbles  
into a winding stream

and all the droplets draining  
from the scorpion corn  
become a river of shrubs  
and sandbars rising like vertebrae  
from the riverbed below

today I am a plane  
and I pass over you  
thirsting my eyes  
on your low maneuvers

you are a town  
girdled by square fields  
earth imagined by engineers  
circles inside squares  
lushly and obediently watered

I pass over you in my white fatigue  
with my heart shaped almondine  
so small at this height  
you look up from your world

and see its tiny passage  
like a crystal or a freezing  
rivulet on a winter window  
only for a moment  
for you are busy farming

Berryman in Bridgetown

All my generation – those piddling four –  
All my generation come to think on it  
With their glitter and glass  
Brood in the methane gasp

While sorry I amid the rains  
Do nothing on my wide Pacific shelf  
Wanting more than these dragoons  
With their Beathoofian clatter

What's the matter? Head gone wrong?  
I see a shield amid the trees. Amid?  
Among the trees, there,  
I see a cohort's shield hanging low

A painted dragon on it and my own  
A ghost's beard hanging from a naked face