

N O T
T A K E N
🌿 B U T 🌿
T R A N S
F O R M E D

Laura Cherry

beloved object,
O fantastic shawl woven
of gilt threads, chicken wire and
slate-blue smoke; scent of mango,
of pine, of Elizabeth, New Jersey;
music of champagne glasses, trash
compactors, and champagne glasses
in trash compactors; tearfully hot on the
tongue as Thai chilis, mysterious
as a brown-paper bundle from the deep
freeze, brittle and voluptuous as
crème brûlée – you are all
I can think of, looking from my slough
to a rafter of stone, the words etched
as if waiting all along:

NOTHING WILL EVER BE THE SAME.