

Douglas Blazek, at 28 one of the most productive poets of the west coast, has edited such magazines as OLÉ and OPEN SKULL. Among his books — Walter Lowenfels has called “adventure in verbal horror” — are ALL GODS MUST LEARN TO KILL (Analecta) and LIFE IN A COMMON GUN (Quixote).

THREE POEMS BY DOUGLAS BLAZEK

THE SWIFT SWORD OF DAWN

When will the man
with the rifle
abandon his khaki
for the child's garment
of sun shadows?

He is swept away
from his drive into
military divinity only
for moments by the
swift red stream of dawn.

In seconds he
is again
curving his arms
away from his body
into the sky
bowing his head before
charging
into gossamer flesh.

A GUIDED TOUR OF THE NIGHT

Lemonade stands
being taken in
cars softly going to sleep
in garages
their crankcases
dripping black sperm
the sun tumbling
over the foot of the horizon
stars being threaded
into the sky
as night sinks
into the mattress earth.

Somewhere swollen rivers
are yawning
and another young
girl is gone.

Somewhere in N.Y. an
old woman holds a sign
saying “Bomb Hanoi”
but nobody is holding
up a sign reading
“Bomb N.Y.”
how can anyone build
a bomb or hold a sign
after Hiroshima?

The universe is silent
preparing for
its Last Supper . . .

Crying, they say, makes
the ribs grow lean —
it is winter and the trees
look unusually thin to me.