

Paige Taggart

Acceptance Speech

I I I I windy I fallout
I have slow computer
I have grass
I have spatial science and merging tolls
I readymade I readymade I readymade
I hero such a hero such a heroine
a marker in time limits offered attention
unhealthy destitute
rational making way into irritable
I forget how to I forget how to I forget colored
streamline breaking kite
windowpane kills silence
breath being very out of control
eager criminal
when I am alone at night nobody's wanting
when I am starved nobody's rummaging through
when I am hunting nobody's fronting
the first always better than the last and the third just as good
when the lawnmower's going I am itching
when I am asleep at night nobody's looking
hang face
when I forget how to be I am just as tired
wizard hair
sent for a message sent for a delivery
favoritism all has favorites
classic used to be a popular word
same with mignon or child pet
angel hair pasta works better than spaghetti
archenemy
unpopular politics
fingers and fingers and loony
base jumper

hind leg
Jell-O-o pudding
the story is that nobody knows

Elder and Child Make Night Young

revolution, convalescent home
and tin child capsules strung
with juju bees along the pine
tree out front, where the wind
is cracking anything through

an amphitheater, it all sounds
a bit like night, and the in-
famous paw is stroking a
dog, come back the lather

of good worlds, and mingle
in the street together at this
late hour when winds are
trees because together is that
everything smile of lean

one eye a wreck, covered
with a pinafore, the other
holds a black music note

songs are spoken with
everybody's tongues,
held-down their knowing
under the pale
spread through
always frames

some voices too loud to
consume at this late hour,
hold onto infinite stillness
and recollect, trees are fist

assumption made cosmic violent
unprecedented, it's briefcases
filled with lettered-rubber
stamps spill onto the lawn
the clutter to pick them-up
is one of hopeful configuration

The Company Borrowed

hungry like a dog
silent like a crystal
rock chuck
gladiator
canned spinach
mouse breath
shopping on the lowdown
lamp in pocket
residue of navy felt in particular lengths
fingers taking-in a hand
significant mud on boots
hammered eyes bat wings
moose droppings
pillow toppings
a hangnail
a ponytail
a thimble
a watchdog
symphony powder in a grey wig
thrilled about bicycle spokes
rain sifts into vagueness
color peeling ceiling
rewound umbrella back into its case
Spaniards
when everyone's alone at night
classic southern flare
ponytails in the wind when a prince rode a horse
hosing down the backyard rid the pavement of leaves
manners incalculatable
patience with the frock of being
lemongrass
camping shells
a violent bunny
hairpin
humble be thy being be thy dancer be thy day
a quarter to three and the bible is empty embarrassment

& So On & So Forth & So Be It

I massage your feet against my tea garden
and spill peppermint scents around

there is a cozy frontier in the name of
gradation and a calendar catches fire

it's been unfortunate lately, stop collecting dates
and making angry music with my fist

I've catalogued voyages in the name of pity and
made robust accomplishments upon the rearing
of my own child, the model I'm discussing is the
way past lovers cycle into the present and
collapse into my one frame, my single animal
body homes smiles burnt-out in the recession

past faces don't get erased into translucent
becomings or errors of another unfortunate

there's the entirety of an arm reaching into
a condensed world that moves through fabricated
memory and each little world collapses into the
next and so on and so forth and so be it

there's a cable car leading to my face

smiling into my empties

I have no clear headspace to fuel anything but lethargy,

all I care about is the extinction of my Peoples and the five-sides bending to form a shoe, the uncertainty I find in everything,

especially in myself and the books bending towards my occipital lobe, keeping the figments to the figments,

and the drain has water in the way of thickness sliding down hoping to accomplish itself in ruins

by the time it gets to the septic disposal where

blue frogs end-up plastic toys molded in the mouth of a child
babies suck on rocks and beavers bunch glass inside their mouth,
though they used to chomp wood,

you say you're writing a poem right now I bet we're writing the same poem,

and the world is a play field and you're my carpenter

uncertainty being a thing of the past and the dog being a way home