

Coyote Visits For The Holiday



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Just once, I tried to spend a weekend at the cabin without working on the place. A quarter century and more I have worked to build, repair, and rescue the place.

So I did no work, instead I spent the long weekend in July writing. I once said I was not afraid of death, but I am afraid of time, “there is something I have to do”.

It’s not this. This was simply a little bet with myself that I could write a book full of poetry in a weekend. Oh boy, are you ready for the excitement.



Coyote Did It

As it grew hot
why, oh jewel of my eye
did you try to help the old man
by throwing your blankets
onto me

Ah, apologies for false accusation
I will shake my sweaty fist
at Coyote

~~

I Try to Move Softly

I try to move softly
in the bed
so I don't wake you
But sometimes my body
decides I should bounce
and roll

I hold my breath
listening
Hoping your soft sounds
of sleep
continue
~~

Got A Good Memory

Sometimes you come so close
that all I see
and pardon the cliché
but it's true
are big brown eyes

I've always been a sucker
for those eyes
Seen from too close
for me to see these days

But I know just
what they look like

~~

Diabetes and Me

Losing and gaining contact
with my toes
my fingers
Sometimes my ass
but I think that's just
from sitting too long

It isn't what it once was
this dialogue with my body
I become less sure
if we speak the same language
~~

Sweetness and Lights, Camera, Action

A small town somewhere
a college town
or tourist
A rep theatre
the homemade sweet kind
that shows old classics

The 39 Steps
or Star Wars IV
of course Rocky Horror
on Halloween

And we sat in love seats
popcorn in our laps
letting the movie
spill over us
~~

Go Team Pills

Past time
for my hormone pills
so I wash them down
with the coffee in my hand

along with the usual
“do your job boys
keep me alive another day”

~~

Am I a 21st Century Man

A book of 21st century poets
should be safe
But too many were born
in the 1930s
Already older
than I will ever be

One might be forgiven
for thinking the poets
would be in their 20s

~~

On This Day

It's a day today
I'm sure I heard which
Someone famous
dead or alive

Some great event
start or finish

But nothing comes to mind
just a drive to the cottage
and a coffee at the table

That temporary table
born 25 years ago
This very day
~~



Good Disguise

A hot day
in a car without AC
So we stop
at Mapleton's Organic
for ice cream
and look
with moustached moustache
at the baby cows
one of which
I suspect of being a giraffe
painted black and white
hiding, perhaps
from poachers

~~

Brenda Laughed

I grabbed her coat
as I trudged up the hill
and said
“too tired / pull me up”

She laughed
and there
35 (40?) years later
she sits on the couch
Our daughter, across from her
glances at her boyfriend

She met him in a band
she joined
“violinist needed”
Need I say
this is the meaning of life
~~



Everyone Is American

21st Century American Poets
and with a breathtakingly
casual acquisition
I find another couple
from Quebec
~~

Things You Learn With Age

You sneak your hand
into mine
as we walk along
the high street
Once I would have squirmed
once I would have let go

Today I squeeze back
glad to be reminded
that I'm still here
with a hand to hold
and someone to hold it
~~

Four Lonely Petunias

We planted our gardens
thirty years ago
and have not touched them
in twenty

Yet there they bloom
not much the worse
for neglect
Plant it well
and let it grow

~~

Josef Sudek

Ah here is an instructional video
all you need
to reproduce that famous photograph
Such efforts
such patience
all to do
what has been done before

I wonder
Did the original photographer
spend that much time
with lights and flags
Or did he say
look at the way that light
falls through that glass
Where's my camera?

~~

Not Josef Sudek

Tell me I do it
and I will admit
to the obscure literary reference
but never
did it make the poem better
or make me seem clever

~~

I Know

They come in my dreams
children dressed in rags
dressed in their Sunday best
dressed in beads and feathers
Children speaking strange languages
dozens of languages
not English
not French
But they laugh
and that language I know

Someone beside me speaks
I don't look away from the children
The government, the church
saw nothing but rags
heard nothing but gibberish
and for the good of the children
they took away the languages
All of them

I know
To take away the laughter
the language I know
I know they took away their families
and the lucky ones
the ones in my dreams
are those in unmarked graves
hidden away for guilt
The lucky ones
who still laugh
died before they lost their families

And those who did this
the old men and old women
so sure they were right
they bulldozed grave markers
I know
I know your guilt,
your sin will eat away at you
If not in this world
than in the next
This I know
~~

Acrobats All

It has been my lot
to meet women who thrash
and roll
and spin
moving the covers
this way and that
until I wake
put cold feet on cold floor
and try to rearrange
without waking her

~~

In Our School

In our school
we were so poor
we had to take turns
being the bully

I wore old clothes
and worn out shoes
but so did the others
even, now I think of it,
the rich kids

In our school
there weren't many rich kids
so they didn't look down on us
lest they look up at us
piling onto them

Rich and poor
was all we had
so we made our groups
as best we could

The jocks
the stoners
the smart ones
and the pretty ones

And we took turns
being the bullies
as best we could
~~

If There Were Gods

If there were gods
or justice in the world
Those who do evil
would be eaten away
by guilt

Would hear the heartbeat
in the wall
the ticking of the watch
down the well

But, if they had those ears
they would not have built the wall
never pushed Timmy down the well

And we would need no gods
no justice
We hope for the things
we have not

And those who say
“without religion we would all sin”
scare the hell out of me
~~

Traditions

At the cottage
there are traditions
This morning I was reminded
of the tradition
of a son-in-law
sitting in Dad's easy chair

~~



Inheritance Blues

What will you pass to your children
take a moment to think

If you thought money and property
you don't have to worry

You won't take it with you

~~

Is Paris Burning

Are the churches burning
are the records burning
Is it enough
does it balance the scales
are words enough
or wergild suffice

Is it ever enough
where you are angry
until you forget
Never to forgive
~~

At Least Once

(Coyote is Horny)

As a boy
I found mothers
extremely exciting
I mean
There was a child
She had sex
at least once

~~

Glacier Melt

The stream
began high in the mountain
Glacier-melt cold
It would be miles yet
before it warmed

But now
at this spot
where I must cross
it froze my legs
within three steps

~~

Scan For Problems

I will soon again be
with momma machine
“Don’t breathe”
“Breathe”

Half an hour spent
with my nose an inch
from a scanner

Keep your eyes closed
and try to sleep
Don’t think about a fire
~~

We Forgot

Whatever happened
to the '60s
to the ideals we had
where did they go

I don't know about you man
but I'm just as pissed off
by what the fat cats do
as I ever was

And more pissed off
we never got rid
of the greasy bastards

~~

The Great Adventure

Today if the kids ever wake up
will be the great adventure
the trip into town
to buy supplies

Always more exciting
to think about
than to do
But we're waiting to go
and I'm excited

~~



Three Times

Three times my grandmother
filled her back yard
and three times
the swamp willow
re-rooted itself

There must be a lesson
there

~~

Discovering America

(Coyote Shrugs)

Somewhere not long ago
I read that the first lesbian text
was just discovered
it must have been a hundred
A century ago
And I thought “Sappho of Lesbos”
Did I imagine her

These kids today
discovering the world
“just look at those empty lands”
and the native guides
look at each other

~~

Fix It In Post

There is mist in the air
it's cooling down
and I walk toward the beach
thinking I will be Sugimoto

But the public washrooms
and it was a long drive

When I got out
the mist was clearing
the cars driving too fast
and too many kids on the beach

I tried
Sorry Sugi-san
maybe I can fix it in post

~~

The Mighty Willow

It's damned well
against poetry
Gypsy Moth caterpillars
chewing the tops
out of the mighty oaks

What the hell is that
I mean
“The Mighty Willow”
just doesn't do it.

~~

Smell-O-Vision

Some Prokofiev flooding
out of the CBC
Don dadun dadun dadun
and it reminds me of something
A movie? A cartoon?

Funny how this reminds us of that
What ever happened
to smell-o-vision

~~

Coyote Budges Over

I clear a small space
at the end of the table
and the space becomes smaller
as a card game develops
and now the peanuts
are at the other end
out of my reach

Is there no respect
for a dying old man

~~

Science Will Save Us

I live on a hill
what care I
for flooding rivers
and rising oceans

Blow the hot air
to the arctic
The high lake levels?

Ship it down the Colorado
to where they need the water
~~

Tatunk

The cupboard door
slapping tunk tatunk
each time I walk by

At one time
I tried to fix it
and failed

~~

Musical Beds

Fifty pages of biography
while waiting for the poetry
Eluard has married Gala
and I am waiting for her to leave him
for Dali by way
of Max Ernst

Oh the name-dropping horror
of it all

~~

Subglobal Warming

The sun is out
and the pumps
waaa waaa
in the basement
drying out the crawlspace
and heating some water

~~

Save Me Please

It is not popular to say
but it is a woman
who saves a man
Saves him from despair
from cruelty
from himself

~~



Not Moving

Her hair is in my eye
and at my nose
She shifts often
and I wish to move
but I will not

~~~

# Might Be Our Last

She never let me sleep  
as if each night together  
might be our last

I was exhausted  
and more than once  
I asked her to live with me  
~~

## 20 Year Old Fashion Consultant

The bathroom  
is down the hall  
Here, wear my football shirt

Well it's warm  
and it covers your ass  
and I'm a traditional guy

And when you come back  
I will smile  
and pretend you asked to wear it  
~~



# Late Night Concert

My mouth  
is upon your pillow  
as I wake  
and hastily suck in  
my drool

I listen to you breathe  
So delicate  
so quiet  
so...

Such a cute snort  
I listen and soon  
I add my own noises  
to our little song  
~~

# Come Be My Blanket

Come be my blanket  
For I am cold  
The frost of the aged  
is in my bones  
and you are so young  
~~





# Freeloaders

Hunger drives  
hunger hurts  
and so in the bins  
behind the stores  
they lean in  
grabbing for bread

Here they come  
the kids  
who stock the shelves  
Sent out to chase the bums  
the freeloaders  
who steal from the bins

Now close the lids  
and lock them  
Picking through the garbage  
is some third world thing  
and this is Canada  
Here we buy our food.

~~

# Still There

For years you were still there  
still here  
Just around the corner  
talking

Just down the block  
flicking your hair  
in the crowd

Across the bar  
the way you hold your pint  
of beer

Driving by  
that look in your eye  
and always

Always that winter coat  
with the hood  
half-raised  
~~

# Sleepwalker

You rise  
nightgown twined  
around your legs  
A few moments  
and you can walk again  
eyes closed  
to the bathroom

I listen to your water  
you didn't close the door  
and then  
eyes closed  
you come back to bed  
back to me  
~~

# Little Europe

The boys from little Europe  
are afraid of wolves  
because their great great grannies  
were afraid of wolves

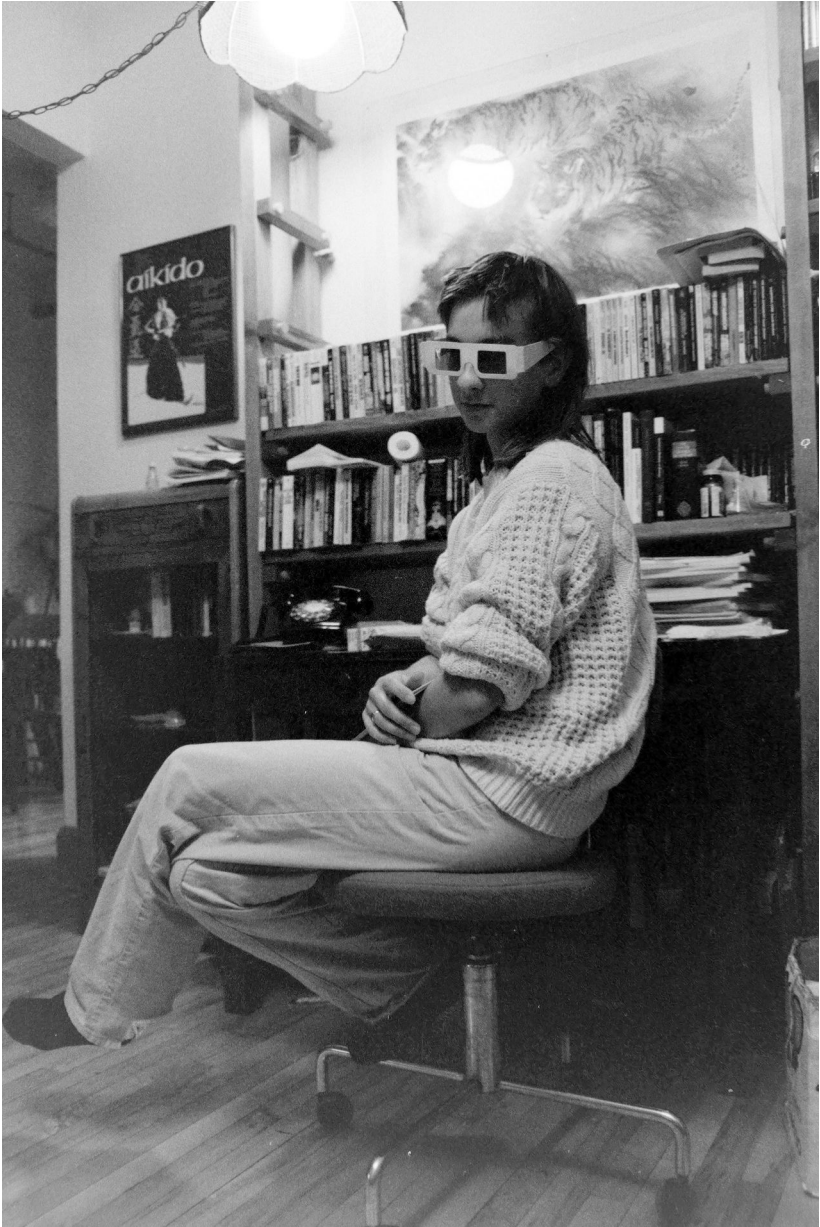
So they line up on one concession  
and take the dogs through  
from the next  
and blast anything wolf-shaped  
as they appear

Coyotes they are  
But the boys don't know  
and they sleep safe in their beds  
knowing the wolves  
won't come rattling their doors  
looking for grannie

~~

# My Lifeline

Your love, Ariadne's thread  
and I follow it through life  
to the end  
Hanging on  
as a baby grips your little finger  
An old man  
trying to keep the thread  
~~



# Coyote Likes Pie

Last night  
Coyote snuck in  
and pulled the blanket  
over to her side

That's what she told me  
with the big brown eyes  
growing even bigger  
I believed her, how could I not

She and Coyote are tight  
he visits quite often  
he likes pie  
I get one piece, he gets the rest

He eats the chips  
if I don't hide them  
and he never, ever  
replaces the toilet roll  
~~





## Later

Just enough water  
for coffee and oatmeal  
and then I will worry  
that the water pump  
just needs encouragement  
(a stick)  
Or if I need to start the hunt  
for a plumber  
~~

# Tricksie Mouse

Caught another mouse  
this one was tricksie  
he got all the cheese  
from two traps  
before a full belly  
made him a little careless

Out he went  
to join his brother  
beside the deck  
His brother, still there  
Where are the raccoons?  
Where is Coyote?

~~

# Coyote Whispers

Coyote whispers in my ear  
Spsssss  
The sound of running water  
and, for the fourth time  
I get up to pee

I would try  
to slap him away  
but he is too fast  
and I slap her ass  
instead  
~~

## What I Promised Lorna

I once said to her  
it would be good  
to inject some sturdier genes  
into our tall family

To say such a thing  
to promise children  
and leave her barren  
Such an asshole, this man

~~



# Coyote Isn't Helping

You are not helping, Coyote  
by turning up my thermostat  
It is a cool day  
and thank you

I was getting a chill  
but a hot flash  
making me sweat  
has not made it better

Ah, I see you now  
in the shadows  
in the corner  
You are laughing

Very funny  
Yes I know what irony is  
Do you know what iron is  
you jerk  
This poker in my hand  
~~

# Not Her, Coyote

Coyote you bastard  
you are throwing images at me  
random, unconnected

And outside  
I hear you laughing  
pretending to be a Jay  
or some such other gossip  
Stop and let me organize

Oh no, not her  
~~



# Get Out Coyote

She turns the wheel slightly  
changes her mind  
heads for another space  
then another still, but  
looks further down the lot

“Park anywhere” I say  
“and Coyote, get out of my car”

~~

# Coyote is a Dick

You see those mice there  
with broken necks  
That's gonna be you  
you dick

If I ever get hold of you  
In winter you cover the panels  
with snow  
to kill my batteries  
In summer you blow rain  
up under my roof  
to drive me crazy

You say I chased you once  
down a path  
with my bike?  
You better hope that next time  
I don't catch you

~~

# Buddha in a Shit Stick

What is the difference  
between a feather  
and a bread tag  
you know, the square closure  
with the date stamp  
That one, lying on the deck

I suppose the difference  
is my indifference  
to a stray feather  
and the way the bread tag  
makes me say  
“why the hell can’t people  
take their garbage inside”  
~~

# And Then This Happened

I don't know why  
I looked at my phone  
it was entirely predictable  
that, once I looked  
the social posts  
would fill my head  
with fuzz, with moss  
and all bets are off  
~~

# Teenage Seagulls

Teenage seagulls  
hanging around the camp store  
yelling  
flying patterns  
and one, always one  
sitting on the roof-peak  
Egging the others on  
~~

# The Land of Long Faces

In the land of long faces  
nothing is ever good enough  
fast enough  
cheap enough  
or enough

If you go there my son  
the women will leave you  
your children aggrieve you  
and the men deceive you  
“This is what we want  
absolutely not good enough”

~~

# Maybe She'll Laugh

She was with me for a while  
and ever so sure of me  
“I think I’ll go visit Dave”  
she said  
“To get laid?” I said  
“Maybe”

“Maybe I won’t be here  
when you get back”  
She looked at me  
and laughed  
~~

# Sexist

Give me shit  
for being colourblind  
then give me shit  
for noticing

It's OK  
I've been married  
three times  
and I know about  
not being right

And now give me shit  
for being sexist

~~



# Good Night Moon

I say something  
maybe it was funny  
But she is talking to friends  
and has not time  
for me  
Good night  
see you tomorrow  
~~

# Stealing Your Cool

The feeling  
as you slide into bed  
of a woman shifting toward you  
and all along her body  
you feel the warmth  
on your own body

That feeling of guilt  
that you are stealing her heat  
Until you realize  
She's stealing your cool  
~~

## Less Work

She liked married men  
“They’re so much less work  
and they do to me  
what their wives won’t let them  
Then, when they’re done  
they can’t wait to get away”

~~

# In the Waiting Room

I went with her  
to the health unit  
and waited  
where you wait  
as she saw the doctor  
and got a morning-after dose

I didn't ask  
if she was on the pill  
or an IUD  
so I thought it was right  
that I go with her  
and sit in a strange room  
waiting

~~

# There's a Knack

Once a week  
mother would gather the laundry  
and us kids  
all piled into a wagon  
and to the laundromat

There were machines of course  
so much faster  
than the wringer-washer  
and the clothesline

There were coin-dispensers  
to make change  
to provide tiny boxes of soap  
to provide a box with a laundry bag  
inside

Mother would let us slide the coins in  
to start the machine  
chunk chunk  
and the coins were gone

But the best  
was the heat, and the windows frosted  
with humidity  
and thousands of flies everywhere

I spent weeks of my childhood  
trying to catch flies  
there's a knack you know  
~~

# The King Edward Hotel

Perhaps the first time  
I went to Toronto  
was when our father  
took my sister and me  
to a light-keeper's convention

We stayed in the King Edward hotel  
and my father asked us  
what we wanted to do

We didn't know  
He didn't know  
and there were frustrated  
harsh words

During the day  
I'd like to say my sister and I  
got into an adventure  
But I doubt it

When we left, my jacket  
was hanging in the closet  
and the hotel mailed it back  
~~

# Thinking of Coyote

I watched her  
step out of the shower  
and comb her hair

She didn't look toward me  
but a secret smile  
flew across her face

Was she thinking of him  
~~



# Coyote Likes Tiger-tail

Sitting in the car  
waiting for a tiny ice-cream  
In a patch of shade  
listening to the kids  
in the pool

The heat is returning  
after a small break  
and I'm looking forward  
to a baby-size mint chocolate  
~~

# Sightseeing

The back of an ear  
from two inches  
has always been  
one of my favourite  
morning sights

~~



## Not a Nailbiter

Decades together  
and I just realized  
she doesn't bit her nails

When she does that  
she's cleaning them  
with her teeth

~~

# Sunday Afternoon

After the camp store  
we'll swing past the beach  
just to see how many kids  
are getting in

Just one more swim  
before the long hot  
car ride home

~~

# Big Shouldered Brutes

Since we have horseflies  
that rock your head  
when they blunder into you  
it makes sense  
that the dragonflies  
of summer  
are big shouldered brutes

I wonder if that's why  
I haven't seen the red squirrels  
this weekend  
~~

# The Look

She comes in the house  
heading for the bathroom  
and over her shoulder  
she throws me the look

You must understand  
the look comes with a hitch  
of the skirt  
and a kick back of the foot  
~~

## Coyote Does Man Ray

She would kick the blankets off  
and in the pale pre-dawn light  
when I had to go  
I would look at her pale smooth skin  
winding in and out  
of the covers  
An image as surreal  
as any made by Man Ray

~~





# Coyote Did It

When I got up  
I would pull the covers  
off of her  
and lay my head  
on that perfect ass  
while I stroked her back

Covering her again  
I would slip quietly out  
to go to work

~~



# Coyote Helped

The sun was out  
for a few minutes  
and the solar heat system  
hummed and whined

I hope the sun comes out later  
because the crawlspace is wet  
I was handy  
I was clever  
I fixed a hose

But it let loose  
and so into the city  
to buy a new hose  
and a wet/dry vacuum  
to get as much water  
as we could  
And now it has to dry  
~~

# Today the Squirrels Feast

Today we go home  
it was just too nice yesterday  
so today we go home  
but not now  
Now is coffee  
now is oatmeal  
now is scribbling in my book

Today we go home  
but now now  
Now is lunch  
everything left over  
everything warmed over  
everything then to be packed

Today we go home  
Today the squirrels feast  
~~

# Cold Coffee

Waiting for my fish game  
to load  
I notice the coffee  
is cold  
~~

# Not Helping

Aargh a big hot flash  
and I'm covered in sweat  
So I open the windows  
and the door  
and now I shiver  
in the breeze

~~

# Carpenter Ants

It's not that I hate  
carpenter ants  
it's  
No, I hate them

They have chewed  
on three separate buildings  
that I have worked on  
and a plumb tree

Any other insect  
I have no quarrel with  
but I will cross a room  
to stomp one of the bastards  
~~

You are going to find more books like this at:

<https://180degreeimaging.com/TaylorBooks.html>

There are other free martial arts books from Kim Taylor at:

[https://sdksupplies.com/cat\\_manual-free-ebooks.html](https://sdksupplies.com/cat_manual-free-ebooks.html)