

Blake Mihm

Jam and Vulnerability

all that remains, scraped from the bottom of the pot:
rough skin, pectin, and the depths of my own capacity.
burdens thick with sorrow swollen with longing ripe with feelings a farrago held tight,
emergent bubbling viscid from sugary maceration broken down by assiduous heat a
surrender to leaden transformation.

i cannot help but wonder: am i also overflowing with jewel tones?
caramelization or concentration, either way it will awaken something sweeter,
something more than a long shelf life.

split me open and savor me slowly.

Shedding Velvet

Oh weary traveler

How far did he walk on cloven hooves, tracks through ancient lands, path of broken sticks crack to arrive here dressed in bloody rags red jelly anointed sheets swinging from his skull, tattered like so many antiquated bindings. As parts of him fall, his vision blurs blindfold of skin in his mouth. How sweet it tastes to show himself, to flaunt his rack of bone, feel the androgen ache rub rive and piss trophy marks.

Oh wide world

Where does he stop and the forest begin.