

# Blaze VOX 2k9

Late Spring 2009

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<p>Dear, February</p> <p>Requesting your presence.</p> <p>WHO: Yous</p> <p>WHAT: Hibernation of the Most Cherished Variety</p> <p>WHY: If Yous Have to Ask</p> <p>WHERE: Planet Sleep</p> <p>WHEN: Any Day Now, Or Already</p>	<p>Please come bearing practical gifts.</p> <p>Please do not come bearing arms, nor catalogue of synthetic accessory.</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>Hope to see you then.</p> <p>R.S.V.P. A.S.A.P., Yrs.</p>
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<p>Dear, February</p> <p>Allow for my appreciative reciprocity with the planar here. They, the planes, give to me &amp; I care for the cartouche of their scuffs. We speak when we want without prompts, &amp; it is nice.</p> <p>House rules say the living room always explicates gentle mixed with a healthy dose of the violent.</p> <p>If you do not love articles assuming their accurate dwellings, you will lose your footing during darks.</p>	<p>We do not use spit &amp; chafe to turn atlas pages. We respect globular pressures, cleanly explore honed grids' invite correlations.</p> <p>House rules say reading &amp; porcelain combine solely in my mouth, only</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>contaminated sometimes. Here we separate according to sound. Here we run our hands over matter with rags every so often. Here we anticipate comfort &amp; immunity: we tape down the clean, use agents to unclog. We eliminate deposits formed over the months, the head's soaked &amp; changed, you see. Severely, Yrs.</p>
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<p>Dear, February</p> <p>Uninhabitable, persistent subtext shellacs fixtures.</p> <p>Uninhabitable to me is zero senses.</p> <p>Uninhabitable, let us get technical about tenant rights &amp; repair's responsibility.</p> <p>Let's meet about no-fee mortgages or rents or however it is done, first agree pillows, bedding &amp; values. I don't understand how it is done.</p> <p>Okay if you cannot decipher the attitude, neither can I: I just recite nuanced rules, work on my word problems, work on opacity's punctuation &amp; queuing.</p>	<p>Maybe you cut me to the quick.</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>I recall &amp; could diagram all the waves of my nights, successful consolidation.</p> <p>One of us circulates more satisfactorily &amp; the other is aware.</p> <p>There are ways we form, deform habits, Yrs.</p>
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Dear,

February

Driven rain café: a bird flies in the open door, hits the window near us, flies horizontal, connects with the opposite window & drops behind the couch. Our server reaches with both hands for the screeching bird, dismissal out the door. Transformation from toss to flight. Then she brings me my order.

I am an acquaintance of a landscape painter, or a friend. He took me up to his studio, all oil, said he thought he had a nice eye & that he touched it every night before bed.

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The Perilous, Yrs.

Dear,

March

I have nearly figured out your operation.

Please surrender my dislocated procession,  
which you hold, a rifle, & I will surrender  
sth., too. Or, have surrendered.

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Impact of our season, full, tense.

Now we can replace with some other order  
& ask: Too much for whose sake?  
Yrs.