

The Poet of Nothing



*Kim Taylor copyright ©2021, all rights reserved
February 2021*

Table of Contents

The Poet of Nothing.....	1
Words of Ash.....	2
Think of the Dog.....	3
Ashes and Dirt.....	4
The Ramen Thief.....	5
My Left Eye.....	6
On the Outside.....	7
There Were Cookies.....	8
Many Naps.....	9
On His Own.....	10
An Insulated Cup.....	11
The Dog Walker.....	12
My Unkle’s Boots.....	13
Get a Job.....	14
Gain or Lose.....	15
Half Way.....	16
Upstairs.....	17
Grampsplaining.....	18
New Growth.....	19
Crocus.....	20
Must Be The Lighting.....	21
Rabbit Tracks.....	22
Lucky Boy.....	23
Omens.....	24
Open Your Mouth.....	25
I Shall Go Quietly.....	26
Ice Under Snow.....	27
A Father May Be Proud.....	28
Change in the Pocket.....	29
A Good Pair of Boots.....	30

Be Careful.....	31
Daredevil.....	32
Moment of Thought.....	33
A Lusty Face.....	34
I Tell Myself.....	35
New Level.....	36
Read It Now.....	37
Walk or Die.....	38
Good Company.....	39
Oil Them Later.....	40
Good Looking Book.....	41
In The Blood.....	42
Noon Draws Close.....	43
I Have to Live in This Town.....	44
Big City Girl.....	45
Pissing In The Woods.....	46
People in Bars.....	47
Lockdown.....	48
Just a Friend.....	49
What I Do Between Lines.....	50
Tourist Town in Winter.....	51
Before I Fall.....	52
Just One.....	53
Self Improvement.....	54
Rabbit Holes.....	55
Satori.....	56
The Promise of Mud.....	57
I Called You Poo.....	58
Let Me Go.....	59
Always Polite.....	60
Flying Jerks.....	61
Chanbara.....	62

Morse Code.....	63
Is That Smoke.....	64
Visit Home.....	65
Liam Outside.....	66
Some Days You Beg.....	67
Perfect.....	68
4AM.....	69
That House.....	70
Did I Know a Girl.....	71
Venetian Blinds.....	72
A Dare.....	73
What Comes to Hand.....	74
All of Them.....	75
The First Clue.....	76
Little Things.....	77
All Photographers are Blind.....	78
Deer Creek.....	79
It Takes So Little.....	80
A Cancer.....	81
Save Us.....	82
Blocked.....	83
Not Death of Rats.....	84
Ungrateful.....	85
Watched Over.....	86
When You're Dead.....	87
Cannibal.....	89
The Importance of Space.....	90
Morning Makeup.....	91
Too Close.....	92
I Was Angry.....	93
A Man's Life.....	94
Simply Empty.....	95

Toward Spring.....	96
What Will You Leave.....	97
Before You Step.....	98
Without Hesitation.....	99
Port Stanley 1956.....	100
A Hot July Day.....	101
A Long Read.....	102
London Dry Sherry.....	103
The Vienna.....	104
Perfect Feet.....	105
She Was Shy.....	106
“Kiss”.....	107
A Thaw Has Come.....	108
Ten, Three, Three.....	109
I Wanted to be Deaf.....	110
In Silence.....	111
Like a Firefly.....	112
I Found Her Outside.....	113
The Band Leader.....	114
It Bothers Me.....	115

The Poet of Nothing

She called me
the poet of nothing
I write about nothing
I believe in nothing
I'm going nowhere

I reached over
and rolled her on top
Tickled her a bit
laughed
and kissed her hard
~~

Words of Ash

Words turned to ash
in my mouth
when, a small child
I was required to apologize
for something I did not do

I have not tasted
that bitter mouthful
since puberty
Simply because
there is nobody
to force an apology

That is not to say
that others might
have groveled
on my behalf
But me,
I have no trouble
saying I am sorry
when I should

If not from me
then not from me
~~

Think of the Dog

I have watched couples
fight over dogs
like they would fight
over children

Revenge of course
and perhaps
a little bit, not much
but a little bit
of wishing for the best
for the dog

After all
if that bastard/bitch
would hurt me that much
think what will happen
to the dog

~~

Ashes and Dirt

I have been accused
of being a stoic
But I assumed the worst
long before antique Greeks
crossed my desk

When hope is proven empty
and plans are useless
You learn
to expect nothing
to expect ashes and dirt

To prepare always
for the failure
and delight when
your fears prove needless

Why am I still like this?
"Dad this is broken"

~~

The Ramen Thief

A box of Pam's groceries
sits in the middle
of the floor
on the way to somewhere

I spotted a package
of ramen yesterday
and ate it

~~

My Left Eye

My left eye
stings
and won't focus
Sometimes a nap helps
and so
to bed
~~

On the Outside

I was on the outside
inside you
while the people on the inside
were outside too

They didn't know
They never showed
To see me inside
Inside you

~~

There Were Cookies

I hardly noticed
There was pattering
in the kitchen
but when that finally dawned on me
there were cookies
and a very pleased looking girl
who expected a reward
And it was up to me

~~

Many Naps

In My House
I pronounce
with stentorian vibrato
Are Many Naps
My cat looks at me
and yells
~~

On His Own

Where's your buddy
I yell
at the left glove
of a brand new pair
I don't think
I've ever worn them
and here one of them
has gone for a walk
~~

An Insulated Cup

It's come to this
winter has been cold
long enough
that it's seeped
into the bones
of the house
and now I'm using
an insulated cup
for my coffee

~~

The Dog Walker

They stand there
both behind the car
the hatch open

She is saying
get in
and the dog looks at her
plainly saying
more walk

I bet he wasn't as slow
to get in
on the way here
~~

My Unkle's Boots

I pick up my back brace
shaking off the cloth glove
that sticks to the velcro
and take it to where
it belongs

I think the first time
I ever saw velcro
was on my uncle's boots
a brand new toy
cool and modern

The sound still delights me

~~

Get a Job

I am behind on assembly
three books at least
books nobody reads
but I feel a need to finish
and here I am
writing
I should get a job
~~

Gain or Lose

Your weight is up
says my doctor
For cancer patients
that's good
for diabetics not so much
Lose some weight
~~

Half Way

I was half way
through my walk
before I realized
I had forgotten my cane

~~

Upstairs

Thumps and clangs
and strange rattling sounds

Is he lifting weights
or cleaning up
up there

~~

Grampssplaining

The wood chipper
is being stubborn
The students try
over and over
but it will not start

I have an urge
to go over there
But the image
of an old man
offering advice
stops me

Instead I mutter
"Choke, and check the oil"
as I continue my walk
~~

New Growth

New growth
on a bush
seems to be soft
and fuzzy

I look closer
fine thorns
against the deer
~~

Crocus

Crocus
the image appears
in my head
first purples
of a new year

But they are months away
and suddenly
a faint sadness

~~

Must Be The Lighting

I look in the mirror
and all seems fine
but then I turn around
and in the other mirror
are eyebrows
with hairs askew
and much too long

Now
I think
do I turn around again
or find the scissors
~~

Rabbit Tracks

I followed rabbit tracks
down a human-stamped path
for a long time
He and I the first
to walk this way today
I hope he found
what he was looking for

Or was he
like me
travelling for the sake
of travelling

~~

Lucky Boy

Orange plastic tarp
such as they laid down
on the boardwalks
with a skiff of snow atop
has to be one of the slipperiest
things I've encountered
on this earth

This morning my almost-fall
was identical to the slip
that broke my neck
Lucky Boy
~~

Omens

Four crows in a tree
one caws at me
as I stand watching them
they watch me back

The four ages of a man
The four sicknesses I possess
I stand and try to decide
while the crows laugh at me
in their own way
tilting their heads

looking at the stupid man
who looks for meaning
where there are only
four amused crows

~~

Open Your Mouth

Open your mouth
and I will put my ear
on your lips
to listen to the ocean
to listen to the breath
of the world
for you are the world
~~

I Shall Go Quietly

Almost everyone I know,
I care about,
is younger than I
and I am not scheduled
for a long engagement

Good

I have had enough
of watching those I love
slip away from me
It is my turn
to go as quietly as I can

~~

Ice Under Snow

Under the snow
on the branch
a bit of ice
warm sun
cold day
~~

A Father May Be Proud

Liam putters in the kitchen
doing the dishes (thank you)
and cooking for himself

Call it silly
to be proud of such things
if you wish

But a father may be proud
of whatever he chooses
~~

Change in the Pocket

I close my eyes
and suddenly
the smell of a bakery
in a small town
and a kid
with just enough money
in his pocket
for a dutchie
~~

A Good Pair of Boots

A good pair of boots
and a scarf
will make an hour's walk
at -12 at least comfortable
even if the legs
feel like dropping off

~~

Be Careful

Two young squirrels
fifty feet up
and out on a thin branch

They seem reluctant
to fight
I wish them well
it's a long way down

~~

Daredevil

Good for you
biking to work

But this road
is half cleared
is a major route
is uphill
straight into the sun
and full of folks
late for work

At least the moms
and the school buses
are ten minutes away
~~

Moment of Thought

I blow on my coffee
and steam up my glasses
but when I pick up the pen
I've still got nothing

~~

A Lusty Face

Sometimes I see a face
that makes me wish
I could lust
after it

But it's academic now
I don't have the hormones
Mind you
there's a lot beyond the glands

~~

I Tell Myself

I tell myself
as I head for a nap
that after a walk
my muscles need rest
to grow stronger

Is that true?
It's true
that I say that
as my head hits the pillow
~~

New Level

I got a fitness app
on my phone
three walks later
I'm already ignoring it

Why do I need a tracker
a measure of steps
when I can simply ask
"How am I today?"

~~

Read It Now

I have published journals
books and essays
in print and online

I think I prefer online
One blip, one stutter
in the grid
and it's all gone

leaving space
for someone else
to do what I did

~~

Walk or Die

Two days
after the snow
and the woods
have paths again

First the skiers
and the snowshoers
full of youthful energy
and then the frail old men
trying to stay alive

~~

Good Company

My cat goes out
it's cold

So he comes in again
and yells
I find him
and tell him to stop

He finds me
and sits
where I can tickle his chin
Good company
~~

Oil Them Later

Every door in the house
at least, every door
that we use
creaks and shrieks
like a banshee

All it will take
is a drop of oil
One per hinge

But here I sit
wiping stray cat hairs
from the nib of my pen
thinking
I'll oil them later

~~

Good Looking Book

I bought a book today
from the printer
I sent my poems to
forty years ago

My only copies
dropped off
after a 20 mile ride
on my old bike

and picked up again
after a month

It's a good looking book
~~

In The Blood

It's in the blood
Virgins must love
the one who deflowers

It's in the book
and the movie
and whispered
from stall to stall
in the toilet

And the man
with blood on his dick
caught all unaware
all unasked
may do his best
to return
or at least discourage
that love

But the first
is the first
And there's nothing for it
but to be kind
if you're allowed
~~

Noon Draws Close

Noon draws close
and once again
I must find something
that I can eat

It used to be easy
Ramen with frozen veg
and stinky fish
from a can

But even the noodles
are too much for me
too many carbs

So each lunch
I must wonder what to eat
Don't ask me about supper
~~

I Have to Live in This Town

"I have to live in this town"
my grandmother said
as she kicked me out
of that same town

A girl, met at a party
having a hard time
splitting into three or four
in the middle of the night

In the morning
there was only one girl
so I smiled at my grandmother
and went back to school

~~

Big City Girl

You're in the city now
she said
as she went out the door
to get us breakfast

Leaving my country ass
in bed

~~

Pissing In The Woods

One of the perks
of being a guy
is pissing in the woods
and today
I listened to a chickadee

When I finished and looked up
I realized
he was beside my head

He flew a few feet away
as I said good morning
~~

People in Bars

My dreams last night
were full of people
and bars

At one point
three of them
were watching me pee
from about a foot away

Now dreams of searching
for a toilet
are familiar to me
Dreams of actually peeing
are dangerous

Yet I didn't wet the bed
As for the audience
I suppose that's the pandemic
~~

Lockdown

My life is down
to a walk
the inside of my house
and my memories

Life is damned good

~~

Just a Friend

She was just a friend
sitting on my couch
But the music
and the beer
and the way the street light
coming through the window
hit her face

Just like that
she was the only woman
in the universe
She looked up
saw me watching
and tilted her head

~~

What I Do Between Lines

My cat has found a place
where he can sit
put his paw on my arm
and get chucked
under his chin

~~

Tourist Town in Winter

Down the beach
one other person
looking over the water
A tourist town in winter

Suddenly
I want to join her
ask her what she's thinking

That very moment
she looks back at me
turns
and walks back to the road

~~

Before I Fall

She is clearing the path
and I've seen her before

Probably a student
hired to shovel snow

I stop to chat
She seems happy for the break
but I move on
before I fall in love again

~~

Just One

The path was deserted
and the spring sap
filled the branches
to flexibility

I broke off a switch
swished it a bit
and said
Lie over the fallen tree
and I'll give you a welt

She reached to undo
her pants, saying
Just one
~~

Self Improvement

Not for the first time
I search for online learning
for courses I can take
to learn what I don't know

And not for the first time
I give up
What is it that I want to learn
that I haven't learned already

It's not that I know everything
it's that I don't mind
not knowing everything
And that's an important lesson
~~

Rabbit Holes

I go online
to buy something on Amazon
but get distracted
by Facebook
and no amount of Google Search
has reminded me
of what I wanted
Which probably indicates
I didn't need whatever it was

~~

Satori

On a bus, rounding a corner
and suddenly I was the universe
and the universe was me
all was interpenetrating
there was nothing but joy
as I sat quietly, understanding everything

Yet it faded
and best that it did
one can't live in that place

Before enlightenment
chop wood, carry water
after enlightenment
chop wood, carry water

It's there, and it's gone
and I've never felt the need
to get it back
but I know, somewhere
that I am still there
on that bus seat
going around a corner
~~

The Promise of Mud

More snow
and the piles beside the deck
are half way up
the window

The wind chimes
are chickadee-capped
The shed-roofed bike shed
up against the fence
is almost horizontal
with slipped snow

All very pretty now
but it will be a mess
come spring

~~

I Called You Poo

I wrote once
"You wear a rose always
that I can make blossom"

Oh how I remember
that inverted nipple

Is it the same now
or have age
and children
made another memory wrong

Feel no obligation
to tell me
~~

Let Me Go

Last evening I said
that I want no photographs
on dojo walls
No face of mine
to look down
on future generations
of students
Let me disappear
with my body

Save the effort
of remembrance
the arguments
over what I said
or how I did it
Let me go
and move forward
I am not over your shoulder
don't look back

~~

Always Polite

A pain in my ankle
I feel I should reach down
and rub it

But pain usually ends
without help from me
so I say hello
and leave it alone

We can both carry on
having made our greetings
~~

Flying Jerks

Both houses I lived in first
had pear trees
and in the fall
the Yellow Jackets
would prove once again
what ugly drunks
they could be

~~

Chanbara

It was spring
and a birch tree
weighed-bent
into the drive
by winter snow
had to be cut

As the chainsaw passed through
Sap, propelled by life
fountained up and sprayed
as prettily as any samurai's blood
in a 60s Japanese movie
on a Saturday afternoon

~~

Morse Code

When did it happen
that I stopped stopping
to watch the fireflies
in the clearing
on the way to the sauna
~~

Is That Smoke

Swarms, clouds of gnats
twisting, winding in the air
so thick
you needed the wipers
to scrape them from
the windscreen

How long has it been
~~

Visit Home

With each visit
I watched my mother shrink
her eyes dim
with macular disease
but never
did I see her head bow
Spine erect
she would say
"I've smoked all my life
I'm not going to stop now"

The table where she sat
listening to the television
is about to be sold
by a friend who never met her
Should I go once more
to see the burn on it's top
To feel again
the guilt that I did not visit more
or stay longer
for choking on the smoke

~~

Liam Outside

I sit inside
writing
and in my glasses
reflected motion
as Liam, outside
shovels the drive

I wait for some insight
some clever observation
But it is only me, here
and he, there
~~

Some Days You Beg

Give me some good news
those glad tidings
that make life worth living

I want to be happy
so please, please
Just tell me
that stuff is working

~~

Perfect

Redhead
in a blue car
shakes down her curls
at the stoplight

~~

4AM

Rising to piss
I made the mistake
of thinking of the cottage
the dead batteries
just before my head
hit the pillow

After an hour
I got up
and watched TV
until I was distracted enough
to sleep
~~

That House

Did I dream again
of that house
of many rooms
that vast place
that I spend minutes
trying to identify
trying to sleep again
~~

Did I Know a Girl

Did I know a girl
who wrote poetry
and showed it to me
long years ago

I feel I should have
I feel I should not
be the only poet
I know

~~

Venetian Blinds

The sun-stripes
on the stair
are more complicated
than they were

the sun is higher
a hopeful sign

~~

A Dare

She lay on the bed
spread-eagled
hands and legs
reaching for the corners
daring me to try
to get in
without being atop her

~~

What Comes to Hand

I scratch away
at the sales slip
I am using as a bookmark
but I cannot seem
to catch the edge
will I need
to keep reading?

~~

All of Them

I have had great loves
and brief loves
drunken loves
and loves more sad
than the transparent leaves
of a beech tree in February

Why was I reluctant
to write that
All of them
said yes
and none were named

~~

The First Clue

The first clue
the slitted eyes
then the rippled neck
of clenched teeth
and thin lips

I had done it again

~~

Little Things

The place looked fine
and I called her name

But little things
a shelf
with too much space
The coat rack thin
behind the door
which opened too wide

I walked to the bedroom
and opened her drawer

~~

All Photographers are Blind

Do you believe those boobs
she said
as I drove her home
What do you mean
I said
One was half the size
of the other

Later I looked at the photos
Two hours of nudes
and I never noticed
~~

Deer Creek

The best
were the days
we filled the kiln early
and we could rush
to the small lake
in the park

Thirty or forty teens
hands black with tar
backs black with sun
running for the water

Someone would have a case
of warm beer in their trunk
~~

It Takes So Little

It takes so little
to knock me off balance
After being ready to die
two years ago

now I live in hope
from bloodwork to bloodwork
that the numbers will stay low

Hope is a terrible mistress
~~

A Cancer

Trapped here
inside
with myself
that part of myself
that is insane
that wants only to destroy

Inside my body
or inside my country
the cancer is the same
insane cells
insane cells
paranoid

Conspiracy theorists
with guns
fighting against order
against "the man"
and it's the same
in the country

~~

Save Us

Save us
from those who would save us
for they live in the future
Their future
not ours

Save us
from the time travellers
who believe
in that which is imaginary
in the future

What is there
but here
and now
except dreams
and insanity
the past and the future
Both gone forever

~~

Blocked

What should I do
to create?
Where should I go
to learn such a thing?

I have no answer
Look around
Now look again
Tell me how
you cannot create
~~

Not Death of Rats

I see him now
Death
his blue eyes
only dots
in a hollow skull

HIS VOICE ALL CAPS
He is just over my shoulder
just beyond where I can turn
my neck

I can hear him now
WITH HIS VOICE OF CAPS
his words appearing
just beyond where I can hear

So irritating
this creature of cold bones
so uncaring
of my current woes
my current fears

HIS HORRIBLE PUNES
My old friend
~~

Ungrateful

Has there been a time
in my entire life
where I have been pain free?
And yet, I never forget
those who have more pain
than I

Has there been a time
where I have been free of care?
And yet, there are others
who have less

Who am I to complain
Who am I to be ungrateful
Who am I?

~~

Watched Over

When I was a child
crapping on the toilet
I used to wonder
if my grandfather was watching me
He who taught me
how to fold the toilet paper
by showing me
as I chatted with him
in the bathroom

My grandfather watching me?
What for, to see if I learned
how to fold the paper properly?
To make sure
I didn't play with my dick?

And if my grandfather
would not be bothered
to watch over me
How much less so
some greybeard from heaven
making sure I don't break
some silly rule
created by the grannies
written down
rolled up
and shoved into his mouth
to be returned as damnation

~~

When You're Dead

When you're dead
you're dead
They put you in the ground
and the worms eat you

This my mother taught me
Only she was cremated
and buried in a biscuit tin
Not chopped up
and spread on the garden
as she requested

This I was taught
when I die
I am gone
and it's true, I hope
No name living on
No fame keeping me alive

certainly no fat mezzo-soprano
riding out of the sky
yelling hayotoo
to carry me off
to feast, fight and wench
for eternity

Are you happy
to bitch, moan and scroll
until you are gone,
in the sure knowledge
that there is a better life
beyond this one?
More power to you dude

but for me
I had things I wanted to do
and I did them
My bucket list was finished
before I ever knew
what a bucket list was
~~

Cannibal

Always a cannibal
I have eaten
all those I encountered

As a good cannibal
I have eaten their brains
and now
all that I am
is what was in their heads

~~

The Importance of Space

I want to watch the dance
and I search
for others
But all I find
is costume
and makeup
and I can't watch

So hard they work
to be something else
someone else

Too much paint
on the canvas
and I can't see the ground
the figure is too much
there is no ma
~~

Morning Makeup

Do you see things differently
when you put on the mask
If others see you differently
are they changed

Tell me please
Should I too, pluck my eyebrows
spread the moisturizer
and blush my cheeks
so that the world
looks different

~~

Too Close

She offered to rub my back
but she got "too close" she said
and collapsed
spread from my legs to my neck
with hair tickling my cheek
and her breath in my ear

Fine, I thought
this will do fine

~~

I Was Angry

I was angry
spitting mad
that she had not come
to meet me
to drive me home
from school

Eventually, in a fume
I walked home
and hours later
found that she had been
in the hospital
a burst appendix

And, (this is telling)
I was angry that
I could not be angry
at her for being late

~~

A Man's Life

Born to a mother's agony
and dying to a daughter's lament
Why would you cause more heartache
than that

Between the opening
and the closing of the eyes
see only kindness

~~

Simply Empty

I have looked upon the dead
seen them laid out
in coffins
and laid open
on dissection tables

Death holds no mystery
no threat
no fear

Simply empty
Body and bones
never more to roam

Still, at peace
Finally for all
at rest

~~

Toward Spring

The sun
the moon
finally seen
through the skylights
The days becoming longer

Such new life
soon to appear
I will be happy to see it
perhaps one more time
~~

What Will You Leave

You have a lifetime
of whatever duration
What will you leave
to your children

Large piles of money
and a vague memory
of boarding schools
and nannies

Or the warmth
of a kind father
The memories shared
together

~~

Before You Step

Before you step
arrange your shoes neatly
and your coat
Your wallet and watch
go into your shoes

Stand quietly
upon the edge
Look out over the waters
gaze at the moon
enjoy the breakers
crashing below

Take a deep breath
enjoy it
and step neatly
only so far
as to miss the cliffside
As you fall
think of the gifts
you were given

The biggest
being the chance
to step off the edge

~~

Without Hesitation

Give your name
without hesitation
and when you hear it
answer "yes" instantly
When called
lay down your tools gently
safely
and go
~~

Port Stanley 1956

I was born
to the smell of coal
fresh water, and fish

I was born
to the sound of diesel engines
as the tugs went out
as soon as they cleared the ice
and the sound of the foghorn
as the mist came in

I was born
to the feel of the sun on the sand
and the sand on my body
~~

A Hot July Day

A hot July day
and she wore a sweater
to the barn
Not long after
I realized
that was all she wore

She found my office
and my fan
and when I came in
she was waiting
The breeze
gently moving her hair
~~

A Long Read

He could read her
like a book
or at least
like the table of contents

A chapter at a time
that was the ticket
and he would try
not to lose his place

~~

London Dry Sherry

London Dry sherry
the most alcohol
for the least money
when I was an unemployed student
(The first ten years of University)

\$2.69 a quart or some such
but best of all
when on the way to a party
It came in a plastic bottle
~~

The Vienna

The morning after
the party before
the boys were in the kitchen
eating beer floats
for breakfast
Ice cream
and flat beer

Thankfully
I got lucky the night before
and missed most
of the drinking
We walked downtown
for breakfast
~~

Perfect Feet

She had such perfect feet
lovely toes
and smooth heels
as if she had never walked a step
in her life

I worshipped those feet
rubbed and kissed them
while she purred
until she grabbed my hair
(I had hair then)
and dragged me up the bed

~~

She Was Shy

She was shy
so I had to sneak
into the bathroom
opening the door
only as far as the squeek
after waiting
for the glass to fog
so I could watch her shower

~~

“Kiss”

Mostly it was silence
but one day
she moved close
stamped her heel
tipped her face up
closed her eyes
tucked her hands
behind her back
and said
"kiss"

~~

A Thaw Has Come

After taking great care
for the whole of winter
Care not to slip
on the ice

A thaw has come
and I find myself looking
for patches of ice
because the mud
is more slippery

~~

Ten, Three, Three

Ten years now
I have had a hole
in the pocket of this jacket

Three times now
I have placed it in the bag
for donating

and three times now
I have pulled it back out

~~

I Wanted to be Deaf

I wanted to be deaf
so as not to hear
I covered my ears
with my hands

and closed my eyes
so treacherous they were
to show me the lips
forming the words

~~

In Silence

In silence
I moved slowly
through a dream
reaching out to touch
each cheek

In silence
I looked at each of them
as I walked through the crowd
trying to say with a look
with a touch
how much I loved them
~~

Like a Firefly

Like a firefly
she would light up
suddenly, briefly
with a tiny smile
and then she was gone
~~

I Found Her Outside

I found her outside
standing by the walk
watching the snow fall
eyes half closed
lashes flecked with white

I put my coat around her
and gave her a small hug
before I took her back inside

~~

The Band Leader

I was the band leader
who carried the sword
through the parade

I was the band leader
not because of my talent
but because I could not afford
the uniform

And where do we put the boy
who doesn't match?
Put him out front with the sword
~~

It Bothers Me

The fellow from the lunch counter
must have felt bad
for a small starving boy,
he gave me credit

I would buy a hamburger,
say thanks
and slowly tried to pay him back
I still owe him twenty five cents
and it bothers me

~~

You are going to find more books like this at:

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