

2022

Almost Everything Strange

Cheyenne Taylor

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/nelle>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#), and the [English Language and Literature Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Taylor, Cheyenne (2022) "Almost Everything Strange," *Nelle*: Vol. 5, Article 15.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/nelle/vol5/iss2022/15>

This content has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of the UAB Digital Commons, and is provided as a free open access item. All inquiries regarding this item or the UAB Digital Commons should be directed to the [UAB Libraries Office of Scholarly Communication](#).

Cheyenne Taylor

ALMOST EVERYTHING STRANGE

Florida hangs like a marble in spacetime's hosiery,
or a pitcher plant laden with digestion—

pretty threats glisten in its sinkholes.
Fat toads sing when my steps crack pine needles

but I need a city where sky is a hyponym
for *what keeps cold in*, where because I'm so tired

I have the most curative dreams.
Rain winds through the marshlands in time, softens

the state penitentiaries, every summer a catastrophe
of lotuses. A man here told me he walks through the world

like this, *one foot on a catfish, one foot on a dolphin*,
which I take to mean you've got to surf this musky midden rot,

be alive to its sweetness, to the fruity scat
that sunblocks all our statues, *or else*.

But I think I'll come apart instead, an embarrassment
of anoles that will leave en masse and reconstitute

somewhere above water. What gorgeous spores
will decorate my lungs then, unfold

like drunk umbrellas when their dormancy ends.
When I leave, mockingbirds will still pick

at snakes, sandhill cranes will keep singing *en Dios
confiamos*. This state does not need me to know its hurt,

though I keep on breaking glass inside it.
It will be a bruise long after I've stopped

wailing in it, long after the water comes back
to eat the sapodillas spoiling on the lawn.

Until then, I have made promises: not to look the devil
in the eye and always to plant trees whose roots

aren't thirsty. Not to expect, or count. To sweat judiciously.
To be delicious and read signs. To lift one foot at a time.