

Blaze VOX 2k9

Late Spring 2009

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The Gesture

It
has
been made.
It has not.
It is soon to be.
It is becoming what it is.
It is what it is, whatever it is, and is like

it-
self
but more
than itself
so far as it is
what it is, what it means to be,
and that which it will then become, apart from that which

is
what
it was—
whatever
it was or was not
or was trying to be and is—
for it was made to mean and is beyond its meaning.

Simon Says

The
point
is not—
contrary
to common belief—
whether or not one can repeat
a sequence of deceptively simple instructions,

or
test
one's strength
by placing
the self in absurd
even degrading positions
to appease the fatuous whims of authority.

It
is
rather
a *fine art*
by which one *appears*
to be bound to the rules while still
infusing each charge with a subtle flame of protest.

Pedestrian

I
don't
know why
the young girl
with pink and blue hair
in a gold booth by the diner
window was yelling at the woman stooped before her.

I
can't
read lips
and wouldn't
have dared to stare long
enough to do so if I could,
and in fact am not sure I should want to know what was

said
with
so much
petulance,
so much bile and rage
rightly or wrongly directed
at someone who resembled then a bare, broken branch.

A

As
in
Adam
audacious,
anxious for apple,
abjectly aroused, abjuring
innocence, addled by asp, abscised by abscission

in
the
ache of
all access,
the strain to abstain
from abundance, the awful hiss
of adumbrations, and the artless acquiescence

for
which—
aft the
affliction,
under the arbor's
archway into errant orchards—
he augurs "ought," a bitterness and a beginning...

At Albright-Knox, 2003

When
our
eyes met
for a brief
irrepressible
moment across opposite ends
of a room where nine abstract expressionist paintings

were
hung
to be
held by our
careful attentions—
as if one's undivided gaze
were a hand caressing the taut skins of canvases—

I
felt
in me
a sudden
shift from the white heat
of intellect to the swift dart
of desire in which space and matter vibrated, blurred.

Ontology

Boys
will
be boys.
Therefore, by
definition, boys
exist in ways that define them
and, as they exist as such, achieve definition.

But
what
if there
is a boy
unlike the others:
a boy who will not be a boy?
In not existing as a boy, does he cease to be?

How
can
he have
ever been,
if he will not be
what he is and, in not being,
fail to then become himself, existing otherwise?

Urban Folktale

A
guy
I know
has a friend
whose little brother
had this unbearable migraine
no over- or behind-the-counter drug could relieve—

so
he
suffered
until some
doctor discovered
traces of fetal flesh and bone
in his forehead, which, when removed, were identified

as
the
remains
of a twin
he ate in the womb...
This explained why he often felt
lonely, incomplete, and hungry for companionship.