

Poetry Series

Kevin Taylor
- poems -

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Kevin Taylor(September,1956)

Veni, vidi, scripsi.

A Gentle Scent

A gentle scent surrounds me. It eddies,
flows, reminds me. I dream. Look long
and away until just so and seeing you
and having only to say—I seize upon
some flower, something I love, you see,
and say—This is where I begin. This is
where I am. This is where I am re-awoken.
And in that span you hold me with interest,
with affinity. You who can never end,
whose beginning was before mine—
From non-existence you rekindle me.

Kevin Taylor

A Riot Of Song

A riot of Song
Of reverberating Song
And Imagination

Kevin Taylor

Afternoon

It was the early afternoon of Infinity when we met.
I had called into being the forever of time
to anticipate your arrival in finite rhythms—
Knowing they must be the whitest of lies.

The preparation, the perception, the recognition,
the intertwining and engagement of spaces,
their separations—all in the span of hello
and the impossibility of absolute goodbye.

Kevin Taylor

Angelness

How are angels born, you ask
From love— God's love and ours, in fact
And how might that be, you inquire
They're born of kinfolk we've admired
Does that mean they're like us, you press
Quite so— We've each our angelness.

Kevin Taylor

Another One

I think a thought
(I sometimes do)
I think a thought
from start to through.
And when I'm done,
if it was fun,
I think me up
another one.

Kevin Taylor

Are We Beggars Now?

Are we beggars now? We beg—
We beg for peace? From whom?
The War-Men have no peace to give.

Kevin Taylor

At Least Until This Fairy Tale Is Over

Her bags were packed, left by the door. She looked away waiting for her ride to come. Waiting.

You met her on a holiday. You can't recall who else was there. She's moved along and left you holding empty air. Empty rooms and empty halls fill the days you've lost count of and left an empty bed alone beside you.

You met her one late-summer day, or was it autumn, who can say? Like falling leaves you fell one for the other. The mornings were the best of all. The evenings melted into dawn and dawn again.

And then one day she said goodbye. Without a word, she said goodbye. Her eyes had someone else inside. You asked yourself when this all started.

Now every girl you see instead, and every time you turn your head, and all the names on every street, the colors of the sky at night, your bed at dawn, days pass you by, whatever tells you you're alive tells you that you're dead inside.

You keep her pillow by your own, wake up late each afternoon but still you wake up as alone. And then one day you've cleared your mind, you bring her back and let her slide away again.

Now mornings fade from grey to green, and somewhere in the days between you catch an eye, she catches you and spends a night or maybe two. The hallway and the living room, the shower and the kitchen floor, what else had they existed for?

Now every smell of every flower, every early morning shower and all the songs on every street, the colors of the sky at night, her kiss at dawn, the rising light, whatever tells you you're a man tells you you're alive again. Yet stories like this never end like fairy tales.

And every smell of every flower, every early morning shower, and all the songs on every street, the colors of the sky at night, her kiss at dawn, the rising light, whatever tells you you're a man tells you you're alive again, at least until this fairy tale is over.

Kevin Taylor

At The Turning, Soon The Lifting, Of The Night

I dreamed an opened book of prayer
On a table by a window
Pages turning by a window's ledge at night
There, God in darkness, knowing, seeing
And where a thief had hidden, kneeling
As pages flutter with the curtain in the night

Pages lifting, lifting, turning
While God looking, quiet, waiting
For His thief in contemplation
Of the faith he had not kept
There, in the shadows of the curtain
At the turning, soon the lifting, of the night

Kevin Taylor

Azzhu Slipped Away

I've had several muses. They come. They stay a while. This one, azzhu, was quiet, intense and often dark. There were 7 short poems of hers that I channeled at the end. Here are 3 of them. After the seventh, azzhu slipped away.

azzhu #2

Where are the poems you promised me
for each curve of my spine
each nod
each pause at either end of sliding
now

azzhu #5

I remember the first time I took you in
you said I had your mother's hands
for me it was my father's touch
again

azzhu #7

absent
I hear you chanting
my names

"I'm 'a love you with the back of my hand
baby love you with the back of my hand
gonna..."

fade to grief

Kevin Taylor

Bad Doggerel

Dandelions left her crying
What's a man to figure

Tried it twice— She turned to ice
So what's a man to figure

Told her that I'd love her more
Than all the rest— now and forever

I aksed her if she'd be my gal
Last words I hear'd was "NEVER"

Last words I hear'd was "NEVER"

Kevin Taylor

Ball Card Heroes

With bat and ball and gloves in hand and on our way
we'd pass by Old Man Finch where when he'd sit and watch the world
one of us would wave. Most times he'd look,
he'd say—Ever tell you boys about the game?

He stole our breath away, sure, a hundred times.
We were fielders for him, basemen, catchers and every ball
split seconds from extra innings in mid-flight-
from-outfield-to-second-base-and-home-plate night games.

Peanuts, beer, hotdog vendors shouting,
with every other voice, shouting!
Out! You buncha losers! C'mon cmon cmon! Safe!
Allow the call or fault it, either way.

We were ball card heroes, just the same,
with bat and ball and gloves in hand and on our way.

Kevin Taylor

Begin With Trust

Begin with trust
Trust has no price
Disrespect is never earned

Begin with hope
Hope is the point
Rekindle hope

Begin with love
Love in all
Love anyway

Begin with self
You are the universe
Made well

Kevin Taylor

Butterfly

Oh. Butterfly!
Folding, unfolding—Away!
Up up down up—Ha!

Kevin Taylor

Campfire

Smouldering moon over fallen dark embers—
fragments rising in corkscrew red-gold rhythms

Kevin Taylor

Caveat

A sonnet is a dandy thing all dressed
In pomp and form and run-on lines and things—
Enough to make the weary take up wings.
Though this is but my third, I must confess,
Lifetimes ago I wrote with zing and zest
And sonnets then were little songs to sing
To fluttering breasts and nightingales— or slings
Against misfortune, kings, and other pests.

No poet's court has ever sat assize
Sans sonnets quick and cleverly contrived.
Fair queen or country maid, though each his prize—
The sonnet's virtue rests in parted thighs.
Finer roe has never graced a sturgeon
Nor caveat much mattered to a virgin.

Kevin Taylor

Christians Everywhere Sing Joyful

Dear Lord! Jesus!

Leading each of us to heaven
He with neither sin nor hating
Christians everywhere sing joyful
Loving each of God's creations
Praise Him! Praise Him! Every nation!
Praise the King this Christmas morning
Prayer and Glory!
Christ, Our Savior, Christmas born!

Christians everywhere sing joyful
Prophecy has come to pass
Jesus sent for our salvation
God our Father gathers us
Praise Him! Praise Him! Every nation!
Praise the King this Christmas morning
Prayer and Glory!
Christ, Our Savior, Christmas born!

Kevin Taylor

Clatter Fades

Clatter fades
Quiet
Afternoon air

Kevin Taylor

Clearing The Table

Clearing the table—
She gets the last word in— Twice!
Just to make sure— HA!

Kevin Taylor

Color Of Sin

You can always see the Devil's cheating halo,
It's the color never seen within a rainbow.
You can always tell the Devil's cheating halo,
It's the dark one. It's the color of sin.

Kevin Taylor

Come What May

Holding, come what may, each other
until unseen time folds us under

And if, and though by plan or chance, we pass
from out this life into another, yet another—
Two parts within this Great Adventure

For us, for now, an hour more, a day, a breath
no matter, come what may

Kevin Taylor

Coming Of Age

My feet sing
My heart sings
My body sings along

I'm already in love
Just gotta find me a girl

Kevin Taylor

Cosy

For ye arms full o' this
For me hands full o' that
For a thing — but a thing
We ha' this and ha' that

Kevin Taylor

Critic/Clown

KNOW-ALL critic shuns rhyme
Circus clown shapes balloons
From squeaks and squeals

Kevin Taylor

Death Dilutes You

The final thought to form before goodbye
will not recall the lover's kiss nor mark
the dappled shadowfalls of bright September
days, nor acknowledge the soft metal taste
of blood beneath your tongue. Neither newsreels
nor slideshows, achievements, failures, money,
friends, nor anything you've had. The final thought
will be the didn't do—not the success.
The unacknowledged plan. The incomplete.
A dream. An arm outstretched, an empty palm.
Goals left unattended for better days
that never came or came and went. The thought
will be the should have said, the should have done
while the lump that rises, that beats in your
throat, sinks to your heart and death dilutes you.

Kevin Taylor

Death Of A Patriot

All that rest are spaces (space)
space of drums
("Come" they told him)

Nitre, cannon, horns, pipes
(echoed, calling)
vertebrae, rope-fray

Sinew (pink, foam-flecked)
flailing, fallen, gathered, apart
upon itself, weltered

Kevin Taylor

Dismal Mountain

Summon Me! From Dismal Mountain
Where fallen prayers drift slowly down
Where ash of fallen prayer lies mounting
From the privy of the Beast!

Take Me! Shake each gilded Logic
From dreaded Death! From dung deposits!
From the liars' breath of thieves!
From Serpentes, friend of Eve!

Spill Me! Spill my ancient grief!
My faith that God once had in beasts!
Spill the essence of my clay
Across the Day! Across the Day!

O Hear! Echoic from this ashen fell
Where idols leant and fallen dwell—
My Lords-in-waiting! Seneschals!
Summon Me!

Kevin Taylor

Eighth Day

And with the evening of the eighth day
God said, Everyone's a critic.
This cannot end well.

Kevin Taylor

Embittered Immortal

Embittered Immortal
cries— Life's a bitch and you
never die—never die—

Kevin Taylor

Enjoy The Sunshine (When She Comes)

Enjoy the sunshine when she comes
Enjoy the blue skies cleared of grey
And with a glad song in your heart
Enjoy the sunshine when she comes

Enjoy the sun through dancing leaves
Enjoy her warmth against your skin
Enjoy the flowers and the green
Whatever else your day may bring

Enjoy the sunshine when she comes
It's been a while my dear old friend
Since we have walked and talked and laughed
Something we should do again

Enjoy the sunshine when she comes
Until then—

Kevin Taylor

Everybody's Man

I have not come, he says,
to defend God,
but to offend sinners.

Looks straight at me—
I am everybody's man.

Kevin Taylor

Finding Buddha, A Hymn In 4 Poems

The first poem takes place during the lifetime of Lord Buddha.

The second poem follows in the years soon after Lord Buddha left his body.

The third poem is the mind of the boy (the spirit of the boy in the first poem) in restless meditation. He has yet to attain full enlightenment. There are multiple voices suggested by parentheses and which are whispered words. If you prefer linear thought or literal interpretation this poem may not communicate to you. Just as a painting may be abstract, this poem is wide open to your own connections, thoughts and emotions. If you like, you can skip to the fourth poem.

The fourth poem, in three lines, lies within this portion of eternity that is forever present time.

Boy runner (the first poem)

Approaching Gautama where He sat a
boy examined Him politely. (This-that?)
Gautama spoke and there the unnamed boy,
who sitting a while with Him that day, thought
and over the days ahead returned, and
leaving only for food, drink and service
that Gautama would not be distracted
from His goal, until, upon returning,
he saw Him glowing in the morning light
and so began to dance with Him beneath
the tree. A leaf was shed, was gathered then
and the boy, who while tucking it away,
Gautama asked if he would run for Him,
to village, farm, crossroads, well, wherever
Gautama wished to speak. And so he ran,
and soon arriving, announcing thus His
coming—holding high the leaf he carried,
which had never died, living—living and
green until Lord Buddha left His body.

Depths of Green (the second poem)

Depths of green—from canopy to forest floor
In streams of raucous livingness
And there, and where about, a sanctuary
Falls in heaps, in stone walls run aground.

And with, nearby, afar, by ins and outs
Through every place (perceived)
Wherever listened for—vibration.

A single voice in Pali—a single voice
Leaping, leading, dancing, sweeping.

Hello. You greet me.

And if I split myself and stand (the third poem)

And if I split myself and stand
At every corner of said universe
On any selfsame summer day
With any selfsame afternoon rain
Will this, though thought—this slip
Where densities of interest fail
(Or by failures to perceive)

This leaf-boy-runner
Eight portions of beingness
The full, and fill of prime creation

(Perhaps where life has paused
Or slowed enough to perceive
At any speed
The speed of perception
The true speed of light
The wavelengths of laughter
And of any thing)

While density shifts
Where inertia has failed

(The density of my interest

The shift of my affinity)

There is no doubt
It has velocity
It gives back light
It bends the universe
It has location
From which expands
All space
Not already filled
With the logic of otherness
And even there it bends to will

As (my breadth of vision)
A torrent
An avalanche
A fissure in nothingness
A co-creation of All
This theatre
Our audience
Of stelae
Beacons of lostness
To wander by
In search of wavelengths
Of affinity
Where you might
Where I have
The curves beneath our frequencies
The pitch and roll of their design
Their width

(We have
Each other)

In all that vastness
An ordinary leaf
From this
For that
(I am)
The breathless
Runner

Cool in the shade (the fourth poem)

Cool in the shade
(still)dancing
with Lord Buddha

Kevin Taylor

For I Do Love

For I do love,
though love by step descends
through gates, along idyllic paths,
through grates and catacombs
love ascends by love alone.

For I do love.
It is thus I am.
Amo. Sic ego sum.

Kevin Taylor

For My One True Valentine

Sunflowers! Crowns golden!
Violets! Sweet petals, blue!
Carnations! Pinks! Whites!
— And my Love for You!

Dahlias! Such beauty!
Tulips! Who knew!
Orchids! Red roses!
— And my Love for You!

Kevin Taylor

Gambit

You love me the most
She opens, It's true isn't it
More than most, he plays

Kevin Taylor

Happy Birthday!

I wake up
First thing I say—
Ho! Ho! Ho! It's Your Birthday!

Jump right up
From where I lay—Shout
Hey! Hey! Hey! It's time to play!

Grab two forks
Grab two plates—Sing
Let's have us some Birthday Cake!

Ho! Ho!
Hey! Hey!
Sing! Sing!
Hoo-ray!

Kevin Taylor

Happy Birthday! A Day In The Life Of A Boy, A Bird And A Snail.

I was walking down the road
Just as happy as can be
And all the leaves upon the trees
Were waving back at me

I saw a curly snail
As he stretched to greet his day
Then headed down the road with me
Then stopped to stretch again

I saw a pretty sparrow
She was perched upon a wire
She sang a song— I sang along
We made a lovely choir

The snail conducted from a twig—
Just so, our song began,
"Happy Birthday to You! "
Did you hear us as we sang?

We had a happy party
As we danced around—We three!
And we wished you Happy Birthday!
Just as HAPPY as can be!

Kevin Taylor

Hello! For L. Ron Hubbard's Birthday, March 13th

Hello, Ron!
We're here!
We've come to join you!

We've held your lines
Upheld your dream for All
Now too, our hope, our dream—
The goal of Total Freedom!

And in your quest beyond the sky
Beyond the stars that trim the night
We've come—All for All

To join you
To help you
To thank you for the Bridge to Total Freedom!

Love,
From All

Thank you!

Kevin Taylor

Hungry Poet

Hungry poet
greet each silence— waiting
for his supper— HA!

Kevin Taylor

Hymn Of The Fallen Tree

Let me rest among these giant souls that stand
where trees once stood.

Here, greens break into blacky-blues and dragonflies
and dusts of beetle dung grow old withal.

Let me rest among the salmonberry and the tumblewood
of cotton, ash and hemlock, fir and cedar.

And let the wind stir of pine above the fall reawaken me
in early greens and sapling dress, anon.

Kevin Taylor

I Am Freedom

I am the fulcrum, the base and the lever.
I am the space and the form and the game.

I am the maker, the vessel, the dreamer,
the teller, the namer—remaining un-named.

I am the vision, the vista, the seer.
I am the lintel, the door and the frame.

I am the lock, the key and the knocker,
the handle, the pause and the knocker again.

I am the palm and the fist and the shoulder.
I am the sole and the road and the stride.

I am the still—all that echo, and echoes.
I am Freedom. My counsel. My guide.

Kevin Taylor

I Don't Care

I don't care who your GOD is
I don't care how you PRAY
All I care is where my HEART is
What I do with it TODAY

Kevin Taylor

I Looked Up And Saw A Star

I looked up and saw a star. And then another.
I traced the light of some small piece of rock or ice.
It might have been space junk but could have been a satellite.
No way to know for sure. The moon was over there.

Kevin Taylor

I Wake Up

I wake up
First thing I say—
Ho! Ho! Another day!

Jump right up
From where I lay—Shout
Hey! Hey! Hey! It's time to play!

Grab my pants
Grab my shirt—Sing
Come on Feet! Let's hit the dirt!

Ho! Ho!
Hey! Hey!
Sing! Sing!
Hoo-ray!

Kevin Taylor

I Wake Up To My Darling

I wake up to my darling
My darling wakes with me

— Out, in and on white sheets we slip
For breakfast, lunch and tea

Kevin Taylor

Icarus

Icarus, a one act play in verse.

Chorus,3 voices

Icarus

Act 1

****Chorus****

We/we/we, chorus of three.

& Icarus

****Chorus-1st voice****

Lived once a father and a son

****Chorus-2nd voice****

Daedalus, the carpenter

****Chorus-3rd voice****

Icarus, the son

****Chorus-1st voice****

Banished, both, for the sin of one, to an island on the sea.

****Chorus-1st & 2nd voice****

They walked the eastern cliffs. White seabirds wheeling over them.

****Chorus-3rd voice****

Thus Icarus dreamed.

****Chorus-2nd voice****

And so four wings were formed of wood and wax and feather.

****Chorus-1st voice****

Daedalus, the father, to Icarus, his son, said, "If you disobey me and fly too near the sun the wax will melt. The feathers will fall. The wings will fail. And you will tumble like Phaethon into the sea and die."

****Chorus-All****

O Icarus!

****Chorus-All-silence****

****Chorus-3rd voice****

A voice!

****Icarus****

I

****Chorus -All****

Icarus!

****Icarus****

Demand! Deny my father's lies,
Sin-born, sung in fear, of men hidden under darkened skies-

****Chorus-3rd voice****

Fists clenched, and down

****Icarus****

Or die!

****Chorus-2nd voice****

Like flies, wings torn and every eye to heaven

****Icarus****

Die as Daedalus! Who, having slipped too near this rock to fall but down,
Praised the gods!

****Chorus-1st voice, whispers****

Care, Icarus!

****Icarus****

Hell-a lesser man, for having tasted heaven once, he turned,
Chose this Earth and green Aegean sod.

****Chorus-one voice****

Amend these lies!

****Chorus-another voice****

And end to night's deep dark

****Chorus-another voice****

And oily skin!

****Chorus-All-whispering****

O Icarus!

****Icarus****

Command! Ascend!

****Chorus-one dancing, arms wide****

****Icarus****

And dance as I

Above the gods and boundless starry winds.

****Chorus-All dancing****

****Icarus-soaring****

The End

Kevin Taylor

If (When)

If, for example, we die (and I've heard otherwise) .

Not if but when, I've heard.

I would argue (suggest)

There is no truer when than now.

We live unless (until)we say we die.

And only then if I agree

And we agree

And others too

And once agreed

Must not be spoken of

(Which, all said, appears

To be the dyingness) .

Contrariwise,

Living, living now, and thus—

If (when) we'll agree amongst ourselves—

L'chaim!

Kevin Taylor

If A Man Whispers Peace In A Field For The Dead

If a man whispers peace in a field for the dead
will he be heard or will it be said
that the voice of one man is a lie?

If a man calls out peace from a box in a park
will he be heard or left lost in the dark
with the murmur of madmen and lies?

If a man cries for peace and names Allah or Christ
will he be heard or were they sacrificed
under flag / under bomb / under fire?

If a man offers peace with peace in his heart
will he be heard? Is that how it starts?
Someone— Anyone— with peace in their heart!

Will they be heard? Is THIS where it starts?
If it's so, then my friends, we must try.
If not, then, I fear, it's goodbye.

If a man offers peace with peace in his heart
will he be heard? Is that how it starts?
Someone— Anyone— with peace in their heart!

Will they be heard? Is THIS where it starts?
If it's so, then my friends, we must try.

Kevin Taylor

If I Was The Moon

If I was the moon
And you were my sun
We'd dance our way across
Universe One!

If you were the sky
And I was your blue
We'd dance both ways across
Universe Two!

If we were to dance
Esprit to esprit
We'd dance and we'd dance around
Universe Three!

Kevin Taylor

If Love Exists

Love! Love early, long and more than any heart can hold.

Full souled! First, last and freshly found.

Love in All. Love All in All.

By these, if Love exists, Love All.

Kevin Taylor

If Nothing Else

Let us say that we have loved and though good women, though good men, admit
the hatreds too.

And looking, just by looking, find that love may be the greater of the pair, and
love the bed upon which hate must heal.

Let us say that we have loved.

Kevin Taylor

I'm Bringing Home Roses, Wood Violets And Dew

Roses are red and wood violets are blue.
I love you, Babe, like the dawn loves the dew.
Oh, I love you, Babe, like the dawn and the dew.
I'm bringing home roses and violets too.
I'm bringing home roses and violets for you.

I'm sorry I left, that I never came through.
I'm bringing you flowers—seems all I can do.

I just had to walk. I just had to think.
I just had to find my way back from the brink.

So I'm coming home with the smell of fresh dew
And rosebuds I've stolen like I once stole you.

Roses are red and sweet violets are blue.
Oh, I love you, Babe, like the dawn and the dew.
I love you, Babe, like the dawn loves the dew.
I'm bringing home roses and violets for you.
I'm bringing home roses, wood violets and dew.

Kevin Taylor

Incandescent

I have fallen while the stars of endless
endless sucking skies have sucked me down.

Here, I have lain broken on the burning lawns of Hell—
fingers, arms, soul— stretched to the point of no return
to catch a wind that sings and does not sigh
with the souls of a million million soulless men.

I have slept and dreamt of rising.
Dreamt the cool nakedness of space
beyond the shell of light that sucks me down.

And I have spent my fists with the soulless men
against the blackened skies of Earth and the blazing
incandescent trails of souls arriving—
Falling no further.

To dream this night of rising
and the cool nakedness of space
once more.

Kevin Taylor

Interlude

Shakespeare, Byron, Keats, Yeats
Lear, Frost, Poe, Kipling, Dylan
Service, Carroll, Browning, de la Mare

When was the last time your
arms drew back into that involuntary
crucifixion posture

Your head lolled and your eyes rolled as
you thanked God or Allah for the privilege
of witnessing births of greatness?

Kevin Taylor

Irish

Lord Jesus died for all our sins
And so, t'was mighty big of Him.
Especially since He hadn't any
And all the rest of us have plenty.

Now 't seems to me a shame to waste
Such charity and love—Such grace.
I drink to drink and to Our Father's smile
And to sins what make His gift worthwhile.

Kevin Taylor

Joy Of Kitchen

Spoons

c-d-lick-k-k

pots/pans

b-bang-ng-ng

bowng b boawng

Hey!

-ey!

lids

CRSH-INGGG

Hey ng ng-ng b-ba-wngng Hey!

Hey!

HeyboangHecd-ba-b-yonnHey!

HeyowngHeyboangdeclick (SHiNGHey!)

Heyang-b-bang-c-dlick bongHey!

c-Hey-c-baowngSHINGGbonng-nging-Hey!

Kevin Taylor

Letter To The White Imbongi

These are the thoughts of the Locust thrum—

From the ripple, the thought is the Rock is God
From the Rock, the Earth
From the Earth, Sun-Moon
From They the thought is the Milky Spiral
The spiral known as the Eye of God
And from the Eye all space is His
Gift of glorious and of noble heights
And from the Eye all space is Hers

These are the thoughts of the Locust thrum—

Praise them then— the Locust mind, the flights of Stone,
All Earths, their Suns and every Moon
Praise Galaxies
Praise Space— Her heights!

These are the thoughts of the Locust thrum
That which is done. That which is done

Kevin Taylor

Lost For Words

My self, that is, that part, the part you say is me
Your part, that part, that self I sense in verse
And without whom, that self, your self,
My self is lost for words

Kevin Taylor

Magi

O Magi,
how shall I atone
for sins so deep
that Satan
weeps

Kevin Taylor

Main Street Underworld

where belts are hung with halos of the souls
they've said they've stolen
their t-shirts taunting— PROPERTY OF HIM

Kevin Taylor

Manifesto

Universe

Ayhia

Hia

this universe

dislocator-crusher

body forming

accuser

Ayhia

NAME AND ACCUSATION

(force-have)

(force-take)

(force-know)

(force-believe-)

name equals A

body equals A

name equals A

body equals A

name equals A

body for kill

kill for pleasure

body of pain

pain or pleasure

bodies in pawn

accusation

time &

name

emeute

up rising

Hia hia hia

Self manifest

Take note

Free of assigns
Cause & Purpose

Ayhia

Hia

Kevin Taylor

Members Of The Jury

It was a drive-by versing
A poem invasion
An act of irresponsible aesthetics
Unmitigated form and passion
Premeditated meter
Alliteration
Aggravated by both rhythm
And rhyme

It was a drive-by vision
A prose inversion
A wilding of fact and fantasy

By all accounts
A Declaration of Words

Kevin Taylor

Mmm

Salty chips
Creamy dips
Licky lips

Kevin Taylor

My Phone Is Silent

My phone is silent.
You have not called—still not called.
What else have I done?

Kevin Taylor

Not Much To Tell

Still here, my friend, not much to tell.
Winter came, wearied, went.
Spring—hurried skies, or sun or rain.
Hot summer days, hot sleepless nights.
Fall was fresher, raked what fell.
Another year. Mostly well.

Kevin Taylor

Nuthin'

Shucks! That ain't nuthin'—
I seen bigger—Way bigger!
I mean—The Entire Space Building!

Kevin Taylor

One Cat, Maybe Two

Raymond shifted his weight forward on the coffee shop chair and leaned his cheekbone into the heel of his palm. A childhood verse chided him in his mother's voice of over fifty years ago.

“Raymond, Raymond, if you're able,
get your elbows off the table.
This is not a horse's stable,
but your mother's dining table.”

It didn't immediately connect to any pictures in his mind but he had heard it enough to know it was real. An hour ago he had been at his mother's side in the palliative care ward.

She had appeared smaller than he liked to think of her—had looked almost like he was seeing her at a distance. She hadn't greeted him, only closed her eyes and said, “Feed the cats, will you.” It wasn't

really a question. “Yes,” he answered, but the cats, whoever they were, must have left or died years ago. The only living thing she owned, he suspected, was the small Christmas cactus someone had brought to

cheer her up. He looked at her again, waiting for her eyes to open. They never did. Her jaw dropped and that was that. Raymond hadn't wanted to be in the room when the nurses and orderly would

come to take her away. He stopped at the reception desk to say that he'd be in the coffee shop waiting for his brother and sister-in-law to arrive. They were late and he was thankful to have

a few minutes to himself. From where he sat he faced the open entrance of the café. There was a couple sitting tiredly off to one side. A man in a shapeless blue hospital gown and

slippers shuffled in pushing an IV pole ahead of him. Raymond heard steps echo sharply down the hallway. Here they are, he thought, hurrying needlessly. Bill and Marijke had been fast asleep

at 2: 30 am when Raymond's first text message came in. They never saw it until 5: 00 when Bill reached for his cell phone as he did every morning right after Marijke turned off the alarm. "Damn, "

he said, "No time." Bill, "William" on his realtor business card, and Marijke, were used to demands on their time from potential home buyers. But they usually had early mornings to themselves—

breakfast, coffee, catch up on current events. Not today. The text had said, "ASAP." They hit the drive-through at Starbucks on their way to the hospital. "Hey Bill. Marijke, " Raymond said. Bill nodded. "Hey, "

he replied and paused to look at Raymond, to see if he'd say something else, "Is she gone? " "Couple of hours ago, " Raymond said. "Should we see her? " Bill asked. "Can if you want, I suppose. Maybe later, "

Raymond said, "Did she have a cat? She mentioned cats. I haven't seen any for years. Did you take them? " Mother might have mixed him up with Bill again. Raymond looked at his brother who didn't seem to

be listening and then at Marijke. "She used to feed the neighborhood cats before she broke her hip, " Marijke said. "That might be it." It seemed odd that Marijke knew more about his mother's life than

her sons did. "Maybe you're right, " Raymond said. "What's next? " "I'll call her lawyer and get him on it, " Bill answered. Raymond suddenly realized that his brother had been listening. Marijke started to cry.

Raymond pulled some napkins from their holder and pressed them hard against his eyes. Bill looked down and away. Over the next few days life seemed to stop. Nothing more than daily routines and only as long as

they didn't require much effort or attention. Coffee, whatever was in the fridge—dishes sat in the sink. Gradually he began to feel alive again. It was as though he had been wrapped in blankets,

hearing distant, mostly muffled voices, glimpsing unfamiliar rooms and spaces when he closed his eyes to sleep. Marijke had startled him this morning when she called and said to the answering machine that

Bill and her were coming over with something from the lawyer and hoped he would be in. She didn't wait for him to pick up. She'd have known he was at the kitchen table. They arrived mid-afternoon.

No knock at the door. Bill was the older of the two and was the most like their dad. And Dad had not been the knocking sort. Not with Raymond anyway. Bill and Marijke each carried a bag of groceries

which they placed on the kitchen counter. "Thought you might need some things," Marijke said. "Nice to see you, Ray." She took a bag of groceries and made room in the fridge for its contents: milk, BBQ chicken and

eggs. She placed the bananas in a wooden bowl. "Saw the lawyer yesterday," Bill started. "He has the will but it doesn't amount to much except for the house," he paused, "The equity has mostly

been sucked out of it. God knows what for. And there's this..." Bill dropped a large manila envelope in front of Raymond. "I've already opened it. There's an envelope for each of us in there. Marijke

says we should open them together because we're all the family we have now." He tipped the envelope

on its end and let the two smaller envelopes slip out. One each for William and Raymond. Bill picked

his up and tore the corner of the flap destroying most of the envelope in the process and extracted what appeared to be several sheets of neat handwriting. "It's just a letter," Bill said. He

put it into the inside breast pocket of his suit jacket. Raymond waited a moment then picked up the other envelope, turned it over and nodded almost imperceptibly. He stood, walked to the

shelf between the window and the back door where he had made room for the Christmas cactus instead of leaving it behind. Not sure about the light, he thought, and leaned the unopened letter against the

earthenware pot. "Not you, too?" Marijke shook her head. "It'll be like..." Raymond said, he paused, looking at her, "It'll be like not hanging up the phone." Marijke understood—he'd never open it.

"I get it," she said in a softer tone. Bill looked blankly at his brother. And Raymond smiled a little for the first time in a while. By six the next morning Raymond was already dressed and brewing

coffee. Usually he would head down to Timmy's Donut Shop for his caffeine fix. "Double trouble," he'd say, meaning "Double double," as he always did at Timmy's. It amused him and often made

his favorite server smile. "Too much trouble, you mean," she'd say. Human contact. Raymond guessed that some of the guys at the corner table would be wondering how he was doing. They'd know what had happened, of

course, but they'd ask just the same. He poured his first cup and walked out onto the back porch. Still a bit cool out here, he thought as he leaned against the railing, sipping his coffee as his eyes wandered around

the yard. He'd have another cup in a while but first he had something he needed to do. Raymond sat down on the porch steps and slipped his feet into an old pair of shoes. He tied them and flicked the loops

with his finger to see how the laces fell, to make sure he had not tied them backwards and would not work their way loose. Someone had taught him that a long time ago when they had seen his laces come undone.

He stood up and walked across the yard to the back lane and the narrow picket fence, missing a picket here and there and much of its original coat of white paint. Some boys had probably pulled the missing

pickets off decades ago and with galvanized garbage can lids for shields spent a Saturday morning sword fighting. The gate was leaning and half open, held there by uncut grass, weeds and neglect.

He stepped out and onto the lane that led between the two rows of houses that backed onto it. Raymond looked at each fence, each set of stairs and window as he passed them by. A block later he turned and headed

home satisfied that he had seen at least one cat, maybe two. Another cup of coffee in hand, Raymond sat on the top step. On his way out of the kitchen and onto the porch he had stopped to

turn the cactus in the morning light, stepped outside placing a saucer of fresh milk by the porch door, and sat down.

THE END

Kevin Taylor

Open Letter (Merchants Of Chaos, Death And Loss)

Take away the sun above
And burn the air we breathe.
Take away the moon and stars
And everything believed.

Take away the green of life—
The blue-green seas below.
And take the glow that lives in them
And everything unknown.

Take the candle. Take the verse.
Take art. And take the artist's words.
Take each thing— its form, its name.
Take everything. What's left? No game.

One thing's for sure— We will survive.
We have gone on and left this song behind.

Kevin Taylor

Pannin' Fer Rhymes (An Old Miner's Tale)

Well, now- It was sometime in the spring of '49 just 'round Memorial Day in the Land O' Freedom... or so they call it. Anyways, I was sittin' up behind them hills... Y'know, nexta where God 'n' Hell musta had some sorta fuss or 'nother. Sorta desert. Sorta not. And I was pannin' fer rhymes- I kept comin' up dry- when alluvasudden straight outta the ground there's this tinklin', twinklin' musical sound. So I eyeballed the pan and gave it a twitch. Some verbs and an adjective peppered the dish. Good stuff, I s'pose. Fer a yarn they'd bin fine, but not fer perfessional-lookers-fer-rhymes. So I swished 'em a little and shook 'em again to see if that tinklin' mightn't be kin to the one that I found in the gully that night. It'd had to be good, or it wouldn't fit right. Them poets won't shell-out fer less than a pair cuz one by itself leaves 'em pullin' their hair. So ya gotta find more than a couple that fit or poets 'll fake it and some 'll just quit and some 'll just hope no one says that it's..... Y' know..... Call 'emselves "nou-veau" and claim it's legit. 'Nuffa that, I s'pose.

I looks fer them twinklin' musical words that rhymes like the first time they's ever been heard. I sure ain't the first one that's panned in them hills. My pappy before me turned up a few thrills and somewhere or 'nother done found a whole line. But me, I ain't happy unless it'll rhyme. They're there, I can hear them- they tickle the breeze! I'll stick it out long as there's poets to please. If y' expected a yarn, or to hear miners cuss- I's pannin' fer rhymes and not dirt in the dust!

Hmph, what's that ya got there?

Kevin Taylor

Poets Are Amongst Us

From out of the lights the poets came
From out of the cities the poets came
From out of the forests the poets came
From out of the fields the poets came
From out of the mountains the poets came
From out of the darkness the poets came
And the poets are here
And the poets are here
And the poets are amongst us

Kevin Taylor

Pretend

Pretend a moment that you're me
and write a poem I might see.
Pretend a moment that you're me.

Pretend a moment that I'm you.
Pretend I read your poem through.
Pretend what happens when I do.
Are you pretending? Good. Me too.

Pretend the poem tells a tale
of wooden ships with painted sails.
Pretend the sky, the salty breeze,
the creak of decks, the swelling seas,
the cutlass singing past your ear!
Quick! Pretend us out of here!

Pretend the road. Pretend the trees,
the horse between your grasping knees,
the flashing river at your side—
Ride neck and neck with hounds from Hell!
Pretend, at least, we live to tell!

Pretend the West, the dust, the gold.
Pretend the sleeve. The ace it holds.
Pretend the six-guns drawn at noon!
Pretend we're somewhere else! And soon!

Pretend the sky, the sunset sea.
Pretend the dunes, the grass, a tree.
Pretend you're walking there with me.
Pretend the gulls that dot the swells.
Pretend the tales tomorrows tell.

Shall we pretend
eternity?
Shall we pretend
to dream?

Qui Vive

unseen, sans wings
alone above an unknown wind

unsung, no throat swells
no tongue conveys, nor eyes contain

no flesh burns here
no doubt, no alibi

suns race silent far below
planets swing, comets chase

qui vive? la liberté
qui vive? freedom

Kevin Taylor

Razzmatazz

A poet's breast within me beats
Beats heart and something I call soul that leaps
Charges, races, racing, finds its feet
Drags me, joyful, joy-filled, from my seat!

Elevating common prose
For pleasures sake, each poet knows,
Gains by use of tools as those
He would at length I'm sure disclose

If payment were perhaps an ear
Just for a moment lent to hear
Keenly offered verse— or beer,
Loved by poets too, I fear.

Most often those who are unwise
Negate the poet's enterprise
Out of their need to criticize
(Perhaps within their misery lies)

Quite certain they must find a fault
Regardless of the somersaults
Some poets do to try and halt
Those who, in the name of help, assault.

Unless you've written words as these—
Verses made and meant to please
With just a little work to tease
Xenia* coaxed from a's and z's

Your day lacks all that razzmatazz—as
Zest for verse—and all that jazz.

Kevin Taylor

Relax

Keep Calm.
What doesn't kill you
Just takes longer.

Kevin Taylor

Reminder

Reminding me
of my first trike

The poetry of
red and white

The poetry of
pedaled motion

Piston footed!
Vision frozen!

Head and hair
gone separate ways!

Freedom found
on Glory Days!

Down the sidewalk
runway riding!

Faster! Faster!
Out of hiding!

Faster! Faster!
Spirit! Gliding!

Faster! Faster!
Up! And free!

My body can't
catch up with me!

Somewhere in
the days between

I left my trike in
rusty scenes

Traded life
for lesser stuff

Left the trike
and kept the rust

Until a friend
came to my door

With gamesy thoughts
that life is more

Than failed hopes
and rusty bits—

Pointing skyward!
Tag! You're it!

Kevin Taylor

Rise

My skull lies split in splintered bits,
My brains, upon the rocks.
I rise on warring winds—
To War.

In battle over battlements
Where saints and saviors trod,
I rise whole, a king no more,
Nor more, nor less, than gods.

Kevin Taylor

Seasons

see-sawn summers
mother's broom
autumn figures
sylvan moon
winter settles
lean and dusky
spring rains
fiddleheads
come busking

Kevin Taylor

Second Thought

Bullet hole
Cherry blossom
Second thought

Kevin Taylor

Sin

I love thee not, Sweet Seraphim
Aloof, aloft, apart from sin—
Not love thee, Sweet, as does Our Shepherd
Love His flock— His love unfettered.
Nay, truth, My Love— I, as a beast,
Upon thy lips and thighs, would feast—
Thy musk! O musth! This night! Thy beauty!
Forsaking Heaven— Carnal duty!
I will not leave thee, Seraphim,
Uncertain you'd abandoned Him.

Kevin Taylor

Sixteen

You were sixteen and sweeter than a mountain spring when I met you. I was young and handsome then, and love was bright and new. We were not old, but old enough, and richer more than all the worlds combined.

Kevin Taylor

Snow Last Night

Snow last night

Raven king

Calligraph on folds of white

Kevin Taylor

Softly

Hold me, fold me
Like a dove
Kiss me now
Before I go
Here I am
Once more, My Love
My Love, before I go

Gently, softly
Like a prayer
Lay beside me
Hold me still
Defend me
When I fall, My Love
My Love, I fear to go

Kevin Taylor

Sometime Around Vespers

Sometime around vespers or matins, still dreaming or about to—
swimming spaceless beyond the stretch where vision is blindness
where photons tumble like Phaethon from his chariot afire

Where time beats that archetypal
echo of rhymed nothingness
pulsing through ALL verse

Unfulfilled
nothingness
unfulfillable

Except to those returning soul-side
grooving to the hush between the beats—
the authors of such co-labours as these

Kevin Taylor

Space

Stumbling, tumbling, jumbling space
Riffles and ripples in ecstatic grace
Yet barely persists
To mark where we've been

(We leaping!
We laughing
We lunging unseen!)

And roosters behind us
Galactacious spray
That glistens and glitters
The whole Milky Way!

Kevin Taylor

Star Blue Sky

Waking, right eye first, along the pillow line,
through the dark, and where the curtains part—
for a moment, clarity—a star blue sky.

Kevin Taylor

Sweet Home

When I am done with being right
And you are done with being wronged

Perhaps then we can speak of something small and bright
That we can both agree upon.

Kevin Taylor

The Bedbug Slam

The only good bedbug is a dead bedbug.
The only bedbug worse than a live bedbug
is a fed bedbug, notwithstanding the
fedded, bedded & newlywedded bedbugs
which tend to copulate & propagate across
rolling great reclining plains, trailing little
thug bedbugs to carry on their game and with
no attention to the names we call them either.

Kevin Taylor

The Hateful Man

Let each hate, and ours for his,
Be scraped away. Hopefully,
He cared for some— At least the few
That may have cared for him.

Allow unchanged what good remains.
At length, with love or hate or both,
We go. In time, some with pause
and some without, return.

Kevin Taylor

The Marking Of Lives

This— This is the closest we have been in forty-seven years. Graveside, I close my eyes. See again, her lips smeared, her head turned as she had lain unconscious. Whispers of Other Men— Immoral— Immoral living— Declared unfit for motherhood and I am only days from four.

Before that, in white shift sitting at the foot of her bed and singing quietly to herself. Singing, brushing and lifting her hair. Letting it fall. She is lovely to me. Later that night, weeping, anger, fists and cries.

At fifty-one I look like him. Fist-Man. Father. He wept in Irish taverns filled with weeping, singing drunks. She had danced the Sunrise on Hastings, whatever that meant.

She was gone when I was taken. I was gone if she returned.

A Child Welfare office filled with nervous women, children dressed in Sunday-best and a faint wash of fear— these memories, all memories, discomfit and jar.

A metal cup with orange juice, warm, sweet and slightly bitter. The far end of the room. A bed made in a wooden trunk. Eyes slipping. Box lid closing. Sleep—

Bewildered, pushing, opened, the room lies stark, white and empty. No mothers. No children. No one waiting here. The lump that rises to my throat is the same one— the same one that rises in spasms from my chest on that dark-boxed, white-roomed and room-filled afternoon.

In forty-seven years I would stand above her on that overlooking hill. No words to mark her place, a plot numbered between other unmarked and numbered graves.

Maybe she was gone again. Gone before I could tell her what had happened, that I was sorry, that I would be a good boy, beg her— find me.

Eyes opened, I have waited long enough. The sun is hot. White lines trail across the sky. Paper from one pocket. Pen from another. I write. Roll tight and push as far in as this ground will allow.

White paper, ink. Graveside for her. Wayside for me. A mark was kept. A mark was left.

A deep breath in, not held and out.

Kevin Taylor

The Mathematics Of The Shattered Soul

The mathematics of the shattered soul:
False theorems born of arithmetic (adj.)chance
Associations purged of higher goals
Dreams of psych (and pharma) courtesans

Whilst mystery lies in algebraic shoals
False purposed ranks of prophets blindly dance
And madmen peddle poisons from their towers
Thus Man is kept in ignorance of Man

Kevin Taylor

The Meanings Of Trees

pine is for leaving
oak is for time
willow, for grieving
love left behind

Kevin Taylor

The New Apartheid

Yes, segregate.
Create a slum for me.
Build walls.

Render us apart.
Hide.

Kevin Taylor

The Road

The road is littered
With broken bowls and buddhas
Flung in bits from cliffs

Kevin Taylor

The World Is Not An Ashtray

The world is not an
ashtray. How have we come to
this? This apathy.

Kevin Taylor

The Wrong Side Of Dead (A Psych Patient's Lament)

I woke up this morning inside of my head
I woke up this morning restrained on a bed
I woke up today on the wrong side of dead
O Dear Me!

I woke up this morning to force down some meds
I woke up this morning, my heart full of dread
I woke up today on the wrong side of dead
O Dear Me!

I woke up this morning and did what they said
I woke up this morning and got worse instead
I woke up today on the wrong side of dead
O Dear Me!

I woke up, once again, on the wrong side of dead
O Dear Me!

Kevin Taylor

Them Birds That Cat

Yellow blue green white black—
they sit upon their perch
above the cat.

Cool cat—
she curls her tail and counts
and curls her tail,
she counts—
them birds.

That cat.

Kevin Taylor

They Say I Robbed The Cradle

They say I robbed the cradle
I say she robbed the grave

Kevin Taylor

Thirsty Lips

Thirsty lips

Oasis

Hips

Kevin Taylor

This Northern Christmas Night

The road that ends below lies deep, lies still.
No moon to light the snow. The sky is clear.
Transfixed, heads back and arm in arm, eyes wide!
The holiest of winter nights is here—

So spills the light of Heaven into sight—
Illumined, rising, falling, shifting trace.
Upon the starry sweep of Christmas night,
In ribbon-folds of light and dark it sways

Above the shepherd pine and hemlock choir.
There— This night! The sky! The lights!
The stars! The fire!
Above! Across! Dear God—

Kevin Taylor

This-That

My home is in a sky
where night as clear as day
and only for the stars and us
and where I've met the dawn

I dream
to touch this-that, the sky again
the sweep of stars into the distant
slope of night

Kevin Taylor

Tin Whistle Wind

Tin whistle wind
devil leaf jinn
dance

Kevin Taylor

To The Wind, These Words

To the wind, these words
My soul, the seas

The sky, a hope
And the earth, our home

For you, my love,
And our children, joy

To the moral, vision
Darkness, rhythm

And to my enemies
Who have always praised me loudest
Fullness, nothing more.

Kevin Taylor

Two Poets Danced

Two poets danced in a blossom wood
One with petals and the other with God
Where are, one asked, our dreams of yore?

Two poets passed by an ancient wood
One heard whispers and the other, God
What must, one asked, we hasten for?

Two poets turned in a stormy wood
One felt wind and the other, God
Whence, one asked, do the wild winds roar?

Two poets leaned in a winter wood
One through snow and the other with God
What more, one asked, must we endure?

Two poets came upon a midnight wood
One turned back and the other toward God
Both paths, God said, lead to my door.

Kevin Taylor

Upon Awakening In A Churchyard

Spare me the lecture, Father.
I'm going to Hell and we both know it.
Aye, and all your choirs and blather
Won't but start me sufferin' years

Before me 'lotted time. Ye'd make
The Devil's work a damned sight quicker
If'n I weren't deaf in both ears twice before me wake
For all your moaning for me soul.

Spare me the lecture, Father.
I'm going to Hell and we both know it
Aye, and it don't seem right a man should suffer
Twice for the same sin.

Kevin Taylor

War

WAR is NOT a spiritual preference (except to the insane)

WAR is NOT a spiritual orientation (except to the Merchant of Chaos)

WAR is NOT a spiritual experience (except to those who die)

open our eyes together and we will dream

open our fists today and we will build

open our doors tonight and we will sing

open our eyes/fists/doors

(close your eyes and never mind

(close your fists and build collateral damage

(close your doors and scream

open our eyes/fists/doors

send our prayers to the front lines

send our light to the front lines

send our truth to the front lines

send us

and we will build for beauty

and for freedom

and for love

send us

Kevin Taylor

Washing

If dishes were wishes
There'd only be three

Kevin Taylor

White Seabirds Wheeling

Shoulders rolling, rising
as icebergs from their glacier calf to sea—
as men, we fend the rimless wild

With force, flung, withheld,
intelligence, ancestral songs of origin,
of prophesy, returning avatars

Overhead
white seabirds
wheeling

Kevin Taylor

Writing (A Psych 101 Satire In Verse)

First you'll need advice.
Something nice. Like from us psychs
about human nature.
Never mind the nomenclature. Subversion
is the key to stature. Stuff like that.

Next you'll want to dazzle everyone
with the mysteries of neuro-synaptic morality.
Only then can your insanity
achieve the strident vanity of oral self-loathing.
Life, predicated by death. Stuff like that.

A little reading won't hurt
so long as it's not a dictionary,
which only serves to limit your potential.
Read the papers instead. They don't rhyme,
so why should you.

Make your poetry scream. Stun your
parents(/) lovers out of their ambivalence.
Poetry is the highest court. Punish everyone.
You can't change the past so punish the reasons why.
Truth is futile is punishment is lies are
always relative is the reason why is blame.

Realize that your own miserable life is
someone else's fault.
Let it die. Loudly.
Point your pain at everyone who ever lived.
See your poetry as one last chance
- to be seen.
- to get even.
- to dance upon the lips of Death one
last time before you metastasize within the
curling smoke of someone else's dying soul.

You are so beautiful.
And I will be your guide.

Kevin Taylor

Written For And On The Illustrious Occasion Of The Inauguration Of Donald Trump, January 20,2017

Just because I wrote this
And staggered every line
Doesn't make it poetry
Even when it rhymes.

Welcome, Mr. President,
Bearing that in mind.

Kevin Taylor

Yesterday/Today

It might as well be yesterday
Today was just the same

Kevin Taylor

Zombies

I see zombies in my headlights—
Just one or two—and now a few.

They come dancing from the darkness.
They fly twirling out of view.

Kevin Taylor