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selection from a serial poem entitled *where a road had been*

to be or not to be, that is its answer. it was representing,  
what it what was representing, that representation, in a kind  
of craft. and were they sailing/stalling. that it was nearly  
time, that it was nearly a time, that it was currently, and  
passing. and were they sailing along, and was it confessing  
something. to whom is a home, they were always renovating,  
innovating the innovated, and innovatively. was it an ovation,  
that was being born, could it be a birth and was it really  
sailing. long long, along the horizon, long long, along the  
horizon, what might have been, inside a line, how it was  
opening. and were they really sailing. if it had a curtain, if it  
had a balcony. had it believed, in an outline, in that kind of  
caress.

it was so dirty, it was fucking. they didn't want its nakedness,  
its exposition. it could not be subtle, they were only waiting,  
in a smaller distraction. what it might have called/what it  
might have called out. and what for. were they thinking, its  
audience, were they. it was so dirty, it was loving, it was a  
kind of curtain. that there was a panorama, a kind of outside,  
something wished, something sailing. had it been a window,  
a castle. a partition, a patrician, a kind of noise. in its  
exposition, an exposing. that it was always covering up. that  
they were always covering up. what they were saying, and so  
baroque. from the window, a kind of baroque, a firmament.  
and could they see its façade, could they.

a rising of hounds, could a howl still. once placed, the extent, of its damage. was it, 'in the distance.' he was 'replaying it,' that it 'had to be repeated,' when it 'had to be spoken.' it had to deliver, what it had to deliver upon. could a howl, still breathe, at its reach, at its river. and where was it opening/its opening. that a clearing, streamed, that its sounds were placing/replacing. what was, once, itself. what was receiving and was it also howling. must it have been forgotten, and was it fading/fading away. how were they feeling, about their perceptions. and what could be brought, to them. were they 'in the distance,' were they smeared/smudged, what was flowing, against its textures/its grains.

its heart, always open/broken. opening/breaking away from  
it-self. that its self was opening itself open. although where,  
its captivating, its conclusion. could it be opening/breaking,  
summarily, could it be its continually. its open/broken,  
always heart, hurt. a dis-heartening crest, so fallen, what it  
was picking up. what was being received. at its reception,  
nothings were leaving, a part of something, each. an  
opening/broken plane, a field of which. that its heart was  
opening its heart was. and where, they were loving. and  
where it-self opening/breaking, that its opening, un-open. as  
if it were spoken, leaving. as if it were leaving, it-self behind.  
a part of something, not-beyond, un-returning, a heart  
opening closing.

I received my MFA from the University of Iowa, and my PhD from the University of Nevada-Las Vegas.  
Recent poetry has appeared or is forthcoming from Notre Dame Review, Diner, Denver Quarterly and The  
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