

# DANNYKA TAYLOR

## Black Plastic

The flower petting zoo  
exceeded its reenactment of  
nature. The dark stacks, after all,  
were really where atonement for history  
lay. Still, the cloche of snow  
through his handheld. My the  
white cities. After a most  
horrifying of Safeways.  
“Dark as butterfly death”  
wrote the phantoms  
running him.  
Yet aloof, yet ornery,  
the universe still providing him a  
seatbelt. So he practices,  
in the equidistance,  
sylph of waterfall  
asleep on the creek. Sylph on  
velveteen ricing the air at  
the backend of June.  
Phantom reposers who.  
Never advised that mutilation  
is a form of theft. In  
the great halls, the great  
libraries, artifice foamed to  
peppermint ship jubilation.  
Swift to jubilate,  
malpractice a velveteen.  
Only night will sweat the  
fingernailed face. Malpractice  
a hanging.  
The great halls, great libraries atoning.  
The soft hung portraits.  
Dutch people  
doing remarkable things abroad.

## Farrago

The twin ploys held in the dark box on the  
counter. Turned away all day or plastic  
foisted. Every passerby hand-delivered  
to his nonequivalence.  
The static high-held in a December  
taxi a fatal mast to rear views.  
One explanation with God's engraving  
of you fastened to a flying triangle.  
Peep show of points diamond-  
carved traversing the  
car glass polyphasic as a bell rung.  
No one can quite get with.  
Welcomed, virtually, everyone, anyway  
to Cape Punishment.  
At once pinot grey and twinning up  
on violence.  
To spread something over top of this.  
Shroud of dirges over the asp.  
Fascinating on the boy climbing the box elder.  
So, covered, the venom shudder.

## Impoveras, I Heart Abandonment

I fond too late if the mother  
and the father are ghostly  
whorls. 9 Became a struggle  
sleep when 8 seemed like mastery.  
She, always, pentametric, labors.  
Sometimes fails to aquify. I  
never felt. But no doubt desperation.  
Collate foliage into freezer  
selections and greet a collie  
sweeter. That made easy.  
Return to the fond row  
where too late your struggle sleep.  
The waking interprets nothing but hunger.  
Did the asher's urns arrive in  
unison? In ingot robes I rove  
false again.  
This manicure is for your comfort.