ON RETURNING FROM THE POSTOFFICE

There are no bodies
in the mail today
no brainbeds to sleep in
not even that left eye of a one-eyed whore
has stopped flowing all
of its female gold down on me.

My throat shipped to far away points of communication.

Sell my brain you say—
I REFUSE!
besides, a bottle of whiskey would
get a higher bid.
life is not wanted from
the outside,
but
from with in!

BLAZEK

POEM

When bright Apollo goes to rest
And dim Orion takes the sky,
I see within the speckled black
The constellation of her face.

When peppered babies turn to pigs
And grins go 'round without the cat
And panthers choke on silver spoons
I'll seek my love in garden fair.

When gates of ivory show my love
And gates of horn reveal despair
I'll look for ways that I can change
The color of the universe.

SCHECHTER