Dark Hope

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&

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Argotist Ebooks
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Dark Hope
A Long-Held Supposition

Through the curved roads
of the iced empire
the thawed assassin flowed
off-
topic and into
as blood that jutted from his breastbone
its 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 rhododendrons are buried

in a

poem

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
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

of

obscurity

the filters, shortening

breath

& sight
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 slavering 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
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
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

cautory 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

we stood for hours
to swallow with

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

know you from somewhere
saying I

(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
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 this secret
summer

knotted a theorem into a terrific battle

scorched in two under the heat
between the heart and the hypotenuse
angling their way

toward

a remembered

presence

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

doing end of space / time / matter)

We're still

just that.
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.
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

& energy density deports

simile, blackbirds

as winging through the deadly night,

ey 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

mercilessly,

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
blades of her uninterrupted legs--slathering
slime of ancient bitumen pits across voluptuous pituitary submissions,
gathering grandly, yet urgenfly

as you ride astride my anthracite cries

in penitence

and joy and sometimes wake

hard between my thighs

past my thermonuclear threnody

(the choir
for a formless blue self,

to salvage straining)

the remains of the passion
mercurial vapors

rising toward resascent nomenclature,
a slow tide, and
the breaking brackets of

terrible sweetness

--since every minute falls faster as enumerated shadows move into a lit corner of
gossamer ambiguities, its gravity
reveals overtures,

a low aside

aches and

crackles above unbearable needs,

a
cackle in the dark chases a racing clock

past time
's deathly dimensions

the

flavor

of sickly

syrup

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 fantasia replicas, cranky

as wet tinder lacking

testy

its ruddy batons to feed them
toward intuitive graces,

motion leaving

charged their detestable bandits
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
Liquid Couplets

your
liquid
couplets
best make

a recipe
mooning
for doublets
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 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 to still life
into the mortuary
the extension of my liability
littered across the
streets 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
double entry
(subtle entreaty)
to take over more
than one
granules
can steal
or shred
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

adulterous thought

i
live
in
the margins
of
diffusion
& loss

surging
overwhelming
as the greater
confusion
risk of
gain

temptations brought
to
flesh