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Drowning miss g

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Drowning miss g

Gibraltar, I give you away so easy, shekels, for you are just a baby-girl I husband myself, still think on. Herein this grand sash around her waist, this part of the 'the:' the street kicks, my teeth grit & someone lets out a holler more rebel than get yourself on over to my yard sale, them denim's selling quicker than a hot-fire-Sherman gone crazy on a Georgia. Herein, rampant fire, stick your tongue tip out, land bridge, my always on lookout. I know how we sold you between us for good behavior, penance for the come lovely I can feedeth you. Thus she grows naked all on her own, one ought to motherly clothe this little girl on given days where is she? In the ditch. The waterline just below my nose. For one must obey the curvature of a ragged bank into a water from which necessity seeks me the scientific: i.e. Gabon is a country; Gabon I dip my country feet in you; Gabon I seek thee & always have since the 9th grade project on buffering & oil preservation & how to get yourself a Gabon. I was brought upright & studied in school, learnt my geography, stronghold, what could cause a sea to rise, how to sew my buttons back on. This is easy armature, an ever-so important crossover necessary for common adaption, like now that I've shifted my feet northern I'll need many sweaters & a steeplechase to hedge the fences back from the ditchline fuller with the rain & with frogs which the workers will save for you in plastic buckets when the pavers come. In this winterless tis'. Formation,

if I don't think of you any longer, if you are just a baby-girl, I call you pretty pretty. Bounce you on my knee & forget to feed you & me, I just sleep all day. Gibraltar I'll shorten you to G so I can manage, pretend you are a cat, the days umber cool. This regular ratchets I'm too old for an el-o-min-o. Like today the fantastic chin-jut & tomorrow's the yea ole tassels. What two cowgirls

we have been, my girl if-of-hands, five fingers. What a lasso-er, my-my,
how you can hogtie. So I dam up those that need
a sand-swirling—save the precious—come to change the earth awhile—for
myself & for the belly rush I once said would take me in &
(to have gone with her person), & for
the neighborhood kids on their bikes that need water in a hydrant
release, come to get their feet wet; & of course, the sun. And for G,
whom I know would be wearing a blue bathing suit out on the street pulling
hair & kicking as I did, kin of biters, two little broken selves. Blue
like my first mare Sissy's eye gone cancerous or blind or worsening like cataracts
do or, a blue for her blindness & mine all the more. Elfin orphan
child in a honey pot that learnt stir, that against her best learned stay when I
said okay it's time now.