

# Other People's Pictures



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Other people's pictures will often catch my eye, old advertisements, posters, photographs will all somehow snag my thoughts. Sometimes I write something down.

Occasionally it makes sense.

Kim Taylor, May 2020

# Isolation Blues

While we wait for the strawberries  
to be cut  
we work at the jigsaw puzzle  
and listen to music

~~

# Two days, two men and a can of beans

In the temperate desert of the Yukon  
we trekked toward the mountains  
Once there we saw little but the mist  
until we got to the notch  
that is the Chilkoot pass  
Leaving the desert, we approached  
like ancient explorers  
that cleft in the mountain

We saw mist  
we walked  
Suddenly  
at the edge of the pass  
we looked straight ahead  
to see green glaciers  
overhanging the sides  
of the valley

I say that a dinosaur head  
came up out of that mist  
but my partner says no

We slid down that snow  
on our hip  
our staffs held to slow us down  
Schussing into that valley  
that led to Skagway  
heading down  
where so many men  
trudged upward  
in search of gold

~~

# Shark Girl

In Japan

There is a shark girl  
and she waits for me

She will giggle  
she will squeal  
to see me

She will throw her arms around me  
and hug me tight  
then  
because she is a shark girl  
she will eat me

~~

# Roller Girl

I once loved a roller girl  
around and around the rink  
she would drift, and  
as she came by  
I would smile  
Sometimes she would smile back

One day she said "come on"  
and took me back to her place

Have you ever tried  
to make love  
on skates?

Just stay away from the stairs.

~~

# Yokai

My nightmares  
have always been Japanese  
I don't know why  
but the Oni are friendly  
somehow

Over the years  
we have become good friends  
and now  
as I come closer to joining them  
I look forward to running away  
each evening

eeeeek

They love it

~~



# Mars Wants Women

Oh no,  
Over there  
Across the way  
there's another foreigner  
after our women

Should we do something  
Should we call someone  
Well, she's wearing a mask

I suppose it will be OK

~~

# This Black Cat

Today, like ever other day  
I waited in the cafe  
waited for her to come  
Each day I assumed  
she would keep her promise  
but instead

A black cat

It walks into the place  
like it belongs there  
and rubs my ankles  
as if it wants something

This black cat

~~

# Wooden Robot

They said it wouldn't work  
that they weren't compatible  
But she only replied  
"What a woodie"  
And wandered away  
with a strange look  
in her eye.

Me, I don't know  
what with all the robots  
and their girlfriends  
they carry around the place

Lazy cows

~~

# Like Astro Boy

I will bury you  
she said  
after our third fight  
I will bury you  
I will burn you  
Like Astro Boy  
with cannons in his ass

I believed her  
so I went back to sleep

~~

# Model Relationship

She was an artist  
and I was just a boy  
but she took me in

She said  
“until I get bored  
with you”

So I stayed  
and, being an artist  
She was never bored

~~

# She said yes

Sunday morning

France, 1950

She had said yes

and I was a happy man

We went for coffee

and I learned something

I didn't know about her

She said yes a lot

She went home with the waiter

I went home

~~

# Morning Coffee

Every morning  
the old man walked by  
As I drank my coffee  
and read the paper  
I wondered who he was

Did he come from the country  
did he have family  
did he work, all his life  
and now that he can't work  
was he wandering the streets

I went back to my paper  
The markets were up today

~~

# Paris Dreams

I always wanted  
to hang out at Shakespeare and Co  
Drinking coffee in the morning  
Writing a bit  
Drinking whiskey in the evenings  
arguing late into the night  
with Hemmingway and Co

Instead, I content myself  
with Planet Bean, Balzacs,  
The Bookshelf  
The Pennywhistle  
and yelling at my cat  
who yells back

Mwwwraaaaaaaa

~~



# "Do I look like Jean Seberg?"

Oh sweetheart  
Jean is never so cool  
never so fashionable  
never so cute  
as you

Jean would ask  
if she was like you  
She would want to hang out  
she would borrow your clothes  
and not return them

"OK", she said

~~

## **We lived beside the canal**

While she was throwing  
all my things  
from the back window  
I snuck into the kitchen  
and put my coffee grinder  
under my shirt

I lost my beer mugs  
my trophies, my photos  
and my underwear

But this morning  
I have my coffee

And fond memories

~~

# My Dancer

She was really good  
that woman of mine  
It was her specialty  
to kick the hat off a patron  
and bounce it a couple of times  
before giving it back

Which is why  
I began to wonder  
if she was tired of me  
when she said  
"I need to practice"  
and put that pointed shoe  
right in my earhole

~~

# Worth It

We weren't good for each other

I know that

and it was never to last

but when we were together

late at night

angry and tired

mostly drunk

It was quite worth it

And the mornings were quiet

~~

# She walked out

She walked out, slamming the door  
and I haven't seen her again  
I hope she found someone else  
Because what I fear  
I don't want to think about

But for three weeks  
an eternity  
We danced  
We played  
We laughed

For three weeks, she was mine

~~

# The Fisherman

Trophy wife they said  
A prize, to be displayed  
on my arm  
like a goldfish  
in a bowl

But it was you that caught me  
you that hooked my heart  
and made me dance

Be my goldfish forever  
just don't remove your hook

~~

# The Rose and Crown

I met her in the Rose and Crown  
and after several beers  
she told me that the Banff Springs  
where she worked  
had lost floors

I called bullshit  
and off we went

We found one  
and even found a way out  
next morning

~~

# My Geisha

I called him my geisha  
and he started to wear geta  
he carried an umbrella  
for the sun  
and for the rain

It was all good for a while  
but when he stripped off his shirt

Well

Yeah that was good too

~~



# Love in the age of plague

Love in the age of plague  
can be complex  
but if you can be with one other  
then you can relax

Let's face it, plague or no  
you don't want to be too close  
to the guy next to you  
who is using the same patter

It makes her wonder  
which one of you  
she should be looking at

~~

# Funny Face

You loved Audry Hepburn  
and I called you funny face

I'm bad with time  
but we were together  
for several years  
and I loved you deeply

I wonder why  
I never told you that  
while you were beside me  
Why I only know that now

Would it have made a difference?  
No, you were bound for Paris  
and I was the guy in the corner  
watching you, wishing I was you

~~

# The Kettle is On

Do you want a coffee  
I said  
and she mumbled something  
which, to my surprise  
meant yes

Are we there now?

~~

# The moon and Maya

The moon beamed  
and Maya went out to sing  
to her friend

It would be a long time  
before the two could be together again  
but, being the best of friends  
they were content

~~

# A Plague

A plague

no, several plagues

one viral

the rest, viral

and at the end of that all important

First Quarter

Murder hornets

~~

# Elf Reader

She would be in the oddest places  
reading her book  
She never seemed  
to be in the same seat

Each time  
I looked for her  
was an adventure

She was an adventure

She would look up  
from wherever she was  
and smile  
and I would melt

~~

# Reading in the Bath

She came to me crying  
one day

I gathered her in  
and hugged her hard  
waiting for her to settle

When she did, she said  
she had ruined my book

Oh my sweet thing  
Ruin everything I own  
I don't care  
You are the all that matters  
to me.

~~

# Daughter

She drew a bow across her tears  
as they fell in lines down her face

It was the saddest music  
I had ever felt  
I went to her  
and dried her tears  
I put her bow away  
into its case  
and I took her home

~~



# How do you look today?

Sweetheart  
you look like Josephine Baker  
saying hello  
to her Jaguar

You look like Paris  
in 1925  
at the Art Deco exposition  
When France finally  
came out of the trenches

You look like Lee Miller  
working with Man Ray  
taking photos of Picasso  
and drinking in Montparnasse

Do you need to ask?

~~

# Geisha Cowgirl

My little geisha cowgirl  
used to grab my hat  
and wave it over her head  
pretending she was riding a horse

Yee Haaw she would say  
and dig in those boots  
to make me buck

~~

# Koinobori

I wasn't just a fish out of water  
around her  
I was a kite  
way up in the air  
a nice carp mouthed kite  
from Japan

So far from the pond  
where I swam  
that I could look down on it  
and on her  
holding my string

~~

# Shibari Days

As I sat stunned  
on the edge of the bed  
she slowly opened her kimono  
and let it drop  
from her shoulders

The sound of it slipping  
over her back  
will never leave my mind  
but

When she looked at me  
with the himo on her finger  
and said  
This is for later  
I almost fainted

~~

# A Rainy Day Of Course a Rainy Day

I watched, trying to see her  
as she left  
trying to pick her out  
in a sea of umbrellas

One last glimpse  
to remember her  
but it was a sea  
of umbrellas  
and something wet  
was running down my face

Perhaps the rain

~~

# A Cultural Thing

The only place  
you can kiss a Geisha  
is on the back of the neck

You have to know these things  
before you go to Japan  
or they laugh at you

And then you have to go home

~~

# You Might Think

You might think  
that having a girlfriend  
who is more adventurous  
than you  
is a good thing

You might think that,  
but wait for the night  
you are looking forward  
to a solid 8 hours  
to make up for  
three all-nighters

And she comes home  
with a friend

~~

# Didn't Match the Rug

In Niagara Falls  
I saw a painting  
by Tamara de Lampicka  
It was large  
There was a woman  
and a car  
and it cost about a year's salary

I was going to buy it  
I looked for a long time  
A long time  
but I couldn't do it  
not with a young family  
So I brought out the big one

"It won't fit over my couch"

~~



# Alberta Scout

She said she came from Alberta  
and she was with the First  
in the Reichswald forest  
"Damned fine scout"  
My Grandfather said

"Never knew she was a woman  
and when it was over  
she told us all to keep quiet  
She didn't come with us  
said she would find her own way  
Don't know if she did"

Whaa? Gramps!.....

~~

# Lauren

I promised her a ride  
on the train  
It was her first  
and so we sat  
across from each other  
with jelly beans spilled  
across the table

That may have been  
the last ride  
we took together  
Now I sit at home  
and think about her  
as she rides the train

~~

# Cottage Cribbage

This isn't chess  
and you're not Marcel Duchamp  
she said  
It's a marker, it doesn't go sideways  
or back or diagonal, it goes forward  
so play your cards

I've never been good at games  
and she kicked my ass  
once more

~~

# Secrets for my Son

I've always seen my life  
in black and white  
I'm not very bright  
and colours confuse me  
I'm sure it's nice  
but there is usually  
too much of it for me  
I can see one thing  
maybe two

Concentrate on her  
forget what she's wearing  
forget the red car  
outside the window  
concentrate

Yes, now you see her  
and soon  
she will see you

~~

# Hrruf

This moment  
she has finished her run  
she sits on the edge of the bed  
pulling her shirt off

She is within reach  
and I run two fingers  
down her back  
feeling the sweat

She shivers  
and makes that noise  
in the back of her throat

I smile

~~

# New Hobby

It was July  
and she had finished  
my Christmas present

It was hot  
but I stepped out  
with my new scarf

I told her  
it would protect my neck  
from the sun

~~

# Cross Legged

Oh the nights  
that I dreamt  
of Charlotte Rampling  
sitting cross legged  
on my floor

No, that's it, don't add any more  
you will ruin the image  
Just let it settle  
Big breath

Ahhhh, so good

~~

# Poor Country Kid

She lived on the farm  
down the road  
and she took the shortcut  
to my place

I would watch her running  
through the winter rye  
and I would wonder  
yet again  
why she came to visit me

Poor kid that I was  
with no prospects  
I couldn't see the attraction  
but there she was  
arms outstretched  
brushing the awns  
and laughing as she ran

~~



# Story for Liam

I lived across the street  
and I'd see her  
sunbathing on her balcony  
or rather, reading

She was pretty tough  
she would sometimes  
be out there in her swimsuit  
in the snow

Nothing seemed to bother her  
I was more than half in love  
but I never caught her eye  
and waved

Thirty years later  
I still regret  
not catching her eye  
and waving

~~

# Far Away

There was a time  
when blue eyes  
and brown  
were considered different races

In that time  
long before we realized  
Neanderthals were the same race  
(because race doesn't exist)

Those with brown eyes  
who loved those with blue eyes  
had to go to the frontier  
to be together

When we ran out of frontier  
we ran out of stupid

~~

# Serious Photographer

Woe, oh woe you say  
I can't find a model  
to do nudes for me

Seriously?

Harry Callahan  
shot Eleanor  
for decades

Who? and who?  
Ah, you want to shoot fantasy  
models you don't have to talk to  
later in the day

Carry on then  
Woe is you

~~

# Saturday Allowance

In 1968  
I was twelve  
and with my quarter  
I went to the movies

I paid, said thank you  
and the girl said "HEY"  
but I was gone

I think that Barbarella  
might have had an effect  
on my young mind

I'm sure glad  
that cashier  
didn't catch up with me

~~

# Social Media

Careful, I must be,  
to post, and run away  
without glancing down  
in my feed

Such depressing things  
in the world  
and repeated  
endlessly  
then shared  
a thousand,  
ten thousand times

Volume, pump up the volume  
and with the repetition  
some of it seeps in  
like sewage  
in a flood

My best, I try,  
to sandbag  
in front of the water  
Look out!  
Here comes a log!

~~

# Laser Eye

Gort got all the girls  
they took one look  
at that laser eye  
and forgot all about  
Michael Rennie  
and his silver underwear

I mean, if the world is going  
to be destroyed  
you want to be with the winner

Right?

~~

# Pond Conundrum

It was a conundrum  
He bent over  
to see what was brushing his leg  
and she was kissing him  
This mermaid

"What do I do?  
If I stop and get a breath  
she may be gone"

"What would you do?"

~~

# The Neighbour

She would come over  
from next door  
trying to sneak up on me

It never worked  
After all  
who wouldn't see

a pink shark

~~



# Fox and Moon

I am the fox  
and you  
you are the moon  
sometimes hiding your face  
sometimes lighting my life

If you should go away  
I, like Neruda  
promise not to notice  
If you forget me  
I will forget you

But perhaps one day  
if you would say yes  
I will climb to you  
on a string  
and we can travel together  
across the sky

~~

# Devotion

The monk lived in his hut  
content to share it  
with a cockroach

The cockroach ate  
what the monk ate  
Slept when the monk slept  
And fell in love with the monk

One day the cockroach  
turned herself into a woman  
and told the monk  
how much she loved him

I cannot love you back  
said the monk  
Nor can I turn you back  
to a cockroach

The woman left the hut

~~

# Naiads

Each year  
we would take the visiting sensei  
to Niagara Falls  
but this year  
the falls will remain quiet  
Nobody looking at them

These years don't happen often  
but when the spirits  
realize there are no humans  
to see them  
they have fun

They go over the falls  
laughing  
and old man Niagara  
frowns his disapproval

~~

# Finger Snaps on Friday

Each Friday night  
at 2am  
the poetry readings  
would start

I often attended  
if I could drag my ass  
out of the bar  
I might even entice  
the girl I was chatting up  
to come along

Sometimes I got to the reading

~~

# Fire Escape Evening

I watched that girl  
across the road  
for years  
she would sit on her balcony  
I would sit on the stairs  
We never nodded to each other

And then  
one hot summer night  
I woke up, kicked my covers off  
and looked out my window

She was sitting on my fire escape

~~

# A Small Girl

The prophet said to the king  
The old Gods exist  
and they demand their price  
If you want to build  
a great civilization  
there is one thing you must do.

Once I tell you this thing  
you must decide  
if it is worth it  
Remember, if you pay this price  
you will have to pay it each year

Stop nattering, said the King  
just tell me what I have to do

~~

# Where Lost Ships Sail

If I should die before you  
I will wait for you  
in that place where souls float  
between the surface  
and the bottom

Take your time love  
I will not age  
nor will you

And when we are together  
we will drift between the bottom  
and the surface, embracing

~~

# Incel Problems

If I had wings  
I would fly to you  
you know  
I would die for you

But I have no wings  
and you live three blocks  
away

So my love is hopeless  
it will never be

~~



# Sesame Ramen

Every lunch counter in the world  
is the same  
A counter  
a few seats  
and an old guy  
usually from the Navy  
cooking fast and fatty

All except this place  
a Ramen shop in Kyoto  
Out of all the counters  
in all the world  
She was in this one

I walked in  
and she looked at me  
I'm not sure you understand  
but she LOOKED at me  
I spoke no Japanese  
She spoke no English

I sat next to her  
I'm still sitting next to her

~~

# Coffee, for my Son

Stop  
Before you start,  
just stop

You don't have to make coffee  
for anyone  
you can tell them to make their own

But, on the chance  
that you don't want  
to spend your life alone

Honestly, to be able to make coffee  
for a friend  
Is a hell of a skill

I might just dare to say  
that quietly making coffee  
with no resentment  
and no expectation  
is half of any relationship

~~

# Bedtime Stories

She asked him to read to her  
although he couldn't read  
He loved her, so he tried

She sat, patient  
watching him, listening  
for months

She would have sat years  
for him  
because she loved him too

~~

# I'm not Welsh but

Look you

I'm not going out  
with your friend  
I don't care what you say

If you dress a frog  
in a preppy sweater  
he's still a damned frog

~~

# If only I was 20 again

They say  
that your 20s are a waste  
Of hormones  
and anxiety  
and a thorough lack  
of direction

It's true  
It's always been true  
and there's always been  
three ways out

Wait (your 30s will come)  
Go to war  
Have a kid

~~

# Porcupine

Sometimes it feels  
that the one who offers you love  
is the one who will hurt you most

The closer you get  
the more you risk

Embrace it

~~

# What Is Love?

# What is love?

Do you love him  
because he is funny  
and you have a great time  
when you are together?  
Is it an adventure  
each time you go out?

Perhaps this is a bit selfish  
Perhaps this love of him  
is a bit like his love  
of his motorcycle.

If it goes wrong  
If you can't fix it  
Get another one

~~



# What is love?

It is easy to begin  
it's all new  
It's a ride in the country  
It's a day at the beach

Will it survive  
when the wave hits?  
Can you hang on  
to each other  
as you are slammed against the bottom?  
Rolled  
and spit out again?

Where is he?  
Where is she?

Can you say?  
Or were you busy saving yourself?

~~

# What is love?

We know what it is  
don't we?  
Love is the good and the bad  
Love is to share the pain  
When he is sad  
You are sad  
When she hurts  
You hurt with her

Is this love?  
Should we not fix our lover?  
Should we not remove the pain?

Is sharing pain a dance of masochists?

What is love worth?  
What is it for?

~~

# What is love?

Here, here is your question  
Beyond fun  
Beyond shared pain  
Can you love someone  
knowing that you can't help?  
That you can't fix them

Can you love someone  
knowing  
that the only one who can help  
is not you?

Can you love someone  
and know  
that you will never be the answer?

~~

# Call it something

I see your scars  
and I can look at them  
I can stroke them

I feel the tenderness  
in your groin  
and I can be gentle

I feel you flinch  
when I hold you  
and I can hold you  
until you stop shaking

I can be here  
I can listen  
I can watch

But I cannot fix you  
I would take all your pain  
and swallow it dry  
without water  
if I could

But all I can do  
is love you  
and be here

It is not enough  
it will never be enough  
but it is all I have

~~

# Amuse Us

Laugh clown, laugh  
or die  
Your job  
is to distract us  
from our own death  
and if you can't do that

...

Laugh clown, laugh  
remember  
you are already dead  
We are all dead  
So laugh  
or cry

And wait to die

~~

# Country Roads

Country Roads say the songs  
all so very romantic  
Perhaps they are  
to the city folk  
but to me

They are dust  
and poverty  
and kids who left school  
in grade 9  
to work the farm

Remember Grade 9?  
In charge of things?

I suppose  
driving too fast  
through stop signs  
Throwing the empties  
at mailboxes  
might seem romantic  
to those who lived

Not to me

~~

# Dirt Farmers

This sand, with tree stumps  
through which the wind moaned  
is the land my grandfather farmed  
The Norfolk wasteland

Dirt farmer they called him

It took two generations  
of reforestation, begun here  
to bring it back  
only to grow tobacco

But at least it grew

~~



# Plantation Workers

When I was in high school  
fifty long years ago  
there was no such thing  
as a McJob

There was tobacco  
I worked as a primer  
a boat driver  
and a kiln hanger

My mother worked  
on the tying machines  
and my step-father  
primed as well

Tobacco wasn't pretty  
but it was money coming in  
almost enough to keep fed  
almost enough to grow up  
and get out, to more schooling

A tobacco leaf across the eye  
could blind you for hours  
the hand you primed with  
would blacken and thicken  
then crack down to blood

Better was hanging kiln  
but my wrists were too light  
and blew up like a softball  
until I couldn't lift a fork

Driving boat was best  
but a kid's job  
with a kid's pay

Did I go to University  
to find some other work  
Any  
Other work?  
Oh yes my son  
Oh yes.

There is no romance  
in the country  
No romance  
in working the land

Unless you're the guy  
who hires the help

~~

# Happy Day

I worked for Hap Day,  
but I wasn't a Maple Leaf

It was that factory in town  
you went to  
if nobody else would hire you

I spent some time  
in the lacquer room  
No ventilation  
but a window  
in winter

Once, I opened that window  
and was throwing my coat  
on top of a truck  
But stopped  
"What if he's not going to Vancouver?"

I went back to school

~~

# Sleeper 1973

Necessity is the mother of invention  
they say  
and in 2020  
there was enough necessity  
to invent sex-by-wire

They say that Star Trek  
predicted it all  
but you can keep your phaser  
and your tricorder

Now we have moved on  
to Barbarella  
and the Orgasmatron

~~

# Muse and Lover

Muse and lover  
I dare say  
that toward the end of his life  
Georgia thought Alfred  
a bit of a silly old man

I doubt he ever stopped  
loving her  
And, silly or not  
I suspect  
she loved him too

She in New Mexico  
He in New York

~~

# The Time When

When you are 17  
a dirty mattress  
in a wrecking yard  
And the best  
room in a hotel  
are just the same

And maybe  
if you're lucky enough  
She'll put up with the mattress  
once  
For the story

~~

# The Roaring of Summer Lawns

The first sunny day in May  
and all the lawnmowers are out

Not one

Every one

the roaring of spring lawns

Grass on the sidewalks

starring John Wayne

and Lee Marvin

Two wacky buddies

competing for the greenest

cleanest field of fire

~~

# Gone on Ganymede

They promised us  
flying cars  
A rallying cry  
for my generation

Well they have been around  
since 1968  
when all the ultra-super-wealthy  
left the mere ultra-wealthy  
to pick up the pieces

The flying cars  
are on Ganymede  
and the ultra-wealthy  
have been looking for them  
ever since

You know the guys  
The ones pretending  
to want to go to Mars

~~



# Beatniks

# The Pay Attention and be Kind Generation

Too young to be a beatnik  
Too young to be a hippy  
and I didn't like disco

Lost child without a lost generation  
I was left to find my own way  
with my fellow wanderers

With no credo to guide us  
no principles to follow  
we had to rely on kindness

We listened rather than preached

~~

## A Beret from France

I was never a beatnik  
Let's face it  
my allowance was a quarter a week  
and that's a lot of weeks  
to save up  
for the beret

~~

# Responding in Time

Ah the beats  
Reading the east  
Dropping acid  
for inspiration

If absurdity is what is needed  
for poetic inspiration  
why isn't this world  
full of poets

Where is Dada  
in 2020?  
Is it all Facebook memes  
from Russian bots instead?

~~

# Time Enough?

After the first war  
of mustard gas  
and trenches  
Dada  
with a generation  
of traumatized artists  
trying to make nonsense  
in a world of nonsense

They weren't enough

After the second war  
and genocide  
and nuclear weapons  
and straight to the next enemy  
with a cold half century  
of proxy wars

The beats  
who became the hippies  
A larger group

Some of it stuck

Today  
we seem to be split  
into those who remember  
to care for their citizens  
health, employment, happiness  
And those few, led by a few  
who only want  
Want, Want

Time is running out  
will we make it  
before the next war  
with it's new weapons  
of destruction?

We cannot bomb ourselves  
back to a world  
of inexhaustible riches  
where greed will work  
We tried  
It didn't work

~~

# Blessing

Walking  
through one of those  
heavy Ontario evenings  
when the moisture hangs  
and the lilacs almost choke  
with their fragrance

I look into windows  
and watch other people  
living their lives

A couple approach  
and on seeing me,  
cross the road  
A year ago  
I would have felt slighted  
but this evening  
I feel only that  
I have received a kindness

~~

# Gaslight

Once, gaslight meant something different  
than I hear today  
I am not quite old enough  
to remember it above the streets  
except in Vancouver  
and I never found a cafe  
of that name

People delight  
in finding words  
to be upset with

Me, I would have liked to meet  
a girl outside a cafe  
named the Gaslight

Perhaps she is French  
Perhaps she likes beer  
instead of wine  
Perhaps, with a different language  
we will not trip over each other's

words

~~



# No Fixed Schedule

I rode the White Pass and Yukon Railroad  
with a buddy  
We were on no fixed schedule  
heading from Whitehorse to Skagway  
So we got off  
at Bennett Lake  
And hit the trail

We had a can of spam  
and a can of beans

and no fixed schedule

~~

# Vicarious

I can no longer drink  
it interferes with the drugs  
that keep me alive

But sometimes  
I sip from a friend's drink  
just to remember

And to enjoy their drinking  
all the more

~~

# Hugs

In my house today  
no one was safe  
If two people were standing  
in the same room  
and one of them was me

There were hugs

~~

# In My Head

Oh my stars  
and garters  
I just thought of Charlotte Rampling  
in a sweater  
freckles across her nose

She is the same age as I am  
we are both 25 this year  
and we will meet  
in a cafe  
and she will take me home  
and we will be happy  
until her next movie

~~

# Eternity Please

More scans next week  
Monday and Wednesday  
and I am afraid  
They tell me the cancer  
will show up on the scans  
before the bloodwork

By this time next week  
will I still be alive forever  
or will I once again  
be on a countdown  
to extinction

How much time  
have I got left  
to write  
to teach  
to love

I don't want to know  
I'm afraid that I will know  
How long will forever last?

~~

# Pixie

I want so much  
so very much  
To look around  
and see you looking at me  
to see your eyes  
flick down, embarrassed

I know you are gone  
thirty years gone  
But I still look for you  
on the couch  
I want to see that face again  
that pixie face  
that says  
"You're looking at me,  
why are you looking at me?"

Thirty years gone  
but you are still  
sitting on the couch  
reading  
as I come in the door

~~

## Found Poem / A cousin's insight

Then she got naked,  
and left!  
I was sad!

Jeff Moon, May 2020

~~

You will find more books of Poetry from Kim Taylor at

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