From The American Scrapheap

Joe Milford*
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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 bowel-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 truants 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
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 effluvius. This cortege of columns. This hum ancient no matter how new the buildings.