Three Years in Peterborough



Kim Taylor copyright ©2023, all rights reserved Photos Kim Taylor copyright ©2023, all rights reserved

Introduction

We met in first year, and were friends. One day she told me we ought to get an apartment together, and she had one picked out. I said yes, didn't even look at it.

When we got there, I realized there was only one bedroom, only one bed. I looked at her and she smiled.

The Downtown Clock

Don't ask me about the clock I never found out It was just the clock and it was there when I was when she was

We would walk past it hand in hand heading for a bar or a meal sometimes a movie Downtown

She told me about it once but I didn't remember I was watching her talk watching her lips move watching her eyes and not hearing much ~~



Late at night

The streetlamp would shine into our little bedroom I would be home late drinking with the boys and she would be asleep under a sheet the air hot, humid and heavy The windows open in hope of a breeze

I would climb into bed as quietly as I could but she would always wake and murmur hello before rubbing my back in a vague manner then retreat to her side before we started to sweat $\sim \sim$



Six in the morning

and the sun would shine through a space in the curtains she never got them closed quite right I would wake and stare at the light and shadow across her back

I would lightly trace that light across her back trying to feel the difference trying to feel the shadows trying not to wake her up

But she would wake kiss me good morning and make the breakfast while I fell back asleep ~~



Cute Boots

We didn't have much money Students and all but when she found the sign at the old thrift shop I dug into my wallet and into my pockets I spent so much time digging the shopkeeper said "What have you got there"

A dollar seventy-five and it was hers She gave it pride of place and it stayed there for as long as we were When she left she told me "I'm keeping this" ~~



Fisherman's Creek

There was a creek through town we would go sit on the edge and dangle string in the water pretending to fish

After all it was Fisherman's Creek

We never caught anything but we talked leaned against each other and after checking both ways she sometimes kissed me

Then she would throw back her head and laugh as I pretended to be embarrassed ~~

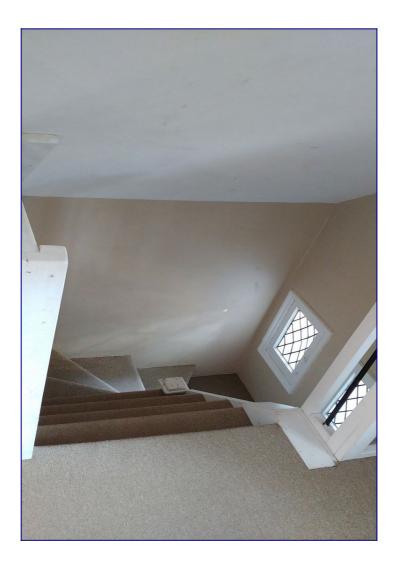


Our Place

An uncle's couch a cast off chair A table from a charity store We didn't have fancy things but she kept them neat she kept them tidy and oh did she yell if I didn't take off my shoes

This is our place Our place and I love it like I love you so pick up your shit and leave your shoes at the bottom of the stair

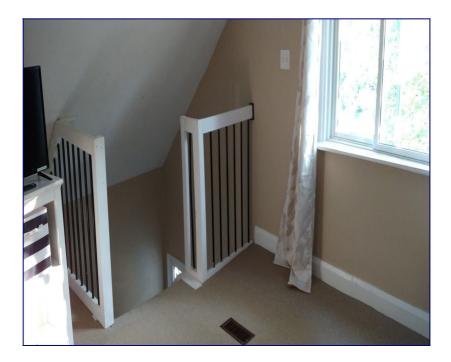
Even when I was drunk I remembered ~~



You Can Make It

"I'm sure these aren't code" she would say every time she had to help me get up the stairs a bad knee and a gut full of beer would make that turn a bit of a chance

Not to mention when I'd hit my head and fall back toward the lower steps barely catching myself on the railing "Come on big fella You can make it" She'd say as she pushed ~~



The Drop Into Hell

The drop into hell I'd call it as I slammed my forehead yet again into the roof "What do you expect from an attic apartment" she'd say

It was cheap We could walk to school and I wouldn't have moved if you'd paid me money She was there and that was enough to make up for a bruised forehead ~~



The Paper Roll Holder

Now, I've been to Japan but I didn't mind those tiny toilets I had learned long before that to take my pants off so I could spread my legs before sitting down

She would come by and laugh to see me trying to reach the paper Every time Every damned time I'd pull the roll holder off of the wall As I cracked my elbow ~~



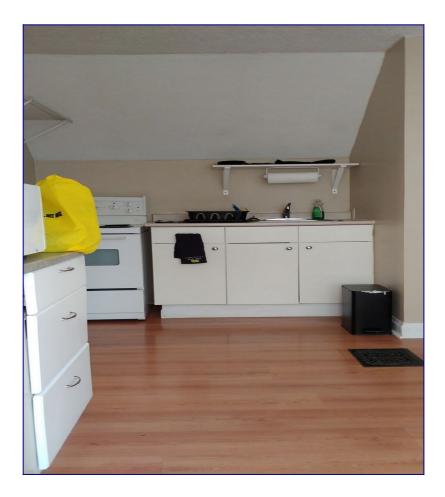
Our Dining Room Table

Of all the bits and pieces of that tiny apartment in the attic I think the very best was the dining room

Just the two of us on a patio table by the window

We'd listen to the cars rolling by outside If you closed your eyes you heard waves on the shore of a custom-built ocean-side mansion

No room for visitors Just her gentle eyes looking back at me ~~



Her Kitchen

I don't know how she did it the meals she cooked in that tiny kitchen So much better than the restaurants we could afford I remember the smells of every meal she made

And look at that vent for what heat there was coming up from the furnace in the wintertime Right in the centre of the floor A hot meal an extra sweater and her to snuggle with ~~



Some of them Matched

I couldn't give her much a few dishes a couple of mugs but she never complained "We don't have the sink to let them pile up" I washed them when I could but mostly she'd have them done

For all the times I was late all the times I was drunk all the times I was ugly cruel she stayed there with me in that apartment and I never understood just how lucky I was that she stayed so long with me ~~ You are going to find more writing from Kim Taylor at:

non fiction martial arts books <u>https://sdksupplies.com/cat_manual.htm</u> <u>https://sdksupplies.com/cat_manual-free-ebooks.html</u>

poetry, novels, and photo books <u>https://180degreeimaging.com/TaylorBooks.html</u>

180mag (Photo magazine monthly) - 2005-2014 https://180degreeimaging.com/180mag/180archive.html

Iaido Newsletter / JJSA (monthly) - 1989-2001 https://sdksupplies.com/cat_manual.htm

EJMAS (monthly) - 2000-2017 https://ejmas.com/