

My Mother's Time



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*My mother and my son, two sides of my life.
Might as well say that's me with the big grin.*

In my mother's time, I was young. I likely never got much older than when I wrote my first poems, probably 13, let's say 13. So there I stayed, in my mother's eyes, old enough to take care of myself, young enough to need her advice.

She worried about me through high school and on into University, and I suppose my writings didn't reassure her. My sister once told me that she worried I didn't have any girlfriends. I told her about my adventures for a while, and one day she said "You don't really have to tell me all the gruesome details".

And yet here they are, the gruesome young poems of a teenage boy. She left me a sheaf of typed poems and the list from which she made her selection.

Nothing was ever done about this book, because I didn't care, the past is the past, these poems were done. Now, long after her death and my own sneaking up, I am finally getting around to thanking my mother for the work she put into this by finishing it.

Here is my mother's time, a time of youth, emotion and fantasy.

Kim Taylor
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Many Miles Away

Bomb

There's a bomb in her locker
A bomb in the school
A letter in her locker
Because I feel the fool

I cannot tell her face to face
Just what I feel for her
The only way she'll ever know
Is through that note to her

I sweat to even think of her
The fear is just that great
I hope my children's children cannot
feel this fear tonight

Rejection is a sad thing, yes
But naught to fret about
It's just that that emotional bomb
Is something that I sweat about

-7

Longing

I wish you felt
the happiness
that I know

when I see you

Our world is too small
for you to ignore
what I feel for you

You must accept
you cannot refuse

this fact

I'm sorry

it's true

-9

I'm Tired and Thinking of Janet

Thoughts are drifting through my head
I know they are there, I can feel them
They gently float through my mind of lead
Until softly, they bump against you

What thoughts they may be are strange to me
For my thoughts of you keep them out
You rise through the mists of my weary young mind
A beautiful wall that I tout

Dec 25, 1973

-11

Tied

I'm tied up again
Don't know how or why or even when
I want to be free
I want no strings attached to me

I think affection should be loose
A rope is better without a noose
Love should be an endless line
And not a clumsy clinging vine

It started out as something good
Everything I hoped it would
But shit it up and turned
It ties the greatest knots I've learned

-13

Elixer

My love's in one big bottle
 of deepest colour blue
May I give that Big Blue Bottle
 to one who's just like you

-15

Do I

Do I love you, I don't know
All I know is I can't go
You have my soul and now I'm through
With seeing anything but you

I am your serf, as sure as joy
Would be destroyed like a china toy
If we left each other's grace
I am the shirt; you are the lace

-17

Decline

I see you less and less around
Do we start to go to ground
We used to run as hare and hound
But now the hare can hear no sound
He cannot find his friend the hound

-19

Parting

I hate to think upon that day
When you and I took separate ways
We told ourselves it was okay
The best of friends we'd always stay
But in our hearts we knew we'd pay

-21

Why Turn

Why regard me with cat-like eyes
Am I something to despise
Am I a demon from the skies
Come to taunt you with my lies

Every time I see you now
Your attitude turns cold somehow
You turn from me, refuse to see
The love that once was within thee

-23

Love Gained Reality Lost

I kissed the girl
And I love the woman
For a time that was short
So terribly short
I walked with the girl
I talked with the girl
I lost the girl

In the time that is long
The boy has grown
The girl he had known
Was a woman full grown
And I love the woman

-25

Janice

Seen without sight
Heard without sound
 Janice

You are seen
 and yet not
For you are deeper than sight
Your voice must be felt
 upon the wind

Your skin is the velvet
 of clouds
Upon my tongue is your taste
 of waves

Felt without touch
Savoured without taste
 Janice

-27

Sheila

As I lie here
Absorbed in my thoughts
Watching you
Absorbed in yours
My eyes
Describe lazy circles
Around your face
And watch your back
Moving with the rhythm
Of your breath
In time with the waves

-29

I Am Done.... I Am Undone

I'm through with you all
You bring nothing but pain
And the next time you call
You'll not see me again

Ah but their eyes when they're shining so bright
Dispel all the whys and consume the whole night
Their lips are so soft and their hair is so smooth

They capture my love; they let my soul move

No I'm through with you all
You'll not see me again
Just a thought to recall
Will be all that remains

Yes I'm done with you all, every last one
Remember the days, remember the fun
You are out of my life, don't need you at all
But if you are gone then a part of me falls

-31

Couples

I like to watch a couple
Walk hand in hand
Along the beach
I like it when they're out of step
and almost out of reach

And when they talk
all I can hear
Are waves, and wind, and sand

It all sounds silly
I'm very sure
But the part that I like best
Is when they're walking
Hand in hand
Into the sunset west

-33

July 15/75

It is too much
Almost
Too much to bear

A hot day
Cool breeze
Girls fair
Time of ease

Grass smells and bush
Announced by cicada
Pigeons and ants
Broken by her foul cigarette

-35

To a Nancy

I met your eye as a stranger
Upon a stranger's beach
But then you smiled, I talked to you
As only friends could speak

-37

For a Nancy

Nancy is a name that I
can use to get a natural high
I only have to breath it: sigh
And all the warmth is here, is mine

-39

To a Special Lady of the Soul

From a depressive slip
You save me
You compliment my mind
By reading my poems
Bad as they are
And personal to the point
That you must be embarrassed

Just to listen to you
Does wonders for me
You know me, my pride
Without knowing me
You build me up
When you can't now I have need

To have you here
Reading by my bed
Creates a tension
That I have lack and need of
You benefit my soul
By a presence I can feel
A presence that touches
A special part of me

1975

-41

We Three

If you were me
And I were thee
And we were three

Then you might be
What I should be
When we are three

-43

Blue J

How I long to tell you
How I long to hold you
How I long to love you
I wish I could be with you
And speak the words I want to
And know you'll still be there

I want to touch your hand
I want to help you stand
I want to need your hand
And need your help to stand
I long to ask your hand
And know you'll hold it out

-45

A Year Ago

Bad dreams
And crying machines
Is that all we were
In the most ancient of days
A year ago

As I turn out the thought
Late at night
Sitting up alone
With bread and Jam
I think of you and wonder

-47

J. C.

Jacqueline, Jackie, J.C.
Thou needest none to free thee
Nor anyone to key thee
Computers will obey thee

Jacqueline, Jackie, J.C.
I'll say that you intrigue me
But never that you need me
Or never that I feed thee

1975

-49

Vanishing Points

The Word

The word
is hurled
The word
will gird
the world

-52

The Lady and the Whore

Two sisters they are, both passing fair
Both wondrous in form, both blond of hair
They are renowned throughout the land
And many a man calls for their hand
They are alike, yet this is lore
They will be known as Lady and Whore

How can this be, they are so like
And yet as like as day to night
One's looks are pure and virginal
While one is raw and sensual
They are endless marvel to behold
These two the lady and the whore

-54

Boxed

Achieve for me
But
Don't buck the lineage
But
If you don't you can't

-56

Breaking Out

What do you do
When you don't know why
You feel alone
And don't want to try
To make them friends

How do you stop
And look at the world outside
Instead of yourself
Peek out from where you hide
Risk seeing a light

-58

I Try to Read a Book

I try to read a book
And split the pages
Not hitting the print at all

-60

I Will Do as I Wish

To hell with you all
To hell with your comments
If it gives me pleasure to sing
though off key
If it gives me pleasure to dance
though out of step
If I wish to write my poetry
though you criticize
If I wish to photograph a druggist's eyelash
though you think me insane
I will do it, and if it warrants
I will enjoy it – for although
I don't know who I am
I know I don't have to be someone I am not
Someone you think I am

Nov 15, 1973

-62

This Life

This life is a constant illusion
Who knows what is true and what's not
The mind is a careful confusion
In order, disorder is sought

-64

Winter Drifts

Summer Drifts

Enemies 1969-1970

I descend
The depths surround me
I am alone
The darkness engulfs me
I see colours of amber, gold, green
Coral waves silently beside me now
There is a huge, dark shape
Hovering beneath me
It is closer
Much, much closer
I recognize the shape
My enemy
He comes toward me
Writhing, swaying
Slowly I back away
He follows
I am against a reef
He follows
I ascend
He follows
I reach a cave
He follows
I enter
He follows
It ends there
For both

What ye shall sow

What ye shall sow
So shall ye reap
Non returnable
New disposable

-70

Touch the Hardness Here

Touch the hardness here
of the rain that falls to earth
hear it hit the leaf

-72

August 10, 1973

Black clouds on a black sky
The Night reigns, day is not yet born
Suddenly, a solitary drop of blood appears
and spreads through the clouds
Being soaked in and rejected
The wound reddens
More holes in the blackness appear
And they spread
And join
Finally they fade, night dies
And day is born

-74

Sailor

The sea is green and awful mean
Said Sailor to his friend Miss Jean
I could tell you stories that would seem
To be no more than a fool's pipe dream

I've seen tall ships disappear like tips
Of asparagus through wet sea lips
The sea has but to shake her hip
And every yard of sail will rip

The sea can lay a man to rest
Or see him at his very best
A sailor returns in a pine-wood chest
Or with fair riches to native nest

-76

Sailboat Sold to Carl

There never will another be
A ship like ours upon the sea
With hull of pine and mast of oak
We're not quite sure that it will float

-78

The Gull

A form in the sky
A thing of grace
Beauty up high
His freedom embrace

For he is not bound
Like you or like me
To walk on the ground
Of earth he is free

His body like snow
His wings tipped with black
He dives very low
A fish to attack

The sky is his world
The Port is his home
The waves as they curled
Have ne'er seen him roam

Dec 18, 1971

-80

Encounter

There, a movement in the brush
A child of the woods, a fawn
Separated from its sire
Wanders, alone, hungry, naive

The hairs cross over the chest
An explosion
The babe looks up, its eyes searching
Crying out as it falls

-82

Thought

The words
don't fit
the
tune

The notes don't
fit
the line

The song
doesn't
fit my
feelings

My feelings
do
not
fit
me

The Silver Spirit of the North

July 5, 1974

All day the spirit gathered strength
All day she gathered the light
The sky she drained of the lighter hues
The sun himself did yield to the might

All day the spirit collected
And all day she saved
She turned power lines to spider's threads
And the roads with silver she paved

And then in the night the spirit rose
Calling forth the the powers of the air
From the west, the east, and the north it came
And rose along her hair

The waves of light travelled swaying paths
Her hair blew in the wind of the moon
Ever upward it surged and curved
Until absorbed by her

Came the time and the birds of the night
The bats, were stopped in their flight
And the bullfrogs uttered a throbbing fanfare
And the great silver spirit appeared

First as a head without form
Then as a great winged bird
And always the light flowed toward her
And always she held my sight

She was gone, but the power remained
My body rooted the earth
My soul enjoined with the air
And flew with the silver spirit

It flew with the wind of the moon
It flew with the waves of light
Flew 'til the spirit returned the bonds
Until she returned to my prison my life

She flew to the east as I turned
But I could not go, I was held
Transfixed still, by her power and light
'Til the birds of the night gave me leave

-86

Trees and Friends

When I was young
A tender age
I saw a young tree grow
It was tiny it seemed
Just an inch of green
Amidst its grassy friends
It may have been small
But never alone
With clover and lichen around
And other trees too
Were in company
With the little tree I found

When I was old
But tender still
I saw an old tree grow
It may have been large
But nobody knew
As it grew by itself all alone
It had grown too old
For its lichen friends
And the clover, and young trees
Were gone

-88

Awake Yet

Awake yet
An hour so far
Dear god I'm lonely
Car lights on the wall
Move left to right
and stop
stay
with all my will
please stay, let me feel
that you're with me

Lights move right to left
God I'm lonely

-90

Sem 1. (1975)

And so what if I never go back
I'm not going to stop learning
It's no skin off my knee
What people say, less what they think
Disjointed illusions becoming delusions
Rock solid sanity under wet moss
Peasant under curved glass
It isn't not worth it
If I say it is
Who made me boss anyway

-92

To My Great Great Grandkid

My sorrowful verse was therapy
it's writing was my diary
A part of my philosophy

Whenever thoughts were strange, you see
I dug them out with poetry
And thus, they were explained to me

The cost is very small, it's free
Far less than any doctor's fee
Yet it's worth was very great to me

When I've passed into eternity
I hope it will remain for thee
Because it holds, a bit, of me

Dec 24, 1973

-94

Fractured Concrete

Statuette

Ah, my little statuette
Thinking on what food you 'et?
You hold by day your laurel wreath
And then at night you bare your teeth

I haven't caught you at it yet
But just you wait, I'll see you pet
You'll look at me and think of sleep
And climb on down from off your keep

I'll follow you, see where you go
To get your fill of milk and dough
And then I'll know the secret, pet
Of how to be a statuette

-98

Serpent

The serpent is here
amongst our midst
within the sight
to bring the blight
You must feel the might
resistance is made
courage is weighed
at last life is spayed

-100

The Serpent Strikes

The serpent takes his breath of flame
 Ignites the world above
He uses tools of red and mauve
 To strike, he has no love

-102

Feel the Earth Tremble

feel the earth tremble
as the dragon walks alone
taste the people's fear

see his breath of flame
lighting yet another night
as he wanders on

-104

The Monster

The monster sits a thousand feet
Above the world, above the heat
Waiting on the demons there
He clips their nails, he cuts their hair

He waits upon them hand and foot
Cries his tears, they're black as soot
He longs for life that once he knew
He waits upon the day he's through

His world is filled with quiet despair
And no one ever seems to care
That once he was a human there
Upon the world beneath the stair

-106

My Lady and the Gorm

My lady
Is of the purest form
Far beyond accepted norm
A touch of your hand to keep me warm
While I conquer for you, the hated Gorm

My lady
Is of the sweetest face
Honey eyes confirm my case
A touch of your lips to give me base
For the battle I'll fight with the Gorm and his race

My lady
Is at the heart of me
Soul without her is not free
A touch of your love I seek from thee
For I'm afraid that the Gorm will be me

-108

Vickey V.

Thoughts snake out
 like the branches of the deadly vine
As he searches for his foe
They seek one who is far away
 upon a mountain
 ringed with fire
Thoughts streak upwards
 until they touch the foe
And they vanish
 leaving less than before

-110

September 17, 1975 I

I see through his eyes
Or perhaps he sees

Three girls
Walking
On the lawn that rolls
And slides down
From the residence
Painted on the unfinished background
Of grey and pink
Intersecting and juxtaposing
Ignorant of perspective
They assume sizes
And positions an artist would ignore

-112

September 17, 1975 II

This man
In my body
Has a great strength,
He can defeat witches
With a glance,
Light the faces of virgins
With a smile,
Humiliate all asses
With a remark.
No one can reach him,
Or me behind; chuckling.

He just felt my panic
As I realized the source
Of his power.
I saw by his eyes
And his mind,
For a terrible moment
They all look different outside,
But inside
There is an anonymous person
All of them
Every one of them
Are the same person

Oh god
I can't think about it.

-114

Irene in Peking

Peking is far away
Irene came out to play
 The world is not as it should seem.

The world is blue today
Peking is far away
 I have a kettle making steam.

If life is nothing, it's a dream
And sanity a rotting beam
 Peking is far away
 I won't end it all today
 Peking is far away.

-116

New Friends with Hints

I sit

I talk

A wave of nausea runs through me

And I want to run

Get away from the people about me

One touches me

And my skin crawls away from her finger

Sweat sticks my shirt to my back

As I hold it in

And talk

-118

Isn't it

Isn't it horrid children,
All pocked and filled with rocks.
Like broken trees stripped of branches
Only black trunks.
Trenches filled with oily slime
Milky white and sticking
And there a swelling on the surface
Filled with green abomination
Quivering to the touch.

Isn't your father's face horrid.

-120

Microcosm in a Cement Garden

Man creates a neat little wall
Hems in the flowers
Pens up the shrubs
And thinks “What a nice, controlled, place I have here.”

Birds drop shit on man’s garden
And weeds grow from undigested seeds
Rain soils his walls
And afterward, mushrooms grow
A hummingbird dies to be eaten by
A mole living under fallen leaves
Ants tunnel, crickets hop and spiders spin
Worms creep and the flowers grow as they will

Man looks at the wall, the shrubs and flowers
And says “What a nice, controlled, place I have here.”

-122

I Ate Breakfast With a Half Empty

I ate breakfast with a half empty
Beer case this morning
It looked lonely and a little hungry
So I gave it a piece of bacon and
It said thank you in that peculiar
Manner that half-empty beer cases have
In the mornings.

-124

I Just Changed My Mind

I'm half way between the fifth and sixth floors
Which is sad because
I just changed my mind.

-126

I Know

I know you think I'm silly
But I'm all cleaned up in case
she comes back

I even brushed my hair.

-128

Let's Make a Picnic of the Past

Let's drive with the windows rolled down
From early morning
Until late at night
We'll be far away from our feelings
And far from our thoughts
Then we can lie down together
On a cemetery lawn
In symbolic celebration of now.

-130



My mother and my daughter