

from THE AMERICAN SCRAPHEAP

Joe Milford

plate 79. Insects of the Orders Hymenoptera, Diptera, Lepidoptera,
and Odonata

Beehive cluster of polygonic polygotisms clotted
in static buzzing sound-gysms frequencies
of winged gold stained-low vowels with propellers
bowl-bowled gutturals and still-shrill stings
consonants hummingbird-cosmonauts wingslashing
honey is metaphorical, not withstanding through their own
dull tones

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plate 249. fig. 1-3: Chinese jugglers. Chinese puppet-show. Chinese
mandarin visiting

As kids, we decided to play the game of Time and always, I was the worm
action figures for gods marionettes squirmed kickshaws
under cabriules silly rules and ice-cream paunches you always ate
the last cherry Life Saver we were lost in the atmosfield of it all
heads in a ruckus like bowling balls the first beer the first kiss
the first book read the first dead bird found first arrowheads and miles
of honeysuckle noticing every detail in a Monet way slinking free of
authorities never truant to the creeks twisting up trees
plasticlike jade pipes cool granite of library steps against our naked asses
as taut and young as the feel of lithe new guitarstrings
so sure that death only happened to birds and the mandarin came with
cassavas and political texts and the men of the house would drink
rice-beer with furrowed brows as we frolicked with puppets
under the tables to us, none of them were of any use we never thought
we'd become them

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plate 407. or, see Architecture, plates 350-409

Sky of flax in flux. Slowly looming into gold. Over
a random moment for the Americas. I walk while holding my medallion
hoping that the skyscrapers do not avalanche. They spindle up for
underground steamsprays. I'm the amanuesis for this minaret effluvi-
us. This cortege of columns. This hum ancient no matter how
new the buildings.