

Coffee Booze Broken Heart



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Three things are needed

Three things are needed
for a poem
Not all at once
but at least one

1. Coffee
2. Booze
3. A broken heart

Can you see how
they might combine?

But I recommend
that you try coffee
A broken heart
is a broken heart
and booze
will kill your liver
~~

Introduction

These poems were written over a year ago, and reading them once more I realize how often I write the same poem. Well the story was important to me, and perhaps some day someone will gather everything up and throw out all but the best version.

These photos were taken in 2003 on my Pentax SPII. Film developed and digital files provided. Thanks to a kind model who was patient with my long rusted eye.

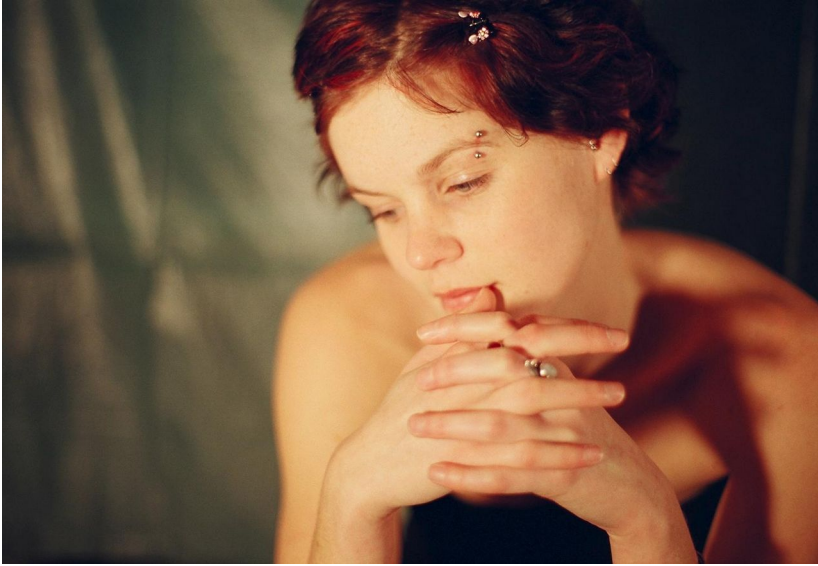
Perhaps I should leave my past alone, but it's hard to do when you don't have that many years of future ahead. You have to do a lot of living to collect enough material for a book. That's what they say, anyway, unless you're writing a novel and then you can lie all you want.

Always been crap at lying, especially to women, as you will see.

Coffee, Booze and a Broken Heart. That's why the poems repeat. Too much coffee, too much booze and the broken heart lasts a very long time. Eventually though, if you convert that heartbreak to enough words, it heals.

Right?

Kim Taylor November 2021



Sarah

You barely knew me
Old fellow
with an old camera
But you were game
you were patient
and I was thankful
~~

Did I Lock Her Car

Did I lock the car?
I hate being left alone
with a vehicle

I never owned a car
somehow I always met girls
who had their own
so I never needed one

Should I go check?
~~

Come Get Me

She was a PhD student
I worked the fields
for Crop Science
I would come home
grab some dinner
Play Volleyball
and close the bar

Outside the door
was a pay phone
I learned her number
by pattern
and she would come pick me up

I never felt like
I was good enough for her

I was right
~~

Sock Drawer Wars

I followed her up the hill
to the school
for a couple of weeks
until one day
I grabbed her coat and said
“pull me up, I'm too weak to make it”

Later that year
I noticed she had moved in
when my sock drawer
was full of panties

She's still here
but I got my sock drawer back
~~

No Rush

Lazily dragging my fingertips
over your belly
No rush, there's lots of time

Feeling the bed shake
as you tremble
toward orgasm

~~

Sex is Like Fighting

Sex is like fighting
if you try to muscle it
if you don't have patience
you're going to end up
on your ass
on the floor

~~

Poetry is an Addiction

Poetry is an addiction
like writing bad poetry

Wait, What?

~~



Good to Meet You

You say it's good
to meet new people
That I'm too solitary
That I'm becoming a hermit

Recently I have met
several Doctors
in several cancer hospitals

How am I doing?

~~

My Right Nut

My right nut
was never very big
but now it's half the size

No testosterone
whatever it made
it makes it no more

So why does it hurt
every time I sit down
or stand up?

Squashed, pinched
nudged or poked
ittai, damnit ittai

I'm tired of wincing
I mean, it's not as if
it does anything these days

I asked the doctor
about just getting rid of it
if it's not doing anything

He said
with a serious face
“we don't do that any more”

Not even as a donation?

So my right nut
and I
will continue to search
for underwear that works
~~

Same Old Farts

Wanting to see some new faces
I went to a new cafe
under new ownership
next to the new residences

Same old farts

~~

Dr. Phil

You've all met him
that Professor
who drinks in the student bar
and holds court every night

The one who occasionally
takes a student home with him
because really
who doesn't love an iconoclast

The guy who teaches
for ten or twelve years
and then dies
when his liver explodes

~~

She Phoned Me

She phoned me
from her new school
the one she left me to attend

You know how I always
wanted to screw my teacher?
Well I did!

It was news to me

Congratulations

~~

I Should Write a Novel

I should write a novel I say
once in a while
but the problem with that

A complete lack of imagination
I've never been able to lie

When I try
I get caught

~~



Blink Code

An Aikido seminar
both of us on the mat
She was having a ball

Kiiiiim, nice to see you
Nice to see you too

Hello, nice to meet you
Nice to meet you too
Bye bye

I got a backhand
across my chest

You slept with her

What the hell
Is there some sort of blink code
I don't know about

How do they tell each other
this stuff?

~~

Euni

She was going to be a pilot
she was learning over the bush
so a survival kit was a good thing

I bought it for her
and over the phone
I was telling her how I missed her
and what was in the kit

And a really nice knife
very sharp
oh
I just stuck it in my leg
~~

My Heros Were Always Pairs

Edward Weston and Tina Modotti
Ed and Charis

Man Ray and Kiki
Man Ray and Lee Miller

Steiglitz and O'Keeffe

Artist and model
Artist and muse
Artist and lover

There's hardly an artist
who wouldn't have been
a commercial art hack
without a muse

I suspect they appreciated
their muse
I know I appreciated mine

even if it didn't seem like it
~~

She Was My Model

She was my model
I worked with her
for a couple of years
we shot at least once a week
once or twice for 8 hours

She's still around
I see her online
and every time
I feel like I'm seeing an old lover

I never fucked her
but she always made sure
my ego didn't get too big

You see, a lover

~~



I Could Have Been

I could have been your lover
lazy Sundays
spent in bed
rolling into each other
getting up
sometimes
to pee

I could have gone out for coffee
while you made breakfast
feeding each other toast
like silly kids

I could have been your lover
you could have loved me too
sharing my day
my drink
my shower

If only you were 40 years older
~~

I Wasn't Thinking

You were in the kitchen
making dinner
I was on the couch
with our friend
My hand was down her pants

She came
Maybe that's why
she didn't spend the night

Sorry
~~

Stinkyfish

Does it smell like Kim
I said
as she snuggled into my chest

Did you have fish for lunch?

Yes

So, yes?

~~



No Carbs Please

Get those carbs
away from me
I said

There was a time
when I might have been trying
to lose a little weight

But now
Because Diabetes
~~

Naked Jodo

A filthy hot summer
I had been up for hours
Coffee
writing

We were supposed to be training
so when she finally
rolled out of bed
up the stairs we went
to the dojo

Naked Jodo
Yeah
That isn't a thing
~~

I Live By The Tracks

I live by the tracks
closer than I used to
when I would listen to the whistle
down by the Bordon's plant

Two long
one short
one long

I wished I was on that train

I watched the car lights
crawl across the ceiling
and wonder if it was better
where they were going

Later that summer
I lay down on the road
waiting to be run over

It was a quiet street
I wasn't run over

~~



My Girlfriend Said

My girlfriend said

That girl could suck the pantyhose
off a giraffe

I really wish I knew why

~~



Jane

She moved in to the apartment
She was working as a waitress
and made a lot in tips

She was one of those women
who could walk into a room
and ten minutes later
every man there was in love with her

Me too

~~

Jane 2

We were walking downtown
when a kid with a big car
blew by
Big car, little dick she said

I fell over, laughing

~~

Who's 12?

I should have known
all the girls
would be in the new Starbucks
I may come more often

But Justin Beiber all the time?

Who's 12? Not me

~~



Snow

She sits at a high table
on a high chair
Blundstones tucked up
Drip, drip

~~

Still Shit

Well those poems are shit
maybe I'll claim
that I'm just warming up

They'll get better soon
~~

Awfully Young

Blond hair
winter coat
and a crop top

Shuffling along
ball cap backward
Does he know her?

She follows him in
they look around
and leave again

I look at her face
is he her first boyfriend?
Is that mom's car?

~~

Why Is She With Him

Why is she with him
I hear a boy ask

Let's see
He's got a job
he obviously appreciates her
look at that gentle touch
on her elbow

He talks to her
but more important
he listens

You wonder
why the girls
in your class
date the old men

For one thing
old men don't date
~~

Her Place

A high school party
Juicy Lucy! I said
in that stupid way
boys talk

Don't call me that
she said quietly,
with so much compassion
I actually heard her
~~



High School Girls

Thinking back
on my high school days
I can't believe
how kind
the girls were

I knew nothing
they could have crushed me
crippled me
but they smiled
and gently prodded me
to the side of the hall
where I wouldn't get stepped on

~~

The Girls at the Counter

My pity stick
is propped in the window
beside the table

The girls at the counter
are keeping an eye on me
~~



Nothing to See Here

I'm not brilliant today
so if you'd like to go,
it won't deprive the world
of anything

Grocery shopping
would probably
be more productive
~~

New Shoes

If I'm a dead man walking
I might as well look good
while I'm walking

~~

So Proud

So proud
He can sit in a chair
without the kiddy seat

~~

Skid Marks

Yet another revelation
that a great man
was a serial abuser

Can we just stop
trying to make angels of men
and admit
that everyone has shit on their underwear

~~

She's So Tall

She's so tall
fucking her
would be like climbing a tree

No that's not right
it's lame
it would be more like straddling a log
to get across a stream
~~

Another Spring

I might see
another spring
another summer

My thoughts go
not to finding another woman
as they once did
but to finding another cafe

Spring fever
for an old man

~~



Not Very Ambitious

It's not very ambitious
I know
but my definition of rich
has always been
to buy another coffee
without checking my pocket
~~

What Are You Reading

I worked in the fields
for Crop Science
and at lunchtime
I would see her
reading her book

One day I asked
what it was
I don't remember
but she must have told me
because she moved in

On another day
the topic came up
and she said

Yeah, I knew you were sitting
on top of the bench
looking down my shirt

~~

I Detest Poetry

I detest poetry
I can't read it
seriously, I don't read my own stuff
which is why
I suppose
my stuff is short
~~

Ode to a Cane

I like my pity stick
I made it myself
and I really do use it
on the snow and ice
we get around here

It's of ash
it's light
has a nice taper
and the handle
is of canarywood
with four sharp corners

It moves fast.

~~

Rockwood

4am

Without you
I rode my bicycle
twelve miles
to the small town
where you lived
with your horse

I found your car
but realized
I didn't know
where your room was

I slept for an hour
in your back seat
and rode back to town
as the sun was coming up

Did I ever tell you about that?

~~

Those Evenings

Those evenings you spent
crying in your car
outside my house
after some sort of fight
mostly because
I'm a bit of a sociopath

I know

It's hard to juggle
the affections
the expectations
of several women

I know

I hurt a lot of people
trying to get it right
Trying to find a balance
and I always failed

It's on me, I know

~~

So Full of Something

Am I so full of love
that I had enough for everyone

Or was I just another boy
notching his belt

Or do I have no idea
what love is

Emotionless, manipulative
honestly, I have no idea
~~

The Old Swede

The old Swede
had a motto
the boys told me about it
when I moved into residence
a snot-nosed kid
who had to ask
where the clit was

It's the little man
in the boat

I don't know
if the old Swede
was real
or just a ghost
a story from the past
but he never lacked
for a companion
according to the boys

Oh, his motto?
Every woman deserves to be fucked

~~

Good Night Mother

What the hell
said my mother
when I was about six

I'm practising how to kiss
I told her

Practice on someone else
now go to sleep

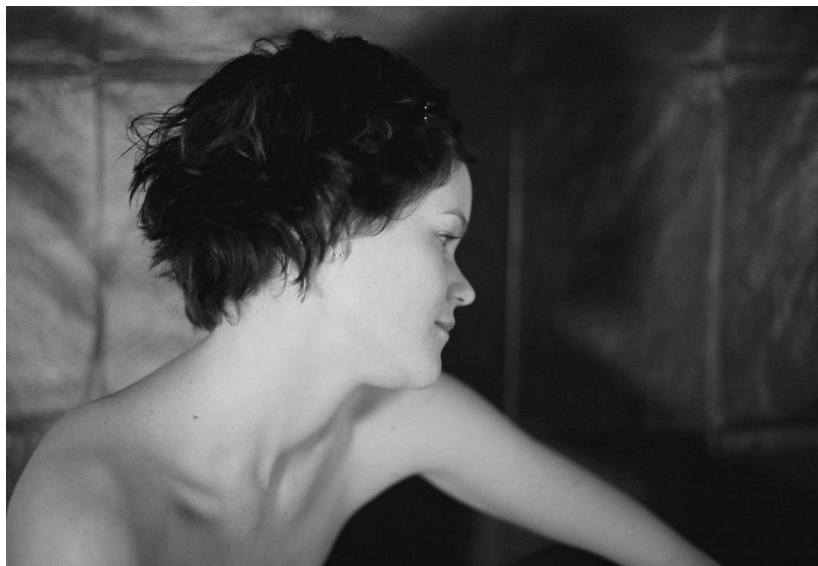
~~

Raised By Women

I was raised by women

blame them

~~



Day's Work Done

Bored now
I have enough verse
out of my system

time to piss
and hit the road
~

Slowly the Dawn

I'm moving out
she said
But you're going off to school
in a month or so
why would you move out now
Where are you going

I'm moving out too
said my best friend
I've found myself a place

Eventually
I figured it out

~~

The Girl From

I wrote you a song
when you were 20
and it became famous

Now, 40 years later
that's what you are
a song

Only I got to move on
~~

Too Late

For about 20 years
after us
I thought it would be nice
to see you again

But no more
We lived separate lives
and we would be strangers
Perhaps you've even
forgot my name

But mostly
I don't want to see your wrinkles

~~

Remember Me

I reach for my medication
the one to help with pain
I'm so glad
you don't know me now

I'm so glad
you remember me as young
and strong
with my whole life ahead
fearless and invincible

~~

All My Heroes

All my heroes are dead
the great men of today
are children
playing grown-up
~~



OK Boomer

OK Boomer
you say
I admit it
I'm a boomer
of that generation
that couldn't get a job
because there were too many of us

Of that generation
whose parents
called us lazy
not understanding that life
was easy for them
that there weren't enough people
because there were so many of us

New schools,
new houses
new shops
new malls

But listen to me
we had all the answers
before you had all the answers

OK Boomer

~~

Silvery Grain

I'm not sure
how I can explain
just how much I detest
these blended out
over smooth
noise-reduced photographs
your digital algorithms produce

I miss grain
I miss skin that was alive

I don't look at the world
from an inch away
I never could
I never wanted to

Silver grain
surely your algorithms
can give me back
my silver grain

~~

I Make Little Things

I make little things for you
every day
and in the evening
you pick them up, look at them
and drop them again
onto the table

You don't want to clutter your life
with the little things I make
but one day
will I be decluttered?

~~

Thinking About my Cottage

The bush wears its scars
it's history of logging
and burns

You can see the traces
of fences for cattle
and apple trees
for orchards

Only people
are ashamed of their scars
and try to rid themselves
of their past

Only those who can see the future
are trapped in the past

~~

It's Not Fair To You

It's not fair to you
I know
that I remember the women
of my past

I try not to
and mostly I don't
but every so often
a smell
a half glimpsed face
a dream
drags me back

Away from you
~~

Fly Banging Window

You were a window
And I was a fly

bumping against your pane
like humans fucking
~~

Holding It In

The first night
I slept beside her
I almost died
I could have exploded
after all that beer

I spent the entire night
trying not to fart
~~

At a Beach Party

I met her at a beach party
she had a gallon of wine
we started at one beach
and carried on
to another beach
where we carried on
I think it was my first blow job

Some time
around 3am
she drove me home
we turned the corner and entered a movie set
Cop cars,
Parents,
My grandmother

Oops, looks like folks are upset
and they don't seem any less upset
that we didn't drown
I looked at her
she looked at me
and I said

What was your name again?

~~

Small town

I was a teen
I met a girl on the beach
and her friend said
"hustle hustle hustle"

I wrote that girl a poem
and sent it to her

The next day her mother
and my grandmother
met me as I walked in to visit

It was that kind of town
~~

Promises

They promised me hot flashes
When they gave me the drugs
that got rid of my testosterone

What I got was cold
Cold feet
Cold hands
Cold bones

Doesn't seem fair
~~



I Was A Life Model

We took my girlfriend to the strip club
and found out that it was male amateur night

I was ready to jump on stage
when she told me no

A thousand dollars
went to some kid
who stripped to his underwear

~~

She Woke Up

She woke up long enough
to pull a sliver from my heel

I said thanks
but she was already asleep
I kissed her ass

~~

Three of us Left

Three of us left
to clean up the place
Beer cans
beds to strip
dishes

Not a surprise
that we're having another beer
~~

Friday the 13th

Oh no, bad things are going to happen
it's Friday the 13th

Oh wait, just a bunch of superstition
from the 19th century
We do love to scare ourselves

~~

She Makes Me Cry

Christ, my back hurts
and my neck
I swear that girl loves it
when she makes me cry
by leaning her elbows
into my throat
from the back side

~~

Old Journals

Looking at old journals
I find myself

I find that I am skipping
the philosophy
the clever observations

I find that I'm reading
what reminds me
of the people I loved

Is that it
in the end
does it come down to love?

After all
a lifetime of thought
a mountain of writing
means nothing
compared to a breath
on the back of an ear
~~

Death is a friend

Death is a skull
bones bleached white
no flesh
blank, expressionless

A face to be filled in
with all our fears

Or an old friend
who holds the cure
for all that cannot be cured
the end of pain

~~



Pam defends me once again

In the home of Pablo Neruda
we wandered room to room
as if we were looking
to buy a new house

They said, no photographs
so of course I was shooting
from my waist

With the audio narration
firmly shoved into my ears
I ignored the guides
as they tried to get me to stop

You tried too
until you realized I saw them
and wasn't going to stop

You turned to the guides
and mimed to them
that I was deaf, odd, and
slightly dim witted

They seemed to admit defeat
as once more
you were my champion

~~

My poem to you

We looked slowly
at the things Pablo Neruda saw
the little things
in his cottage by the sea
Isla Negra, down the dirt road

Those little things of his
reminded him of past love
and now they remind me of you

I wanted to capture his house
so I clicked my camera
but somehow
never looked at the pictures
Instead I look at you

Pablo Neruda was a poet
a very famous man
but I don't read poetry
and neither do you
so I will look at you
and think of his fireplace
and the masks
and the bottles, the seashells
all the bric a brac of his life

That will be my poem to you
~~

I Would Love to Fuck You

I would love to fuck you
to shove my hard prick
deep into your mouth
your cunt
your ass

But it's been a year
since I was last hard
having no testosterone will do that

I am alive
or rather a ghost, not dead yet
and my affection grows every day
I have become quite huggy

Is this enough
For 50 years I lived
for the feeling of sperm in cunt
for that release from longing
that release from love

The anticipation in my brain
the seduction
the collection of blood
in my prick
building, building to explosion

To that leaving, inevitable
when you've had enough
of my shit to put up with

Will you stay forever
Forever being an average of two more years
without being fucked?

~~

Liars

They promised me hot flashes
and mood swings

They promised me no more desire
and detumescense

Liars

Except for the floppy dick

For the rest of it, I am cold
not cold as the grave
yet
but not enough damned hot flashes

As for mood swings
as for desire
I desire constantly
that is, at a constant rate

I had no idea that affection
could be such a powerful emotion

Did I somehow, years ago
find enlightenment
only to bury it
in testosterone

Am I a monk
constantly in love with the world

~~

Contact High

I drink
and you giggle
I stagger
and you lose your footing
Whee
and Woo
So keen to experience life
so thirsty for experience

You sit with the fellows
who are drinking
and you become drunk

I drink
and you become drunk
Drink
my hands are open
Drink your fill

~~



I could not see

Where does love go
when it is no longer wanted
Does it wander through the fence
and into the wood
to lean against the cedar

Does it walk to the river
and stand on the edge
wishing to be a fish
swimming up to the pools
close to the mountains

Does it ride across the field
stubble whipping at it's shins
bicycle bouncing over the ruts
of the dead harvest
Eyes filled with tears

I have been to those places
and I have never found love
It seems therefore, those places
are where you go to miss love

Love must go somewhere
perhaps it was there
but I could not see
I did not look well enough
I could not see

~~

Until We Sobers Up

Some days
when I have had just enough beer
I can consider
the nature of you and I

We are one, this is obvious
We are only one, you, I, the universe
but somehow, for some reason
I cannot understand
we are you and I

How is it that this happens
how is it that I am not you
and you are not I
What is it that has come between us

What is it that must come between us
for us to return to the balance
to return to the origin
to become us

We can look here and there
we can hunt, you and I, for meaning
but perhaps
with just enough beer
you and I can find us
and we can be happy
for a short few hours
~~

Then a Twang

I close my eyes
and listen to a rockabilly song
very happy music
rockabilly

It always ends with a twang
and a bit of confusion

Should I compare our love
to a rockabilly song

Some happy years
then a twang
and confusion

~~

I Dare Not

Why don't you just tell me
Tell me that you love me
she said
You sit silent, I'm not a mind reader
why don't you just say
what you feel

Don't be angry with me
you think I can speak what I feel
I am not that clever
I am really not a clever man

When I should be talking to you
telling you what you mean to me
My tongue freezes
My eyes cannot focus
as the emotion wells up
If I open my mouth
I will scream, I will cry

~~

Saying Nothing

In the sweat on my back
just below my shoulder
I feel a coolness
it comes from the air
gently moving
as you approach
and I smile

You lay a hand on my shoulder
as gentle as that breeze
and move your hip
up against my arm
Saying nothing
you say everything I hear
and I smile

The sun sinks
into a bloody sea
and you are gone
back to where you were
As you leave
my shoulder remains warm
I close my eyes once more
and I smile

~~



Let us Breathe Together

The ground breathes out
in the spring warmth
and all things, even this thing
breathe in

I am long past my spring
and you have yet to see summer
but let us hold hands
and breathe together

The ground breathes out
and we breathe in
The earth, the leaves
the crocus flower

Let us walk together
for however long we have
Let us feel each other's hands
and let us breathe each other

~~

Who is it

Who is it
that sits arms wrapped tightly
eyes closed tightly
behind tightly closed doors

Who?
Someone who was once hurt
and is afraid of being hurt again?
You will be hurt
holding your arms so tightly
closing your eyes so tightly

Would it not be better
to throw open your doors
to throw open your windows
and be hurt by joy
be hurt by the world

and not the darkness inside

~~

A Breath

As I breathe into her ear
she shakes, she trembles
her hands scratch the wall
and her feet curl

~~

Until You Have Seen

Until you have seen
that other world the madman tells you
is just around the corner
through the curtain
above the sky

Do not be so certain
that it is only madness
Your parents see farther than you
and your grandparents even farther

Are you sure
you know the true bounds
of the world

~~

Let Me In

I leaned my head on your door
the wood cool
to the fire of my desire for you

Let me in I said
let me hold you
let me show you delights

Let me in I said
let me touch you
let me give you everything

Let me in I said
let me fuck you
let me fill you with ecstasy

Who the hell are you
she said
and why are you banging on my door
~~

I Think of You

I think of you
as I drift toward sleep
in the hope
that I will dream of you

When I am on my death bed
when my time ends
I dream of you beside me
holding my hand

~~



Silence

I need silence
to write of you
to dream these poems
for you

If you are here
I cannot write
my whole being
yearns toward you

Absent or present
my being yearns
but absent, as you are now
my yearning flows onto the page
~~

Your Hands are Raw

You wash your hands
and say they are raw
red and chapped

Go out to your garden
thrust them into the earth
until your nails are black
until your cracked hands
are black lines of dirt

Now wash your hands
enjoy the feeling of soap
on skin

~~

Budo and Virus in 2020

All of the boxes are ticked
for me in this pandemic
should I get the virus
I will surely drown in my own fluids
as they seep into my lungs
trying to defend my life

Strangely
I have no worries
My death happened a year ago
the doctors and scientists
have gifted me a year
to be with my loved ones
I am a year beyond death

So what fear do I have
of a death of two weeks
drowning in my own fluids
compared to what waits
when science and medicine fail
Years of dying, two weeks is a blessing

And yet, a year ago I had no fear
when I died, diagnosed to death
I have prepared for my death
for forty years of my sixty
Each kata done
was practice in dying

Just throw your life away
the old masters say
So easy to agree
when you are 25
and will live forever

Yet they are correct
these masters of long ago
all dead now
they are correct

You cannot live
afraid to die
afraid to love
afraid of being alone

Accept one
and the others may enter as well
Each moment now a lifetime

~~

I Found an Old Briefcase

I found an old briefcase
with my writings
it was with my mother for years
and she typed a lot of the poems
and she arranged books
and I never had any interest in any of it

I found an old briefcase
and when I opened it
the smell of stale tobacco
the smell of my mother's house
I wanted to slam down the lid
to keep what I could of her
gone so many years now
~~

Two Kids, A Wife And A Mortgage

Two kids, a wife and a mortgage
that's how long ago
I went to a bar
and went home with a stranger

Now there is a pandemic
and we're not supposed to mix
That's OK, the last time I mixed
was two kids, a wife and a mortgage
~~

Gone, One at a Time

Oh god
late night thoughts
what if every girl I ever fucked
showed up at my door
and wanted a coffee

What if I made them all a cup
and they introduced themselves
and started talking about why
they left me

Each one gives her reason
and a little bit of me disappears
in the quest to make me
a better man

Soon
they have to make their own coffee
~~

Angel With a Broken Wing

Angel with a broken wing
it sounds nice doesn't it
you will take her home
and cherish her
until she heals

Sounds nice
right up to the night
you wake
to find her with a knife
looking carefully
at your cock

~~

Poetry is Sex

Poetry is sex
and sex poetry

Why do poets write
and recite
if not to seduce
and reduce
a woman to pleasure

It is of sex
and about sex
and all the emotions excite

Everything else is prose
~~



Sitting up reading

Sitting up, reading Rumi
a gift from a friend

You are in bed
perhaps gone already
I will follow soon
but just right now
I am not quite ready
to disappear

Today we appeared once more
with the universe
Perhaps tomorrow
we will do the same
~~

What Does it Take

What does it take
to remember your beloved
A scent on a breeze
a colour in the corner of an eye
the brush of a hand through hair
seen across the park

For my part
it was the flushing of the toilet

~~

Saying Nothing

You come to me
saying nothing
to stand behind my shoulder
you watch what I am reading
and when I turn
a bit painfully, this stiff neck
I want to tell you again
that I don't like people at my shoulder
but instead
I ask how you are

You say fine
and drift across the room
at the door you wave

Suddenly I understand
you have come to say good night
and I, distracted
did not hear you

~~

Once We Were



They Were Blouses Then

Once
In your father's house
I unbuttoned your blouse
with my tongue
they were blouses then

It took a long time
the button was tight
and you were patient

When it finally came undone
your blouse was soaked
~~

You Sat Beside Me

Once
I was driving my father's car
and you sat beside me

At my request
you undid your pants
sliding them down your legs

As I watched you
I forgot the road
gravel, with low banks on each side

I remembered the road
when the car
tipped up onto two wheels
~~

Arm Around Your Shoulder

Once
As I drove back
from the movies
my arm around you

We stopped at a light
and looked at an accident

a policeman walked over
looked in the window
and said
“both hands on the wheel,
off you go”

~~

In My Grandmother's House

Once

In my grandmother's house
on my grandmother's couch

I applied spermicide

to your vagina

very clinical

I lost my virginity

and took yours

with one stroke

~~

Friday Evening Rush

Once
I would rush
to my father's place
on a Friday evening
Quickly clean his car
pick you up
and drive for half an hour
to the movie theatre

We always arrived late
we had to sit up front
and to one side

Fifty movies
with tall people
who listed to one side

~~

Small Town Baseball

Once
I stopped to watch a ball game
no idea why
I don't much like the game
but I saw you playing
and, wonder of wonders
I spoke to you

You spoke to me
~~

I Wrote You Letters

Once
I wrote you letters
I was in University
you were in High School

You wrote me a letter
wondering why I was drifting away

I wrote you a letter
and explained that you took my cherry
just as I took yours
and that I was very far away

I suspect I hurt you
I'm sorry I hurt you
You didn't deserve that
and I've always been an asshole

~~

Your Chin

Once
we walked into a field
and I took a photograph
Your profile

I printed that image
and it was on my wall
all through University

Gradually
I noticed your chin
~~

A Couple of Years Worth of Weekends

Once
we were together
for a couple of years'
worth of weekends

Movies
walks on the beach
Coffee

Then we weren't

I asked a friend
a few years later

You were married
with a couple of kids

I hope it worked out
~~

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