

BlazeVOX 2k9

Fall 2009

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God Was The Way It Was

Was born a dog-girl
an instant hit turned hot.
Fucking a candle in the bathroom:
a body falling out of itself.

You are a red-sweater face.
Was born a dog, a girl, a girl-girl.
Dad says you could be in Playboy.

Mom says be the dinner table,
it happens on you.
A million years so hold it still
to dark, the dark the
blank plate of your eyelids.

And when he hits you,
tell him that he can.
He puts his shoes on.

Later, someone has a bed.
Later, someone buys you fried eggs.

To be covered,
to draw the lambent to you.

Singalong:

Record it to my face and then
(blue) blood lines;
time lines, tooth map

Trapped in teeth
the Pits are everlast
so see
I (am like mom) can
hold it together
so see I have
poly-rhythms/ fault lines

oh You.
You all take your
community
I'll take my
Lorine and
my Man
and my Midwest Water
up to my Chin

Oh

let's lose a mind,
mine, mine

this
is some
fingers in my ears

oh

plastic dresses, a
yours wears booties and
juice

oh

I would like

oh

I
eat crow
to a little
brother

Child Village

eyes too
cheap to see out of, give me
eyes too big to see

a child village
in the bedroom
a child / village, undersea

*one could not breathe inside the blankets
one's amazing pink and white*

the sand is
holding down inside us
making
waves of turning back
becoming sand.

The Sleep Of My Night Worm

he had his eyes on
my spill, sloppy in a hairspray cheap
all, he was like an ogre-still
slick graze, a slide stand

boasting me on magic
man just wants to see
just, where I come from
cheap just was my spray

the doorsill cross'd
into meinlaid different slips
his was alright/muted/I could hide
my slop, some zero load

fingers and fingers
the all hurts

O mymom
burying the blankets
look, I took away
look, I'm on my back
I to wriggle back to grace

eyes pinned to my indoors
little baby eyes
hallucinate, effort
all that wriggle

try to know—I's pinned
I's peeling back