

Animal Husbandry



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At the start of 2020 I was asked to write a book about the women I knew, by a couple of women I knew. I hadn't written for years, but the invitation seemed to open the floodgates as I started to sum up my life.

I suppose I was the husband of the title, or perhaps I was the animal. My thoughts swing from one pole to the other, but these poems, written over year before I started to dig into my old Journals and Photos seem to indicate a certain balance. Not too far toward Husband or Animal, so let's call these Animal Husbandry.

The model posed for this set of shots in 2005, just before I got into digital photography, when film could be processed and put onto a CD. Even here I hadn't come down on one side or the other. I'm 65 now, I wonder if I will ever decide which side I'm on. For photography that's easy, I use a digital camera that looks like a film camera and I'm happy. Even happier when I end up shooting in black and white.

As for the women, I'll never stop loving them and I'll never stop regretting the Animal I occasionally was. Yes, call it Animal Husbandry.

Kim Taylor November 2021

Imaginary Photographs

Imaginary photographs
Checking the specs
on all the new cameras
and not one
will take a picture of you
in 1978
as you rolled over in bed
poked my stomach
and told me I was getting fat.

~~

Drifting Up 6

Sunny Sunday
drifting up 6
in a warm car

I watch Pam
sing along
dancing to the music

Dangerous shades
on her eyes
as she laughs

Caught me watching
~~

Williamsford Pie Company Loo

At the Williamsford Pie Company
the gent's loo door
scrapes across the tiles

I pee
the frog watches
don't flush the paper towel
down the toilet please

When I leave
the door scrapes
I hope they never fix it.
~~

Dael's Bed

I was headed West
to find myself
instead I found her
in the Albion bar

Her place was half way
to my place
I slept there
She was tiny
she fit into my body
curled against my chest

I woke many times
to feel her breathe
my arms around her

In the morning I had to go
I tried not to wake her
Her arms went to my neck
inviting me to stay

I had to go
I left, not having had sex with her
I had to go
We left 8 hours later

~~

The Morning After

They walked in for coffee
the morning after
the night before
blond curls, mischievous eyes

His hair just as curly
just as cute
Breakfast was an apple
shared
and a cinnamon doughnut
Coffee

No words, but no phones
They both read their book
comfortable
~~

A Night of Dreams

A night of dreams
of women past

Each time I woke
I was greeted
by a different smile
hair falling across a face
a gleam in her eye
every glint unique

Shall I tell you
shall I speak of those
I slept with but
never slept with
A gentleman does not

~~



A Moment Of Comfort

I always looked forward
with a new girlfriend
to the time we went to bed
and didn't make love

It was a moment of comfort
a place where sex un-done
said maybe this will last
Just stretch and say good morning

~~

Summer Lasted Forever

When I was young
Summer lasted forever
Now it flies by
Birthdays brought distress
Not another year older!

Now that I have died
I look forward to my next year
Cackling and chuckling
They don't come fast enough

~~

Barista on a Break

Barista on a break

Face turned to a corner

Head down

Concentrating on his croissant

~~

Fluffy

My buddy exploded in laughter
No no, I said
it's short for fluffhead

I don't know why
I thought that would help

Later, buddy called her fluffy
As she battered him
she said
Only Kim gets to call me that
~~

Seven Dollars a Minute

Seven dollars a minute
From a bar in Skagway Alaska
“I think we should reconsider
our relationship”

It was a black payphone
it was in a bar
it was 4am
and it was still light

I walked to the bar
~~

Not Going Back, I Promise

You're not going back to him
when he gets home are you
he said
I'm not doing that again

No she replied

When I got home
She called
She came

When she called
I had a girl
bouncing on my lap
~~

Long Brown Rain

She had hair
like long brown rain
I used to sit on the floor
by her bed

We talked hours
into the night
but I never got any closer
than that

She had a boyfriend
back home
who played rugby
and smoked cigars

I once drove to Toronto
from Wycombe
to take her to dinner
I lost a cap
from my front tooth
in a bread roll

Why do I suddenly remember
sitting on the floor
by my grandmother's bed
talking, long into the evening

~~



The Critic

I don't like it
she said
it makes me sad

But my poems are happy
funny little things

I don't like it
~~

Nearly Famous

I lived
just down the street
from Hagood Hardy
she said

You won't know this
but that just about says it all
~~

Thanks For The Warmth

Lately I've been remembering

All the girls
I never had sex with

I remember M
no, that was her name
a roommate from next door

I remember coming home one night
drunk
unlucky
but not really bothered about that
except

I went next door
picked her up out of her bed
and carried her to mine

To have someone to sleep beside
~~

Write Us a Book

Write us a book
Do it
A book of poems
about women
Read it to us

I haven't had performance anxiety
as bad as that
since I was 18

It's all good now
like when I was 18
I just needed an afternoon
and a nap
~~

Hand Written Still

Seeking inspiration
trying to write a book quickly
this book

I reached for an old notebook
and in it
was a book
written on a plane flight
from Kitchener to Vancouver.

The 100th poem
written as we rolled up
to the gate.

~~

Picture a Bed

Picture a bed
torn to pieces
but not from sex

Picture it messy
blankets sideways
but not from sex

She doesn't like being hot
I'm always cold

Still, she's pretty cute
all curled up
with a single foot covered
~~

What I Remember

It's always been the curve
of her flank
that spot
between the ass
and the ribs
from the back
as I glimpse it
in moonlight

~~



When There's No Forward

Why am I doing this
dreams
daydreams
of the women in my life

Why now
when I'm well past
the drama
When I have no more desire

Yet my thoughts were never
about the sex
I feel them all
with love
even though
I remember them all
the fights, the flights

Why now
has the cancer returned

Feb 2020

She Had a Pet Skunk

She had a pet skunk
old, cranky
Somehow
we ended up in bed
the evening before
I left for a meeting
was I presenting a paper?

I remembered the smell of her
(it wasn't skunk)
all the way there
it was warm, salty, oh yes
It smelled a bit of guilt
My girlfriend was driving

I lost touch with her
even though
she lived next door

I was such a jerk
~~

Problems Like That

A sunny morning
time to get up for work
but I couldn't
both arms were dead
they wouldn't move

A blond on one side
her redhead friend on the other
and me in the middle

Wasn't my idea
really
Still, nice to have problems
like that
~~

The Bus Station Toilets

She spent the first two weeks
after moving in
walking down
to the bus station
to go to the bathroom

I loved that girl
for doing things like that
~~

Her Sister's Pussy

I don't remember where my girlfriend was
or how her sister
ended up in my bedroom

Wet from the rain?

but I do remember
that line of fur
from pussy to bellybutton

~~

Sorry Bruce

I once called
one of my friends a slut
for the number
of women he'd slept with

Hmm

~~

Don't Think About Me

Why am I writing this
certainly not for the women
that I have known

They won't be amused
by the women
that I have known

Yet if I could
I would be with them now
all of them

Will any of them
be at my wake

Likely won't hear of it

I hope they don't
think about me at all

That's how much
I wish them well

~~



23 + 3

Twenty three and three
she said
You find us at 23
and you keep us around
for three years

I think that amused her
~~

The '70's

What the hell
generation were we?

Post penicillin
Post pill
and pre-AIDS

That was us
And we liked each other
and we were adults
treated as adults
able to choose

We hit university
a few years after 1968
The dawn of co-ed dorms
where those who would choose
co-ed dorms over parental norms
chose co-ed dorms

If I don't understand you
Understand why

~~

She Liked Pie

She liked pie

Sometimes
I will buy a pie
and eat one piece

It will sit on the fridge
until it goes mouldy
~~

Playing Caps

Standing at the bar
playing caps for beers
I won enough
to start paying double for them

The bartender smiled at me
pocketing the difference
at closing time

Later that night
my face rose
from between her legs
beard dripping

Don't look at me
she said
it's your fault
~~

Bite My Ass

Bite my ass
she yelled out the window
during the usual spring nonsense
at the residence

We counted
four floors down
third apartment
corner bedroom

And off we went at a run
Pounded on the front door
Someone let us in
ran down the hall
burst into the room
threw them both on the bed
and bit their asses

We ran even faster on the way back
~~

Imaginary Photographs II

Photographs?

I suppose some of these
are short video clips

still

the images are what I see
when I look back
in my memory

~~

Guitar in Hand

There he goes
long blond hair
cute as a button
heading for the bus
guitar in hand

Who did he spend the night with
Doubtless he was playing
at a party last evening

Do they still do that?

~~



These Days

These days
watching a woman
come in from the cold
gloves off
scarf
coat
hat saved for the last
seems as exciting to me
as ever watching
a pair of jeans
hit my bedroom floor
~~

A Few Words

A few words
shared at the milk and sugar stand
before they separate

I wonder
if that will ever go anywhere
and as I wonder
I get the nicest smile

I'm a lucky man
she sat down in front of me

He's somewhere behind
~~

Mornings Are Hard

Issues perhaps?

Looking up from my notes

I am in time

to see a girl

lean into the post box

and tip it over

~~

A Secret Smile

The barista wanders over
asks the fellow
if he would like a latte

I can't say no to that
he replies

she smiles her secret smile
~~

Liquid Grey Eyes

Holding her Americano
in both hands
taking what warmth it gives

She gazes out the window
computer closed
on the table in front of her

Liquid grey eyes
gazing at her thoughts
I wouldn't disturb her
for 40 years off my age

~~

I Know Who She Is

Oh dear
I know who she is
brown hair spilling
over her shoulder
soft bangs
a secret smile
and that nose, oh that nose

Oh yes, I know who you are
and now I wonder
across these 40 years
I wonder how she's doing

I hope she's happy
I hope she had children at her feet
I hope she thought of me
once, years ago
with fondness
~~

Why I Shoot Into The Lights

Looking across winter fields
the sun blinding
on the snow

I am back in Port Stanley
fourteen years old
shy
skinny
a boy
looking into the sun
reflected in the water
as she walks over the sand
toward me

~~



Those Eyes

Over fifty years
I remember those eyes
how could I not?

They once gazed at me
across a rumpled bed
and I forgot about sex
I forgot about the skin
so smooth
under my hand
I forgot myself
Everything

Feb 2020

Satori

It was there
across the street
riding the bus
thinking of her hair
blond
past her waist

It was there
as we went around the curve
that the universe dissolved
into me
and I into it.

~~

There is a Lot of Past

I don't tend to remember the past
I'm too old for that
it would take too long

but every so often
the past remembers me
and I wallow, I drown
in faces
in the curve of a hand
the bow of a smile
in that line
between her eyes
as she tried to understand

~~

White Socks

I can't take my eyes
off of her white socks
half way up her calf
before those black pants
begin

~~

The Sweater

Oh, oh
She's taking off her sweater
don't look
no don't stare
don't be the dirty old man
she sees
when her head pops out again

But oh,
she's taking off her sweater
~~

Selfish

I hate women
she said
Mean, nasty

I wonder
is that why she chased the girls
out of our Aikido class

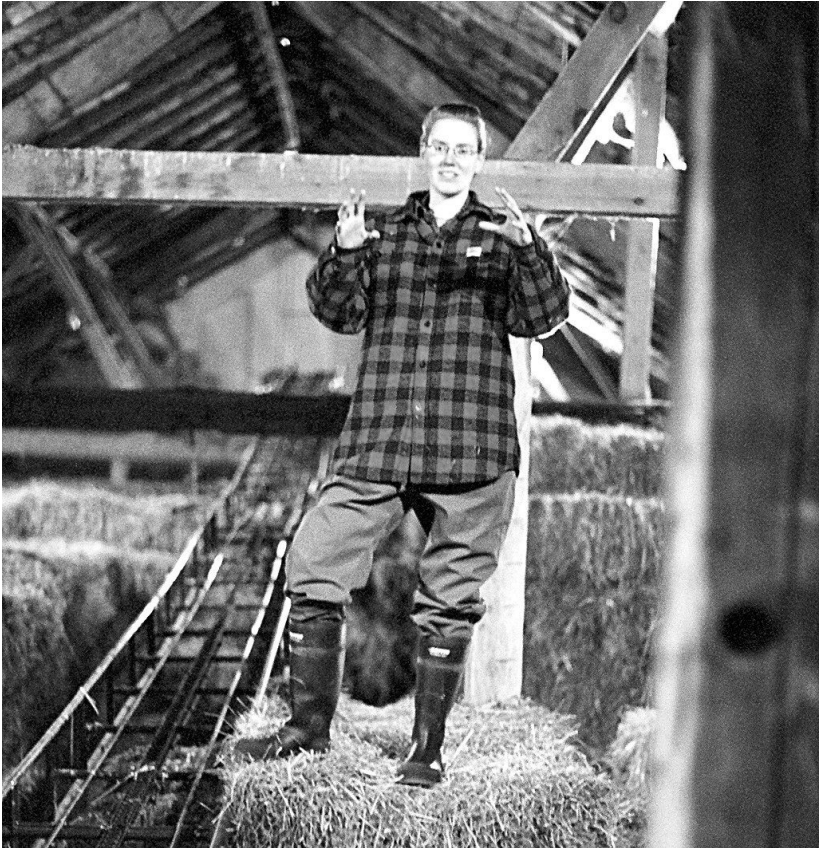
I asked once

Why should I share my boys?
~~

A Little Overpowered

Three engines
and a single car
with 2x4 studs
crossing the train bridge
across the street

~~



I've Said Something

Big brown eyes
that say so much

She's looking at me now
damn
I've just said something stupid

again
~~

The Story is Gone

I once told a story
of using a toilet in Japan
I warned my audience
that they'd better remember
because once I told it
it would disappear from my mind

I was right
it's gone, the story is gone
only an image
of me squatting
on ruined knees
grabbing a pipe
and looking at it in my hand
before shoving it back

When I finish this poem
I will flick it upward
and it will be gone from my screen

I hope
Oh god I hope
I never treated people like that
a flick of the finger
and they are gone

~~

It Is Always About Women

It is always about women
I had my friends
got along with them well enough
but it was the women
that mattered
that I lived and died for

Not crying
Wailing as if I'd lost my soul
slamming into the wall
sliding down
legs splayed
head down sobbing

That sort of thing
~~

She'll Get Over It

I have quite fallen in love
with the girl sitting in front of me
but now
I must go

I'm sure there is a metaphor there
something about how many women
I have left before

But I'm just an old man
with a cane
heading out the door

She'll get over it
~~

Beware the Old Man

Beware the old man
sitting in the cafe
he might just be writing
about you

Have you ever wondered
how many of those old guys
that you smiled at politely
have stored you
in their memory
like a precious photograph
of an old love

Some day
when you're feeling down
when you're feeling unloved
think about all the old men
who fell in love with you
in that cafe

~~

I Want

She makes me want...

to go home
and trim my old grey beard

~~

Advice to young boys

As you dither
and worry about talking
to that girl
let me point out
that you will be one day
nearing your death

Do you really want to have a memory
suddenly pop into your head
of a girl at the mini golf
who was wonderful
who glanced your way
as you dropped your eyes
and moved on

~~



Do You Want to Fall in Love

Do you want to fall in love?
think about love, it will happen
don't worry
you can't run out of love
it's not something you own
it's not something that owns you
you can be in love with anyone
you can be in love with everyone

Does your love, love someone else
it's fine
love is like a sticky bun
it stays with you
changed maybe
to that little bulge just behind your right hip
but you don't lose it
once you have it

So have at it
love as much as you wish
love as much as you can
store it up
you never know when you'll need
a little bit of reserve

Love doesn't hurt
you can't be lovesick
Desire hurts
You want to own someone's love?
you want to own someone
Don't
You only hurt yourself

Love isn't a two way street
it's a broad field
wander where you want
love where you want
If you expect nothing
you gain everything

~~

I Need to Write Your Poem

I feel like
I need to write a poem
for every girl I knew

I guess this one is yours
~~

Still a Shit

You can love someone
and still be a shit

~~

No Biopic Here

I am such a lightweight
I didn't drink myself to death
in a haze of existential angst
I just stopped drinking

I don't agonize with a pen
blank sheet of paper in front of me
I just write

My heart isn't broken
nor am I, by a tragic childhood,
broken
I say goodbye and move on

I am such a lightweight
I can't hold a grudge
my life is not suitable
for a biopic

~~

Candy

When I was in public school
a girl liked me
she asked me for a date
said she would pay for the movie

She scared the hell out of me

~~

Old Poets

Bukowski was too damned wordy
who can read all those words
On and on and on and on

They didn't have snooze buttons
~~

Where's My Share

They say Picasso was an asshole
and Braughtigan
and all the big artists
So if being an asshole
makes you a great artist

Where's my share

~~

Scary Thought

I was a handsome fellow
but I didn't know it
until University

Why are you chatting me up
she said
You could have any girl
in this room

~~



What Women?

How many of your women
did you pick up
in your martial arts class?

Not as many as you might think
but a hell of a lot of my girlfriends
ended up there

~~

She Was Furious

She was furious

I asked

Why are men such dicks
why did sensei wait
until the night before I leave
to ask me to sleep with him

Bastard

I'm pretty sure I didn't get laid
that night

~~

I Woke in Pain

I woke up in pain
roaring

She had a wrist lock
on my arm
With the other one
I slapped her against the wall

What the hell I said

She fluttered those eyelashes
and said
I have to practice don't I?

I fell further in love
as I fell asleep
cuddling my poor arm
~~

I Slept in Fear

I lived for months
not the happiest time
in my life
Convinced that she would knife me
in my sleep

Later
when I told her
she was stunned
that I would have thought
such a thing

~~

Nobody Told Me

There was a girl
in high school
who would cycle to my house
way out in the country
to invite me for a ride

Later
watching a football game
holding hands with another girl
I got a mighty clout
across the back of the head
with a double handfull of books

Blind
stupid boy
~~

Shiseido

My first encounter
with women's makeup pricing
was taking her to Sears
and saying
buy whatever you would like
~~

It Was One Woman

Looking over the years
and these imaginary photographs
I might think
that it was one woman

It would be easier
certainly
if it was

Perhaps it is Woman
~~



Pushing buttons

She wanted us to talk
so she pushed buttons
that made me scream at her

Not so much
what she actually said
but that she would say it

Yes we had trouble communicating
a hole in the bedboard
a dent in the plaster and lath wall
might have been a clue

The day I touched her
was the day it was over

I didn't hurt her and
she didn't understand

I was going to
~~

Little Kitten

I slammed the spatula
on the edge of the sink
so hard
it stuck in the ceiling

I spun around
and had my hands
on her neck
before I could think

You know
when a kitten scratches you
and you grab it by the throat?

You can't squeeze
it's a kitten

She's still my little kitten
but I had to find her another home
~~

King of the Coffee Shop

I used to be
the king of the coffee shop
nine or ten cups a day

I would nap in the booth
by the pillars in the middle
the Ladies all knew me
Bagel with cheese and tomato

We used to hold court
at the big table there
I used to chat up the girls

We played J9
Dust in the Wind by Kansas
yelling the code to anyone
going toward the jukebox

We played pinball
and wrote, and skipped classes

It's gone now
these 30 years
~~

Like the Women of your Twenties

Where do all the poems go
that I write in the car
In my head as I doze off

Surely I will remember
such a perfect gem
by the time I get some paper
and a pen

~~

How many have I hurt

How many women have I hurt
by being faithful
on request
by the next?

See that lover
coming up my stairs

See me go cold
awkward

Watch the light
go out of her eyes

~~

Johnston Green

At the front of the campus
was a lawn
with bushes near the road

Walking home
from the bar
with a girl I'd met

We decided to stop
under the bushes
and fuck

The girlfriend being at home
and me being too lazy
to go to her place

I wonder
just how many places
on that campus
I'd had sex
~~

The Bullring

It was called the Bullring
It's still there
It's not the disco
it once was

There was a central pillar
and at midnight
they would play Satisfaction

We would chase the girls
off the floor
and the guys
would dance in their underwear

At closing time
we would climb the pillar
and afterward
we would head for the pond
to skinny-dip in the mud

~~



Who listens?

A buddy and I
took a girl to the pond
to skinny-dip

We had met her in the bar
Where else
and she was having some sort of trouble
with her boyfriend
Who listens?

It was a nice grope
out there in the water
on a warm night
with the mud between our toes

I wonder if he knew
that it was my hand on his dick

We took her back
to the house
and I left them to it

In the morning
I asked
He told me
they just talked
about her boyfriend

You see

That's what comes of listening

~~

My Godfather's Chair

I had an old chair
it was my Godfather's
Danish
a bit tattered

She used to love straddling me
her legs over the arms
just the right height

She would bounce there
for hours

Somewhere over the years
the chair was left
in an old apartment

Too worn out to be worth
carrying down the stairs
~~

It Shames Me

You are rich
when you have more money than you need

One year
I realized that I'd lost count
of the women I'd slept with

You think that's bragging?
It shames me
I feel sick every time I think of it

Nobody deserves
to be forgotten

~~

Skagway Harbour

There were no jobs
so we drifted west
and then north

Finally wandering
backward out of the Yukon
down the Chilkoot Pass
into Skagway

It was a long walk
two days from Bennett Lake
with a can of spam and a can of beans
for the two of us

When we got to Skagway
I got drunk
big surprise
and I picked up a girl
No, I mean I picked her up
as we took a shortcut
across the harbour
and met a puddle

I picked her up
and started across
only to realize the tide was still going out
She screamed
I straddled my legs, water to my waist
Hold still, I can do it

When we got back
to the hostel
she went to the shower
and I started hunting for her

My buddy's voice
drifted across the room

Go to sleep Kim

~~

Four days drunk in Skagway

We were on the Alaska Ferry
Heading to Prince Rupert

I had a gallon of cheap wine
introduced myself to a woman
also riding the deck

We talked
she told me about her husband
a bush pilot
who had died in a crash

She was going home
to New Mexico
two kids already there

We got as far
as the men's washroom
when a kid showed up
I can't do it here she said

Some time later
on that warm steel deck
it was decided
that I was going with her
to New Mexico

I would build her a log cabin
and we would live there
She was getting off at Ketchikan
I was too

When the sun rose
I asked my buddy
where she was, where we were

We're long past Ketchikan
She told me not to wake you
But she said thanks for the offer

it was nice
~~



She Was Tiny

She was tiny
she taught me how it felt
to lie back
and watch
as she squatted on my dick

Don't come she said
Exquisite

Later I taught her
what it felt like
to be straddled on my shoulders
me standing in the doorway
she remarking on the dust
~~

How Many Women

How many women have you slept with
he asked

I don't know but more than I've had sex with
if that's what you're asking

I don't know, it depends on what you consider sex
a blow job?

Making her come with my tongue?

Fingers on her clit?

It's not about sex
it really isn't
Sex is nice, absolutely
I liked it a lot
but now it's gone
I don't miss it

When you ask me how many women
I've slept with
I don't know

How many women have you met?
that's the question
how many have you liked
how many have you loved

If you don't know, you are a lucky man
stop worrying that you need to catch up to me

You already have
~~

Notches

There was a girl
next door
who would come over
if I called

I called
when I came home from the bar
and hadn't convinced anyone
to sleep with me

I felt a little guilty
about that
until she told me about the notches
on her bedpost

~~

Pretty much says it all

I used to climb up
four floors
by the balconies
at the residence
to visit
a redheaded stewardess

Now they have the balconies locked
and they will expel you
if you're caught out there
~~

You never know

She was gorgeous
used to be an eyeglasses model

One day at the bar
she told me she was flattered
but no

She said
Turn around
Look
I looked at a friend

She was LOOKING at me
I lived with her
for several years

~~

It's Like an Itch

It's like an itch
you know you shouldn't scratch

I write these things
until I feel a bit sick
and stop

Then I find myself writing again
scratching, scratching

Who is going to read these
not my kids I hope
not anyone who recognizes herself
I pray

I feel a bit ill
~~



Over For Lunch

Over again for lunch
with no good reason
Are you taking advantage
of this old man?

I'll rub your back

Deal

~~

Tennis Visor with Blinking Lights

Big brown van
slapping up over the curb
missing me by inches

Tennis visor
with blinking lights
revealing the top sensei
at that seminar

How was I to know
the girl I'd picked up
at the barn dance
was sensei's dojo wife?

~~

Consider This a Bandage

Rapier to the breast
twitch
a slice to the heart
staunch the wound with your hand
and you bleed inside

Consider this a bandage

~~

30 Years Married

A grunt and a sigh
a hand on my ass

Maybe an accident
but I'll take it
~~

These Poems

These poems
keep writing themselves
drifting through my head
at 4am

You think I'm lucky?
you can have them
I'd rather have the sleep

Writing them down now
before I pull my socks on
feels like pulling a sliver
from my foot

~~

The Love Of People Who Own Air Conditioners, For Their Children

I love you kids
I love you to pieces
but it's too hot to cuddle

Don't hate me when you grow up
but go sit over there
~~

When I Lost Her

I know the exact point
I lost her
It was when I refused
to go home with her for a weekend
to meet her parents

It limped along
for another two or three years
but eventually
she moved out

~~



Ugly White Hearing Aids

There seems to be
a lot of hearing loss
in the kids today

Not sure I like those white hearing aids
they're kind of ugly
and they don't disappear at all

I remember a high school dance
being a boy
too shy to be anywhere
but right up beside the speakers

What?

They're not?

Oh my, where can I put my face

Still, that spinning B3 horn
~~

I Need Mushrooms

I can be shopping for dinner

Pasta

Tomatoes

Sausage

and as I turn a corner

The way you used to rise

out of our bed

and walk toward the window

the light framing you

and that glorious ass

the swing of your hair

across the nape of your neck

That was 40 damned years ago

and I need mushrooms

~~

The Massage

She drives a railroad spike
into the side of my leg
grips it with both hands
and begins to drag it down

I try not to,
as long as I can, but
I flinch

She giggles

~~

Hello Winter

Hello winter, my old friend
nice to see you once again

You can't trust it
it's like that fire truck
crawling around the corner
because so many drivers haven't a clue
what to do with those sirens
and flashing lights

Do I go?
Should I stop?
Go, no stop.

Just stop already
~~

Is It You?

What does this throbbing pain
in my right thumbnail mean
It's been there for two days

Who is it
that's trying to get my attention
so I can write about her

Is it you? I just wrote about you.
Please leave my thumb alone.

~~

Rich Man

Do you want your dollar back
she said
What a sweetheart
to give me a dollar
and a coffee

What a joy it is
that I would not have noticed
That I have that much money
in my pocket

~~

My Grandmother

My grandmother kicked me out
of my home town

I had brought home
a bird with a broken wing
(as my mother called them)
to heal a bit, to rest
away from her life

Also to warm my bed

I was heading back to school anyway
and a few weeks later
My grandmother called me
Why haven't you visited?

The girl? She was fine
when I dropped her off at her school

~~



She Likes the Snow

The barista from Edmonton
says she likes the snow
but it's a lot colder back home

I blinked
Sorry, I was looking at your eyes
~~

The Inside Voice

A poet
is someone
who uses their inside voice
in public

That's why so many poets
are single

Hey, Kim, use your outside voice
nobody wants to hear that
~~

Old People

Old people
say what they think
Why shouldn't they
They got laid years ago
~~

Cabin

1. Trailer
 2. Nate
 3. Snow blower cable
 4. email neighbours
- Elec: -More panels? (side)
-Propane Generator
-Panels Angle
-Other charger??

More Panels with a switch?

Generator Plug:

H H H
1 1 1 0
1 1 1 1
NG NG

220 -> ?110

And there you have it, your surrealist, beat poem for the day.

~~

You Write Them

I reach for my notebook
a list of single lines
that I'm supposed to use
to write a poem

I should just put them here
and let you write the poems

-Look here, a rumpled bed
-Boy on the beach, into the sun
-Sister's party, split to four, gather them all together
-Where old girlfriends, not on facebook, was I that bad
-Day and night in the bar with friends, a green dress
-I was handsome but didn't know it
-Muse feels like old girlfriend, made sure my ego was kept
down
-Boy, therefore I didn't understand

Good, carry on.

~~

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