

**Abrasion's peal**

A man passes through a closed gate,

a woman swan dives onto concrete because the gate  
was Heaven's. And then what?

we

know one valence can turn

on the others

& devour them, one O at a time

regardless

of the prophecies spoken

through their gaseous loins

or

flaming mouths. Precious

metals fly off your tongue

when you speak,

leaving me scrambling on the ground, trying to pick

up what I can. It's not enough that

your medallions reject collection, my hand forever

an empty grip.

Your internal chemistry

F L A R E S

D E M O N O R A N G E

against the celestial grating

or any other overturned figurine

A scheduled disruption

of molecular particles

dances on vandal hooves.  
 A bird falls. A clock stops. I open my hands  
 (as suppliant) to receive  
 the night  
 in selflessly-absorbed moment of bliss that pins  
 down  
 the blurring edges creeping into a scream at the  
 bottom  
 edge  
 turn more harrowing with each deep breath of the  
 blackening  
 I attempt spinning away from me into the vortex  
 of my ecstatic asphyxiation. During  
 my dervish dance, I miss  
 devilish darkness which sucks softly at autumn's leftover lunch of leaves.  
 Grasped already, the lid to the missing bitterness is black-beaten  
 and deadened by doorways  
 leading down hall of empty mirrors  
 reflecting each other  
 looking for the self among them.  
 The terror of your refractions  
 simmers its slow burn,  
 of  
 a singe that scalpels my skin,  
 burning  
 at the core of my whirling  
 ecstasy  
 where too much is too little and too little is always enough, I'll look out

onto a land of untouched snows and sail over ice, certain in my confusion  
that I am not dreaming

of concrete below

the vertical iron grating

of time,  
like sheet  
metal banging sheet metal  
clanging repeatedly

over my clamorous plea

for entry,

drowning

my entreaty

and breath's frightening imbalance

turning rose into stone and stone into dust. Mold green color creeps  
up my arms and covers

my face. A word comes through the  
trees and it says to me

listen.

The meaning in the tongues

of leaves whispering wind

hovers above the scent of your remonstrance.

Abrasion's peal

recedes from the bell's stricken clamor

## A Long-Held Supposition

Through the curved roads

of the iced empire

the thawed assassin flowed

off-

topic

and into

as

its

blood that jutted from his breastbone  
in tiny blackened

breaths

a

darkened clavicle

straining for deeper bubbles

sequence

frothing the greasy pendulum

I have come back from

the shearing, where cenotaphs and rhodendrons are buried

poem

in a

whose clearing tongues writhe,

their hurried gasps lurid

on each other's cheeks where nearly everyone had left

- that burnt star, ochre smelling and tasting of melt,

as the core of a lost appendage,

vaguely remembering wool or a floe

that drifts along in sodden waters. The picturesque summit stood on

later fire, pursued by steaming hostages from hated forums

dismembering a grated glyph

with our thoughts alight, we were still breathless

to it.

Moving in the moment frozen in the frieze

on-                    time turned on its praxis,

topic                a long-held supposition, replete with asterisks.

## Among All Objects

Rip at the wingtips and turn at the very round

place, she said. A faceless man

burned red in the grip,

churning

a slow pace, its sound deadened

only throbbed darker as she counted how many pieces of herself

became aware of this condition. the principal aspect of

her wary footsteps, the same as

positioning, amounted to a cautious

respect

whereas his

history of the shadow pointed towards

recollection, when autumn came over him, something unlike being

tilted toward the rim of his last lost undertaking

A dip into recitations of past somnolence assuaged her, seeing that

many others,

vacating their seats to blindness,

left a deft persuasion hacking at subtlety between  
the eyebrows and a binary decision not to go imminently into the solid

rain,

not to tense

herself against  
its pelting whirl, or slowly shift an optical elision  
away from its fiery mother,

her dusty doors, slanted-closed windows,

Among all objects

may she give this one

a name

## Ante-Climactic Clash

The torrents breath their sacral hush, a tidal sigh  
before

R U S H I N G

epistolary fragments.

New  
iotas  
scream

quota transfers among

the thickets

brushed with thorns thick  
with syrupy sound

and when the circle widens I will

be there

a whistle a wave a windowpane a

grin

of

anticipation

waiting

to

welcome your return  
from hiding in the land of dead legends, ease your pain again

but the truth---the "legality"---the "constitutionality" makes

need of a mighty secret  
which now charms the public

and even if I--suddenly--found myself in a not a very big

room

would smash through the walls and crash through the doors so I could  
inherently hear



the real voices  
dealing  
from their deck  
of smoking jokers:  
an amendment to feel gay about  
smirking ruthlessly outside my cell. The shattered walls,  
the shattered  
voices  
distant  
as my slashing shiv  
encroaches on inviolate  
scoundrels  
and my big blue verse without  
words  
slip-slides towards a final  
C L I M A X.

## Cold Truths

Random shifters drift  
a measured rubric  
easing phantoms for  
alcoves dank with mold  
a rubric dried in snow  
precious, precious, where it may  
drop, an angel's hand to  
hold it. Stagnant though those  
leaves may be, the crystals  
swollen in their palms  
shatter, to bleed new ice  
in the cold.  
A frontage road heaves  
under the frost's natal torment  
where I stand, thunderstruck,  
at the thought of your going. And  
they smash through a smoky  
ice that paves shadows with  
at the thought of your distance,  
when I reach my hands out,  
window, they grasp at dry  
cold  
crystals of complexity,  
each nuance unrepeatable,  
snow  
flaking a different mind,  
I anticipate a memory  
of each  
pang  
as  
distinctly  
calibrated  
so  
felt

close as bones to my skin.

**---Vernon Frazer and Michelle Greenblatt**

## Dark Hope

A quick lip of water tongues my  
touching tall trees &  
toes as I dip them into the lake  
everything, elements of

trembling fingers  
flooding  
trance

mingles,  
gathers  
random

chance  
at  
mythos

all  
the  
rest is  
archetype

or stolen memory soft stones compete for  
power

cobalt questions  
cast a sheen of perspiration over your small

face.

After I scissor myself down the middle, help me

Find my cerulean core, the mind's thread to stitch

release up a torso divided:

my body my mind

from the soul-core-double-sever chased-gold you instructed me not to find

I darkened  
for you  
in the mist

sliding  
a kitana  
along my wrists

my mouth and my sex

W I D E N I N G

with a variable key to the dead-level traces of water

sluicing through me, the hardness of your soft entry, my

NARROWING

tight around it,

the light  
 your lips  
 kissed  
 back  
 from  
 shadow,  
 a secret unveiled in the blue glow  
 unharnessed  
 against the empire  
 of darkness  
 and here is the wretched picture [of the of us,] being blotted out by the  
 evening sky.  
 Today  
 I'm memory's  
 fool, and wisdom has captured me, by and by we get to the time where desire's  
 decline will  
 fold  
 over  
 us  
 a blanket  
 the warmth of touch we share  
 against a new, familiar darkness  
 grown  
 old  
 over  
 us  
 & our  
 Secret  
 of faded silver  
 follicles  
 delaying  
 the touch of the torch to unadulterated skin, or spoiled eggs in heaps of  
 sulphurated madness.  
 these light grasses growing over the graves of masses  
 these stones of darkness quiver along the stop  
 gap-faultline. I hang myself with a handful  
 of hair.

Below  
the voices laugh,  
ghostly cicadas trilling  
scratches across my bare feet

making madness out of sensation, masking machination  
with black, pensive pupils and demoniac stare when one turns  
their head away from that evanescent happiness, lips lewd as  
the thin leak of saliva that gathers where their corners crease.  
Our torture brings them vicarious release, our shrieks light their glares  
within the mirrors of their obsidian reflections. They leer, then laugh

at  
our  
strain,

our pain  
their pleasure

BURST  
to drip-point  
after a good stir by  
a tongue of rain today in an

invisible

world  
where  
black  
is lighter than any dark

we know

**---Vernon Frazer & Michelle Greenblatt**

## Definitions of Obscurity

The shred of a tarnished illusion

breathes / at our third well

where I lower the bucket

and come up with air

all insistence falls at the dew drop

where longing posts its empty vigil

and the distance purples with age,

where at the river's edge there is singing.

The cubist pyramids ringing through the void

mirror off the mountains

behind the empty bank

which falls like water only to be indented

by the singing at the sand's dry

edge.

A vision

of sound

rises from the dew-glittered grit, frail

syllables fall off the tongue, upward

and back,

the golden confetti

of shortened breath

spiraling

in the minds' twisting winds

impedes the perceived call to arms

that drizzles the liquidtop.

Perhaps the metronome grew tired of counting when the numbers stopped adding  
up and the melody stayed the same,

a chant of time crossed  
by plastic wolves and faerie tales of cities made  
of gold. Traveling across the tear  
in the continuum

its ragged fabric whistles in sequential winds  
where clocks,

lost to chronology, seek vapor trails

where music

used to ring synesthetic overtones

lost at the dry trickle of meaning's edge

where dust pours over

definitions	the filters, shortening
of	breath
obscurity	& sight

--- Vernon Frazer and Michelle Greenblatt



## Lightly as the Darkness Fits

inlet on the mountain submarine timidity as lightly as the darkness

fits into a shelf in my brain, so is the shelved

clangorous dust that makes

its way into the cracks in my eyes a wavering

dusk bold as the splintered platform, a husk

of its former cognition

bleeding wheat

the color of sky.

Autonomic sunsets weave beige lagoon reflections,

an arid frigidity numbing the cleaving portico hedge

as it leaves

pasteurized colors in the mix

of slaving admirers, gone

the way of the stratagem index. A tentacle pursued, its rubber pace

a danger

to all fully automatic weapons. I dive

into deafness as the subatomic harmonies break

up heaven into little chinks of starlight. Perfect propriety, a cracked bell,

shuddering of sleep releases the bride from the corpse.

A marriage, once removed , can whisk away

conundrum's bottled ashes, a weeping urn

containing dust

of cartilage turned

separation anxiety

in the shade of a sweltering hammock, sweat beads galore

---Vernon Frazer and Michelle Greenblatt

## Liquid Couplets

your

liquid

couplets

best make

a recipe

for doublets

mooning

throughout

a cascade

of lost suns

& on the faster train I wave a glorious goodbye

to the facade

that has been

us,

a fading

shine, its distance

re-

determined,

a quantum heap

of answers

to question

of embryonic snow.

Its zygote the main sleigh  
of phantoms

dragging

across

the tracks,

I dream

a

mirrored sun  
 set  
 upon  
 an  
 opened  
 wound,  
 of impudent blue empty of  
 anvils, covered nudity  
 with ash  
 tendrils beckoning, the fury of deadened limbs  
 recycling  
 their  
 entropic  
 post-mortem haze  
 of honeygold hanged men, when  
 traffic relaxes  
 back  
 into  
 the  
 littered  
 streets  
 to still life  
 the mortuary  
 extension of my liability  
 across the  
 like road salt.  
 Today you are as brittle as ceramic  
 and the houses wheel by.  
 Nothing seems out  
 of  
 place  
 except the restless ocean  
 at my door  
 cresting  
 and requesting  
 at my  
 double entry  
 (subtle entreaty)  
 toeline shore  
 to take over more  
 granules  
 than one  
 can steal

time slabbed on the counter like meat; I fear harm from the page which  
confuses the child whom I cannot control. I teeter on the razor's edge  
of

**---Vernon Frazer & Michelle Greenblatt**

## Mysteries of the Present

Transient bottle acclamations

eliminate the vast accrual  
of quasi solid

space

where we pick up water & Baudelaire's black tulip,  
lost and found

again a flavor

prescient

as  
synthetic ennui  
a

dandy's gift from  
the

present

to the future  
tense--

so you would like to know why my oracular

tenses  
promise not a future. I will prophecy

& prophecy, if only to diagnose the present,

in obscure

tongues of past  
& future

in the clarity Cassandra  
melded, rumors

grow

wings

fly around  
the stage

as bitterness fades to half-view in the vat of her throat, bubbling  
dark wisdom through the ancient froth, lips worth licking to those who

knew

the things

she meant

**---Vernon Frazer and Michelle Greenblatt**

## New Tales of Definition

The belly up sun floated on the tide and breathed  
the taste  
of the salty water.  
Nothing could allay  
the sensation of jellyfish protruding  
cautionary tales  
of the tongueless  
large river  
pebbles  
where all the necessary  
explanations accorded the whole  
of the unfolding alongside a coral reef  
of their secret, the root to  
living among  
the water's whirls, the waves of its breathing  
those who stand in the waves and let  
the flood  
of sunlight criss cross  
the fatty afternoon  
sloughing snakeskin and white netting  
into their wake, a new identity unpeeled, revealed as  
a silence/ a pause/ a silence  
finally we advance to skin of the matter, coiling  
fresh among the flashing rays,  
taking in new tales  
of definition  
in order to decide  
what tiny mouth



to swallow with  
we stood for hours  
with the irreconcilable  
letting ourselves slip again  
and again  
into aimless dipping,  
a pause / a silence / a pause  
the inverted refrain  
a  
tongue swallowing  
the point-of-view, how he must have wondered  
saying I  
know you from somewhere  
(now the cypress trees are swaying)  
now the blood reaches the shoreline.  
A crest of red foam breeches the sunlight  
lasers seeking to find the unfamiliar, shed  
protocols, boiling the sand,  
the festering  
ruins left by those who  
shift the root to naming  
scarred secrets,  
ambulatory

**---Vernon Frazer and Michelle Greenblatt**

## Segue to Baghdad

The gathering serpentine haze  
shatters sunset's fragile last shimmer  
a blaze long past razing.

Any glimmer brings memory  
to a standstill among jonquil condoms  
dispensed with alacrity

and a coin machine  
which does not return change

/

as expected, but forces

change upon the crashing warnings of

illumination

wavering

electrostatic

along the fault line's pensive crease,  
filling enigmatic drudgeries with clashing tints

sharing

\

a course that enrages

/

a nation in flight

from one another who both

turns to the lilting left and resting

right northwards as needed southwards

as sought after--as a glyph that tells itself

over /

over until the thick coils

of darkness recede

westward \

training wagons

fading in the sun

set upon tables

oiled yet scrapped

in need of iron(ing)

while the artillery smoke hangs

/

over the exploded body parts

and

I can see / my insides

on the sand;

during all the glory, the stars

stripes and parades, nonsense

is offered freely by the government who takes

just enough care to show shadows

to membrane thickets, the mottled minds,

the mangled bodies

/ all on course

stayed

steadfast & true

to the body bags they lie

in (courtesy of car bombs

& Halliburton) state, lies

as bullets \ strayed

through undue perforations

in the slither-flattened dust

**---Vernon Frazer and Michelle Greenblatt**

## Sweet Chill

Trees twist in the soft-baked wind that winds around the garden.

How cold it is

out here, the searing chill

burning my face cold.

Even the warm whispers of breeze harden to spirals listing

mute among the palms

which sway back and forth in the warm wind.

The heat is its own contradiction.

A sweltering iceberg, secret as its melting surface,

closes

in

from the bay,

a blatant progression

of music

seeping

through

the cracks

of time.

Backwards is the way to homeland shelter

beneath the star-lit palms of your progression

from silhouette to heartland sun, a slow balm

calming the sweltering regression handed

to us by our mothers and our mothers before them.

Hand to hand touching has always been the same as face

to

fist

for me,

the gift  
of repression  
as seen through the steam swelling a blackened eye  
or others that have been given to me in surround  
-sound while I wept  
flames of declarative sentences  
fastened around the audio's sweet chill

**---Vernon Frazer and Michelle Greenblatt**

## Threadbare Anomalies

Courier transits reckon the bellow  
of a colon seeking pain as retribution  
for substitute

alliances deformed  
in nights of ritual castigation.

Threadbare anomalies  
surface under watered gin, translucent  
fixtures

amortized by  
the lighting fixtures which  
d  
a  
n  
g  
l  
e  
from the old tired bird who gathers her mountains  
of torment into a nest and is still patient  
with movement, as far as it goes.

The t  
u  
a r r o w  
n  
i g  
n l  
g e

misses its feathered mark  
by an a  
r  
c  
slipping past the mo-  
me(a)nt of  
deconstructing  
mortalities as yet unhatched.

---Vernon Frazer and Michelle Greenblatt



## Transient Variations

A trail of transient variations  
allows the key that opens the drawer (walking further  
in the country)  
a rural semblance unlocked  
with a slow, trembling turn  
Imprisoned in a warrior metal skin  
am i killed? am I  
dead as the forest's storied silence  
or merely bleeding new tears  
of grassmass that january crops wrinkle  
as my silver ribs  
thaw like raw meat  
a spectacle basting  
under the heat of sulfur skies,  
an aftertaste  
of rust turning bitter  
water (churning) undercover; it will find me  
unprepared  
(naked or not)  
for the trees' whispered rumors  
of my unbecoming  
or the wait  
of this midnight moment's precise point  
a cry steamed into the air, the cries all wrung their hands and sang  
an undersong bombs into words and his own bleeding  
of subtonal whispering soft desires to breathe  
refrains explosions, new streams

leading to

life leading him to crossroads in the darkness, to crossroads of light

while dying stars cast their mist over screaming vision--our talk was  
of too little, of too  
much. Of gold across  
blood. Your eyes looked at

the hour, looked

away. A team of horses stood by you asked, Am I killed or just forgotten?

And the answer came, vague as past dust, whispering

its song  
of death as memory

and memory

the nearest life

of absence  
in a present form

But the moon must say  
and stay as well  
summer

this secret

knotted a theorem

into a terrific battle

scorched in two  
under the heat

between the heart and the hypotenuse  
angling their way

toward

presence

a remembered

if conjoining proves possible

from the head to the heart, what inscribed itself on the inside of your lip  
deepens your death.

(That we once read...there is no end

of space / time / matter)

We're still

just that.

--- Vernon Frazer and Michelle Greenblatt

## Whisper over the World

The dust of the strayed

world

filtered through elliptic fragments,

its staid whirl

a cautious stratagem against

dawn to dark, the breath trying

to come out while all clocks agree, ashes do not

return to the biomass

afflicted with the storied aches of plantain marbles

cast against the sky silent

day by silent night

singing by the fires of cinder pendulums

sweeping slowly under strained attempts

to whisper

over the world, a blazing star.

---- Vernon Frazer and Michelle Greenblatt

## Winging Through the Deadly Night

Hostage perimeter central vexation  
gutters the pits of ancient remorse  
where shredders

LOOM

insensate.

Temporal shadows hijack  
hazel light

of

simmering inundation fetters  
snatching homilies from plural

vestiges                                 FLAUNTING                                 bivalve cuspidors

which swell like city blocks in summer heat

simile, blackbirds & energy density dehorts

as                   winging through the deadly night,  
they                 long for metaphorical exhortation  
run                  from grinning extortion batteries  
idly                 storing a horticultural surcharge--

Water breaks over the  
blackness--

where, whetting the flavor of

my own body  
yearns an italic for a taste of your mercy,

its metallic sweat an ionized comfort begging  
through pangs of reciprocity, wet

tongue on dry knife	sliding
between the creamy	passion



indents another inward sun

towards a flood of lightning bolts

clawing at  
their replete measure

beneath the hitch of a sub gum harness, a treasure deleted among dolts  
frightening for their dim forbearance, a pawing disruption no word can  
savor,

except for the juice

leaking its disruption

as their

pleasure's

blood, black and brilliant, cindery to

the touch, a diminutive saffron, a deliberate cerise,

the familiar spirit of the place rests upon stooped shoulders  
and rankled reproduction of

fantasian replicas, cranky

as

wet tinder lacking

testy

its

ruddy batons to feed them

toward

intuitive graces,

motion

leaving

charged

their detestable bandits

---Vernon Frazer and Michelle Greenblatt

## Wings of Plastic

Wings of plastic,

(as the earth was a vortex and opened into) suicidal dreams,

the streaming whirl of screaming minds

tunneling toward the comforting blanket of darkness

or the next flight out,

might return to oneself in a higher order. Pyramid

of trees I climb through, carting away the blood and leaves,

a controlled  
disaster,

- gaping at the apex ruins weaving through the lattice spaces

to view the history

scattered

among scars of sky

in which vortices of light

flutter across the trembling of water

in hands cupped heavenward

to grasp the glistening

or the drops

that the tree catches while being flayed by lightning

in the middle



of a storm

---*Vernon Frazer & Michelle Greenblatt*