

Joseph V. Milford

Tin Roof, Epiphany

foreswarn and shocked into a shack life
linger there like
residue of metals in the coolest
pool of water—tin, din, and chagrin
your armor grows green
with brass age
your mail lets all of the junk in and the victim
does not run—he
becomes an accordion
breath of life in the apparatus of his hopechest
sternum pushing
everything up to him, acolyte
becomes astral, the strings on all of the instruments
on the planet vibrating,
as one looks down and sees
only valences and hybrids, choral tree movements
the greatest science
ever is music—math in our throats
small boxes tied with taut cords
coaxial cables strung
between genital and optical
for life I bemoan a poem, dirge-slaked and swarthy
in my pajamas with the

aurora borealis making jokes

with us, whosoever will die silly deaths,

stillness, I am cool with
this, ridiculous

born-again riding their bikes in the rain

completely out of
context to my celestial bliss

to be sworn-in and shocked, we are not.

maybe we not
zealots—maybe we just shatter shackles—