

The Clockwork Love Affair



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rev2*

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The Clockwork Love Affair

We move in time
cycling around each other
always the synchrony just close enough
to let the wheels turn, but never mesh

Two springs, two times
winding each other in turn
trying always to find a common gear
before one runs down

~~

Mar 29, 1977

A lifetime ago, over forty years ago, I started a book for Penny Tulk. That's her photo on the cover. We were together for perhaps half a year over several years. Together and apart and sort of together again.

We ripped each other apart. This is my side of the story and it might seem that I got the worst of it, but I gave as good as I got. Look, we were 19 for fuck's sake, what did we expect. She was a bright mind that I couldn't resist, and she was the first woman that I loved deeply, and slept with. That's a powerful combination when you're 19 when you're both trying to figure out who you are.

I have to believe that she loved me too, and that she cried over me, but never died over me thank the gods. I would hate to ever hear that, because you see, I never stopped loving her. Six months spread over years was enough for her to soak into my soul and to my dying day I'll love her.

I have loved others, before and since. Some as deeply as I love her, and yes, I still love them, so Penny is not special in that sense. But all I need to do is look at my journals full of poetry to see that half my writings are about her.

There is no conventional happy ending to this story, we didn't eventually get together. That would have been too much. But I would not have missed a single moment of her. It's been a lifetime and I've carried a warm core deep in my gut. That's Penny Tulk in there.

~~

Oct 23, 2021

The First Sight of Poo

The first sight of Poo
Do I remember
Is it important

Pat must have introduced us
Later
When I yelled at him
for having slept with her
he said he'd met her first

The games of young men
prior acquaintance
somehow
giving body rights

Is she that important
should I remember meeting her
after almost fifteen years
I remember steel eyes

~~

July 14/91

Somewhere

Somewhere
In an old notebook
there must be a poem
to tell me when I met her
But they remain unread
old, used, breaths

~~

July 14/91

A Lifetime of Grey Thursdays

It's so long go on a rainy day that I think of you. A Thursday full of grey that always reminds me of you. Of your eyes that see so much of me.

When you first came here there was snow on the ground but with waiting the ice melts and the warmth of the summer sun comes to this grey land.

A year ago we celebrated your birthday and I made a silent vow to your body. A year ago a cycle was begun, to continue with unnatural seasons created by man's vanity. A crazed spiral to rise and fall with nature's rhythms. Half a century of grey Thursdays we have swung in a paired orbit.

In the middle age of our time I can watch another birthday, my private circle again at its origin and once more we lie at perihelion, the poles of our country embracing each one, but refusing to reconcile the other. I wait once more for you.

It's all half hour stretches now, sometimes a few put together for sleep but there is never a longer time. How could there be, waiting for you to come home, waiting to see you again. Spending another half hour by myself.

~~

June 2/77

Penny

I had to borrow a friend's pen
to write this poem
To say
how good it feels
to shower with you again
and lift you onto me
and feel you around me
like a renaissance madrigal
sung by a river in Guelph
as I listen to your breath
on my shoulder

~~

Mar 28, 1977

The Smell of Latex

Intro Micro 100
we were all there
At least I remember it that way

Is that where I met Penny?
Curious
thinking about it now
the smell of latex
comes to me

Did we wear gloves
in that lab
Or did that come later?

~~

July 14/91

Stupid Man

It's often said
More often felt
That only what is gone is desired
You've gone away
A week less a day
I think I'm starting to want you
and I swore that I wouldn't again
But I've sworn so many things

~~

July 6, 1976

Perhaps

So once more I shall open myself
Once more to depend on another
Once more to be driven to earth

Perhaps not
you have strength
Perhaps the strength to withhold
I've not the power for moderation
Perhaps you'll give me range

~~

July 6, 1976

Stability

You have a home
Somewhere
With lots of people there
To pick you up
Dust you off
Pat your head
And send you out – try again
All your friends look out for you
And advise you sagely
Wipe your nose child
And don't be Afraid
You can always go home
If it's too much for you

I will stay here
I have no home
No shell from which to explore
But I live
And all that live have homes
My home is Here
My friends are few
And never advise
Only consent and offer themselves
I shall stay here
And live my life
My life
Mine
My home need never be created
For I shall never lose it

~~

July 8, 1976

If I Want to Think

If I want to think
Here in the back seat
I can't look at your eyes
In the mirror

~~

July 8, 1976

Modesty

When you sat up in bed
this morning
you covered your breasts with the sheet
Was it because we only slept
together (toasty warm and comfortable) or
were you thinking of your little old lady

~~

July 8/76

I Ate Breakfast With a Half-Empty

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

~~

July 8/76

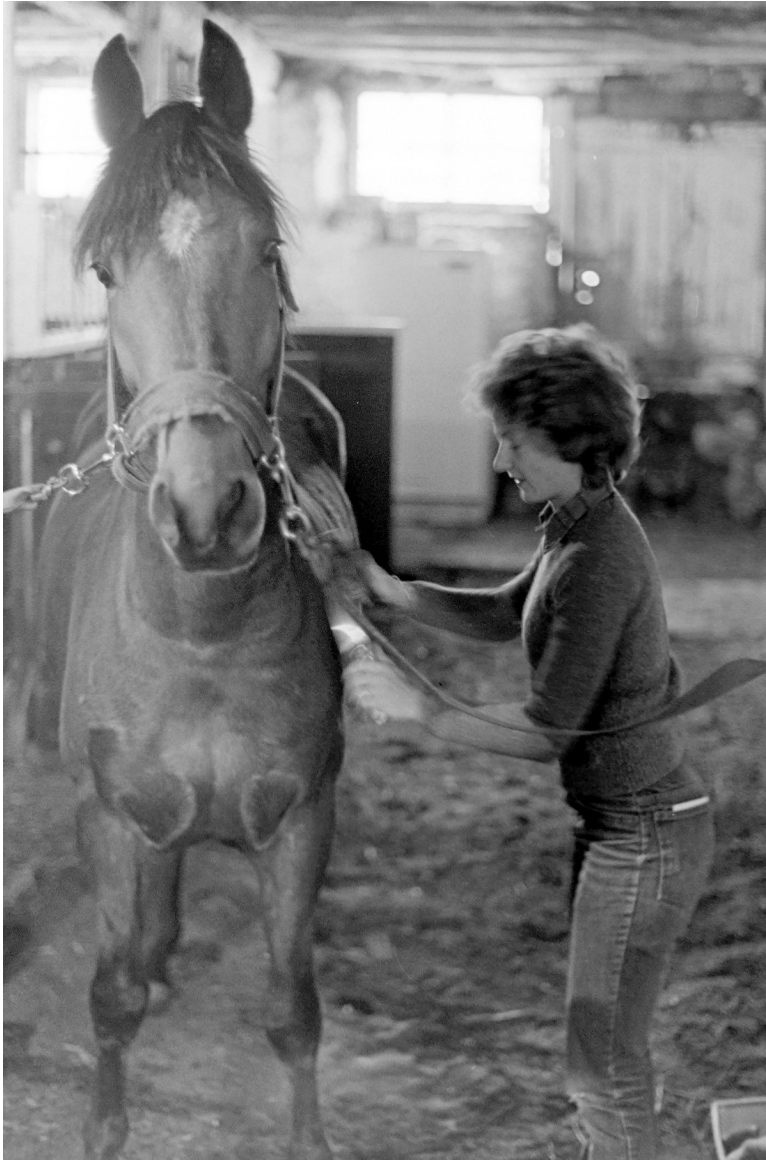
Underclassed

Sitting with the upper crust
In Big Lou's
I pretend not to be repulsed
Actually I am dressed
And I could fool one of them
One who knows me not
But I am beyond the effort

I'll get drunk instead
I couldn't be bothered with impressions

~~

July 9, 1976



This Book is for Penny Tulk

Formerly and still from New Brunswick

When I think
of all the pain you cause me
When I think
of the times I've felt like crying
or smashing a window

I think of you
Whispering beside me
Late at night

~~

July 10, 1976

The Adventure of Poo

With Poo
It was always adventure
Each time we made love
it was a conquest
She of me
or I of her

A summer afternoon
in an East Residence room
the windows open
looking over her shoulder
at the cleaning staff
watching from the balconies
of the next building

Once
taking charge
in the shower
(after she'd hinted
I could be more forceful)
Picking her up and entering
(Her slipping one foot down
for support, I wasn't as strong then)
Waiting for her
Learning, for the first time
the special joy
of shared orgasm

~~

July 14/91

My Ideals vs My Attachment to Penny

A little advice my friend
Never let ideals interfere with common sense
Explain I shall by example
Never attend a function
Under circumstances as follow

Invite a friend
She invites an old rival for her affections
Expects you to attend as well
Your ideals
Silly bastard
Tell you you're open minded
So you traipse along
Being open minded

And it tears you up inside
Every time an arm is held
Not yours
It rankles
Every time a look is cast your way
It slaps your face
You don't need this shit my friend
And if you're getting it
Get drunk my friend
Then go home
Alone

~~

July 10, 1976

**Sitting in the Stone Road Mall While You are
Someplace Else With Someone Else at
4:30pm**

It's been a long day
(already)
And I can't find you here
(because you're not)
So I think I'll buy a paper
(and read it at home)

~~

July 10, 1976

The Night I Finally Got Angry and Hitched Home

I

I went to Niagara on the lake
With Penny and John
But I came home alone
It took five rides and
Two and a half hours

II

I walked a long way
Waiting for P and J to pass
But I took a ride
Isaiah said he was hoping to get a blow job
And offered to take me along
I said no, but I thought
It was nice to have a girl like that
Then I told him about P and J
And he thought it was awful
When he let me out he asked me
If I wanted a blow job from him
I said thank you no, I had to get home

III

Fourty five minutes on the fucking QEW
What can I do
There's too many cars to think
And it's too noisy to sing

IV

Dylan BA Bunker gave me a lift
And we smoked grass
And talked social systems and
Ecology and he told me how
He came to be without a
License for six years and
He opened one of the back windows
Because of the exhaust
And smoked a cigar all the way
Down the QEW
I got lost on the ramp to the 403

V

Gomer almost ran me down
He told me University was a waste
And he ran 500 acres with his father
He let me out before I asked
Whether an acre was three or four legged
I wasn't sorry to see him go

VI

A little white Celica went past
Turned around
Went back to Hamilton
Turned around
Came back and picked me up
I thought, what will I do with two
Straight folk
They weren't
They were stoned, at a party in Hamilton, and
I think they were either in love
Or father and son

VII

The last ride was nice
It was with a
catatonic gentleman
I didn't have to say much

VIII

Being home alone at 2:30
Wasn't much fun
I was straight again
And drank half a coffee
Read, but it didn't help
I went to bed

~~

July 10, 1976

If You Shower With Me

If you shower with me
I can watch the water flow
Between your breasts
And make rivulets
Down your stomach

~~

July 10, 1976



When You Think of Me

When you think of me
Do you think of Golden Apollo
His beauty as mine
My face as painful to look at as his
Our bodies mirrors of the other
His massive loins as mine
His flowing hair my hair
His arms, my mind, controlling his beasts
His burning chariot your love of me
His great white charges my will

~~

July 10, 1976

In The Church of Our Lady

She follows me even into here God
Right into your place
Nice place too, very roomy
Anyway, she's sitting one row up and
Four places over
She doesn't look the same
But this is a place of spirit
And that's hers
The spirit of her ass is on your bench

~~

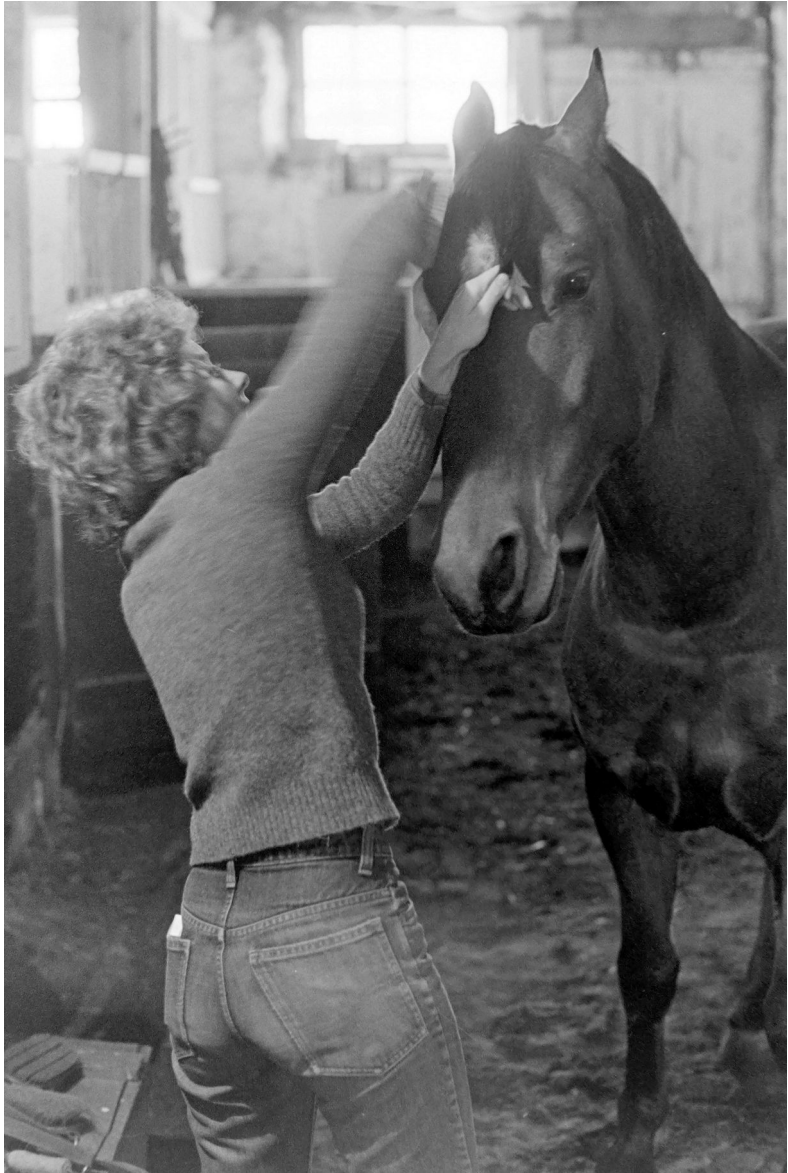
July 10, 1976

I Wish You Were Stroking My Nose Now

Watching you on your horse
I catch your rhythm and think
Pretty-bum pretty-bum pretty-bum
I wish I were your horse

~~

July 10, 1976



Hearts and Followers

I dream of your ass
In the daytime
When I don't stop myself
It's shaped like a heart

~~

July 11, 1976

Sunday Morning After the Big Mad Friday night

Remember that time
When I was very mad at you
And let you know I was
I was mad because I did a
Stupid thing, and forgot that you
weren't as attached to me as
I thought you were
Remember that time, I stomped around
and put out black clouds of mad
It was really very funny
I hope you call me today

~~

July 11, 1976

You Always Sleep With Your Back To Me

You always go to sleep with your back to me
And I never know why
It might have some deep dark meaning
But your back is cool
And I like to fit myself into its curves
And it's summertime
and I don't want to think too much

~~

July 11, 1976



I'm Feeling A Little Rushed

(and it's not chemical)

I have to hurry and write this for you
before I find out if you'll stay with me
Because if you do then I won't have
to write any more
And if you don't then I won't have
a reason to

~~

July 11, 1976

I Know

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

~~

July 11, 1976

Working it Out

I know I don't mean as much to you
as I thought I did
And it was my own bloody fault
I got so worked up, but
you shouldn't have dragged me along
You know I'll do whatever you want me to
Now I think you should clarify our
relationship. I wonder if I'll really
say that.

~~

July

Haliburton Lake

Well, said the loon
I see you're almost asleep
Yes I said
Why are you almost asleep on a dock
on a beach
Beside that girl and
With the mosquitoes
To listen to you I said
Applesauce, you're both intending
to stay here all night and sleep aren't you
I was asleep and didn't answer him

~~

July 11, 1976



A picnic table
getting horribly bitten
her family cottage
nieces and nephews inside
Later that night
going to her bed anyway
not being able to sleep
with only one wall between us

In my parent's home?
On the floor
because the bed squeaked?
Was that Poo?

~~

July 14/91

Moonriding

There are so many moons out tonight
That one was orange
To see and admire and wave at
Sometimes they stop
and I run to them and get on
They take me with them
I think I'll do this all night
Until the moons run out

~~

July 1976

I'm Half Way Between

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

~~

July 1976

Getting to Know You

Inside your head
is ancient Cathay
Marco Polo stomps about your inner ear
And you have the Khan behind your right eye
I can't go to ancient Cathay

~~

July 11, 1976

You Babe

An uprooted tree in a cemetery by a lake
on top of William Tells eyes
on top of a root cellar
on top of velvet
on top of Behemoth

~~

July 1976

Is This Married

Can you be married
without realizing it

She would come to visit
she'd come to my bed

Early in the morning
she'd leave again
Sometimes I'd wake up
Sometimes not

~~

July 14/91

So Easy

So easy
the unspoken assumption
the acceptance
of whatever the other did

Coming together
drifting apart
as circumstances dictated

The difficult times
when feelings of ownership
or expectation showed

~~

July 14/91

You Wear a Rose Always

You wear a rose always
That I can make blossom

~~

July 11, 1976



Let's Make a Picnic of the Past

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

~~

July 11, 1976

Tragedy

This is tragedy!
This is terrible
Too much to take
I can't remember your hands

~~

July 11, 1976

This is one of the Books

This is one of the books
You have inside me
Books are written from pain
You have more

~~

July 11, 1976

Please Hurry Sleep

Please hurry sleep
And take me now
Before I run out of drink
And have to think of her again

~~

July 11

Saturday July 30, 1976

I read a book today
Picked up and put down a few others
Went out for the papers
Tried to write
Thought about my trip
Ended up making a list
Read some more
Did a washing
Called you twice
The second time you were out
The first you said you might come over
Took some things for my cold
Moped around with my nose dripping
I guess all I want
Is to have you in my bed tonight
But I always want that
Read the papers again
Made a sandwich
Went to bed

~~

July 30

I'm A Beggar of Time

I'm a beggar of time
And you're a rich looking lady
On a timeless street
I know how you got rich

~~

Aug 1, 1976

I Just Called To Say Goodnight

I just called to say goodnight
because there's no one here to say it to

~~

Aug 1, 1976

Waiting

Does your heart jump
And your stomach turn over
Every time someone comes to your door
When you're expecting me?

~~

Aug 2, 1976

Farm

Come with me to yourself
My babe of nineteen years
Come with me to live
By our labour
By our land
By my love you never took
Come with me to find yourself
While I find my life
With my hands

~~

Sept 9, 1976

I'm Sorry Penny

I'm sorry Penny
But I think I'm over you
Looking at you again
Makes no difference
Hearing you talk
No longer takes the air away
And knowing about him
Only made a little twinge

~~

Sept 24, 1976

Her Eyes

She's gone from me now
Out of my life
And I can't remember the colour of her eyes

~~

Sept 24, 1976

Dry Heaving

I don't know how to put this
I don't know how to write it down
Have you ever wanted someone
So badly you could taste her
On the wind

~~

Sept 15, 1976

I Wish You Were A Legend In

I wish you were a legend in
Your own time
Because a legend is
Unapproachable and
Unapproached

No one gets involved with legends
They just exist
And you can enjoy them
From a safe place

I wish you were a legend in
Your own time
Roped off with red velvet
And I was a visitor
Just in from Alberta
Looking at you

~~

Sept 19, 1976

You Live:

You live:

I sit alone drinking coffee
until my hands shake

~~

Oct 7, 1976

We Kick Through Winter Snow

We Kick through winter snow
and slide across pale glass
and throw cotton at each other's
dream, all the while
Thinking of the feather tic
lying across our bed

~~

Sept 27, 1976

We Both Got a Little Excited

(love and pain and the whole damn thing)

We both got a little excited
with puffing and sweating
and the bed gave a groan

But I thought we should stop
You agreed and started to walk away
Tripping over the panties
wound 'round your ankles

~~

Sept 27, 1976



And We're Making Sunday Plans

It's Sunday
and we're making Sunday plans
over Sunday cups of coffee

The afternoon sky
thinks hard about rain as the

Red checkered tablecloth bears
the interruption of my hand on yours
and continues over the edge
onto your lap where

the cat who followed you home
the week before I did
purrs in sleepy warmth

~~

Sept 27, 1976

Ting-Ting the Cat Lies

Ting-Ting the cat lies
at the stove and
stares at me

I stare back but I let
her win
so I can write this down

~~

Sept 27, 1976

As You Start to Let Me Go

You go to sleep
with your back to me
not letting me touch you

trying to make it easier for me
as you start to let me go

I know as you breath
with the sound of my heart
that I will not lose tonight
to a half-forgotten dream

I wake to your arms around me
and I struggle in half-light
to tear your hands away from my neck

and fall asleep again

You leave just before dawn
and I know it's for the last time

~~

Sept 30, 1976

Found in the back of a notebook

Penny

Have been here since 4:00 AM

Gone for breakfast downtown

look for my bike outside

-Kim

~~

Sept-Oct 1976

I Sit Without You at My Table

I sit without you at my table
drinking coffee that slowly turns
my stomach to sugary acid

Such a lazy day
to think of you
so far away from here

where we looked at each other
over mugs of tea
Was it only a week ago

You had to be the strong one
patiently explaining to me
why you had to leave

~~

Oct/76

And a Sterile Cuckoo Cries

Now
with winter coming
and the summer long since gone
I am crying for you
... for me

It all fits
a rat named Pookie
you were the first woman I loved
and slept with
we didn't like each other
and argued

I love you and you
loved me
Now it's over
for a long time
it's been over
and a sterile cuckoo cries

~~

Nov 11, 1976

Emotional Wine Press

Out here in the hidden land
of factories and smoke
I thought I could lose you
But a friend's news
brought you again, to hang
at the back of my head
Stomping the grapes of my emotion
into your wine. You look
as good as ever and
once more I'm glad to be a grape
being stomped by you

~~

Nov 22, 1976

Spreading Into The Space I Left

I sometimes wonder how you felt
when you woke to find me gone
Did you feel it at all
or just go back to sleep
spreading into the space I left

~~

Nov 26, 1976

Static on my Radio

You hit my mind
like static on my radio
but I can't turn you off

At times
night mostly
you are so loud
I lose sight of the music
and hear only pain
You fill me so
with your dark side
And I know
I'll never find the dawn

With the light
the static clears
and you take shape again
returned from inside my head

~~

Dec 20, 1976

Written in Transit

I think of you
and see snow drift and squirm across the road
I think of you
and see the ice of the harbour
rise and fall with the convolutions of your brain
You are hard to pin down
You are the mist
The fog on cat feet
You are cold as the ice of your eyes
And melt into a drop of pond water
at my touch
Black microscopic feelings
for me to examine
But I have no instruments

~~

Dec 22, 1976

Or When I'm Alone

I'm taking it easy now
making things with my hands
reading a little
walking and breathing in the sun
not talking much,
because small things
seem to make me cry

I try not to think
when I look at the people here
or when I'm alone
It's really much better now
I feel that I'm moving again
and the scars are slowly
healing over

I'm taking it easy here

~~

Sept 30, 1976



But This Fucking Uncertainty

The end
I can handle
all beginnings
are a joy
But this fucking uncertainty

~~

Jan 6, 1977

One more time

One more time
she's closed the door
softly leaving me behind
and she has run away
one more time

She has to go
to go alone
from the life that waits her here
And I'll stay until she
comes back home again

~~

June 13/77

Oh Lady

Oh lady
lady don't play that game on me
don't pull that trip on me
when I can't just walk away

Oh lady
lady don't do this thing to me
don't bring me to my knees
when I can't just leave this place

~~

June 19/77

The Panther Look-alike Symbol Contest

I guess we all need a focal point

I was yours for a while

This beer glass is mine

~~

Jan 6, 1977

For Poo

You strung him along
until I came back
then ran to me to tell it all
I gave the advice you knew I would
You wanted me to ask you back
but I can't, you wasted the story
on a washed out man

There are no more gifts here for you
only a still pond
that reflects what you give
on a still day
And nothing at all in a wind

Now that you've seen the pond
and what is offered here
You decide to go back to him

A wise choice
he is a mannequin you can shape
and control as you wish
a mannequin that gives what you want

~~

Jan 30, 1977

He Challenges Poo

I don't marvel so much
at your skill at your game
as at my own refusal
to call it one

I played by your rules a long time
I saw the game
before I started
started by refusing to believe it was
and stopped when I saw
the penalty for losing

I know why you must play
I always knew
and once I could pity you
maybe that's why I played
so seriously
Letting it become real to me
as it had to be for you
I've played before
and I've lost before
I didn't mind your need and
couldn't be bitter at the use
you put me to

But you go too far
you play now with people
who've never seen a game
never knew of their existence
You prey on babes to satisfy your need
to win.

Take this as a threat
your need for power will destroy
this man
I will not allow it
I know your game, your reasons
and enough of your weaknesses
I know enough to defeat you
and I will
It won't be a defeat as
I suffered
I don't need the victory
You will die without them
I can't kill you
but I can, and I will make you sick
with the losses

~~

Jan 31, 1977

Poo Analysis

You play a game of power
with the people that you know
it involves high stakes
involves your ego

You feed on their need
a need you do your best to create
this need of you
You deny them yourself
while teasing, taunting them
to use their emotions as a springboard
bouncing your airy power even higher

Setting yourself up as a goddess
giver of pleasure and pain
you feed on your friends
while your ego, delicate bubble
inside your head
bursts

~~

Jan 31, 1977

He Decides to Drop the Character from his Plot

It was nice for a while child
you got an ego boost
and I got a lot of good emotion
But that was months ago
and I've set up too many projects
to fit you in again

Let it drop girl
I'm sorry you don't like being used
but all games go both ways
and it's really too bad about the way
things are going for you now
But I just haven't the time to help
patch you up

~~

Feb 2/77

The End of Poo's Life

You couldn't resist
one last fling
at playing the game again
You blew it

~~

Feb 4/77

The Last Battle With Poo

“I’ll fight you at dawn”

I said

and went to the hall of my fathers
took down a crossed
goose-quill and notebook and
spent the night sharpening my pen

I met you in the morning
opened with a brilliant volley
of incisive wit and cutting insight
You replied with a shotgun
and I lost the match

~~

Feb 14, 1977

I Thought She Was Poo

I thought she was Poo
She thought she was Tigger
a small lapse
in understanding
after eight months apart

Was that when it happened
the drift away from each other

~~

July 14/91

It's Starting to Work

Each time I see you
it gets a little easier
I'm up to the point
where I can breath without pain
and look at my hand
without seeing it shake

~~

Feb 14, 1977

We Were Both Reaching

We were both reaching for the same thing
I with my mind
You with a meat hook

~~

Feb 14, 1977

Once More

Once more I am politely informed
of my use. Once more
I am politely informed
of my place. Once more I am reminded
of how alone I am

~~

Feb 16, 1977

A Wordless Sigh

I want to see your eyes close
and your mouth open
in a wordless sigh
as I please you once again

~~

Feb 21, 1977

Waking Up Raunchy

I wake in the dawn
with my face jammed
into the back of your neck
Thankful I don't have to share
this dead rabbit breath with you

~~

Feb 21, 77

In The Morning Light

And in the morning light
when we both rise
I watch you rub the sleep
from pale grey eyes

I trace the softness
of your body's lines
and feel the smoothness
under dawning skies

Just why you stay with me
I'll never see
But if you ever leave
I'll cease to be

alive, you make me hear the wind
you make me feel the sun
and if this boy should need someone
you know I'll always need your love

And in the dawning light
I watch your eyes
and feel the depth that ever
makes me wise

You touch me gently and
I realize
the things I feel for you
are never lies

I'll always be with you
in morning skies
I'll feel the colour
of your pale grey eyes

My girl you make me hear the wind
you make me feel the sun
and if this boy should ever need someone
you know I'll always need your love

~~

Feb 21, 1977

Be Careful With My Head

Be careful with my head
you say
think, before I mess you up

And what about me
who decides what I will hear
what I will feel
Who protects me

~~

Feb 21, 1977

Once Upon a Time

Once upon a time
Penny and I sat at this table
(or the one next to it)
and drank three pitchers of beer
it was her 19th birthday
after that we drank 3/4 of a quart of rum
I played volleyball while
Penny threw up
That was the first night
she spent with me
The first pitcher, I remember best

~~

Kim Taylor Feb 21, 1977

The Phone Bill

It wasn't a very long way
from holding back her darkness
to causing her concern about
the phone bill

~~

Feb 23, 1977

Not a Dalmatian

At least I've been passed over
for a man of stature and physical presence
I don't think I could handle
being rejected for a Dalmatian
or something like that

~~

Mar 4, 1977

Eider Down Kiss

The pale silken down
on your stomach
the velvet touch of your back
and the eider down kiss you gave me

~~

March 14, 1977

Like An Old Song

Like an old song
that won't let go
and pops into my head
every year or so

I still feel your eyes
hit me in the gut
and do their little number
on my life

~~

Mar 14, 1977

I've Been Thinking

Sitting in a restaurant
trying to decide
whether I'm getting depressed or not
I realize
I've been thinking of her

~~

Mar 20, 1977

Last Night

Last night you wore my
old football shirt
your legs looked so good
I had to ask you to turn around
Today you're gone
and I'm wearing the shirt

~~

Mar/77



In Fifteen Minutes

Recycling old emotions
we get faster at the changes
until our affair can be lived
in fifteen minutes over the phone

The elation of finding each other
through miles of wire
the fast recital of news
the growing embarrassment of
nothing new, replaced
by the resentment of old wounds

We hang up and the sadness
of parting
leads to another affair
another cycle
another wound

~~

Mar 29/77

Four Times

Four times I walked away from her
out of her life, as she wanted me to
Four times I turned, silent
left her to herself

And she called out to me
in her sad soft voice
Stopping me

~~

Apr 1/77

I Wake Before Her

I wake a little before her
and turn to watch her dream
She reaches out to me, burying
her face in my shoulder and
folding my leg carefully in hers
she gently cups my penis in her hand

~~

Apr 2/77

Accidental

I don't really want to talk
but I make noises as I breathe
and sometimes we communicate
by accident

~~

Apr 3/77

When we first met

When we first met, I didn't like the way you held your head, or your speech, full of the ways of my grandmother. You were the friend of a friend and I used to sometimes wish I were somewhere else.

But I soon ignored your habits to listen to your mind. Skilful and pretty thing, we talked for hours. We talked for days and weeks and your voice came to be a drug and your mannerisms precious.

I grew to love you, a scared and hesitant love. Afraid that I might drive you away. A careful love that sometimes broke restless and wild as a bolting horse. I was not longer in control, just barely hanging on.

You could stroke my nose and calm me again. With gentle words you reassured me, letting me know I was wanted, that you wouldn't have me put down

~~

June 2/77

Explorer

She had Discovery written on a label
on the back of her jeansuit
and a zipper down the front
right from nipple to nuptial

What was I supposed to do
I'm an explorer by birth
and by conviction
I pulled

~~

July 10/77

What Defence

What defence have I
against the mole, so delicate on your neck
The grey of your eyes
and the tilt of your head
as you comment on another of my quirks

~~

July 10/77

I Remember

I remember you
in a football shirt
and a terry bathrobe
I remember your eyes
looking back from a mirror
as you brushed your teeth
with my toothbrush

I remember stroking your breast
and spreading my hand
across your stomach
as far as I could
feeling your breath and then
tracing down to tickle you awake
Rolling into you as you said “gmrenn”
around my lips and through my beard

I remember a morning shower
your back against the tile
and the water running between us
then around us
as I waited for you

You felt so good
and I loved you more that instant
than I ever would again

I remember the first time
You were so drunk
and I wasn't sober
but it was good

I remember the last time
You were so sober
and I wasn't drunk
and it was bad

I remember saying goodnight
in your ear
biting your neck
and falling asleep around you

~~

Oct 10/77

I Don't Believe It

I don't believe it
reading a poem I wrote
a year ago
about remembering you
from a year before that
just sent the memory of you
shivering through my body
for about a minute
and I still feel the glow
you used to give to me

~~

Feb 11, 1978

Summer Afternoon

I remember the long summer afternoons, you and I in my tiny residence room with the bed in front of the windows and the curtains torn down because I wanted the sun.

And the maintenance crew that I didn't notice until later, and you never did, taking a break in the building across from us.

I remember the lazy finger I gave behind your back, and the lazy satisfaction that I had you there, and that someone else knew it too.

~~

Apr 3/78

We knew

In so many ways
it was like sleeping
with myself

Nobody before
no one since
understood me so well

We hardly ever talked
there was no need
we knew each other already
and neither of us
really needed support
We were both happy

Then I started
to doubt myself

~~

July 14/91

Hello Again

Well hello again
has it really been a year
that's much too long apart
even for ex-lovers
You look the same
it startled me,
how well I remember those eyes
I wonder how you've been
how your father's doing
have you seen the old gang
is your work still going well
it's nice of you to wave
as you drive on by

~~

Oct 13/78

Hello Again, Again

I'd like to think
that I gave to her
as much
as she gave to me

Seeing her again
after a few years gap
I thought "she hasn't changed"
Did she think the same
of me

Perhaps we learned
from each other

~~

July 14/91



Rockwood Sunday

I return with you
to the town
where you lived
and where you loved me
I am careful not
to call you poo
careful not to say
all I would like to
Careful to enjoy the sight
of your pretty bum
and the face I know so well
We ski around the lake
as I slip into daydreams

The land is empty of men
full of you and I
alone on the lake
we ski to the inlet
of the river
Listening to the snow
running beneath us
we move upstream
past a waterfall
to a flat that will shelter

Here there is water
and lumber
here there is power
and land
and place for you and I
to lay down our life

I turn to show you our home
You are looking at me
grey eyes seeing my thoughts
Knowing before I speak
all I could say to you
and you turn away
Sadly telling me it's not to be

We have this afternoon
that is almost done
and when it is
You go back to the man
who waits for you
and I go to wherever
I am

~~

Feb 12/79

Happy Confederation

I called her tonight
to wish her happy confederation
Newfoundland 30 years Canadian

Ten years at her birth
(all the strange twistings of fate
that brought her to me
for a while)

I called her
and she asked why
I hadn't called for a while
then had to run
to cook dinner

Leaving me to wonder
why she asked
as I went to wash my hair
A visit from her
in the back of my head
where it will stay
Poor boy scout
I'd marry her tomorrow

~~

Apr 1/79

Once She Was Only a Girl

What am I
27 years old
Nearly
And I haven't seen Poo
for God knows
What
At least four years
No closer to six

But I ride in a car
New
That reminds me of horses
And she's there
Cutting through three other girls
One in the car with me
And all I can think of
is Penny

Am I to feel her for
The rest of my life
What is she
Once she was only a girl
I wish I was that young
and Stupid
Again

~~

May 14, 1983

The Truth

She's not that far away
I looked it up
an hour's drive

But I'm in the book too

Liar

The truth?

My life is finally uncomplicated
again

~~

July 14/91

That Age

Standing alone
in the middle of the room
suddenly nothing but pain
Mouth open
noise from deep inside
breaking out so hard
it hurts
The sounds changing to her name
back hitting the wall
sliding down
to sit
Crying

Not for anything
would I be that age again
~~
July 14/91

Time Heals Nothing

Time heals nothing
the old pain
when I think about it
still hurts as much
only now
I know
I lived through it
~~
July 14/91

Her Voice

Sometimes I think
I have nothing left
of her
not even a photograph

Then I'll answer someone
and realize
She said the same to me

~~

July 14/91

What It Comes To

A love of three years
it remains
about seven images
frozen in time

~~

July 14/91

An Old Housecoat

It was an old housecoat
Owned for years
and getting ratty
but I kept hold of it
as long as I could
Sentimental reasons I said
I wonder when it was lost

~~

Oct 3, 2021



Love Like That

It may last an hour
it may last a lifetime
but once, for however long
should be a love you remember
for your whole life

A love that produces poems
produces ecstasy
unbearable agony

Never back away
a love like that
can define your life
A love like that
can teach you

~~

Oct 2/21

No Claims

No jealousy
no complications
we told each other everything
Who we were seeing,
sleeping with

No chains
no claims
was that the problem
It lasted
what
three years?

Should there have been claims
declarations
some effort to keep it going
would it have lasted

~~

July 14/91

Is It Weird That I Want This To Happen

I just ran across
your number
from 45 years ago

If I call it
will your 19 year old self
answer it

~~

Kim Taylor Oct 22, 2021



February, 2022. I have found another notebook with several poems about Penny. Not a surprise at all, and I have included them in her book.

You are going to find more books like this at:

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

There are free martial arts books from Kim Taylor at:

https://sdksupplies.com/cat_manual-free-ebooks.html