

17 = (17) + *thirty* {30} > FIFTY TWO & 93 (9 + 3)

By Joseph Milford

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... Joseph Milford writes by numbers, painting mind pictures. In '17.' he is the drug to his junkie, "But I'd miss / Running through your veins" Poem '30.' "...porn / Is the new / Punk rock" Joseph waists little time scribing your visions and luring your senses. Figure '52.' is maybe my favorite if you can still remember the charming girl you had that crush on in grade 3. And, '93.' is captivatingly abstract if you like playing Sesame Street's, 'One Of These Things (Is Not Like The Other[s])' "Laurel leaf / To your / Shark jaw" "Harpsichord / To your / Sherman tank" ...the man is persuasively preposterous in the very best way possible...(Spacing is poet's own.) HS*

17.

If I were the drug  
And you were the junkie

I'd ask you  
To extract me

But I'd miss  
Running through your veins

No—even more  
I would miss you

Wanting me to run through you

**30.**

I guess  
That porn

Is the new  
Punk rock

Of those  
Who have

Forgotten  
How to

Love

**52.**

Sometimes I wish  
I had a time machine  
So I could go back  
And sit in the desk  
Across from you and ask  
To borrow your  
Colored pencils

**56.**

I am  
Made of song  
You are  
Made of gold  
Who do you think  
Will sink faster

Into hell?

93.

Laurel leaf  
To your  
Shark jaw

Harpsichord  
To your  
Sherman tank

Oil painting  
To your  
Geneva policy

Stem cell  
To your  
Cancer cell

Freckles  
To your  
Holocaust ash

Guitars around campfires  
To your  
Burial cremations

My hand  
Towards your  
Amputations

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *Poetry allows me to perpetuate the immanentization of the eschaton. It's subcutaneous. It's flying orcas. I've been inspired to write since I ate my first box of crayons. My first breakup, with an old steamer trunk, accelerated the evolution into a picker of tiger lilies. Joseph Cornell in a Russell Edson cabana tends to be an occasional influencer. My students often say that poetry is confusing, but I tell them to be more specific about amebas (and stop sketching them as squares). Pleased to be here--like a buffalo wing at a rodeo. May you all continue to fly your hang-gliders out of the bellies of blimps.*

**AUTHOR BIO:** Joseph V. Milford published his first collection of poems, *Cracked Altimeter*, with BlazeVox Press in 2010 and has another collection of poems, *Tattered Scrolls And Postulates, Vol. I*, from Backlash Press (2017). He edits an online literary thread, *RASPUTIN* (<http://rasputinpoetry.blogspot.com/>), which publishes poetry exclusively.