

Blade, Unplugged

By Tim Seibles

POETRY OUT LOUD 

It's true: I almost never
smile, but that doesn't mean

I'm not *in love*: my heart
is that black violin
played slowly. You know that

moment late in the solo
when the voice
is so pure you feel
the blood in it: the wound

between rage
and complete surrender. That's
where I'm smiling. You just
can't see it—the sound

bleeding perfectly
inside me. The first time
I killed a vampire I was


sad: I mean
we were almost
family.

But that's
so many lives
ago. I believe

in the cry that cuts
into the melody, the strings
calling back the forgotten world.

When I think of the madness
that has made me and the midnight
I walk inside—all day long:

when I think of that
one note that breaks
what's left of what's
human in me, man,



I love everything

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