

## Ellen Cecilia Miller

### Agape

This world I see:  
no trees topple the earth, no flowers eat  
through moss, no sparrows cut the clouds, no  
Laundromat washer spins, no quarters drop  
in soda machines, no jukebox plays  
Bo Jangle's New Fangled Blues,  
no ragtime tremolos razzle flappers or men.

I can blow bubbles from Woolworth's  
make them pop.pop.pop, or soar to life  
amidst your dreams -- soak your thoughts and  
make you whole.  
My breath blows the breeze  
of the Delaware River's channels, locks canal gates,  
walks your dog without a leash, delivers newspapers  
for your Little boy blue  
come blow, blow your golden horn,  
Zeus is in your meadow  
Diana's in her cauldron, waiting  
for you to knock us out  
with your hip-hop neon riffs.  
If you won't sit in the Kingdom of Jazz  
my sceptre will dethrone you, my lips  
take the mouthpiece from your trumpet.

I play hymns for baptisms, wedding fanfares, funeral ditties,  
while you sleep in the fairy tale I dreamt  
for you while Cupid was on holiday in Odessa.  
I can make electricity dance, shout Hosanna,  
light the summer sky with tender Haiku,  
ignite the retinas of Milton's tired eyes.  
I can erase your grin  
and race the wind.