

from THE AMERICAN SCRAPHEAP

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*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.