

# BlazeVOX 2k9

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## Creepy Shit

I went home one night  
and saw a lion on my sofa  
eating my children,  
suffocating my wife  
talking like an infomercial  
like Billy Maze reincarnated  
like Billy Maze resurrected with fur  
a Mane of pixels  
and a tail of news channels.

## **Native American Bowery Smoker**

In the street, out by the tobacco store, sits good mind  
chewing on his mother, waiting for evil mind to enter the cave.

There are a million good minds,  
bobbing their heads against the  
brown bags that spill  
animals  
all  
over the  
place.

BUT,

there are just as many evil minds turning them in the mother's oil pool to bats, rats, and bastards  
who beat their wives, the murdering knives, and killer bees.

The native demigods of the New York Bowery are scattered animals.

I am one of those animals,  
squatting outside the art gallery coffee shop, offering my daily tobacco sacrifices to the god that kicked  
my grandmother's ass out of heaven.

## To Miss Enola Gay

Miss Miss, I am your husband in the ash.

I miss my mother and my city.  
My home has gone beneath your sexy fingernails.  
You danced with me until my eyes became transparent.

Enola, how I learned to live beside your constant bickering  
with the father, my mother  
was once you inside my womb.

Your heat is my distance and my nearness.

I have become seduced by my creator, and Einstein loves his clocks.  
The radio plays red balloons in German.

Miss Enola, I love thee at the mushroom center,  
how you changed the mood of satire,  
and left us all wondering and  
peering through opaque life,  
where hell could be  
on the surface.