

# Ken Taylor

## what part of my tattoo were you raised?

where you learned the herm & rhythm  
of poetics. or are you outside limits all  
alone in quiet tricot this side of brown?  
sensing serious angler demands, serious  
about scent reducing qualities, dreaming  
of him under the star card at his desk.  
every barista knows that dry cat is code  
for dry cap or a drink with too much fur.

aware of dense viscosity swimming in  
what might distract me, your pander  
to me: the trick of elemental gratitude  
& reflection – this with a gander at my  
shoes. used to measure my feet until they  
grew foot-long. now i walk where i want.