Summer 2008

Raising miss g

Shelly Taylor
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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,
sissor 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.