

Into The Bush



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This is a record of thoughts and memories written mostly in my log cabin in the bush on the Bruce Peninsula. And now you have most of the references you will need to understand these poems. Assuming of course that you need help with them.

Kim Taylor, September 2020

Trip to Japan

Your crystal beauty
fractured and glittered
into facets and shards
cutting my feet
as I crossed the heaving wooden floor
trying to reach you
trying to save you from drowning
But most of you
were swimming away from me
I gathered what few I could
and held you
until tears of silver and mercury
flowed together
flowed toward the liquid gold
of the rising sun

~~

I Knew You

I knew you when you were tiny
and I could lift you
onto my shoulders
I knew you when you were tall
and we could see eye to eye
I knew you when you were slim
and I could circle your waist
with my hands
I knew you when you were solid
like a tree trunk, strong against the wind
I knew you when you were round
and warm, and soft
And I knew you when you were hard
steel to cut me and make me bleed
I knew you in all your moods
and all your forms
and I loved you

~~

I Don't Want to Say

I don't want to say
that I've seen this before
Of course you are unique
a unity unto yourself
exceptional
and your moods
your thoughts
arise like the origins
of the world

Have I seen this before
I don't want to say

~~

You Flee

I awake at the same time
each day
yet you, day, you flee
where you greeted me
as my eyes opened
now they open to blackness

Are they open?
How can I tell
until I catch up
with the sun

~~

We Begin with Chatter

We begin with chatter
no space for crickets
no time for the tick
of the clock
Each tit, repaid with a tat
we fill each other
with each other
Sharing, sharing
until one day
we arrive at silence
~~

With Each News Bite

With each news bite
each radio flash
each newspaper I open
there is a stink

It is the stink of greed
made by the unwashed bodies
of those who work without rest
The modern slaves
who sweat to produce value
yet possess no value

It is the stink of power
the sweat of fear
that the people
those who vote their own chains
have been taught to feel
by their masters
Fear of the others
those only the masters
can protect against

And it is the stink
of the masters
the trickle of sweat
down the back
and into fat asses
at the thought of the meat hook
through the ankle
The thought of justice
should their greasy hands
lose hold
of the ropes binding the slaves
~~

To Those who like to Travel

To those who like to travel
I say bravo
bravo to the planning
and the packing
bravo to the itinerary
and the shopping for meals

As for me
I don't like to put on a coat
or start the car
to drive to the bar
~~

Are You Writing

Are you writing another fucking poem
about me being mad at you?

No, I lied

~~

The Stars Came Out

The stars come out
the night after
the day we fought
the day you cried
and I roared

The stars didn't care
who was right
or who unreasonable
The stars
have their own concerns
~~

The Dim Morning Light

In the dim morning light
your delicate shoulder
is half-shadowed
a line runs sinuous
and drifts upward
as you roll toward me

I reach out

~~

Hot and Cold Flashes

The shirt goes on and off
long sleeves, then short
then long again
How is it
that a year's climate
can swing by in an hour

My own seasonal cycle
~~

Clever

When did clever
become one of the good guys?
When did that deliberately obtuse
metaphor-mangling
little know-nothing
pretending to be smart
and achieving smarm
Become something to aspire to?

~~

We Sit Comfortably

We sit comfortably
in a log cabin
Listening to the radio
You knitting
Me reading
Both of us had a chance
to say why we put up with the other
But neither of us said it

Instead, a warm drink
beside our chairs,
we sit comfortable
with each other
Looking up
a small smile
if at the same time

~~

You Kneel Before the Gods of Fire

You kneel before the gods of fire
building with paper
kindling and wood
a construction that
upon application of a flame
coaxes a rosy glow
from our old black stove

Earlier you looked over
to see me putting on slippers
and fuzzy vest
And now you have created warmth for me
Soon after, warm popcorn with melted butter
the oil rubbed into the hands as we eat
Better than any lotion

~~

Adrenalin Junkie

I suppose at my age
I could rest in my big red chair
and pretend the stuffing
is laurel leaves

What fun is that?
I might as well be already dead
No, I need to be on the tightrope
constantly in danger of falling

So each moment is spent
bobbling and wobbling
trying to get the hang
of some new skill

~~

She Just Bustled Past the Couch

She just bustled past the couch
picked up the shirt
I threw there (and missed)
tidied it a bit
and draped it over the back
She never looked over at me
and she gave the shirt a pat

I had to interrupt another poem
to write this
I didn't want to forget this moment
This feeling

~~

Fie

Fie

Fie on these timid, lights-out
hush-rimed attempts at sex
that seem to be in fashion today
Sex isn't polite, never was
It's messy, fruity, sweaty and loud
If her parents are in the next room
at least make her bite her fist
when she comes

~~

Drip, Drip, Drip

Is there a faucet anywhere
that does not drip?
Is there a sign
in the tap factory
that says "don't forget the drip"
If taps were knees
and the spigot a prick
on some household pixie
Then there is an old god
vengeful
to give that pixie the clap
Drip, drip, drip

~~

Ode to a Cedar

Thou stupid green mess
shading the deck
so that it rots
Oh evergreen tree
that drops half your green
still green (no fall colours for you)
on to the deck
to become trapped
and help the rot
Thou stupid green mess
with roots to disturb
the foundation of the deck
Know thou
it's only the admiration
of the women-folk
that keeps you
from the nickname "Stumpy"
~~

Late Summer

Late summer
The red squirrel
and the chipmunk
join each other
to say fuck you Kim
we don't need your seeds
Your stale Orville popcorn
We'll get our own lunch
you can keep your garbage
that you drop here and call charity

~~

Ode to Whatever was in the BBQ

As I walked naked
from shower to door
I heard a thumping
and assumed a rodent
running away on the deck

But further rustling
told me something bigger
was under the cover
of the barbecue
Where I had stamped my foot
I now tiptoed fast,
with many a sideways glance,
through the door
and slammed it behind

It would have been
a different story
oh unknown animal beneath the cover
if I had my cane in hand

~~

A Butterfly Lands

A butterfly lands
takes off and lands
over and over
by a cast iron towel hook
beside the shower
Are you after the salt
of towels from the sauna
hung there?

Does it look like some plant
you like to snack upon?

Or does the iron
with wing-like body
and antenna-like hooks
look, to your insect-like eyes
like a potential girlfriend?

~~

Outside the Window

Outside the window
the sun rattles down
through green leaves
like a pinball through pegs

The midafternoon light
is suspiciously warm
Shifting toward the golden evening
While I sit, all unready
for what comes next

~~



The Pelicans of Chile

Egrets and Osprey
Buzzards and Herons
are lurking outside my door
while here I sit thinking
of the Pelicans of Chile

~~

Alone for a Day

Alone for a day
I will need to be careful
what I read
and what I listen to

It feels like my chest
is wide open
Blood and muscle
would stick to the bed
if I were to lie down

Left on my own
for too long
I would dissolve
into the bush

I am seeing too much
and feeling what I see
I have no anchor
to keep me here

Come back soon
and let me fix
my eyes on you
let me remember
that I'm human

~~

The Last of the Coffee

The last of the coffee
goes into my cup
CBC on the radio
the crack of a small fire
and the hum of the refrigerator
topped with that bell-note
of the coolant in the pipes

Tonight I sleep alone
and I will listen
to the pops and groans
of the cabin
Maybe a raccoon on the deck
And the sad sound
of someone rolling over
to find nobody there

~~

The Stuffed Chair

The stuffed chair
across the room
just made a ting
but lower
a bass ting
and I looked
to see you
but you drove away
an hour ago

And that red chair
just went ting
as it cooled down
I looked away
and I swear
I did not think of putting my hand
on the cushion to feel your warmth
~~

Damn Damn Damn Damn

I have been caught up
in poetic criticism
Just as I become entangled
in academics in all I do

Just one thing
I promise myself
on each attempt
at simply doing

I start doing
and suddenly one day
I realize I've wasted two days
reading about
and not doing

I know only too well
that I gain the illusion
of understanding
by reading of movements
and players
And who shot whom
but none of that
will explain to me
why I must cover pages
with ink

~~

In My Chair

I drift in and out of sleep
not knowing
what I have down
You are here with me
and not here
Eyes closed, eyes open

During those naps
the true navel gazing
of the broken-necked
puts my back into spasm
My swearing
upon waking
Proof enough
that you are only here
when I dream

~~

A Quick Shower

A quick shower
(with a good stout stick)
and I leave the decks
to the creatures of the night
more frightening
for only being heard

It is 8:30 and full dark
on a clear day
and I throw another stick
on the fire
There is no pretending
Summer is ending
and the cold approaches
as I sit in my robe
with the hood raised

~~

It's Morning

It's September, and summer's over
CBC is being relevant
to the young folks
I was up five or six times
I kept checking
but you weren't in bed

I thought maybe
September in the bush
would be different
But no, just like the school
in August I'm in shorts
but come September
all those young folks
show up in long pants and parkas
~~

Up an Hour

Up an hour
and I'm thinking about a nap
Grey day, threatening rain
And a sink full of dishes
~~

The New Poetry

A few days ago
I thought perhaps songs
were the new poetry
I suppose they are
but a special subsection
The one with the complaints department

~~

Half Feral

It was my first wife
(Listen you rural Ontario bumpkins
if you live with someone
for years, you're married)
who told me to use cold water
to rinse down the suds
So I think of her
each time I do the dishes
Not very romantic
but marriage is all about the dishes

As a reward
I added another scoop
to the wet coffee in the filter
to make my second cup

I guess, after three wives
(Yes, Wives you hicks)
I'm still half feral

~~

Intrepid, in memorium

Found a mouse
in the trap this morning
I was glad you weren't here
it was cute
and you would have been sad
thinking about your mouse
so long gone feral
so long gone

~~

I'm Too Young

Ah, that's my problem
I'm reading an anthology
of 21st Century Poetry
but all these guys
were born in the '30s
I'm too young

~~

The Last Canadian Poet

I read the collected poems
of the last Canadian Poet
a curmudgeon it seems
a good/lousy reader of his work
I read the poems
But I'm damned if I can remember his name
~~

Obscurata Nicht (Howzat Hurrah)

O brumblepop nedletters

O trimbledorp zontiera

nonotweep andilenata

donda nanda nicht

~~

On the Whole

On the whole
I think I like the poems
with three line stanzas
and not four
And not too many words
in the line

~~

You are Mine

You are mine
and I am yours
and you know
I would give you
my last breath of air
if we were drowning
But really

My last beer?

~~

Words of Power

In the grocery store
I chant soundless prayers
while going up and down the aisles
Wrongway Youhick, Wrongway Youhick
Getawayfrom Mekaren, Getawayfrom Mekaren
Nicemask Youidiot, Nicemask Youidiot
Words of power
Blessing all who cannot hear them
~~

Tourist Town Romance

The girls are off work
at Two Chicks
and the guys from Beach Burger
gather around them

They're so cute
being all grown up
"I'll come for a smoke with you"
Hoping in this last week
of the summer
That maybe they'll get laid

Ah the summer romance
The arch eyes
The coy smiles
and then in the last days
before going back to school
the awkward sex

The tearful goodbyes
without the breakup
because really
we weren't together
~~

Thank God I Finished

Thank god I finished
21st Century Poetry, Selected Contemporary
200-300 poems
Not one of which caught my eye
Not one of which spoke to me
or even spoke my language

Well that's settled
I'm not a Poet
Can I claim to be a writer
of Doggerel?
Me and McGonagall
~~



Driving Toward Big Bay

We were doing all right
but a turn put us
on gravel roads, as usual,
when we followed
our noses
On we went
past a sign that said
"No winter maintenance"
Then another
As the potholes appeared
we slowed down
There's a cliff
two feet from my side
And the road got narrow
and again, narrower
Until images
of being wedged
between two trees
flashed across my mind

As often happens
the road got better, wider
as we passed a few houses
until we found a paved road

Down we went
into Big Bay
where we bought ice cream
and skipped rocks
into Colpoy Bay

~~

Must I Defend Myself Again

Must I defend myself again?
I don't hate women
I don't
I just figure
they can take care of themselves
and they have, often painfully

I also figure
they can deal with how
they treated me, for themselves
That way I take care of my side
without the complaints

If you want both sides of the story
go read their poetry
where they tell you how badly
they treated me
~~

Chuffed

"I had a great summer"
she said
as we chatted, waiting
for my batteries to recharge

"I worked a summer camp for 14 year olds"
She must have told me more
but what I remember is
"I took the cherries of two boys"

She was chuffed
and I suspect
the boys were too
~~



To Lay a Fire

(a tale of failed ambition)

To lay a fire for the sauna
Start with a good bed of ashes
don't clean the stove well
leave a layer for insulation
Now the paper
Newsprint is best, a broadsheet
but flyers will do
Not the shiny ones
too much clay
Don't skimp the paper
and crumple it well
You don't feed a sauna fire
you light it and let it go
Next, dry kindling
small and abundant
the stuff a woodworker
wouldn't use for trinkets
Then small pieces of wood
arranged so they don't collapse
and kill the fire
as the kindling burns

Finally, two or three big pieces
to make the coals
that keep the heat going
Now light it in three places
and close the door
Check back in half an hour
and do it again,
with more paper.
And again.

~~

Cooking Supper

The afternoon sun
drops right through the window
onto the stove
Cooking, then
is about time
and sound
and smell
and hope
that the meat is cooked

~~



Becoming Tombo Dojo

We built this place
25 years ago
and said
Get the shell up
we will finish it ourselves
25 years
I have been finishing this place
and the family doesn't like it
because it's unfinished
and the family doesn't like it
because they have to work
when they visit
And still I work when I can
to finish this place
And I very much fear
that this place may finish me
~~

On That Day

And on that day
the boats were mended
and the fishermen
rode home

And on that day
the wives, daughters and mothers
wept

And on that day
the sons moved down a place
at the table

And on that evening
the bars were crowded
as brothers, fathers and grandfathers
were greeted

And the next day
the boats rode out
of the harbour
and slowly sank once more

And the wives, daughters and mothers
wept no more
And the sons said nothing
as they shifted a space
at the table

~~

She Kicked Open the Door

She was a girl
from Northern Quebec
and she stayed here
sometimes

She called up a lynx
one winter
as she sat in the outhouse
She kicked open the door

And she taught me
how to turn down the heat
while we were in the sauna
She kicked open the door
~~

Mine

I walk down the drive
Open the fingers of my hand
and brush the cedar
Marking my territory

I stop to piss
and say to the winds
Mine, Bear
Go Around

~~

It Rains Here

It rains here\
hours after the sun
after the clouds have moved on
the rain continues
through the bush
The cedar boughs
too flat, too broad to be called branches
pass the rain
from one to the other

Listen
Can you hear the bush-rain?
Not showy
no thunder-cracks
to create stories of bowling Gods
or their Wives moving furniture
Just the soft pat put pat
of drops on green fans
~~

The Grand Trunk

The Grand Trunk
no longer runs
to Warton and Owen Sound
So why do I hear the whistle
far away through the bush
Is it my Grandfather
Is he waving his oil lamp
Is he thinking of me

~~

The Bruce is Old

(Even for the Immigrants)

The Bruce is old
it stretches back
to the time we moved
up the lakes
and bypassed Erie
To the time
the Grand Trunk ran North-South
To the time we had a buffer
against another invasion
from the United States

This bush I sit within
was logged over
burned over
It was an orchard
it held cattle
where it now holds
a cabin and an old man
Dreaming of the past

~~

Rodents of Tombo

The chipmunk
gets up a good head of steam
and zips across the desk
But the red squirrel
is more digital
Go stop go stop go go go stop
~~

My Tiny Piece of Pie

My tiny piece of pie
accented with cheddar
and a pickle
is walking arm in arm
with your mom and dad
to the bicycle shop
for your first 2-wheeler
~~

Walden Pond Laundry

If ever I felt
like being a hermit
I could do it here
Grocery delivery
once a week
and I would be good
Got my own Walden Pond
But no mom to do the laundry

Still there are
Two Washboards / No Waiting
~~

The Movie Pit

The kids are heading
to the dojo upstairs
They've created a movie pit
with the projector

Last evening was Jaws
with coffee delivered by dad
Tonight is King Kong with Fay Wray
and they made coffee
for dad

Day bed for a seat
Perhaps they want privacy
for the scary parts
Seems to me
the theatre in Invermere
had love seats
~~



We All Get There

In a photograph
taken by a stranger
There are the kids
Brenda and
There's my stepfather Ed
What the...
No, it's me
old, short, shrunken
neck falling forward
I guess we all get there
if we live long enough
I guess I got there
~~

You Ready?

What a treat it is
to go along for the ride
After 40 years
of being the one
to say "let's go"
I finally hear
"you ready?"

Amuse me
find things
for us to do
let me ride along
smiling
wandering away
to take a photo
of a stray dog

Keep an eye on dad
he tends to get lost
~~

Time Theft

Do you think
the Universe would notice
if we took a few warm days
from next July
and tacked them on
to August?

~~

How Long is a Daydream

How long is a daydream
I might sit still
let my eyes unfocus
and wake again
at the chiming of the hour

At night
when night-dreams
invade my day
Twitching like a dog
I often find myself
typing on my pillow

Perhaps I should invent
some sort of sensor
to see what messages
I am sending
~~

Me Time

Once again it is two hours
since a meal and I can take
the pills that keep me alive

Another hour
and I can eat again

~~

I Am Scolded

Two red squirrels
running from the bush
and across the drive
both with a pinecone

The second stopped
put down his cone
and scolded me good
Then he picked up the cone
and somehow kept scolding
as he ran after his buddy

~~

You Like it Cool

You like it cool
when you sleep
I'm cold all the time
So some nights
when you have wiggled
away from me (too hot)
I sneak out
to sleep on the rug
in front of the fire
~~

I Never Read Poetry

I never read poetry
to anyone
not mine, not anyone else's
Yet I read to you

Do you suppose
it's because I don't think
I'd be good at reading
And you don't like poetry?

~~

Being Old

I can't tell you
what it's like being old
I can't understand
the body I'm in
I can't understand
the face in the mirror

I got used to them
day by day
But I never understood them
~~

Wage Slaves

A line of young people
standing naked
but for a piece of paper
pinned above their groin

The paper lists an occupation
Waitress, Barista, Cook
Nanny, Teacher, Nurse
On some, the blood has dried
on others, it still runs
staining the paper

In front of the line
is a crowd of older people
well dressed
bejewelled
Some with children,
not holding hands
but on a leash, held in one hand
In the other hand
a purse dog
Most hold notebooks
as they inspect the line

Occasionally one will point
at someone in the line
and they leave
the naked youth
following behind

~~

Always a Price

The record finishes
the needle lifts
and there is that space
where the silent negotiation happens
"It's your stereo"
"You're on the outside"

The best
was when she got out
of that warm bed
and padded naked
nipples hardening
skin goose-bumping
and flipped the record
while I, warm under covers
watched

Of course there was a price
as she returned
cold body pressed into me
cold hands reaching
for my warmest parts

~~

Leda and the Swan

Some Gods
liked taking the form of animals
and taking young women
Once
one of the chief Gods
took the form of a swan
and took Leda

Leda showed every sign
of enjoying this swan
and why not
it was a God
with a God's power

In the midst
of her third orgasm
as this God swelled with pride
Leda moaned
and snapped his neck

Not so often now, do we hear
Of Gods taking the form of animals

~~

Mad Scientists

Mad Scientists
don't have the best fashion sense
Stitching bodies, reanimating, sure
Crank up the lightning rod
and throw the switch

But afterward?
There's another poor girl
lurching down the street
a few whisps of bandage
and nothing else
He did his best

Ah, one of the village ladies
has taken her by the hand
and pulled her
into the dress shop
It's a scandal, really
That man should get married

~~

Nice Looking Woman

Nice looking woman
leaning on the rail
I wandered over
and noticed a man
in the water

I hesitated
as she took a life ring
and hurled it
at his head
She reeled it in
and threw it again

I wandered on
She seemed to have the situation
handled to her satisfaction

~~

Time to Go

"Prove you love me"

she said

He stood up

and held his hand over the candle

"Say when"

I left about then

the restaurant was starting to stink

~~

Crumple Zone

In Guelph
there are mounts
on the front of the bus
for bicycles

But in some countries
they mount strollers
on the front
Gives the babies
some fresh air
and in case of collision
a bigger crumple zone
than bicycles

~~

The Landing

She stood
arms folded
shaking her head
as he crawled up the stairs
on hands and knees

She watched
his painful journey
until his head
was level with her landing
and she kicked him back down

~~

Consciousness Rising

She fell backward into the swamp
and was grasped by dozens of hands
that dragged her under
Not letting her go
no matter how she struggled
trying to get free

Women's hands
the hands of her friends
her ancestors
and all those who knew
what was best for her

Down she went
Under she went
the weight of frustrated hopes
unfilled expectations
seemed too much
Until she thought

I am the whisper, I am the ghost
and these hands, solid as they are
have no hold on me
Through the hands she floated
back to the surface of the swamp

~~

Sally Tipped The Bottle Up

Sally tipped the bottle up
looking for the last few drops
of a rather ordinary red

Disappointed, she cracked a coke
and a bottle of whisky
and picked up two straws

~~

Kind Child

She was such a kind child
I saw her once
sitting on the edge of a cliff
braiding the hair of the Devil
The strands so large
she had to use both arms

The Devil stood in the surf
forty feet below the cliff
and as she braided
I saw an embarrassed smile
come to his face

~~

She Held out her Hand

She held out her hand
and I held mine below
She turned hers over, opening her fingers
and blood poured over my palm
and down my arm

I didn't know what to do
I took my knife
cut open my chest
and offered my heart

She smiled, this girl of the woods
She shook her head gently
as she placed her hand on my chest
healing me instantly

She closed my hand
on her blood
turned me around
and tapped my shoulder

When I turned back
there was nothing but the trees
I was afraid to open my hand
~~

Word Salad

Take these words
cut them up
toss them in the air
and arrange them
as they fall

They may make
as much sense
as they do now

~~

This Is My Cat's Life Now

Howl
Circle my chair
Jump into the other chair
Howl
Howl again
Settle down
and sleep

Stability is so important
when raising a cat
in its second childhood
~~

Eyes Open

The first time
I realized she slept
with her eyes open
was a bit of a shock
I opened my eyes
smiled at her
because she was looking at me
"Hello you" I said
"How are you doing" I said

Becoming convinced
that she was dead
I started to get my story together

Just then she snuffled
and shifted a bit
And I decided to sleep
through the night
from then on

~~

He Was a Strange Kid

He was a strange kid
not well liked at school
No friends I ever saw
But he was quiet
and didn't get into trouble
The last time I saw him
was from a bus
as it went past his house
He was on the front lawn
a paper bag on his head
The bag was on fire

I heard he's working in the movies
as an effects guy

~~

Drove a Javalin

He was a classy guy
In a town of Cameros
He drove a Javalin
I saw him at a party once
his girlfriend passed out
over his shoulder
while he kissed another girl
and said
"help me get her home"

~~

She Walked In

She walked into the cabin
from the snow
sending a blast of cold
around the room
No knock
Just through the door
where she stood
looking at me

I looked at her
she had some sort
of fantasy armour on
Barbarian Princess maybe
Metal bra and panties
And high furry boots
covered in snow
melting now, on my rug

She wasn't shivering
~~



Double Exposure

When I looked at her
it was always like
a double exposure
one image offset a little
over another

She was like that
always a little offset
not quite here
not quite gone

It didn't matter
I loved her both
and to be honest
A threesome with two people
is a bit of a treat

~~

Nice One

I came home late one evening
instead of the next day
and she was awake
Both sides of the bed
were rumped

"I missed you" she said
"so I slept on your side"
as she slid across

"Nice one" I thought
as I got into bed
and heard the front door
click

~~

Classic Casual

Forget the fancy/sexy undies
the red and black frilly stuff
There is nothing
more interesting
more arousing
than watching a girlfriend
walk past
in your old football shirt
and a pair of your underwear

And when she catches you staring
she gives you that lopsided smile
and says "what?"
All innocence
"I found them in your dresser"

~~

Crowded

Sometimes it doesn't work out
Like when a small apartment
gets crowded with the ghosts
of all her bad relationships

~~

I lived in that house

I lived in that house
for several years
and I have good memories
and I have many stories
of living there

I lived in that house
but no longer
When I go by
I look at it fondly
but I have no desire
to visit
to see the changes
or to think
"that's just the same"
~~

Close Your Eyes

Close your eyes
she said
and when you open them
I'll be here

I knew she was lying
but I also knew
that when I closed my eyes
she would be there

~~

She Was Very Rich

She was very rich
and I was a poor boy
it wasn't going to work out
But a poor boy
takes what scraps he can

I didn't like it
when she bought me gifts
but I liked it well enough
when she gifted me herself
or rather
her body, never herself
Never that

~~

Grey Day

I like it when the day is misty
the grey haze softening the light
the fog making buildings fade
and become unreal

It was on such a day
that I saw you first
Walking toward me
your beautiful face
slowly coming into focus

It seemed as if you swayed
back and forth
as the fog moved
with the air

You walked directly to me
as if you were expecting me
to be waiting for you
there on that dock

Without a word
you sat next to me
We watched the boats
move in and out of sight
their engines heard
long before and after

You took me home
leading me by the hand
you fed me something
not tea and oranges
You asked me to stay
and I stayed

On a sunny day
the sand hot
the water hard to see
You lay beside me
and kissed my cheek
I closed my eyes for a moment
and you walked away from me
The air shimmered
as I watched you go

I still love the sun
on the sand and the water
But hazy grey days
are special to me
Beginnings
are better than endings
~~

Rolph Street

In the spring
along my street
the maples all had taps
and a pail
I never knew who was making syrup
but we kids used to dip our fingers
and suck the sweet sap

In the fall
after a long lazy summer
catching crayfish in the creek
the leaves would be raked
onto the road
and set on fire
The smoke would be so thick
that cars would slow
to a crawl
We shared stories
of the kid who was run over
in the leaves
or who was burned to death
I think
Perhaps
These were stories of back to school
~~

Lovely River

You wish me to compare you
to a lovely river?
The rivers of my youth
were poor, muddy things
filled with the off-cuts
of industry, moving garbage tips
Some even caught fire
in their poisonous journey
to a murky lake

Please, let me compare you
to new fallen snow
or a clear blue sky
Not the rivers of my youth
~~

Who Sees You

Who sees you
as I see you
Others have their attractions
I grant you
Strong limbs
and pretty faces
but do they see you
as I see you
Do they see you at all
~~

Shot Like an Arrow

Shot like an arrow
you released me
into the world

Once loosed
you have no control
and so claim
no responsibility

But think,
If aimed, intent
If un-aimed, neglect

~~

A Coin

A coin
dropped from a height
will not, in fact, kill a man
But why
if we think that it will
Why do we drop the penny

~~



Milkweed Floss

Floating, wafting
jittering through the air
juddering with each invisible push
Gently, gently close your hand
around the Milkweed's seed

Make a wish
and puff it back
into the air

~~

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