

Ono Kaze

Axe Wind



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You can hear the movement of the sword, the Japanese call it tachi kaze, but to hear the passage of the axe, you will have to put your ear very close. Being close is a dangerous place, you can get hurt.

Kim Taylor, September 2020

Ono Kaze

Trying to cut the wind
with an axe
I asked you what you wanted
Trying to split a stream
with a pebble
I asked you how you felt
~~

Black Spruce

Waiting in line at Starbucks
the smell of softwood chips
(they are landscaping)
takes me back to Northern Alberta
and the sawmill
that took Black Spruce
long, skinny, ugly trees
and turned them into 2X4s
I worked there for a summer
glad I didn't have to work
the oil rigs

~~

Proud Dog

That, is a proud dog
head up, tail too, strutting by
on his lead at just the right tension
We won't mention the drool
that just fell from his mouth

~~

The Payphone

I would drink in the bar
with the boys
after Aikido practice
while she stayed home
working on her PhD

When the bar closed
I would use the payphone
in the hall to call her
and she would collect me
I still remember the pattern
of those numbers
Mostly because I still have that number

It was hers, but when she left
she left it with me
I suspect she changed the paperwork for me
because I started to get the bills
She took care of me
When she was packing her things
I whined "but the pots..."
and she left them

She worked hard
She dragged my ass
back from the bar
to no thanks from me
(I figured I deserved it)

She cooked for me
and ran the house
She paid the bills

And me?
A stupid boy
feeling sorry for himself
selfish
Jealous of her ability
angry all the time
Too stupid to know what I had

She left confused and hurt
still taking care of me
and I was too stupid to understand
why I drove her away

Or perhaps I knew what I had
I was with her
for many years
as she moved ahead
and I remained frozen
going nowhere

Perhaps it was just
that I could not see
past me, to us

~~

Too Stupid for Clever Poetry

I am too stupid
for clever poetry
or too lazy
Write me a story,
one I can run my eyes over
without reaching for a dictionary
a biography
or an encyclopedia

Write me something
I don't
have to
read four times

to catch the thought

Let it flow instead
Let it be clear
Let me feel it
I spend enough time thinking
~~

Consider the Sheep

Poets
tend to be
social justice types
The mid-century poets
had great hopes
for Russia
and it hurt
you can see it hurt
when the revolution turned
into just another example
that eternal story
of strong man and sheep

We blame the strong man
We blame the saviour
who turns out to be
just another strong man

Should we not
consider the sheep?

~~

The Unveiling

Driving past
the new Marks Work Warehouse
a couple exits
She was first
to remove her mask
and I watched while
her face was revealed
before turning back
to my driving

~~

The Great Dying

We come now
to the great dying
The nights are growing cold
and the rotted fruit
is making the yellow-jackets drunk
one last fling
before they fall, frozen
~~

Eventually

Eventually
you reach the age
when your friends begin to die
What can prevent this?

One thing
find young friends
You don't want
to hang out
with those old dodderers,
listening to their complaints
~~

Not Ghosts Then

I woke this morning
to creaks, squeaks and groans
Liam, up early
Wrestling with his imaginary friend
newly stuffed with old sheets
~~

Manic Christmas Tree

Fire truck
like a manic
Christmas tree
Swings around the corner
and down the street
in front of me
Howling
~~

Po-Mo Poetry

Po-Mo poetry abounds
and the publisher?
Social media
You don't think so?
Poets take the language
squeeze and twist
invent, dement
and leave it
clothing ripped, torn
by the side of the road
to be discovered
by such as we
You see?

~~

What Shall I Do With My Life

What shall I do with my life

You ask me? At the end of my life

You have done so much

I have done exactly as much as I have done,
no more than a life's worth

But what should I do with my life

Live it, that's all
you think there is something
for you to do? Then do it
But otherwise, live your life
as you live it

But what meaning is there

None

Surely there are books

Of course there are books
but who writes books?
Shall I tell you
what every old man
tells every young man
who asks these questions?

Live your life as it comes
and along the way
Be kind
It doesn't sound like much
does it?
But read your books
and they all come to the same thing
be kind
You search for a meaning to life
and you think that will settle
your questions
We all searched
Some thought they found meaning
and wrote books
The rest of us found nothing
and settled for being kind
Listen to an old man
or not
It remains your life
~~
-For Liam

Old Man's Bladder

It's so unfair
I just get started
on a great idea
and I have to stop to pee

~~



I can't believe that, I can't believe that
I can't believe that, I can't believe that
I can't believe that, I can't believe that
I can't believe that, I can't believe that
I can't believe that, I can't believe that
I can't believe that, I can't believe that
I can't believe that, I can't believe that
Those people are crazy
Somebody should do something

~~

Hello

I'm thinking of you now
Wondering where you are
Wondering if you are sitting
quiet on the couch
like you often were
when I came home

I still have that couch
long past should
closer to must

Are you happy
Damn I hope you're happy
You were looking so hard
for something
I hope you found it

As for me
I'm mostly the same
not as angry, not searching
for whatever it was
I was looking for
Long past should
Pretty close to must

Damn I hope you're happy
~~



The Way You Looked At Me

The way you looked at me
your eyes calm
clouds in a blue sky
The quiet of a deep wood
a bamboo forest
Quiet not for lack of noise
but the constant rustle
of leaves

Those eyes told me
you were thinking again
"Another week with him,
is it worth it?"

That single line
on your forehead
smoothing

I was good for another week
Seven days to try
to get it right
~~

Ghost Freighters

The freighters would drift
into the harbour
and tie up
with massive wire cables

Tall as apartment buildings
and getting taller
they would unload all night
Black coal shining in the lights
that made noon of 3am
You could hear the piles build
Sounding like rain
on a felted metal roof
You could hear it anywhere
in the village, smell it too

When the last of it fell
the silence would wake us
And in the morning
if you looked to the lake
you could catch the boat
out there on the horizon

~~

Taking Sides

It seems
one can be a confessional poet
or a social poet
Fine, I can confess
to things I've done
and things I haven't
But to be a social poet
I am at a loss
"Be kind" seems to cover it

I'm not a reporter
gone to refugee camps
Not a photographer
in the modern slave factories

If I want the usual
social commentary
the usual notation
of evil deeds
I need look no further
than my "social network feed"
There I will find thousands
writing from both sides
of everything

Every one of them
on the side of good
against evil

~~

When Deckard Meets Rachel

The light
was stupidly beautiful
when I met you
Afternoon sun
coming through windows
beautiful
Real Tyrell Corp office stuff
when Deckard meets Rachel

And you, backlit
your hair that halo
that invented angels
Your face stupidly beautiful
The sort of beauty
that made me stupid
~~

I Must Have a Death Wish

I must have a death wish
I forgot my evening meds
the pills for everything
and I forgot the two horse pills
that soak up all the testosterone
that the injection misses
And I have no clue
when I'm supposed to go
for the next injection
I seem to have forgotten
to make the appointment
It's definitely overdue

Or maybe don't bet your life
on Google Calendar
I don't know,
this stuff depresses me
Can't one of these companies
use all that personal data
to remind me of the things
I must do, to stay alive
instead of trying to sell me things
I bought last week
~~

Confession

What the hell is confession
Isn't it saying something
you don't want to say
Or admitting to something
you regret

Is it confessional
to tell people a story
you've told a hundred times
about the time you did something
you don't regret at all

~~

All the Admiring Coeds

They teach poetry
in University you know
I don't know how
but I'm sure
I would like to teach it

I can see all the admiring coeds
looking at me, chins on hands
just waiting their chance
to grab some life experience
Just add your name to the list dear

~~

Something Not Ordinary There

With all the distancing
and masking
I can't remember
that last time I had a cold
and that means
I can't remember
the last time
there was something interesting
up my nose

~~

An Idea-Nook

I have a little nook
beside the back door
where I sit and write
I've also got a space heater
and a pair of Electrohome speakers
from the '60s
along with a bluetooth amp
to drive them

I sit and look at my tools
while I write
Not a magazine-level nook
more the idea of a nook
~~

You Watch Me Type?

Look how the nubs
are weaker than the keys
That's weird

No, she said
you rub your fingers
on the keys
when you're thinking

~~

Grumpy O'Clock

Early mornings
weren't good for her
I would wake her up
for work at grumpy o'clock
and retreat

I could tell
when she woke up
I would turn from the stove
and she would launch herself
into my arms
Good morning sweetie

~~



The Worst

Your poems make me sad
so I don't read them
But some are about you
I said

Those are the worst
~~

Why is She Here

Why is she here?
I have been asking that
all my life
Why would anyone
want to be with me?
Followed inevitably
by "why is she gone?"

Some attractive quality
perhaps
and some urge
to screw it up?

When I build a shed
there always seems to be
some sort of flaw

~~

Half-Opened Door

Taking ten minutes
to block and delete
the spam numbers
from my phone, I thought
"This used to be
a lot more difficult"

That crazy ex
had your number
and knew where you lived
A not-answering machine
would help with the calls
but only a new school year
and a new apartment
would stop the midnight visits
and the discussions
through a half-opened door

~~

I Can't Think of a Last line

What do you do
with those flashes
of an old love
that you see
in your new love

Look, she has the same nose
did that attract me to her
before I realized it

The way she puts up her hair,
do all women twist it like that
and the tilt of her head

She doesn't like cinnamon
and she has cream
in her coffee

Who do I talk to about this
Not the old love
or the new
Just close my eyes and say

~~

The New Normal

In my usual spot
parked outside Starbucks
the grass half dead in rolls
where it was laid last spring
is covered
with those clear plastic cups
for the fancy coffee
and blue surgical masks

~~

I'm Sorry

I'm sorry
you were so good
to loan me your new car
and I've just farted
on the seat
I'll drive home
with the windows open
I hope it doesn't smell
like an old man

~~

I Should Run Again

I should run again
so I could chase
that gazelle
her ponytail flouncing
side to side as she goes

Who am I kidding
I'll never chase again

~~

As If

My son
I don't have much wisdom
or many answers
but perhaps this may help

Live your life
as if you will live forever
debt comes at compound interest
Drive your car
as if you don't have the acceleration
of a rocket
and drive your car
as if nobody else knows how

Let others decide and do things
as if they don't know you
and aren't trying to make you angry
Treat each girlfriend
as if she's the only woman
you'll ever have
Treat strangers
as if they deserve courtesy
and your family as if
they are strangers

Treat the world
as if it's not a garbage tip
as if your children might live there
Treat what money you earn
as if it's useful
and not a way of keeping score

Treat your tools
as if they will last
and they will last
Treat all men
as if they are your brothers
even the one who wrecked your toys

And maybe treat your old man
as if he deserves some respect
even if he doesn't

~~

The Edges of Things

My brother stood
on the other side of the ditch
in the sunshine
and said "look
it's not raining over here"
My dog and I
stayed in the rain
because there is a terrible
symmetry to these things
If one is dry
one must be wet

At our feet
the stones of the path
were filled with fossils
Strange creatures
as old as the rocks
that moved over each other
as we trod on them

At seven
the world is a magical place
our small town
as wondrous and as dangerous
as any elvish land
entered by mistake
through standing stones

That balance was important
Anchors are important
when on the edges of things

~~

In Our Back Kitchen

In our back kitchen
there was a well
under the floorboards
You could see it
if the sun was right
and you lay down
and put your eye
to the cracks

There was a man
whose face you could only see
when you looked down
at the water
from a certain crack
at a certain time of the day

~~

How Do I Describe You

How do I describe you
You, who defy descriptions
No category exists
where I can place you
And I'm damned
if I'm going to invent one

Birds
birds are symbolic
I should compare you
to a bird
but I don't know
what birds mean
~~

Post Beat Poet

Post Beat Poet
is that what I am?
Or Post Post Beat?

The publishers
all owned now by venture capital
expected to maximize shareholder return
The Post Beats
had to self-publish Zines
and short run books

But now
in the WWW world
when an e-book
takes 30 seconds to render
are we Post Post?

Every human
with a connection
(wire, not Old School Tie)
is a publisher
Write your books
publish them on your website
and be damned
with the corporate press

Oh vanity you say, that's just vanity
It only counts
if someone else picks you
Like some playground game?

I see, it's about those 15 minutes
Not about what you have to say
It's about keeping score
by that friend count
Best post another meme
spend another minute
send another friend request

Is that the Post Post Post Beat
generation?

~~

Sometimes I Would Pretend To Sleep

Sometimes I would pretend to sleep
just to watch you
walk around the apartment
naked and unconcerned
When you thought I was awake
you would tighten up
self conscious, on display

As if what I thought of your body mattered
It never did, but I liked it better
when you moved like you were alone
I especially liked it
when you would scratch your ass
~~

Why is the Sea a Woman

Why is the sea a woman?
is it because water is soft
Look up now, look at the men
with their big soft bellies

You were never water
you were the iceberg
that rips the boat apart
the glacier
that gouges the mountainside

It was me, I was the one
who flowed around you
who adapted to your nooks
your crannies
and made the surface smooth
always the appearance of calm

~~

Bad Pet

Like a half-tame cat
a needy dog
I could never leave you alone
You would rip the place up
going wild until I came home
~~

Evil Genius

After a while
it was just easier to apologize
the moment something went wrong
It was never your fault
somehow
it always came back to me

I was fine with that
but I always made you prove
how it was my fault
Often the logic was awesome
chains of consequence
going back years

Hard to believe
what a far-planning
evil genius I was

~~

You Told Me of Your Dream

You told me of your dream
It was horrifying
hard to imagine you could imagine
that much damage, that pain
I began to suspect
it wasn't a dream

~~



Strong for the Family

(don't write this)

There are two poems
sitting in my head
cluttering up the place
getting in the way
toe-stubbers, night-time-trippers
So out they come

I

I am so very sick
of waiting to die
of being retired
of time on my hands
of being given jobs
like the dishes
doing the cooking
here's some cleaning
some minor repairs
thrown-out things
that need to go to the dump

Everyone else is busy
jobs to do
You're just waiting to die
make yourself useful
and sort the recycling

II

This is my day:

Get up, eat breakfast, take pills

Wake up Pam

Drive Brenda to work

Go to Starbucks, drink coffee
and write until my bladder hurts

See if Pam wants breakfast

Do the dishes

Check the email

Type the poems

Lie in the sauna to reshape my neck

Make dinner for Pam (what do you want), take a pill

Sometimes switch those two around

Think about exercising

Nap instead (tired or depressed)

Make coffee for Brenda if awake in time

if not, get up and drink the coffee Brenda makes

Make supper (what do you want) take pills

Teach a class or two on Zoom

Take pills

Have another sauna

Read a bit

Go to bed

Repeat until dead

~~

Consume

The government gave you money
a top-up for your boss
or just cash for your confinement
So consume
"The largest part of our economy
is consumer spending"
Consume

We honestly have no other model
than growth and consumption
to put it simply
if you don't buy stuff
The money doesn't
trickle up
~~

Lonely

Lonely
is the problem
This century,
says the author on TV this morning,
is the century of loneliness
The internet makes us lonely
(being able to connect to everyone
everywhere)
Cities make us lonely
(crowds of people surrounding us)
The greatest number
of people that ever lived
is making us lonely

I am somehow unconvinced
The desire to be left alone
is loneliness?

~~

Made It

I should have started earlier
but after a walk
that was almost a run
(I ran across streets)
The nurse said
"I'll take you right in"
and the doctor said
"well you made it"
and gave me my shot
"See you in four months"

I walked home much more slowly
and thought "four more months"
~~

For My Olive Skinned Girl

My olive skinned girl
with your firm breasts
small and dark,
the nipples almost black
When you smiled to see me
your eyes sparkled
I know that cliché
but how else
to describe eyes like a cold
summer stream in the sun

You came to me too early
my first year of college
Who knows, who thinks
that the one you meet first
might be the one

Not the stupid boy
who let you go
Not the stupid boy
who never asked
about the scar on your chin

~~



45 Years

Fresh out of high school
1975, I arrived in Guelph
Somehow I stayed

Friends and lovers
came and went
People with things to do
and places to go
Somehow I stayed

Nobody asked me to go
when they went
I asked nobody to stay
when they went
Somehow I stayed

So much of my life
in this town
but somewhere, deep down
I'm waiting for my time
to leave
Somehow I stay

~~

She was Always Gone

We would spend most of the night fucking
(You have stamina in your 20s)
and between time
I would run my finger
over her back
making patterns in the sweat
I thought I'd never forget
the gentle curve of her ass
or the dimples just above

We would fuck most of the night
and at some point toward morning
I would fall asleep
In the morning
she was always gone

~~

First Cold Evening

First cold evening
and I see
That I have chased you
across the bed

~~

Coyote Howls

Coyote howls in the bush
the cottagers want to shoot them
lest they eat their little pets
who have every right
to wander around in the bush

They do
They have the right to wander
like every other animal
in the bush
And they have the right
to be eaten
to be lost
The right to be stupid

Coyote has no rights
he isn't a pet
taught that food appears
and humans protect

Coyote has no rights
when hungry, hunt
when lonely, howl
~~

Sit, breathe

Your outward breath
is the howling vortex
at the centre of the sea
that drives boats to the bottom
It is the crash
of all Napoleon's cannon
outside Moscow

Your inspiration
is the beginning of the world
When the universe paused
just before the expansion
of everything

Nonsense

Stop your lies, your delusion
breathe in, breathe out
The alternative
will still your thoughts
if you cannot do it yourself

~~



The Purpose of the Cottage

What... is the purpose of the cottage

Pam knows

The cottage is long mornings

in bed and afternoon naps

In between the cottage is

crochet needle and Dad's afghan

The cottage is afternoons

of gaming

and evenings of beer, cider and gin

with friends

That is the purpose of her cottage

~~

Where Did The Frogs Go

The ponds
(rain puddles, really)
beside the lane have dried up
Last time I was here
there were Leopard Frogs
jumping into the water
and one, just floating
hanging on to a weed
because he had
only one back leg
~~

I Can't Place You

Somehow
you don't match
the you in my head
it's not like there's
a different image inside
More like there's a you-shaped space
a part of me that you fit
But when I look at you
with my eyes
it's almost as if
I can't place you
like I'm seeing you
for the very first time
~~

The Residue of my Life

Looking around this cabin
I see the residue of my life
The demon box
from my stepfather
My grandmother's cabinet
with my mother's slippers on top

A lamp, a desk from when Nate
was writing his thesis
Three photographs of mine
(the rest stolen)
and three framed embroidered
Mexican scenes
cut from my mother's apron

Cedar chests made by my grandfather
and a cherry dresser
so proudly bought by me
the first non-hand-me-down
I owned, from an antique shop
of course

All these things
each with a story
but not the same story
my children will have
To them it will all be
“My old man's stuff”
To be sorted into piles
keep, donate, trash
and what they keep
will become part of the residue
of their lives

~~

The Bar

I miss
sitting at the bar
a beer in front of me
my notebook
and strangers
Nothing to do
but think, write, and drink
~~

To My Nurse

You never had children
Probably won't
Let me be your child
angry, petulant,
maniacally unbalanced joy
No filters (left)
Just an accumulation
of urges and needs
Going the opposite developmental direction
from a child
but I promise
mostly the same

~~



What I Have Left

I took photos of her
and while she was drifting away
she asked my friend
who didn't approve
of the way I treated her
to get her the negatives

He didn't find the contact sheets
so I still have her nude image
36mm by 24mm

~~

I Found A Book Of Death Poems

I found a book of death poems
from Japanese monks and poets
Perfect, I thought
and read a few
then a few more
Furious, then disgusted
I put it down

Imagine
a whole lifetime
and as you die
you write
what lifetimes of poets
wrote before you
Toeing the line
even in death

Now, secretly
I hope that book
was collected with the standards
in mind
I hope there are hundreds of poems
from old men
who refused to fit the mould
~~

Face blind

What is it?
Fifteen years now
that you have been with me
and yet
every time I look at you
it's like I've known you
for two days

~~

I Will Remember

When I heard my knee pop
I sat seiza for a while
knowing I might never again
(I never did)

When I left my mother's house
for the last time
I looked around
Hard
thinking "I will remember"

Remember what?
An empty house?
That was not my mother
Now that I see my own death
coming like a wrecked knee
(who knows when, but it will)
I look hard at everything
because it might be the last time

To what purpose?
To remember?
Memories cease with death

My mother's house
is in my memory now
I am there, I am 15
my knee is my knee
when I sat seiza at 25

And I should have looked hard
all my life, at my life

~~

Some Days

Some days
are better than others
Sometimes I get depressed
and I think of the hair
lost to my chest, to my back
and I think of the muscle
so much lost
a struggle to keep
what I have

And other days
when I remember
not to look at the mirror
I'm still young, strong, fast
and immortal

~~

The Ratty Gardens Of Autumn

The ratty gardens of Autumn
greet me as I walk
fugitive blooms
and brown leaves
hanging on
fearing the frost
that will kill them
and the snow
that will bury them

Girls pass by
puffy winter coats
and leggings
not quite time
for the jeans
Hands in pockets
rather than mitts
Sandals swapped for Blundstones
and skimpy tops entombed
in the plastic bin
under the bed

~~

Wicked of Me

Is it wicked of me
to wish for the old days
when the gay girls
would pick a guy
and bed him together

"let's give him a girly show
that will make his pecker
stand up"

~~

Sporty Girl

Sporty girl
pulls in with a kayak
on her roof rack

No surrender
to the end of the season
as she walks by in shorts
to collect her coffee

On the way
to whatever paddling
is left in the year

~~



You Lied to Me

You lied to me
and I lied to you
and we lied to each other
and we lied to ourselves
and it was all right

It took me many years
to learn to lie
I'm still not good at it
but I try
I finally learned
what keeps a couple together

~~

The Delicious Knowing

The delicious knowing
that there is a woman
in your shower

~~

The Media Sets the Tone

The right wing fellow
says even though
they didn't win
they picked up votes
"That means some on the left
voted for us"

Oh good, the same speech
you hear from the football coach
"we showed improvement
over the other team"
And the faithful, the fans
die-hards all
are content to say
"next time"

Politics, I say
is not a game
and voters not fans
Where is the consideration
of policy, ideas, persuasion
Where is the awareness
that the voters didn't vote
for your platform

This is what comes
of letting sports reporters
cover elections

~~

The Kids are Back

The kids are back in school
the couples driving around
Young faces
so very young
Were they virgins
when they met
Certainly not now
Unlined faces
smiling and chatting
starting out on the great adventure

One thing changed
since I was there
is money
The poor seem no longer
to be with us
Where we would scrape
for the price of a coffee
These kids shop
for a new wardrobe

I had help
from governments that had no jobs
for us, University as warehousing
Today, University is for those
who can afford it.
Still, the kids don't know that
they are just happy
to have found someone
to wake up beside

~~

Think About Sex

I don't want
to think of politics
as sport
I want to think
about sex
The black and white
of left and right
and the gender wars
the fungal spores
can take a hike
I want to think
about the will-she won't-he
The did-they will-they
of a couple walking to coffee
in the morning
I want the grey
of my youth
before it all got simple
before we got told
the answers
~~

The Answers

At 18
you know the answers
you know how
to fix it all

When, in the last 40 years
did we all decide
our 18 year old selves
were right?

~~

Negotiating Limits

They walk by
chatting smiling
holding their coffees
Both in sweats
and hoodies

Slowly, hesitantly
and only for a moment
he puts his hand
around her waist

Still negotiating limits
after a night together
in the next-morning light

~~

I Asked for a Large

I asked for a large coffee
and got "stupidly big"
Serves me right
for buying at an American chain
And now
trying to finish the cup
I've poured it down my shirt
~~

Green Eyes for Grey

You used to tell me
about the others you slept with
and we laughed
when it was funny
and I held you
when it wasn't

And I told you
about the others I slept with
and you listened
and laughed
and held me
when I needed it
But underneath, just a little
I wished you would be jealous

~~

Do You Like Magic

Do you like magic?
Do you believe in it?
For my next trick
she said
and rolled over on her back

Naked on a blanket
in the summer sun
She folded her arms
under her head

Just then
a dragonfly
so blue it hurt my eyes
landed on her nipple

She looked at me
waggled her eyebrows
and said
Ta Da
~~



Old Cat

Old Cat
comes down the stairs
click thump
click thump
and at the bottom
Mwoerr

What was it
my daughter used to say
Oh yes... Same
~~

I Would Wake Up at Night

I would wake up at night
just to hear you breathe

~~



No Worries

I often wondered
how smart it would be
to write about sex
with old girlfriends

1. Say it's all made up
2. Too old for new girlfriends

~~

You Came to Me

You came to me
I was
half awake, half reading

You came to me
not saying a word
you undressed
and slipped under the covers
"But your boyfriend"
You put two fingers
on my lips
~~

Snuggly Girl

She loved to sleep
on my shoulder
her hair up my nose
my shoulder aching
and I never slept on my back
She loved to sleep
on my shoulder
and she drooled
I usually woke up
with a little pool of spit
tucked between the muscles
And I never minded

~~

I Counted to Three

"Damn it" she said
as I spanked her ass again
I counted to three
and she shivered

~~

Maggie May

Every lunch
I would walk to the Dairy Bar
for my plate of chips

The couple
always played Maggie May
on the jukebox
She wasn't older
and it was usually not September
But that was my lunch
for most of high school

A plate of chips
and Maggie May

~~

You were like that

You were like this morning
a clear blue sky
but so humid
you can look at the sun

You were like that
people would look at you
and think they saw
what there was to see
but if they looked longer
the humidity would burn away
and your true face
would blind their eyes

~~

She Walks Past

She walks past
like the girl from Ipanema
Haughty would be the word
to describe her walk

If I were brave enough
to say hello
she would blow me off
with just a glance
Still
an old man can dream

~~

Old Men's Necks

The forward-bending necks
of the old men

Something I never noticed
before my own fight
to stand tall, proud
as in my youth

Oh how I fight
to deny my years
Not so much for my sake
although I have my conceit
But for yours

~~

I Eat for Fuel

I eat for fuel
whatever is put in front of me
and I finish it
Untasting, not looking
happy now there is enough
but distracted by reading
by watching, by talking
It is only fuel

You look at your meal
each piece is examined
(Not for you
the half-eaten bug)
The fork held for a moment
before your face
turned perhaps for examination
The mouth opens
the tongue emerges
and the morsel is applied
to be tasted, savoured
enjoyed

~~



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