

BlazeVOX 11

Spring 2011

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Gauze

The wound became like furniture in little used homes
In danger of becoming lost

In the catacombs
Where webs and dust gather

Imprints of sitting too long
Deep in cushions
Idle
Gazing out a window at a spectacle

Perhaps no more
Than just a dream

Gauze hides
But the wound it tends to linger
On afternoons
When streets are full of stories
But you're so wrapped up
It's all just a murmur

the buzz of the millions swarming down a thoroughfare
the vibration of the pageant as it hurtles by
the loneliness of the bystander
standing by

A home by the sea
Seagulls chant mysterious prayers
To ancient behemoths
Beyond your reach

Perhaps no more
Than just a dream

EVER

A letter tilts precarious
In the door
Junk mail suicide
With carpet demise
Viewed on Tuesday
Thrown away on Thursday
The dates unimportant
Though the calendar
Hangs suspiciously on the wall
Numbers waiting for your attention

Dishes in the sink
Cooed to sleep by refrigerator hum
A swell of water
Clings to the lip
Of the faucet
A spoon catches the fallen
Cradles the collection
In a flat silver pool
Dangerously overburdened
In its work

Cars pursue each other
Blaring their obscenity
Impatience with the race
On the red
They pause
Only by command
Green teases their thoughts
Prancing on the temperance
Of those that grip the wheel
White marks divide the nation
That the street creates
Lands of dirt
Towns of concrete
Cities of brick

Lilies crowd the field
Tall grass rising, wind catching
A mutual caress
Insistent
The conversation between
The unseen air
And the blades as they reply
A tree stands sentinel
The protector
From a benevolent
Sometimes malevolent sun
A beetle traverses the birchen
Crossing each crevasse
Wildly

Smart Land

The sun always shines in Smart Land
And the night redeems its charms
Down all its one way avenues
The boulevards to Ism
Alleyways that go to gray
Trashcan sentiments
And memories that flutter
Carried up by a breeze from passing thoughts
On way to their discursive solutions
At breakneck speeds and breakheart halts
To steal from the rich
And make waste of their vaults

Smart Land possessed its commons
Great gardens for all to congregate
Yet no one walked its windy paths
Nor let the whippoorwill fly to their feet
For all its beauty seemed so cold
Surrounded by its wall of concrete
And the gargoyles on the benches
Let no stranger pass by without a curse
Spitting slurs at every notion
And any idle fancy
Any passion bird

The place of faith was abandoned
Disregarded and met with silence
The icon replaced by a question mark
And the riddle remained unresolved
What would send out such a thing
To do its dirty work
Simply because it needed love
Books lay limp on manicured lawns
A dead echo of night scratches Guanyin as she dawns
The newspaper stand the last refuge
For the anointed and blessed by ink
Where history seems designed by Rorschach
And the passion bird shrieks as she sings
She shrieks as she sings

Those thoughts they drive all through the dark
To the neon hut of pay as you go
Request the key at plastic front desks
Where the clerk snuffles a hello
And only requires the Id
To gain entrance to its single rooms
And single beds
Where maids lie in wait for any movement
By the swimming pool
Where an altar of smashed television sets
Marks the deep end from the shallow
In sunglasses and suntan
The retired light their cigarettes
Because they're much too smart to quit
In Smart Land

And she shrieks as she sings