BlazeVOX 11 Spring 2011

Atom Ariola

Siren Song

Open the prow to singing the angled breeze inched tighter but alone. Bound by black covers a white page through confession will outlive the body's high noon, or only its angles. With my ears I'll bite dark plum and night so soon to be through the willing air commits its ancient flowering. Here, between two stones, a lullaby unwinds the artery's famished circle.

Jonah and the Whale

My words in your mouth, your time in mine or the world so heavy under the water dark to the sound of a missing day, up and is the ocean. Don't from Ninevah call to me three nights swallowing lakes of silken violins threading your repair, the ribs a truant aria no spare vowel will care to stone. The world was made if I pray inside tongue and panic-jaws. Three nights if I pray where the stars go into falling, beneath the breath's deep immersion into breath, outlasting what returns to the body or the body's migration.

Light as Seen Through Bees' Wings

As for the sky or what's above it
we know almost nothing,
and from this direction understand
its meaning as an instant of what we hold
inside of us, the forms that both resist & dwell
beyond the vanishing point of reason,
an annunciation between my fingers
where I've pressed such ideas
to the shoreline's ledge, the friction that is born
of it becoming the inarticulate mirror
displaced by wind and erasure
the way a sparrow's wing might tip,
finally, the ocean over.

But maybe it's true, to lose yourself
in the water's annulment is easy enough,
& where there is a forgetting
that lives within these vast octaves
arraigns the softness of familiar shoulders,
bald wind pilfering sackcloth and silence
pulled from a kite string, adding up
to this moment we call a life.

Near the sea there is the sound

of new buds purpling their veins from branches,

pollen dust eclipsed by the cult of the highway overpass,

the angel's velocity lost in halos

of truck exhaust & plush hydrocarbons

that secret their gatherings just before dawn.

It's not hard to remember the story

of a girl who became the cry of a gull,

how the water slid back into its own skin,

that memory of flight filtering the spaces

between metaphors, sympathies paupering

where even song is a febrile pitch

lit by the path of worry- stones

and the day's final divestment.

Blindfolded, we return to the city

with the road tightened to our bodies,

dreaming of the tilt that attends each

silence that breaks the solitude

we awaken with in our hands, what is

out of balance yet held together carelessly,

that yean east of our passings

now burdened with the outbreak

of sawed faces like our own.

What comes back in sleep proffers only

its asking in waves by slow degree, the emptiness

inside of each thing pulling gravity itself

from the sky within us we cannot touch.

The rags that adorn our eyes are cut from lilac petals,

& through the horizon's arrival we return

our apologies to that moment, weaning the clarity

that holds between loss and its disavowal

into another kind of distance.