

# Florine Melnyk

[ buffalo FOCUS ] *blazeVOX*



## Florine Melnyk

### [ buffalo Focus ]

This is a real treat for me to bring into focus Florine Melnyk's work. She is a major force in Buffalo's small press publishing community. Her behind-the-scenes work can be found in her editing and selecting for Starcherone Books, Jonathan Skinner's *Ecopoetics*, and currently as poetry editor for Buffalo's weekly art journal, *Artvoice*. Her keen eye has been a real success for publishing but we seldom see much of her own work. And it is that very keen eye that is the focal point of her poetry. Here the poet offers us that futile search, that 'looking for a reason' that is not found in poems, but in life. This is her first appearance in *BlazeVOX* and so we are offering a gallery of her poetry for you to enjoy.

## The Green Beyond

She'd never been here before where all her shoes were acceptable or no shoes, as she had decided to run into the invitation barefoot. The people there were all new, or old friends seen at never viewed before angles. Perception was not clouded by distance, past and present assumptions left at the door. She delved into their thoughts head first without regard to the consequences. Warmth enveloped her as she took in the discourse and the sweet nectar overflowing from the flowers in the garden. Voices drifted in and out of her desire leading her to the fountain she sought. To step through the flowing water was to enter a dimension where language vanished into only sensation – thoughts and ideas must be expressed in new ways, words become ineffectual and one finds that what they had wanted to “say” becomes texture, light.

When did purple become  
So endless and cold?  
Leaving green to fend  
For itself.

I talk to sweet  
incredible orange messages.

please take your notes and  
your food  
I hope you find meaning  
in the morning sky  
take your bus pass  
just incase the pink is gone  
colours never were your forte

cats don't go on walks to school  
even if they are white and gray

Yoko Ono just walked down my street  
God is great and I'm not subtitled.  
Samuel Beckett is on my refrigerator

i found my watch  
under the dresser  
just when I ran out of  
time  
looking for a reason  
to remain  
in time at all  
wishing for green  
limes  
in a glass flowing  
with reasons.

Myself

looking at myself  
looking at myself  
looking at myself  
looking at myself

when it's all just  
illusive illusion

looking.

Meaning

I.

Creation

implied

cast lovers

to shatter

a construct knowledge

of inculpable

Being(s)

unforeseeable damage

artless sculptor

tinged, opaque

(un)like prism

refracting drop of water

we originate

to struggle

and vanquish

or just hold on

2.

pulmonary cell structure

hidden

social malfunction

metastasized

a red-white clamor

against starry

multitudinous blue

states represent (ed)

a chamber

among minion(s)

a scarlett barren

to present tense

Valentine

mitosis

3.

Signification of

umbrellas black

nostalgically

waiting arch of

restless

gestures

frantic moments

recall

lovemaking revelations

the intensity

and depth of

perplexing conniption

contained, in

discordant

illusion of

hope(lessness)

*You do excite me*

4.

Coffee's interstice

Gauloises note

time's passage

Les Mandarins

linger orange

across

famelique

spermatic cord

folie a deux

delusion calls us

un

crème carmel

5.

Misanthropic

tendencies

migrate upstream

always

following the

lightning impulses

of society's

hidden masks

like larvae

inside

chrysalis

waiting to

be

Re-born

6.

Didi, Elise,

& Me

impromptu tea

mashed potatoes

with grape juice

intertwined

linguistically among

hot chocolate,

birthdays,

& reminiscences

floating

delicately on

whispered

air

7.

Appraising

glances

reduce strumpets

to

ruble

within streets

of

colored nothingness

wounded

angels

fester among

contentious

indestructibles

8.

Despair

remembers

History's truth

tyrants and murderers

fragments

alone

marilyn munroe

a moment to

hide

cold clear sky

deck wood

waffles

without

whipped cream

9.

heart

be a happy cynic?

2 bees

or not

two bees

yellow black

among purple papers

green with thyme  
time

minutes,

seconds,

awash in suffering

erasers

buzzing

brushing shavings

across white

paper

flowers

10.

Soul

fragmented blue

shattered pieces

upon night sky

falling

scattered

flowing      flowering

ancient breezes

whispering back

colours

forms

spilling      red

into waves

crashing  
symbols

not hearing seashells

11.

Anonymity

comforting

ordered chaos

unexpected

long wooden tables

bar tops

smooth  
slight patterns

of fancy

dismembering

memory(ies)

longing to

exist within

notes of

guitar strings

wafting music

on rooftops

12.

Destination

favours      jokers

monkeys dance

free

orange icesicles

roam

crystalline-fantasies

chanting monks

enlighten

winter's lonely

tango

lake-ice      mirrors

escape route

of

possibilites

Waiting for my ride and contemplating existence in front of Medaille College  
5:45 Thursday 9/23/2004

Watched cars never pick you up

fearful abandonment

Lin Hoy once said.  
benches invite meditation -

worn weathered philosophies,  
discover loopholes

Why am I here? Why am I still here  
divine purpose or impaired memory,

doom or opportunity?

Howard's express goes by  
blue car...red car...green...