

BlazeVOX 11

Spring 2011

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Misty Sidewinders

Tires launch misty sidewinders
(their hissing indistinguishable from
the impact of sky diving drops)
in front of my headlights.
They twist and turn,
tongues flicking in frustration,
slamming into the windshield with a splash
as a final attempt to sink their
now-fleeting venom into my cheek;
my view of the road is unclear for a moment.

The Watchman

Your softback leather skin purrs at the touch;
a few pages dislocate from your spine
but knowing hands gently massage them
back into place.

Your pages have grown yellow at the edge,
but just that--like dipping a toe in the water
to test its frigid severity.
You are old indeed.

You smell of the last century,
all its love and death, all its war and peace,
testing the waters with your edges since 1907,
a silent watchman of humanity's beating heart.

The Rain is a Lullaby

The rain is a lullaby,
calling me to sleep;
the sound of flowing water falling
soothes like, "Baby, hush.
What are you still doing up?
Get your soul to sleep."
The intermittent pond ripples are
but dancing spots on the back
of a closed eyelid.

Like a Silent Lover

Like a silent lover,
Summer slipped out this morning.
The sheets were pulled aside.
Summer's clothes were gone,
and my outstretched arm lay
under the phantom nape of her neck,
my body folded into her vacant back,
my hand caressed her missing thigh.

Autumn tried to slide into Summer's side of the bed,
(her mattress-impression doppelgänger)
but her feet were cold and sent
shivers through my shins, so
I told her she needed to put on socks
or get out of bed. She said maybe
it would be better if she started
making breakfast. I went back to sleep
and dreamed us two together again.

Leaves Dipped in Crimson

Leaves dipped in crimson
(like an arrowhead's first taste of blood)
lay on the ground--casualties--
waiting to sink into the soil
and wondering about the size/shape of their gravestones,
but most of all waiting to ascend again.

Others flutter into streams,
calling out to Charon the eternal ferryman
but swept along with no guidance,
occasionally catching on twigs or stones
but eventually settling in that final resting place,
whose residents do nothing more than clog storm drains,
because even when colors change
no one anticipates their fall.