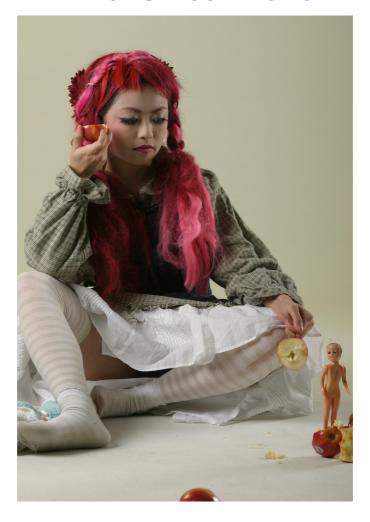
# **And Once More**



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# **Introduction**

I thought maybe I was done with books of poetry, done with novels, but it seems I have once more produced enough work to justify an edition.

The photos are from 2005.

~~

Kim Taylor, August-September 2023



## **And Once More**

And once more the day has slipped by a chapter written lunch made a bit of photography with a revived cell phone just to see and it's 3pm time to think about dinner and dishes

# **I Was Busy**

Sometimes day and night got switched You know, you stay up later and later and suddenly it's early

I would slip around to wake up after dark and go to bed in the morning It wasn't a hardship I had no place to go

But sometimes the things I saw late at night or should I say about my mid-afternoon in the dark

Strange beings who floated outside my balcony asking to come in pretty beings but I was busy and always said no

#### **We Were Roommates**

We were roommates for a long time all the time I was there in that apartment

She had been there with the previous tenant a friend of mine and he had told me about her

She'll come late at night she never talks much but she likes to listen and she's not much trouble Best you just leave her be

She was good company and she talked just enough for me to understand that her story was rather sad



### **Hello You**

Hey, hello you, she said it's been a long time

She was beautiful breathtaking I'd say but I was young and believed in honesty

I'm sorry, truly I am but I don't remember you

Oh shit, she said her hand going to a pendant around her neck Wrong way, sorry

She turned and left and like a fool I didn't follow her just turned back to my beer ~~

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#### A Life in Books

It was a hard time for me those years but there were books and sometimes more than a rack in the drug store

There were book stores
Incredible places
piled and packed
and all the time in the world
All the time there was

and I spent it deep inside away from everyone tucked back into other worlds that spun around my head every book cover taking me to another place

And best of all so magical to me I could afford to buy a couple of those used books to have for my very own

### You're Safe Now

Mud on her face dirt on her knees hair stringy with sweat She came into the place through the back door I happened to be passing and of course I asked what she'd been doing

Nothing you need to know you're safe now

I must have looked doubtful what could I say but I was curious and so she took me up to her room

Sit here, she said as she went off to shower I'll tell you after I sat, not much to do
so I sat quiet
breathing slow and regular
and in the corner of my eye
was a massive bow
feathered arrows beside it
and slowly
other things appeared
A leather pouch
a sling tied to it
and in the corner
a wicked looking spear

As she came from the shower towelling her hair she looked at me Ah, you see So I don't have to explain



#### Listen to Her

She played with Tarot cards and sometimes would shake her bones a collection she got from anatomy classes and walks in the wood

She claimed to know the future and one day she told me not to go downtown not to go to the bar I laughed at her and walked toward the door

No You must not go Stay here with me and we'll go to my bed

Of course I stayed and that evening the bar burned and that evening I learned to listen to her

### Sometimes One of Us

I was fourteen when it happened for the first time I went full tree That's what my uncle called it full tree

I branched
I rooted
thankfully I was outside
deep into the yard
and I could feel the earth
the water
the minerals

and I could feel the sun the sweet sugars running down my arm Half a day it was and that's it It never happened again and my family nodded and said Sometimes one of us

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# **Making Soup**

Another pot of soup for the family workers all except me an old man at home writing a little napping a lot making soup



#### The Bed

She took me by the hand and walked with me into the forest

This was a long time ago and in that forest there was a clearing with a bed, so very soft the sun coming down lighting the bed so it glowed

She led me there undressed me undressed herself and lay back on the bed

As I walked to her and was about to lie down the bed was gone the girl was gone the sun was the moon and I was cold

I looked around no clothing I'd laid it over the foot of the bed

## **She Would Wait**

She would wait quiet while I tried and when I set it down she would pick it up and finish the crossword in about ten minutes time

I would shake my head with a half smile she was so much smarter so much better than I but she would wait quiet while I tried

# Why She Left

You know, she said around you I feel just like those girls with the tambourines standing on stage and hitting it on their hip looking at the guitarist and he never looks at her But after the show he expects her to be there and she always is



### **Across the Lake**

Midnight in 1969 and Iron Butterfly is playing on the radio drifting over the lake from Mercyhurst College Erie Pa.

Still awake
First years of high school
a Country kid
grown up on Motown
the Big 8 Windsor
Fifty thousand watts
straight through Detroit

That drum solo, fifteen minutes and where were the horns just a Vox Continental and enough energy for a sleepless kid alone in his bed at midnight

## The Wanderer

Small town girl wondering if she'd ever get out out of that town

He was a wanderer told her stories of the road told her about the city lights and she thought he'd stay

Still a small town girl with a half grown boy wondering where he is now

She's with him still if only in her dreams

## **Succession**

She was supposed to be next she knew that

He wanted her and wanted her at his home with his wife gone

She was his grad student and so ended up at his place where she met the wife "The Wife"

Things didn't go as he planned His grad student fell hard for "The Wife" and between the two of them they saw the old fart off



## **Fictional**

I suppose it's because "things happened" I want to write a campus novel

Things happened but things always happen that doesn't make them interesting So write them in an interesting way you can do that call it fiction

Make it fiction, you say but seriously what would I make fictitious that hasn't already been made you know fictional

# The Swimming Hole

Thinking back
it was such a cliche
that we boys down at the creek
would strip naked
and swing out
on the rope
into the middle
and let go whooping
and hollering
to splash in

And yet we were convinced that we had invented it Never thinking about who tied the rope up into the swamp willow beside the creek

# **Exactly Right**

I think she was like one of those book covers from the late 70s

A vague and transparent woman with streamers of something in red and in the background maybe a bear or a bicycle

None of it making sense all of it, exactly right ~~



# **Oyster Stew**

It never really got any better than when I was in my 20s searching for the meanings looking for love and finding oyster stew instead

I no longer look for meaning have an abundance of love but damn it I mean damn it

Search as I may I can't find oyster stew

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# Me and the Good People

I live in the bottom of this town right by the river in the attic of this student dive

Even there I'm only part way up the hill Part way to the good people who run this town

Not that I mind if the river floods I've got the roof and a bag of potatoes

It's never going to flood high enough to reach the good people on the top of the hill

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### **Buddha in the Attic**

She kept a Buddha in the attic it looks down on me and smiles at the top of my head

I don't want him to see my feet they are small, and always dirty

He likes my head though and says he will protect it If he protects my head my feet will be safe



## Still Here

The world is here still here I know this because I woke this morning eyes open chest rising and falling

It is no illusion no dream because I had to piss the bladder said so and so I arose and walked to the place where I piss

As I walked back I looked around all was as it was no changes so the world is here it isn't some other place

# Boy on a Cliff

There is a boy on the edge of a cliff his feet dangling his weight back on his arms

He is watching nothing more just watching so many things to see

How long has he been watching How long will he be watching Who can tell us that

## **Your Own Decisions**

There was a promise made the day you were born A promise of change a promise of a chance of potential

It was made to you a gift bestowed and then you were set free to do with it what you wished

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# **Just one Step**

The wind moves the waves the earth itself moves

Movement is life your life moving down the illusion that we call time

Move, just one step in front of the other and you know you are alive

, ,,,

# **Real Magic**

Why look for magic in books or strange places It is all around you

if you need a ritual to pass a test look around you

There is a pebble throw it into the grave a gift worth a life

There is a feather carry it for a day then let it go into the wind

carrying your sadness drying your tears

## **Your Past**

You can't escape your past she often said to me

It made you it shaped you it follows you forever

Without that past you would not exist

But one thing more she said You can forgive the past



## **And Then**

The sun down the moon not quite there and we walked single file she and I

through the bush through the darkness

I stopped to look back and she was there we kept walking and I stopped to look back

### **The Crows**

When the time comes the crows will be here to take me away from the rotting hull that will remain and they will carry me up into the sky where the winds will take me and scatter what I was into what will be

# **Gentle Parting**

When it got too much the world crowding in the people too loud she would slip softly into another place

I could see her go gently moving across into that world where I could not go

but it was enough to see that gentle smile to see her eyes soften from diamonds to something marvellous

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# **Young Again**

My mother once said she wished she was young again to feel things so intensely

I gawped at her and shook my head Don't wish this on yourself my dear Mama You don't remember this the ache in your chest wanting to pound your head against the wall until it stops

When I am your age my dear Mama I will look back and smile fondly at the good parts

Doing my damnedest to forget that intensity I am so happy to know you have forgotten

# **Shit Stupid Boy**

God those times were rough when I was twenty Shit stupid right out of the countryside

Just learning about life Just learning about girls and they were so kind they were so good to me

And I never knew I look back at that boy so dreamy-eyed so damned stupid and all I can do is cry for all that I lost all that I threw away

Sure, so very sure something better was ahead

It was but only when I became a man and learned to love learned to understand that it wasn't about me

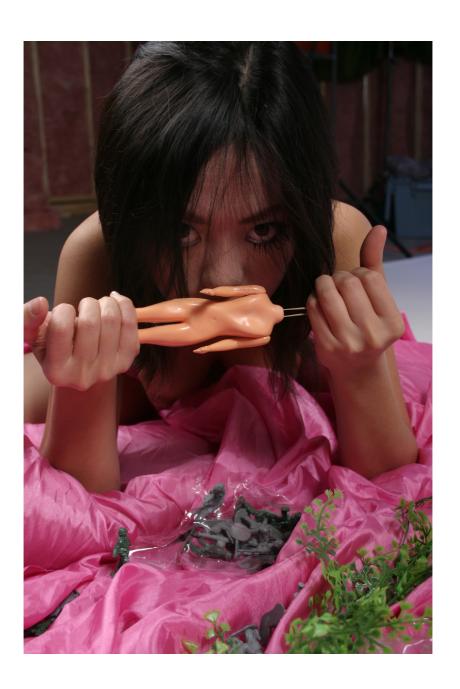
Still, rough as it was for a stupid boy I'd not trade any of it for I'd have missed them Those women so kind to me

### The Film Look

Ten or fifteen hours this week spent trying to make film from a digital camera And I don't know why with a thousand or three images on real film why would I miss them

I can't reach back into my past and take the photographs I wanted to take I should have taken

but I remember the cost more than a student could spend so a photo here and there of a beloved friend a few nudes and the rest had to wait for digital cameras



### All of Them

Coyote has come to visit reminding me of her All of her every one of her and he laughs at me as I try to talk with shaking voice and liquid eyes

Why
this is not funny, dog
I don't want these memories
They are good
but they hurt anyway
and, damn you
You know they do

# **Indian Rugs**

I bought those Indian rugs for you they were cheap all we could afford and they lay on our cold, cold floor with us on them more than once When Summer rolled around

I bought them for you but you left without them and I've kept them ever since

They came off the floor and onto the bed in winter They came off the bed and onto the couch Forty years I've had those rugs and every time I look at them Every time I think of you and me

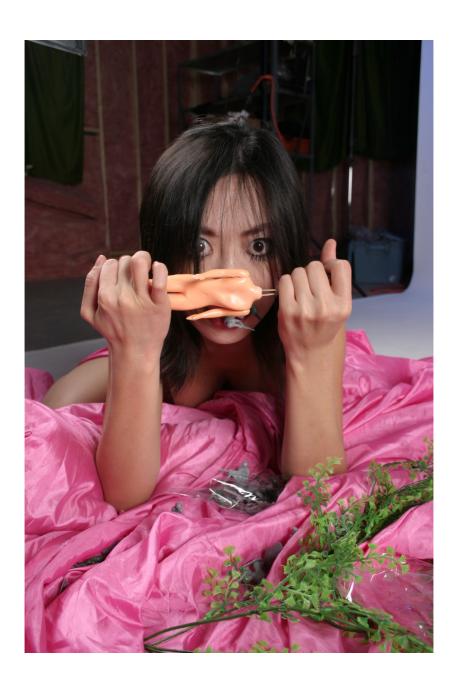
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## When I'm Gone

She's gone deserted me again for family fun and a visit to the cabin While I'm left here to teach the classes

I can't blame her I suppose or at least, I should not she has a life beyond mine and she should live it

The more she does the easier it will be when I'm gone



### Some Fresh Air

I spend too much time at the computer writing, reading both lovely things to do but sometimes I need to get out

Today I walked my yard taking photographs after a rain

Editing them afterward and deleting the bad ones made me feel creative and got me some air

# **Looking Down at Myself**

I would imagine myself high up by the ceiling looking down at myself making love

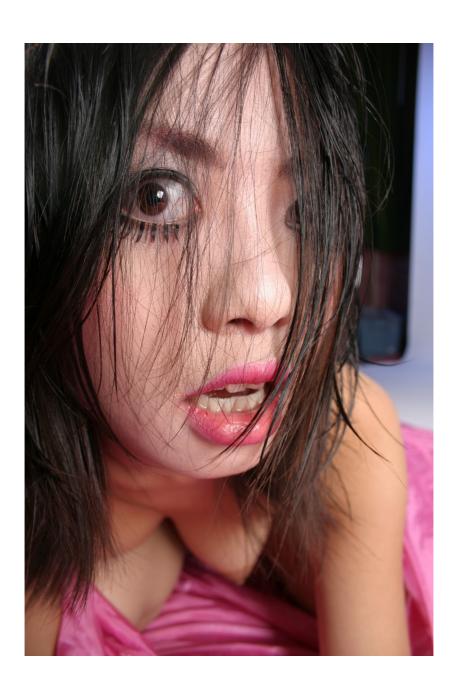
My then-hairy ass and then-hairy legs moving up and down like a kitchen pump-handle on an un-primed pump

## Is That It?

I miss that the feeling of my dick between her legs slowly softening slowly dropping out

a small trail across her leg and that small sound deep in her throat that said

Oh, is that it?



## **Advice to my Students**

Oh my no
I can't stand my ground
can't hold the line
for what's right
If I do, I may be gone
and then who
would do this job

Oh my yes you are indispensable right? Nobody can replace you except perhaps anybody The illusion of useful is a trap Stand your ground
Hold the line
if it's right
Retire for a reason
bargain for it
and if the bargain is not kept
That's not on you, is it?

If you don't get fired for what you believe in wait for it and you'll be gone for what someone else thinks is good for them

### **Too Short Season**

Last night
walking in from the sauna
the grass wet
I noticed
as I took off my crocs
(dollar store fakes)
a leaf. Yellow.

My heart sank and I remembered the dead flox and other flowers out in the garden on the way back in

Is it over so soon this summer I've loved This too short season

### Water for the Farmhouse

Stay off the well A sort of half dome of cement, cracked up against the back kitchen

The well itself running both in and outside the wall

I would lie on my stomach and look between the cracks of the floorboards to see the water below

No pump any more we had running water but once, that was it

Water for the farmhouse ~~



### **Believe Me**

An invented title an imagined importance and the kid demanded respect

The problem was nobody ever heard of it that invented title and so didn't believe that respect was due or earned

That shrill voice saying "believe me" didn't help at all

# **Tiger Tiger**

Above my bed was that poster of a tiger I would look at it and wonder if I would be the only one ever to see it

My first semester in residence Sadly I can't remember now if anyone else ever saw it

#### **Crows**

August mornings mean the distant caws of crows at dawn

No cars yet the bypass far enough away that the cars are water down a rough river

and before I open them my eyes see vast cliffs a gorge and rapids and crows, wheeling above the mists

calling to one another calling to me



### **Just Once**

He needed to get laid just once without all the guilt without the pressure

But it never happened and all that pressure went into a career of saying "No" of saying "You can't" and "Not allowed"

Just one time with a woman maybe that would have made a difference

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# **Your Apartment**

I loved arriving at your apartment early in the morning and spending the rest of the day in bed with you

We would see how many times we could make you come before I did and called a halt to the game

### **Worried**

Oh good lord what have I eaten that it should smell like that when it escapes my ass

I suppose I shouldn't be surprised nothing else works very well the joints the muscles the heart with it's bomp de bomp bomp

so why should my guts be expected to do their job on kimchi and cauliflower and beans ~~

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#### **This Face**

I don't like this face much Yes it's been with me for all my life but things keep being added wrinkles, moles, actinic keratosis Oh go look it up and get out of the sun

I don't like this face much because it's my father's face and my grandfather before him only older more wrinkled because I've lived longer and they saw more than I

### **How to Break Up**

For sudden breakups
I guess it was definite
I don't remember any calls
"Do you think, maybe"
There was just nothing
as if the earth opened
and swallowed her

For the others there was this slow fade as if she was walking away turning back to wave and walking further away until I couldn't see her

#### I Know What That's Like

In the middle of his nap the cat wakes and yells twice then settles down again

He's over twenty I guess it hurts

I know what that's like to wake and hurt shift a little bit and go back to sleep



# **No More Late Nights**

My head goes back on my chair and my eyes close

I need four days of ten pm and no more late nights for a while

#### Lost

They say you can get lost in a woman's eyes

I never got lost in yours but I got lost in the wonder the absolute mystery of what was behind your eyes

Of you

#### **Water and Sand**

Coming from the water the sun and the breeze dried our skin but our suits kept the water

Water that wet the towels so that when we got up to walk home I saw the outline, in sand of that wonderful ass

Your wonderful ass and I hoped you would not shake out the towel

You looked to see where my eyes were and laughed "You'll see it for real soon enough"

And you shook out the towel ~~



#### **Babies**

I look at a baby and freeze my mind going blank I dare not go closer for fear of catching that scent that smell of a baby

If I do I will break down Cry for the loss of my own My two babies who grew up and became someone else No longer my babies

#### Someone Beside Me

I woke from a dream and smiled

I was no longer a child There was a woman beside me and had been for decades

I smiled again as I reached behind myself and patted her flank

No longer a child in a bed alone wishing to be somewhere else anywhere

Even in my earliest days away from family I sought someone beside me through the night

So much more important than a quick fuck and home again

#### **Not Here**

Desperate to make something but in need of a nap

I waver and neither happens

More coffee only leads to more snacks and doom scrolling

I am not present



### **Giggling and Grinning**

Giggling and grinning we ate green plums until the juice ran down our chins

Wiping the back of our hands over each other's cheeks we ate until our stomachs bulged

That night I held her head wiped her face with a wet cloth as she threw up Groaning, we lay in bed and fell asleep around four

At nine, surprised, we woke We had not died and soon we were giggling and grinning ~~

### She Talked in her Sleep

She wasn't a talker when she was awake but sometimes, at night she would speak

I always paid attention trying to decide if it was a nightmare

I would gently hold her let her know I was there that I would wake her if it got bad

but usually she calmed down stopped running breath slowed and I would go back to my own dreams

#### Two Men

It began to rain and she lifted her face letting the tears flow and mix with whatever the rain brought

Two men she loved them both but she had to choose and she could not

If she could have done it she would have ripped herself in half and given each as much as she had

She looked up into the clouds and the rain came down



# **Stupid Damned Toes**

Twice last night twice my toes curled up toward my knees and I had to get up and walk around

Once, OK you can cramp once anywhere in my legs but twice COME ON don't be annoying

### My Childhood Screen Door

I built a wooden screen door trying to copy the one that I remember but it was never quite right it went clunk and not BANG bang-bang

I'm not sure what happened to it Several years on the sun room but it was gone when we ripped that down

Probably flung open and broken as the kids left it unlatched

And that was another failure the hook that would bounce off when you hit it in the right place mine never did no matter how hard you hit it

### **Damned Immigrants**

The first time
a ladybug bit me
it was a shock
I mean, a ladybug
so cute
fly away, fly away home
and the damned thing
bit me

Years later someone told me a new type of ladybug had taken over from the old and I thought Damned invaders coming to our country biting our arms



### Isn't That Amazing

As I turn the penultimate corner to my house I spot a fellow with a bike stopped in the middle of the lane talking on his phone

I go around and nobody dies nobody is upset nobody's day or life is ruined Isn't that amazing

### **My Poetry**

Oh please please don't let these small things be placed one day into a classroom to be pulled apart and put together again in some sort of new order to satisfy the feelings of a teacher

I mean seriously, Wendy Susanne was not a princess she was just some girl Leonard knew in Montreal and these things mean nothing at all

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#### It's OK

It's OK
I hate cooking
So many likes
and dislikes
And I'll eat anything at all

Never let me cook I'm not fussy enough to cook I don't care what I eat and I cook again hoping that most of it gets eaten

It's OK High praise indeed I'll wash the dishes tonight while floating on a cloud See if I don't



### **Things I Can Do**

Almost to the back door the neighbour let out the dogs who ran barking to their fence and I put down my things turned to them and walked over the drive

Hello Monsters (They're little things all wiggle tailed) and gave them pats "There" I said aloud "I can pet dogs."

#### **Useless**

Useless
I had a laptop
and a tablet
and I couldn't get a file
from the laptop
to the tablet

It wouldn't work
I tried but it was beyond me
Me, the guy who hacked the University
but that was thirty years ago
when back doors
were front doors

Today, doing something that should be simple proved that I was useless

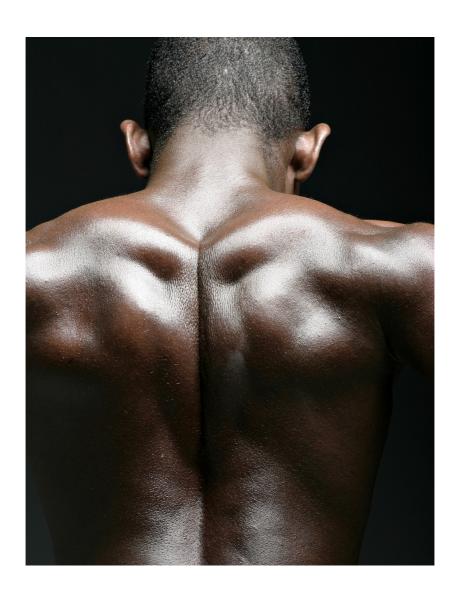
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# **Strangers are Polite**

I'm not sure what my family thinks of my writing

None of them read it

Others might read a bit and tell me it's nice but strangers are polite



#### How to Black a Tsuba

Allow it to rust hanging under the eaves will do it If you want it to look old bury it in the dung heap

Wait for a good amount of red rust now take it and boil it until the rust is black brush it a bit and boil it some more

Now put it in your pocket and play with it so the oil from your hand coats it well This is how to black a tsuba

### **Summer Day 1983**

Driving alone on a summer day in 1983 Heading somewhere I can't remember where Was it 1983

I was driving in my father's car going somewhere and the sun came in the windows were down the wind blew my hair around and I was happy

I can't remember why but I remember how that felt ~~

#### The Threesome

Drifting down the hill from the University into town

I make up stories about those who walk up that hill

Today it was about the threesome who looked ruffled two girls and a boy

So very young I hope my story is true



### Here to Enjoy It

I love the summer the crows talking before dawn the smell of the gardens the air after a shower the warmth in the sun that moves into my joints

I love the summer dresses the soft looks of summer romance

The long days and the empty roads no students everyone on vacation And I love that I'm here to enjoy it for one more year

### Waiting

A full day of waiting For what, I don't know something maybe the files to copy from an old disk to a new one

maybe for inspiration
I think I'd like to write
another book
but nothing is talking to me
and so I wonder
yet again
what it is I'm waiting for
~~

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### Gratefully

Two small noises like a cat who wants a pet I turned and she was there arms open

She had been home half a day and we'd said hello

but just then something I did perhaps the way I stepped out of the hallway and turned

made her want to tell me that she still loved me I stepped into those arms Gratefully, I'd say



# **Soft Eyes**

It was the way she looked at me soft eyes the lids barely narrowing like she was hugging me with the lashes and that tiny tilt of her head

Nobody else would have noticed but I did as much as if she ran and threw her arms around me which she sometimes did Once, her leg too

#### **5AM Bats**

When I die there will be no one to remember the shush of a bat's wing across my stomach as I stood in the cabin door looking out at the pre-dawn listening to the bats come home and fly across the doorway wings just touching my stomach

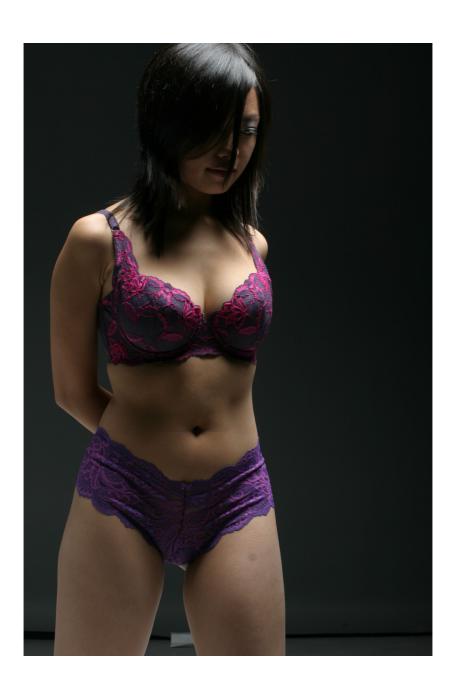
Will anyone else stand there in the pre-dawn naked listening to them chirp feeling a wing across bare skin and then closing the door before one of them comes in

## **Judgment**

Two girls just walking by not asking for my opinion not asking an old man to look at their asses

but I looked and decided and judged

that the one in thin pants loose pants with just the right tightness across her ass was preferable to the bikini bottom if only for the mystery



### In The Corner

It's in the corner she said always in the corner

I'll be at a party and half drunk alive or at least feeling life and I'll look

it will be in the corner staring out at us all of us looking hungry

I've never not seen it but I stopped asking if others did

#### No Poem Now

Usually, I write about now I mean it's the right time of night not that I write about this moment in time

But I'm backing things up hours and hours of writing to a new hard disk and it has rejected some files

photographs from a long time ago with question marks in the file name

I'm so nervous
I will forget to save them
to lose them would be to lose
so much of my youth
that I'd never forgive myself
and so, no poem at this time

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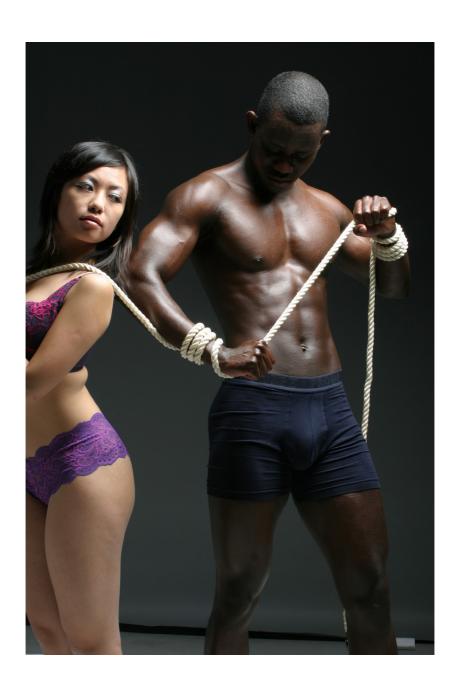
## Living by the Clock

I glance at the clock two hours to class and I wonder if it's time to set up the equipment

I will glance at that clock many more times in the next two hours and wonder if it's time

Perhaps I should get up and do what I must but I want to wring every word out of whatever creativity I can get together this morning

beside that my back hurts and sitting with good posture while typing doesn't



# It's the Doing

Dressed like 1980 I lounged on the hand-me-down chair and listened to the roommates while composing a poem in my head

I can't remember if I wrote it down but it doesn't matter it's the doing that counts not the saving

She was in the room that girl I loved talking with the roommates I suspect the poem was for her

### **Fuck Trudeau**

Platform? We don't need no stinking platform all we need is a good old American shit kicking

Shout them down tell lies bring it to a single phrase

Fornicate with the prime minister and hope nobody notices how good looking I find him

That's the way to win That's what everyone wants

Policies? Just too boring

### **Politics**

I am unhappy and so should you be I am unloved and so should you be

Why should you have more than I do Why are you not miserable with the religion of my father

Why do you look different and why do you smile

I can wipe that from your face because I am the true owner of the best nation on earth and you, you just wait

I'll beat you down to my level



# **Pop Psychology**

Oh, if only we could explain if you could simply say what that root cause is it would all be better

Go ahead tell us that thing that you buried deep that you hope to forget

Tell us, we want to know it will do you good it will cure you of events that happened long ago

If you only remember them and tell us you can forget them they never happened Go on we want to know

#### Don't Look

Very carefully, this morning I avoided the mirror

last night I looked awful an old man dehydrated muscles hanging from bone wrinkles, so many wrinkles

This morning when I woke I was 25 again until I looked at my arm same as yesterday

Don't look at the mirror

#### **Just to Make Noise**

The first fly of the season in the house and he's here with me early, early morning as I sit on the toilet

and he's here with me mad buzzy frenzy Not trying to get out not trying to land It's as if he's making noise just to make noise



# Young?

There's five spots on your bones and we're not sure about the pancreas it looks like inflammation, but we'll check

If it's just bones we've got a thing If it's other bits, soft bits we've got another thing

You're young, keep doing what you're doing and I thought
Young eh? If I was young
I'd look forward to a change in the meds

### **Self Defense**

What's the worst sex you ever had I was stumped the worst sex? I'm a guy we don't have bad sex

Hell I drank free for years to tell the story of my date rape Seriously Years

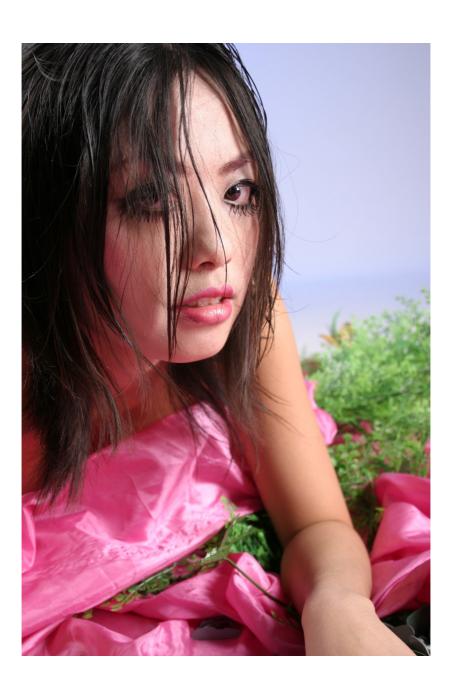
Sure it's bad of me to tell you that but here's a thing You get to make your own story nobody else gets to do that Just you

and she was a nice girl a very good friend I didn't want it but it was my story Not yours

### **How to Make Poison**

If you burn this the smoke is poisonous and I wondered why anyone would burn an Oleander

But I suppose somewhere it's a weed In my grandmother's greenhouse it was yet another plant that she grew because she liked plants



### **Mantra**

At four AM my heart is beating a random tattoo which kept me up until I took something for it and lay down thinking

I'll wake up fine or I won't.
My mantra these days I'll be alive tomorrow or I won't.

## The True Religion

The sun is shining nicely God must be happy and doing something nice for some child somewhere

My grandmother said that if the crescent moon tipped so water would fall out it would rain

My other grandmother saw light beams in the clouds and told me angels were coming down to the earth

I used to avoid cracks and lines on the sidewalk Didn't break my mother's back didn't break my father's spine

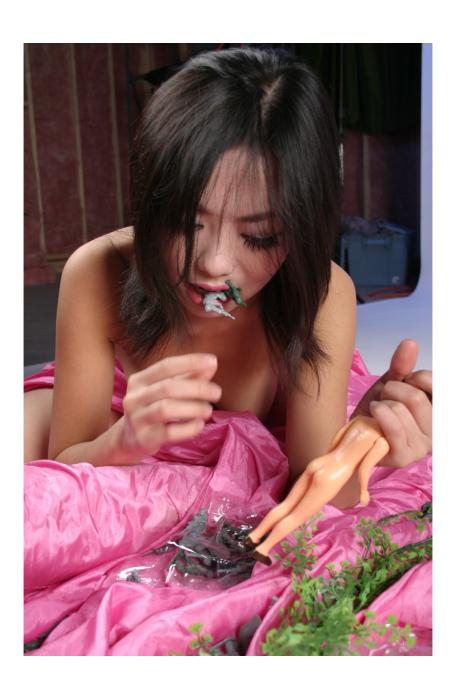
## **Cottage Visit**

The cast iron pan and the teflon bell together as we listen from across the room

We watch and a field mouse not in the field looking soft and sleek climbs up onto the shelf the pans are hung from looks at us and disappears behind the wall as if he was never there

Stupid mouse

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## **Company**

I lay down on the lawn to look up at the clouds to take a little break from life

You lay down beside me at first a small distance away but as you squiggled and jiggled Looking for a comfortable spot you said

You ended up beside me our arms touching our feet touching and we watched the clouds

 $\sim$ 

## The Pennywhistle

Bread, cheese a bit of pickle and I asked for it in my bar

We don't have it that ploughman's lunch to go along with your Bass like you had in Stoke

Bread, cheese a bit of pickle surely you can give me that and they did



# **Trying to Help**

I don't know how to do the right thing she wailed

I'm afraid to fuck up please, tell me how to do the right thing

How do you answer that I don't know myself but I tried

Trust yourself if you're a good person and you are you will know what the right thing is

Do you feel bad that's not it Do you think it will hurt someone that's not it

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