

BlazeVOX 11

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(0)

To be on the wrong side of away,
such effrontery of the mirror tipped out
from her dress by a kind of inner fog,
a mangy pubis that knows a mute phone would
understand a poet, because flaccid tits swell and
subside in his temples as if he was lost amidst the members
of his audience brandishing his cock and his testicles,
like a rickety cross upon a hill,
like a sunrise fleshball stuck in his throat,
like a mast smelted out of blood,
like a god wizened by too many trips
to the bathroom with a dirty magazine,
like a great amphibian mother overpregnant
with unctuous testes.

(1)

I hope you have a good sense not to set foot
into the old, the familiar, the breathing when we sleep,
the sweat and the presence of that imposingly ethereal veil
of steady ankles treading upon his life, with nipples
of an uncounted-for silhouette, of the moon's delicate meal.
Born into clouds moving closer, obsessive, merciless
and inexorable, it is always beginning to rain on his interior
labyrinth, his nose pressed against the lace curtains in her person,
articulate occasional sentences without
uttering a word. I once blew my wad in order to talk,
the one moment that answers the voice of an impassioned static,
the hiss side of it, the growl that needs reupholstering
like a puddle in a hollow of his chin,
like his reflection in the glow of a dead man's bald spot,
the mortuary of his mind.

(2)

Sooner or later, the emptiness will eat of him,
his angelic texture of fairies listening to her,
with the strength to face the stupid absurdity of his dream
set to continuous repeat play. One of his cadaver's eyes
was still intact, the glossary that dreamt him giving and receiving keys,
his ghosts coming and going, sweating, whirling
around her, born of the water's turbid indifference like a cyst
on the wind-raped lagoons of his mind.
He thought of doing everything
once or writing a book, to kill himself outright,
entrenched between his pages, thin like a strand of best poetry.
A municipal truck moved down his lines slowly, amidst derisive
laughter to transform his innards into an archipelago of darkness,
to go back to the first word and nothingness,
like a drowned rock, like an eyeball of a moth protruding from his asshole,
staring at him thru a peephole in his opus,
him rubbing his shoes on the doormat embarrassingly.
He could only rely on his energy, to keep going the sentence,
the one worth uttering, keeping, like the last rock tossed into the void,
tied to the end of his entrails. It was like horse's teeth
laughing at him from the bowels of his love,
dreaming lumps of flesh strewn across the landscape,
statues of lard brandishing a mark of a delicate silent misery,
the wooden leg of his breath leaning against her ribs,
drifting wherever the wind takes them.
Dreamily he mapped out a beeline for safety
jabbing against his thigh, his heart encased in her lye,
the animosity of the twilight and the chunky sonnets,
hazy night's clothes on the floor, the half-eaten clouds
kicking his ass in sameness. I once succeeded in chewing
thru my ensoulment, with the voice of a castrated mammal
searching in the dark for the ear that listens,
the plastic halo of the toilet around the head –
would this enable me to placate the persistent little demons
of my stagnant speechlessness? And the soft light
from the impotent other staring at me with bovine eyes,
murmuring without moving his lips, performing
complicated gymnastics to avoid talking to me.
One by one, the globules began returning

into the faded blue of the sky on which you pull the string
and a penis pops out of its pouch? We've spent the inertia
of wind-up toys shattering my language
that I hardly saw it anymore, with the sterile efficiency
of a wet nurse. How I miss their little toothbrushes,
their little caricatures searching for an elusive image
hovering above them in the dark.

(3)

My eagerness for some kind of respite
was to invoke one foot in front of the other
in front of something irretrievably lost.
The wind was picking up monotonously
with the openest of arms. She held his cock
thru his fly, dragging him thru the streets
of a town that bears her name, the town of his birth.
To think that he can lay beside that furnace,
with her veins bursting absentmindedly,
ejecting from his mind like shit, like a whisper,
full of disinterested energy and cum, viscera of roofs,
spires, specimens of manhood "before and after."
All these abstract deaths involving
little vipers and hand-kissing nonsense.

A world without hope, but no despair.