

# That Coyote was Dead



*Graveyard, Japan, 2009*

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Kim Taylor July 2020

# That Coyote was Dead

The Lucy Show  
never appealed to me,  
cringe humour  
at someone else' misfortune

And today,  
all these fail videos  
All I can see  
is someone being hurt  
I can't see the humour

Do you find it funny  
when someone else  
is injured  
even if they don't die?

I liked the Coyote  
up until he hit the ground  
The little sign  
he held up  
saying "ouch"  
never fooled me

That Coyote was dead

~~

# Squirrel Under a Bush

On hot summer days  
you would lie naked  
on the hardwood floor  
arms and legs sprawled  
like a squirrel under a bush

I would come home  
and tiptoe  
so as not to wake you

I would run my finger  
down your back  
to the hollow above your ass

and as I tasted the sweat  
that had pooled there  
you would make a noise  
that always sounded like  
welcome home

~~

# My Old Cat

My old cat  
howls at night  
because he's deaf  
and thinks nobody is home

He flops  
on his blanket  
and barely flutters his eyes  
when I pet him

He hates the cold  
shakes his feet  
as he goes to the door

He can't take the heat  
but the basement stairs  
are too much bother

His nails  
click across the floor  
like a dog  
as he follows me  
looking for a treat  
like a dog

But he's my old cat  
and we have a bet  
which of us  
will go first  
~~

# Ants

In the dojo,  
In the kitchen downstairs,  
I have been known  
to shoo a spider  
to gentle a June Bug  
out the door

But Carpenter Ants  
NO  
Like some Abrahamic God  
from a dusty book  
I will not suffer them to live  
All my angels  
who abide with me  
have their command

Suffer not the carpenter ant  
to live  
in my house

~~

# Dead Bee

I feel like a dead bee  
on a Sunday morning  
No life here  
but an appearance  
a simulation

Maybe I'll get up  
and fly away

Yes, any moment now  
flying away

~~





# Stop Writing

Stop writing about me  
she said  
That last poem was embarrassing  
I'm not like that  
and I never did that

I didn't know  
if I should tell her  
that it wasn't about her  
~~

# The one

The one I let down  
The one I betrayed  
the one I drove away  
the one I let go  
the one who stayed  
the one who died  
the other one who died  
the one I borrowed  
the one I gave back  
the one who came back  
the one who left again  
the one who fed me  
the one who borrowed money  
the one who hated me  
the one who didn't care  
the one who was lonely  
the one who was horny  
the one who felt sorry for me  
the one who forgot me

~~

# Learn to Cook

Such a hot day  
I made her a salad  
She works  
and I cook for her

Isn't that fair?  
Look, it's better  
than me working  
and her waiting  
until I get home  
to say  
"I don't know what to cook"

There's the secret boys  
learn to cook  
it's easy  
then, after that,  
learn to read minds  
so that what she wants to eat  
is on the table  
when she gets home

She's happy  
so you're happy  
~~

# Rainy Afternoon

Lying on the futon  
that lies on my mother's bed,  
the one I made for her,  
in the cabin in the woods,  
built with so much of my sweat,  
I listen to the rain come down  
outside the window

How many more  
afternoon naps here  
will I be given  
How many more times  
will I listen, half awake  
to the water striking the tin roof  
and sliding off  
to splash on the pathway

Today,  
should it be the last  
It is enough

~~

## Rough Table

I sit typing  
here at the table  
The base I built  
The top I nailed on  
just temporary

The top  
my mother varnished  
as she varnished the log walls

This table  
will sit here  
eight feet long  
two feet wide  
Until I am gone

~~

# The Sweat of Life

Yet another hot flash  
on a humid summer afternoon  
causes me to take off my shirt  
and think once more  
"I've got to get a fan"

But that sweat  
that runs across my forehead  
and down my back  
is the sweat of life  
and at mid-winter  
I smile for the warmth

Right now, though  
I wouldn't mind  
one of the chills

~~

July10, 2020

# I'll take it

Once again  
I slump forward  
and grab the sides of the table  
as my back goes into spasm

I think  
it is because  
I broke my neck  
a year ago  
and didn't know it  
No traction, meant  
pinched nerves to my left arm  
and nights spent awake  
sometimes screaming  
as I fell asleep  
and moved the wrong way

So many months later  
a stiff neck  
shorter than it was  
and a back that moves into spasm  
if I don't move about enough,  
is little to complain about

I'll take it

~~



# Drive Time Radio

Half the year gone  
half the summer  
and it's my second visit  
to the bush

CBC drive time on the radio  
What do I care  
about the traffic in Toronto?  
Except to smile  
and listen to the water  
dropping from leaf to leaf  
off the Redbud  
outside the window

Damn, here comes another  
young urban tune  
Well, never mind  
if I sleep in tomorrow  
Ben Hepner will have some opera  
and it will be summer at the cabin

~~

# Trucks and Guns

A country station  
from across the lake  
drifts in  
bouncing off the storm clouds

What do I care  
about rednecks  
trucks  
dogs  
and guns?

Time to get up  
and move the antenna  
five inches left  
~~

# Listen

Listen closely  
Do you hear  
the occasional drop  
from leaf to leaf

The pop  
of a broad leaf

The tinkle  
of a cascade  
through cedar

The ripple  
pitter patter  
in a breeze  
~~

# Chef Kim

Did I miss my calling?  
chicken in mushroom sauce  
in fifteen minutes

The secret  
is in the ingredients

Don't have too many  
on hand  
~~

# Psychic Powers

I used to believe  
that I could read your mind  
but the sudden sadness  
in your face  
tells me that I have again  
disappointed you

~~

# Pity the Gods

When a God  
like some 13 year old girl  
demanding that you love her only  
demands that you sacrifice your son  
on some whim  
What do you do?

They all demand such things  
attention starved  
emotionally crippled  
wretches that they are

You must take pity  
on these Gods  
They are the sum, the average  
of the cultures  
that create them.

Pity them  
but like an adolescent daughter  
Do not indulge them.

~~

# The minions

Where are the minions?  
I can see a dozen little jobs  
around the cabin  
for them to do

That look of boredom  
I wait for  
that restless wiggle  
of the bum  
and I can hint,  
barely suggest  
with a sigh  
The wood shed needs tidying  
The brush needs moving  
The dishes need washing

While I  
like some ancient potentate  
sit on my own bum  
and wiggle  
~~

## Two-Fer

I roll over in the night  
and catch you in the face  
with my elbow

I apologize  
and you say it's fine

When we settle down  
to sleep once more  
I roll over and

Yes

Hit you in the face  
with my other elbow  
~~



# Morning coffee

Those elfen ears  
those soft eyes  
as I watched you  
over morning coffee  
you had made for me

I watched you  
an older woman  
you told me you were 24  
as we spoke softly  
of what the day would bring

You told me you were involved  
and you didn't think  
we would see each other again  
you tried to be kind  
and you were

On the way back to school  
I was thinking  
24  
as I hit a downhill corner  
and bent my back wheel  
to a perfect 90 degrees  
~~

# Things appear

In a cabin  
things appear  
This coffee cup  
which I use  
is particularly nice  
I had to throw another one out  
to make room

The plush chairs  
we sit in  
came from the hunters  
who use the place each fall  
and the coffee table  
looks like it was  
a high school shop project  
Has to be 50 years ago

At one point  
we had twelve  
Teflon coated pans  
Each with a bare spot  
~~

## There she is

I can see her from here  
fan full blast  
trying to get just another minute  
of sleep

She doesn't do well  
in the heat  
she's more at home in the snow  
than the jungle

She gets to sleep  
for another hour  
She needs it  
but then I need her

~~

# Coffee is gone

Coffee is gone  
and there is bush to trim  
but it's wet  
and my back hurts  
and I have a class in an hour  
and the water in the kettle  
is still hot  
and there's dark roast  
in the can

~~

# Trigger Warning, Balls

I switched to boxers  
because my testicles hurt  
Apparently they are shrinking  
due to the testosterone block  
that is keeping me alive

What?  
Too much information?  
Look, I worried about that pain  
for months  
before a doctor told me  
"it happens"

So I switched to boxers  
from tighty-whitey briefs  
and now  
I walk around the neighbourhood  
in my underwear

What?  
Again too much information?  
Hey, if you don't want to know,  
don't read

~~

## After Shock

There's always something  
vaguely disappointing  
about the second cup of coffee

It just isn't as bitter  
it's hasn't got that shock  
of hot on tongue

Coffee after coffee  
doesn't taste the same  
as coffee after oatmeal

But there's nothing for it  
I'll have to choke it down  
since I made it

~~

## Write what you know

Write what you know  
they say  
Well, what do you know  
at 20?

All the genius scientists  
peaked at 24 they say  
and all the great musicians  
overdose at 27

Here I am at 64  
What do I know?  
Did I miss my genius idea?  
The drugs I take  
are to keep me around  
not take me to the big band  
in the sky

How about  
we all just agree  
to stop waiting for genius  
Stop waiting for inspiration  
and we all breathe instead

The real stop to writing?  
It's the thought  
of that guy on Facebook  
Reading it.  
"Oh dear  
what if he doesn't like it?"  
~~



# How To Create

There's an urge to create  
as I get older  
To get it done  
before I'm gone

So I write  
compulsively

What does it feel like  
the aspiring author asks  
To have the words flow out  
compulsively

Think about a night of boozing  
and in your drunken wisdom  
you drink as much water  
as you did the beer

Have you got it?  
Now think about 3:30 am  
~~

# Out of the Closet

How about we do  
what the singer just said  
how about we look for something  
that's be-uh, be-uh, be-uh

Oh just write for you  
Then close your notebook  
and throw it back  
into the bottom of your closet

~~

# The God-Emperors

We looked on in horror  
as our neighbour  
set fire to his own house  
He had sold everything  
all the furniture  
all the future

He had thrown his kids out  
after taking their money  
and cutting their feet off  
so they could earn no more

He still had his guns  
which is why we never stopped him  
You can't stop  
what you can't stop we said  
Surely he has done enough we said  
each time he marched further into Hell

If only some brave sniper  
had taken him out  
if only the police  
weren't paid to look the other way  
Paid with his kid's money

He burned his house down  
and the flames  
spread like a disease

All our houses burned  
while that man laughed  
and the police laughed with him  
all of them thinking  
they had somewhere else to go

~~

# Trigger

Trigger is my trigger word  
it would be yours too  
if the love of your life  
loved her horse  
more than she loved you

How do you compete  
with a horse

Roy Rogers  
has a lot to answer for

~~

## Perverts Row

The boys in perverts row  
hope for a smile  
a look  
a sniff  
to take home

Meanwhile they spill their beer  
and hoot  
and elbow each other

While those with class  
sit further back  
and enjoy the terpsichore  
~~

# About My Brother

After a war  
Every, war  
The wives and mothers  
and daughters  
Support the family  
the way that women  
support the family  
after every war  
While the men stay home  
and drink for pity  
and the Grannies cluck  
their tongues

Ten years later  
The men have jobs  
and drink for shame  
of their wives and mothers  
and daughters  
while the Grannies  
continue to cluck  
over the fences

Those who had no men  
May find a different clientele  
The rich  
those who escape the noose  
stay rich  
because they are the  
Leaders of the Country

And those men  
ashamed of their wives  
"work late at the office"



In 1953  
my father was in Japan  
recovering  
and he had a soldier's wife  
She used to sit  
on the Alum pot, he said  
I have a brother in Japan  
he said

The half breeds  
after every war  
are beaten up in school  
and graduate  
to the streets  
if they are lucky

I think about that brother  
once in a while  
~~

# Bubbled Toast

When I was a kid,  
we had a single side toaster  
You'd put the bread in  
and lift the holder up  
toward the electric wires  
and when you were done that side  
You'd open it up  
it would flip  
and you'd do the other side

My gran  
for a treat  
would do bubbled toast

Butter it first  
then toast it

Luxury  
Right up there  
with bread pudding  
and freezer ice cream  
~~

# Fancy Car

I never had a fancy car  
so I never had the fancy women  
hanging around it  
'er, me

I never had a car  
until I was 35

Up to then  
I dated girls  
who owned cars  
~~

# Building Bridges

The importance  
of building bridges  
is... um...

You know,  
I can't think of a single reason  
why anyone would want to build bridges  
between people, places or ideas

None  
What could go wrong  
if we just stayed in our own yard  
and let those people  
stay in theirs

~~

# Action Man

You thought I was action man  
I thought I was action man

Turns out, I was just another boy  
peeking into your windows

~~

# **My bike had a banana seat and monkey bars**

Streamers  
Stick shift  
and a banana seat  
At 12  
you would put your girlfriend  
on behind you  
and push back  
as much as you would dare  
~~

## About My Time

An ad from the '70s  
says it all  
all you need to know  
about my time  
Long flowing dresses  
long hair  
long legs  
and there  
just there  
the glimpse  
of panties  
~~

## The Cameras of Miroslav Tichy

Our love was cobbled together  
like the cameras of Miroslav Tichy  
cardboard and glue  
whatever we could find  
in the trash

And our love  
was glimpsed badly  
stolen scenes  
the glance  
of a Peeping Tom,  
barely remembered  
the next morning,  
but that compulsion  
to look again

~~



## About a Heart

What is all this bullshit  
about a heart  
Your heart  
it bleeds  
it longs  
it yearns

You have no control  
over that heart of yours?

Seriously  
Keep it off my lawn  
it's killing the grass  
~~

# The Beat Hotel

Once, I'm sure  
I wanted to live  
in the Beat Hotel  
to be a Parisian  
and drink coffee all day  
and make love all night

Once, I'm sure  
I wanted to live  
in that fleabag hotel  
but instead  
I left my youth behind  
and traded dreams  
of despair and angst  
for dreams of food  
and a roof that didn't leak

Heat in the winter  
and food in the cupboard

Was I wrong?  
Did I sell out?  
How much more  
would I have created?

How would I have written  
anything that wasn't written  
in that Beat Hotel

~~

## Acetone on your Bed

What does it mean  
to pour acetone  
on your bed  
and set it alight  
thinking that this  
finally  
will cure the virus  
that plagues you?

~~

# Of Course, The Eyes

It is, of course, the eyes  
Shrimpton had those eyes

But was she looking at Bailey  
Is that what I see  
in those eyes?

Of course it was Bailey  
and he loved her  
and she knew it

Look, look at those eyes  
~~

# You have to laugh

I mean, when I was young  
(and beer was usually involved)

I mean, have you ever...

You know when you wake up  
in the middle of someone?  
And you're sort of confused  
and you say things like

"Erm, hello, my name... er how did we... er  
excuse me, but who are you?"

Now some girls would get angry  
but some  
usually the ones with some experience  
of young men and beer

Would just laugh  
and say "get on with it"

~~

# Paralyzed

Once, I woke up  
and couldn't get out of bed  
Not like now  
after the broken neck,  
but this was when I was a young man

My arms were paralyzed  
and it took me a while  
to realize  
that the girls had slept  
on my shoulders

I was very relieved,  
after the pain  
of the blood coming back  
into my arms

~~

## Wrong Question, Wrong Person

How did you get all those girls  
to sleep with you?  
he said

Wrong question  
and the wrong person  
Don't ask me how I did it  
ask her If you can do it,  
or  
if you're very young  
ask  
How do I do it?

That often works  
~~



# I Never Asked

I never asked you  
about that sadness  
behind your eyes

You told me a bit  
one late night  
when you were drunk  
You told me bits  
and pieces  
of why you were sometimes  
in bits and pieces

But you were drunk  
and it was late at night  
and I kept quiet  
and you never told me  
Officially

~~

# Mask

Sometimes it is hard  
to tell what is mask  
and what is real

Sometimes it is real  
and my life  
is connected with all life  
I have a wolf  
growing from my cheek

Sometimes it is just a mask  
and I have the whole earth  
hanging from my face  
by a string

But look carefully  
there's my coffee cup  
with its polka dots

~~



# You turn your back

You turn your back  
to the sun  
and to me  
and I smile  
my wistful ancient smile  
as I know  
that you  
have forgotten me in sleep  
and all you mean  
is to turn away from the sun  
and to sleep again

I watch your back  
rise and fall  
easing into that rhythm  
I know so well  
and so to sleep

Remember me no more

~~

# Poetic Suffering

I would love to write you  
a poem of suffering overcome  
and my broken life  
endured and o'er-borne

I really would  
but my pains  
my suffering  
are simply there  
I live with them  
like I live with the moles  
and the scars on my skin

They are there  
they never hurt  
unless I notice them  
and I very, rarely, notice them

Mind you, there is one on my back  
that you could dig  
with a fingernail

For that one I would cry out  
I can show you which one  
I don't mind  
because I know the pain goes away

~~

# Her Hands Flew to Her Mouth

My mother once told me  
that I was going bald

"Grass doesn't grow on a  
well trod path" I said

"Doesn't grow on a rock either"  
she answered

~~

# Already in Heaven

Don't try to tell me  
that this place  
and this time  
is not heaven

I try to remember  
the last time I lived  
on my own  
and I cannot

It must have been  
close to forty years ago  
A summer  
in an airless, lightless room  
across the river  
from downtown

Rat Bastard that I am  
Someone has seen something  
worth being with me  
from that day to this  
~~

# Let me go

Come sit with me  
on the edge of the old well  
come hold me  
against the cold  
and when I lose my balance

Let me go

~~



# Not Curious

Because I love you  
I do not ask  
about those who came before me

You are not a child  
and I am not your first  
but I am your now  
and I love you

You don't ask me  
about those who have loved me  
Is it because  
you understand  
that love is not money  
that you can spend it forever  
and never run out?

Or are you simply not curious?

~~

# Your Grey Eyes

It is your eyes  
that I love most  
those brown orbs  
that seem to cover me  
The earth  
covering a seed  
so it will grow

It is those blue seas  
that I fall into  
when you glance my way  
The warm ocean  
I swim, supported and safe

The green of emeralds  
that flash  
when you are angry  
That last ray of the sun  
that I see  
just before the failing  
of the light

It is your eyes  
that I love the most

~~

# A Bench

A lone bench  
in the rain  
in the park  
in the night

A bench  
that we sat upon  
soaked, laughing  
clinging to each other  
for warmth

No place else  
to go  
~~

# There is only Summer

There is only Summer  
I was born in Summer  
to the waves  
and the warm sand  
the double light  
of sun and water

Do not ask me  
to go into the Winter  
I cannot follow you there  
for there are not enough blankets  
not enough coats  
to keep me warm in the Winter

Stay with me  
We can go into the shade  
where the sun hits the earth  
in spots and splashes  
and I can see your hair  
as it deserves to be seen

~~

# I do not have to be drunk

I do not have to be drunk  
to love you  
but it helps

It helps because when you are near  
my tongue stops,  
hiding  
behind my teeth  
but when I am drunk  
my teeth  
forget my tongue

It helps because I love you so  
that I cannot make my feet  
walk toward you  
but when I am drunk  
I often lose my balance  
in your direction  
~~

## When You are Gone

When you are gone  
our house is huge  
I knock around  
from room to room  
not really knowing  
what to do

When you are here  
our house is tiny  
I turn around  
and trip over you  
everywhere is yours  
you fill the place  
~~

# Old People Eww

There is no joy  
without you  
No joy  
without the smile  
on your face  
No joy  
without your company  
you in your chair  
me in mine

There is no joy  
in life  
without the thought  
that you will be here  
with me  
until the end of us  
~~

# Pablo Neruda

Pablo Neruda  
was a bit of a rake  
I mean he liked the ladies

He would live with a wife  
in one house  
and build another  
for his girlfriend

Excuse me,  
they had mistresses  
back then

He could afford  
three houses  
because he sold  
a lot of poetry

I think

He got a Nobel Prize  
for his poetry  
and I've read some of it



I like it  
Back then,  
apparently  
you could make money  
from poetry

I think  
~~

*Post Script*

*In reading a biography of Neruda, it seems that up to at least the late '30s he made enough off of his poetry for a few nights in the bar.*

# Once

Once  
poets were political  
and the government  
of the day  
would kill them  
Because people would read them  
and began to think

Now the powerful  
have managed the poets  
by making everyone  
a poet  
Every sad girl  
writing about her ex  
Every angry boy  
writing about his ex

Who listens  
Who cares  
Who bothers

Once poets were political  
Neruda wrote about love  
but Pinochet  
hated him  
Perhaps

Neruda's doctors  
must have thought so  
because they let him die of,  
and this is just too much,  
of prostate cancer  
which is treated  
by removing the hormone  
of love

Do you see?  
No testosterone  
No sex

The doctors gave him back sex  
and killed him  
because they were afraid  
to treat his cancer

This is what poets were  
once  
Now they are sad girls  
and angry boys  
And governments  
no longer fear poets  
~~

*Post Script*

*Some now think Neruda was poisoned rather than simply  
allowed to die.*

## 4pm

Once, in the late afternoon  
I would reach for the phone  
to call the women I knew  
and see if I could convince  
one of them  
to step out with me that evening

We would drink  
and fuck  
until 4am

Now, it is 4pm  
and I am heading for a nap  
~~

# Click Click Click

Click click click  
with the thumbs  
Can you talk someone  
into bed  
by texting them?

I cannot imagine myself  
clicking my way into bed  
but I am sure  
it can be done  
by those with nimble thumbs

After all  
what is seduction  
other than a question  
Will you?  
And an answer  
Yes.

~~

# Follow the Money

Follow the money  
the detective says

It's about who makes the money  
and who takes the money

And how is that done?

If you wish to take the money  
you must confuse the issue  
tell those who make the money  
that they will rise  
if only they work harder

And if they suspect?  
It is those over there  
the ones who look different

If there are none  
who look different,  
invent them

Just keep the issues confused  
never let it come down  
to who makes the money  
and who takes the money

~~

## Half Way

Half way through the dishes  
and the way your hair  
tucked over your ear  
and the movement  
of your fingers  
as you tucked it

Now my notebook is wet

~~

# You are Spread, Naked

Behind my house  
deep in the woods  
is a rock  
that is more than a rock

Behind my house  
deep in the woods  
is an altar  
and you are spread, naked

You receive all my sins  
the silences  
the anger that bursts  
suddenly  
The childish jealousy  
The dishonesty  
of my claims not to care

Upon that rock  
you look back at me  
naked and open  
and forgive my sins

~~



# Head

Turning my head  
something catches my eye  
and I am looking  
at the wrinkled skin  
on my forearm

Where once  
I watched the wrinkled skin  
on my foreskin  
as it swelled to smoothness  
now I see smoothness  
shrink to wrinkles

~~

# Snooze Button

Just a half hour more  
Please, please, please  
just thirty minutes

I live my life  
a half hour at a time  
Each minute taken greedily  
Each hour appreciated  
as the gift it is

Don't speak to me  
of wasting time  
even a nap  
is a gift  
Every time I wake up  
I think  
I'm alive, still alive  
~~

# You Were Dreaming Last Night

You were dreaming last night  
your feet were scurrying  
and at one point  
you called out, sharply

I bounced a little in bed  
and stroked your arm  
just to let you know  
I was there  
~~

# Are You Dreaming

Lying awake  
listening to you breathe

Sometimes  
I watch you  
Are you dreaming of me  
~~

# What Do You See

Is it as much work  
to love her  
as it is  
to write her a poem?

You sweat  
you stutter  
you agonize  
over the first line

Just look  
What do you see?  
Tell her  
~~

# Broken Specs

While reading  
I sometimes want  
to type a note

Off come the 1.5x glasses  
and on go the 1.0 glasses

I suppose I wouldn't mind  
but they are from the dollar store  
and they only go on  
and come off  
about a hundred times

~~

## I and U

You scatter letters  
across the sky  
I know you do

Somehow you make them invisible  
somehow you let me see

Thank you for that gift  
each time I see them  
I think once more of you

~~

# Call me Clint

My Grandmother's name was Edna  
My mother's name was Edith  
Old time names  
you don't see them any more  
Who wants their Grandmother's name?

Laura-May, call me May  
and Colborne, where are the Colbornes?

Did those names go  
when the baby books came,  
or did they fall by the TV, next to the magazines  
as we watched Britney and Stevie and Kim?

~~



# Poor is for Life

Poor is for life  
once you have hungered  
and longed for food  
you never forget that greed

The poor who become rich  
will never let go  
what they can grasp tightly

Their children  
who have never been poor  
never been hungry  
will never ask  
when the next meal comes

How then  
do we explain the rich son  
who cannot stop himself  
from grabbing more

What sickness is this?

~~

# Shadows for a Blanket

Walking at night  
you and I  
across campus  
to your place

The moon came out  
and cast a net of light  
beneath the maples

I lay you down there  
on the cool grass  
with the shadows  
for a blanket

~~

Kim Taylor Aug 4, 2020

# Inside

When I die  
and my atoms are scattered  
to all the corners of the earth  
Will I, perhaps  
be inside you once more?

This thought  
makes me long for death  
~~

# Delightful

I woke  
somehow dreaming of you  
despite my lack of testosterone  
and my flaccid dick  
I was fucking you

As I woke  
I had the orgasm  
of an eight year old  
~~

# Where Do You Go

Where do you go  
when I wake from my dreams

Where do you go  
when you are no longer with me

Do you go to your old boyfriends  
or perhaps your husband

Wherever you go  
I don't mind  
I know you'll be back  
when next I sleep

~~

# Tombo Dojo

I must be crazy  
I should have a cottage  
on a sand dune  
in a tourist town  
A place where I can count the steps  
from my bed to the water

How did I end up with a log cabin  
in the woods  
on a muddy lake  
miles from the sand

~~

# Pounds for Pennies

Tomorrow morning  
I will eat oatmeal  
and drive my wife to work  
Bless her  
for supporting my sagging ass  
And making me oatmeal

I will drive through a drive through  
and pick up my second coffee  
then park in the lot  
to watch the traffic go by

I will read my book for an hour  
and then drive to the thrift shop  
to look for treasures  
with the other old, lost men

It will be a lovely morning  
and so I go eagerly to my bed  
Wondering what treasures  
my dreams will bring  
~~

# Puppy Pile

As I walk by the roommate's door  
I glance in  
and see three of them  
puppy piled asleep on the bed

They are draped all over each other  
so that it's hard to tell  
whose leg that is  
whose arm is hanging over the side

Let's just close the door softly  
and tiptoe downstairs  
to breakfast

~~



## Surf's Up

The hissing of car tires  
as they glide by  
on the street, while I sit parked  
drinking a coffee  
and reading

If I keep my head down  
I hear waves  
climbing up onto the sand  
~~

# Little Otter Creek

There was a creek  
behind the house  
where I grew up

We made swimming holes  
by damming the water  
which, we thought,  
would keep the lamprey's out

The fishermen  
would tear down the dams

That little creek  
flowed into the Big Otter  
which found its way  
to Lake Erie  
which I considered  
my lake

~~

# Limited Liability

There is a copyright notice  
on my poetry books  
But no copyright  
I did not ask you  
for money  
and I don't care  
what you do with them

If you use a poem  
from these books  
and it breaks  
or causes you distress  
Please return for refund

Liability limited  
to what you paid for it  
~~

# Clouds Don't Care

Even in the city  
the clouds drift  
across the sky

And the sun  
flicks the leaves  
of the maples

The clouds don't care  
that they drift  
above parking lots

The sun doesn't care  
that the maples are planted  
in rows beside a road

~~

## Two Peas

Richard Brautigan went to Japan  
the year after  
I went to University  
He had an uncle  
killed in a war  
by the Japanese

I had a father  
wounded in another war  
Nursed by the Japanese

Brautigan went to Japan  
although he hated to travel

I went to Japan  
although I don't like to travel

Isn't life strange?

~~

# Squeaky Bicycle Brakes

I hear squeaky bicycle brakes  
and I look up  
check left and right  
check all three mirrors

No bicycle  
~~

## New Tattoo

Glancing down  
to where the breeze  
is tickling the hair  
on my leg

Somehow  
I have made a mark  
on my skin  
with my pen

~~

# Fsshhhhhhhing

It's not a bicycle  
it's a loading roller  
on a food truck

The bar  
is getting beer  
~~



# Chanbara Poet

You have to be drunk  
and in despair  
to write poetry

So why is it  
that I'm sober now  
(cancer meds)  
and in constant joy  
at being alive

And the poetry  
thunders out of me  
like blood  
from the cut throat  
of a samurai minion  
meeting the hero's blade?

~~

## A Spare

I have two tablets  
and a phone

Don't ask me  
why two tablets  
I like them  
but I don't need two

If we meet  
and I have them,  
ask me for one

~~

## Retired

Old men really do  
drive the speed limit  
and stop for orange lights  
to watch you get  
red in the face  
and one step closer  
to a stroke

~~

## **Damn, Forgot Again**

I have read  
June 30th, June 30th  
many times  
and each time I think,  
at some point,  
I go through the poems  
date by date  
to see how long  
it took Brautigan  
to get laid in Japan

~~

## Shhh, Sleep Now

On some nights  
in my youth  
Those long nights  
where the mind attacks the mind  
the only thing that saved me  
was a warmth on my shoulder  
and a voice saying  
Shhh, sleep now

~~

# In 100 Years

Not once  
did a fancy car,  
an expensive suit  
or a big wad of cash  
ever get me laid

No fancy car  
or big investment portfolio  
given to me by daddy  
will buy me away from the dirt  
It won't save me from extinction  
and worse, for those who think it worse  
from being forgotten

In 100 years, the girls who said eww  
and the old ladies over the fence  
will be rotting with me in the grave

I knew this at 20  
and so I gave up on the fancy car  
and stopped dropping hints  
I asked  
and sometimes,  
the girls didn't say eww  
~~

# The red string

The red string  
of a young girl's  
rushed insertion  
trails down one leg  
marking pale white string  
~~

Kim Taylor Aug 6, 2020

# Watching

You remove your makeup  
like an actress  
in a strange Dada play  
removing a mask

There will be the bar, and wine  
for the actress  
for you, there will be me

You say this is a good deal  
Personally  
were I you  
I might have had the drink  
~~



## ctrl-c

Oh lovely smart phone  
that will do so much  
but all the little extras  
that I would love to use  
are closed to me  
turned off by software  
because you know  
You just know  
I will abuse them

And it's not just the phone  
it's every piece of hardware  
that I own  
Some of it  
will talk to some of it  
But none of it will talk to all of it

Occasionally, I find myself  
with a notebook  
and a pen  
as a clipboard  
~~

## We Made It

Hello?

Am I here?

Sometimes I need to ask

Sometimes, in the morning

my first words to my wife are

"we made it"

When I see my cat

I say "hello jubbie, you're still alive"

in case he is unsure

~~



# You are so Morbid

You are so morbid  
she told me  
I could never get there  
from here

I'm a Stoic I said  
you have to find the worst thing  
you can find,  
and consider it

I'm definitely not a stoic  
she said  
and the things you find  
are just not possible  
~~

# My First Kiss

You would think  
that I would remember  
my first kiss  
At least the first  
that I didn't get from my mother  
OK or my father

You know,  
I can't remember the last kiss either  
I do remember one kiss  
where my girlfriend told me  
I was a crappy kisser  
and gave me a lesson

I wonder if I, maybe, am still waiting  
for my first kiss

~~

## Scrape/Tinkle/Scrape

It is some sort of event  
in a young man's life  
when he is shaving  
and a woman walks in  
and pees in the toilet

A bit of conversation  
a bit of scrape/tinkle/scrape  
some toilet paper for both  
and back to normal life

But for our young man  
it will never be normal  
again  
~~

# The Ferns

The ferns  
with their fractal leaves  
waving in a gentle breeze  
show, in their roots, just how well  
they understand chaos

~~

# Don't Waste It

Each moment  
of each day  
I repeat

I'm alive  
I'm alive  
I'm alive  
~~



## The Line of Her Jaw

At the lights  
a brown girl  
stops in front of me  
she is turning left  
and the sun  
hits her left cheek

The line of her jaw  
makes me miss  
my light  
~~

# Robert the Bruce

Robert the Bruce  
hid in a cave  
and watched a spider  
It would spin a web  
and Robert would break it

Next day it would spin again  
Try, try again  
thought Robert the Bruce  
Robert the Bruce is a dick  
thought the spider

~~

# Pandemic

Pity the people  
so many broken jaws  
held up by their ears  
A cradle of blue cloth  
all that stands  
between the unhinged  
and starvation

~~

# Facebook Time

When you fall  
into a sewage ditch  
Close your eyes  
Do not open your mouth

Go upward  
Find your way by feel  
to fresh air  
and clean water

~~

## Proud Moment

Butterfly kisses  
she called them  
My head between her legs  
My tongue on her clit

"Aaahgh, you are so good at that"

~~



# Sugar Dreams

It's Sunday Morning  
I'm on my way  
to the tourist town

Any

tourist town

The plague is gone  
The sun is not  
It hasn't rained my basement  
full of water

Look, here's an ice cream shop  
Let's go in  
I will have a big one

~~

You're going to find more of these books at  
<https://180degreeimaging.com/TaylorBooks.html>

If you like them, download them because, as Sergeant Jackrum said "kisses don't last"