

BlazeVOX 2k9

Fall 2009

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Hell in a centrifuge

Shadows pantomime
the slow slaughter of my contentment.
A fanged pupa splits the wallpaper &
dribbles down the plaster:
It's fangs are strong.
It's path is a preordained perversion of gravity.
This open vein along my confinement,
this venous filled aqueduct traverses
through pubic hair, centipede larvae &
erect bobby pins, that hold up clippings,
of Claudia Octavia.

Choking down a swollen intestine
A fresh form of palisade-
induces my pores to shriek.
A gutted chalice pours pentane
down the maize colored wallpaper.
Shimmering fields of carrion stems
blossom & dodder from the breeze of a spinning cross.
Winged beatitudes
donning violin string nooses
exploit the petals
& due to a caustic din
I draw a bow across the horse hair.
A dull conflagration consumes my cheeks.

Oscillating pain.
My hands under my ribs.
Whirling drunk, my eyes stutter and tick
A plastered portcullis proudly animates
A freshly raped hamlet, the sun sets
taking what little is left of the families.
Black mold, flecks the wallpaper &
the violated genitalia simmers on the trim
murmuring candidly a
mirthful hymn, in tempo with a wasp leg
that methodically burns through the fleshy openings
of a still born.

I spin, shackled through compressed panic.
Yammering pupa play euchre.
Claudia Octavia mounts the palisade.
The hamlet of carrion fields violate genitalia.
I draw the horse hair whirling drunk.
I will my eyes to tighten & bleed.
A zoetrope of erect bobby pins, puncture deep at every RPM.
I spin, frantic & out of control-
towards the slow slaughter of my contentment.
Nauseous from this hell in a centrifuge.

Hircine Mother Nature

The moon copulates with outspread tusks crushing the stars,
splaying the starry gossamers.
Lit & cleanly burning ethos...I think about my hetaera
She is playing her violin in the backyard,
Paganini pierces the ebbs of evergreens with inoculation-
Staccato whipping broken turf
while a lazy Maine coon plays with its reflection in the mud puddles.
Winds from the force of repetition
stir & mix the randomly placed garbage
sloughing through a plaza in Newark New Jersey-
an invalid action
that dawdles the late summer months away
inducing the feeling of being ripped off & cheated-
A burning 1982 Oldsmobile on the side of the road
keeps me awake for the eight hour drive,
the bumps in the road induce an erection
while I tie the ochre colored thread
around a rodent's throat & let it dodder along
while it leads me bare headed & drooling behind it,
we weave between porch lattice & rivers
that suffocate & relegate
like an inverted vertigo,
this cross-eyed journey ends with a film covered iris
floating down & over an obstructed gutter.

She asks me about her homemade Ponce- DO I LIKE IT?

Volcanoes discharge with a scream,
crusting over comfortably insouciant & forgotten wounds-
The Mr. Rogers Neighborhood theme music
chatters in a credulous minor key, making me sick,
making me want to pry at an opening
in my saliva-slicked fingernails.
The freshly limed leather turns oddly in the light
while the wont of a contusion, the disease-free mind,
tears open a forced smirk & blood bubbles seethe through my teeth,

forced by a pain, caterpillars slinking
through a tortured esophagus...
mirthfully gurgling hatchet men play red rover
in a vermillion field of parsley,
tickling the forest of hirsute webs
that swell out of my ears & throat.
The moon copulates,
random obelisks gush &
mix with her sacred sun dial,
Moon streams infect the coveted delta-
the shadowy visage of seedlings crawl languidly
across the mud puddle & whisper graceless secret's
to my hircine mother nature.