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## Raising miss g

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SHELLY TAYLOR

*Raising miss g*

Careful what comes from your belly: if a horse  
she'll not take me far. The dogs were always too close  
& I'd have to turn back to not leer them  
too far from home. We caused each other. Each achoo

I make she splashed into the light show  
by her kite strings. Of which I tie  
to every slender blooming. Where are  
my girl's stamped feet the piston sky? Let

the dead go on & bury their dead, kicking,  
scissor kicking, even when I'm not she's still  
somehow afloat. This little girl with her planchette & weather  
balloon—rabbit & cauliflower in my honey pot.

There must be seeds under her feet  
each year she's more than dust upwards.