

Taylor's New York poems comprise a roughly virtuosic series of contemporary vignettes laced with apocalypse; they are attuned to the pain in all desire and the beauty in decay—not unlike Lorca's explorations of the city. Beginning 'one of those nights/when the intersection is crazy/with cars,' and moving swiftly through casual, but angst-tinged observation—Taylor's second collection portrays people on the economic and social fringes, from the 'Old Soldier in the Park' ('his white hair flying/against the green,/a bird out of formation') to the pathetic story of 'Sleepy,' about a mother who spots her son's face on a wanted poster. Finding no easy answers, yet never letting his lyrical and painterly gifts fly off into irrelevance, Taylor remains true to his desire to get his world on paper, a world of New York and beyond that continues to be inflected by his Trinidadian roots 'He feels for a taste/of his own flesh, he can smell it all the time,/cooking in the curry of a human dream.'

- *Publisher's Weekly*