

BlazeVOX 11

Spring 2011

Thomas Fink

DUSK BOWL INTIMACIES 32

I was looking to see which one, and there was nobody, and I was ultra low. They think you're the doctor? Who is? I want a few: they don't even examine me. Look at my mouth and you'll see that I really don't live. So broken down I can't jaw about it or undertake anything marvelous, because my system is in error. Who is writing this now? You should take some pictures home. They're too valuable for here. I'm trying to be cheerful. Because you, too, have the same clunk I have? You can't walk, either? They need gloves to care take of you. Having to go every five minutes. You only love me and I'm perfect? A lot of peeing and no place to put it in. Who will look after you? I want to—

with
all my
hearth. And I
thank
you for
that. Feeling it
will
calm me
down. Another time.

You have rats? She's not interested. She's not interesting, either. How does she live? What is she living on? And where does she get all that old money? I'm really nicer, but she's in the newspaper. She provokes you in every way. I see her children everywhere. If you make any moves, they have to know, too. What are you going to do when you tease all these people? You're afraid to move because you wouldn't be able to be honest. There's a guy that helps you with everything and nothing. He locked up all my assets. I didn't even know him. Look what happened to the banks. I don't think they'll snap right back. What can you smooth for her? Immediately, it smelled a trifle funny—that stinking bitch, a term I won't use again. *She's* gonna let you have—? But I give you everything. Don't I? I take pigeon money, and you get the whole stash. And you make “everybody” happy.

(You
can do
it by phone.)
So
I want
you to get
your
nose into
that big truck,
tell
what must
be ours there.

HOME COOKED DIAMOND 1

The sound
stays off. Plot
rides on gesture.
Fade to limbs
busy with common
interest. Dad was
Mom. Almost.
Righteous tazer.
Stealth charmer.
Vulnerable sledge
hammer. Can they bend
the room? 100 ashtrays
in a house where no
one smokes. How much
trivia can a union bear?
The technology is not the
smoothest, but for the
mileage you have on
there, it's
not a sad
choice.

HOME COOKED DIAMOND 2

The
last portrait is
squeaking again.
Press, please, the little
black button to flush.
Granny hustled for years
to get that museum
clean. Humility of
plain words. Tacit author
itarian pantomimicry. This
house manufactures the
leading misdirection
signs, keeps us undefined
yet somehow unified. It
brands your desertion
for acting all dialectical.
Eternal censure? Sucks.
So a “prodigal” is back
here with a round
of prodigious
questions
for the lot.