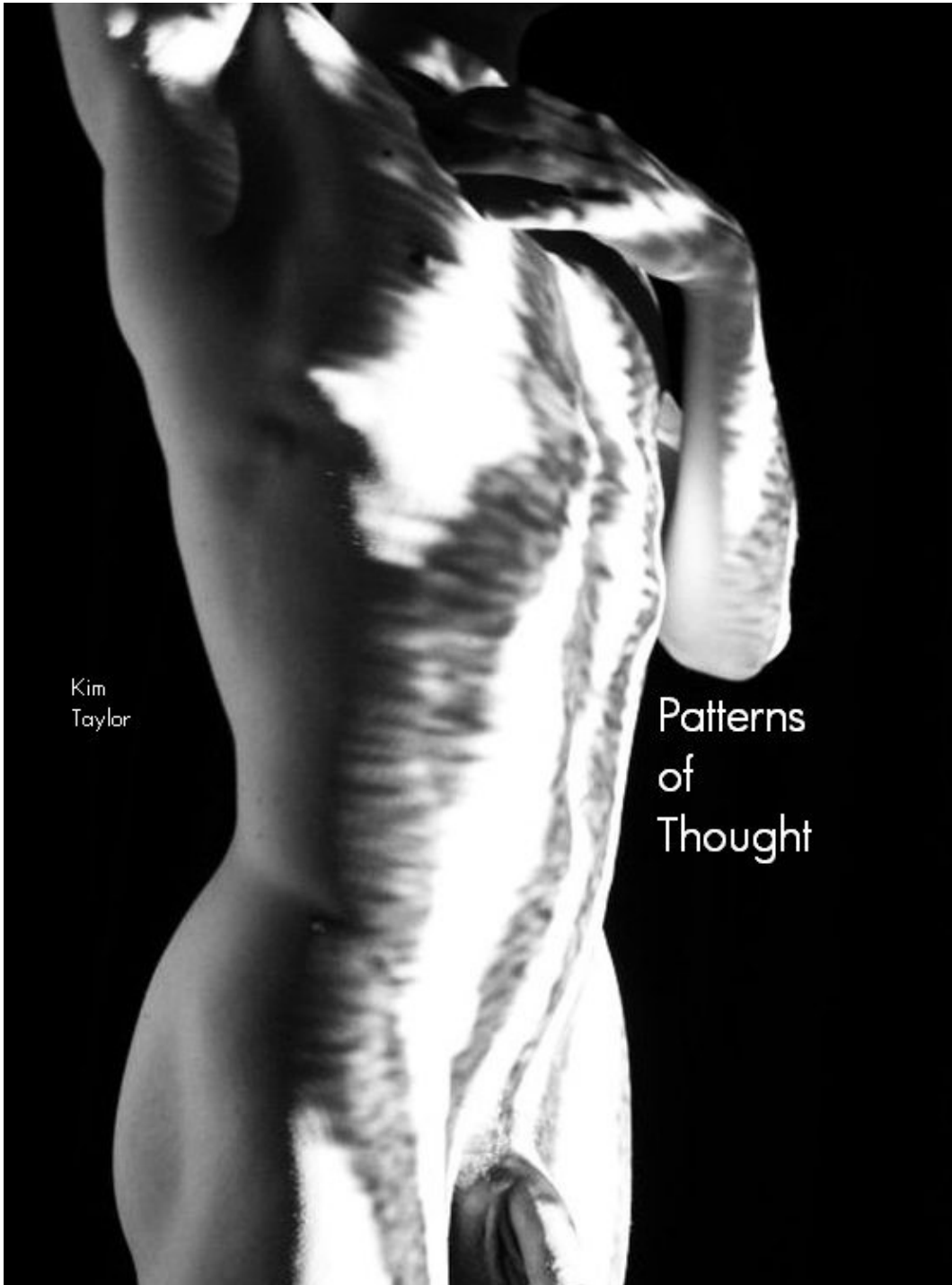


Patterns of Thought

March 14 - July 14 2012



Kim
Taylor

Patterns
of
Thought

Kim The Photographer

The girls say "hey"
I'll do nudes for you
I've always wanted to
And I say "meet me"
and I say "big bald guy"
and they say "oops thought you were a girl"

The guys say "hey"
I want to do some boudoir shots
I'm pretty buff
and I love that stuff
And I say "meet me"
And I say "big bald guy"
And the rest is silence

Shortest Points

Downtown Guelph
Heading somewhere else
Stop, think
Cut through this yard
and it's a straight road
to where you're going

Some sort of dimensional shift
or infinite street plan
made more weird
by old town plans
that all show a grid



OK I'll Do It

How fast
Can you make your wants
Someone else's desires

How fast
Can you get to demands
that they do what you want
the way you want it done

Another One

Little blond slip
of a girl
Bangs and an ear
that sticks out of her hair
Long shirt
clunky boots
she could have got
from her Grandmother

Yet again
I add a waitress
to my list of daydream conquests

More idle collection
than desired objects
these days



Looking For Me?

Always the guy
at the bar
with his drink
and his notebook
and a faraway look

I sit at tables
only in company
Bothered by lack of view
and distance to beer

Give me a stool
three feet of counter
and something to look at

Low Rider Jeans

Amazing what a line of skin

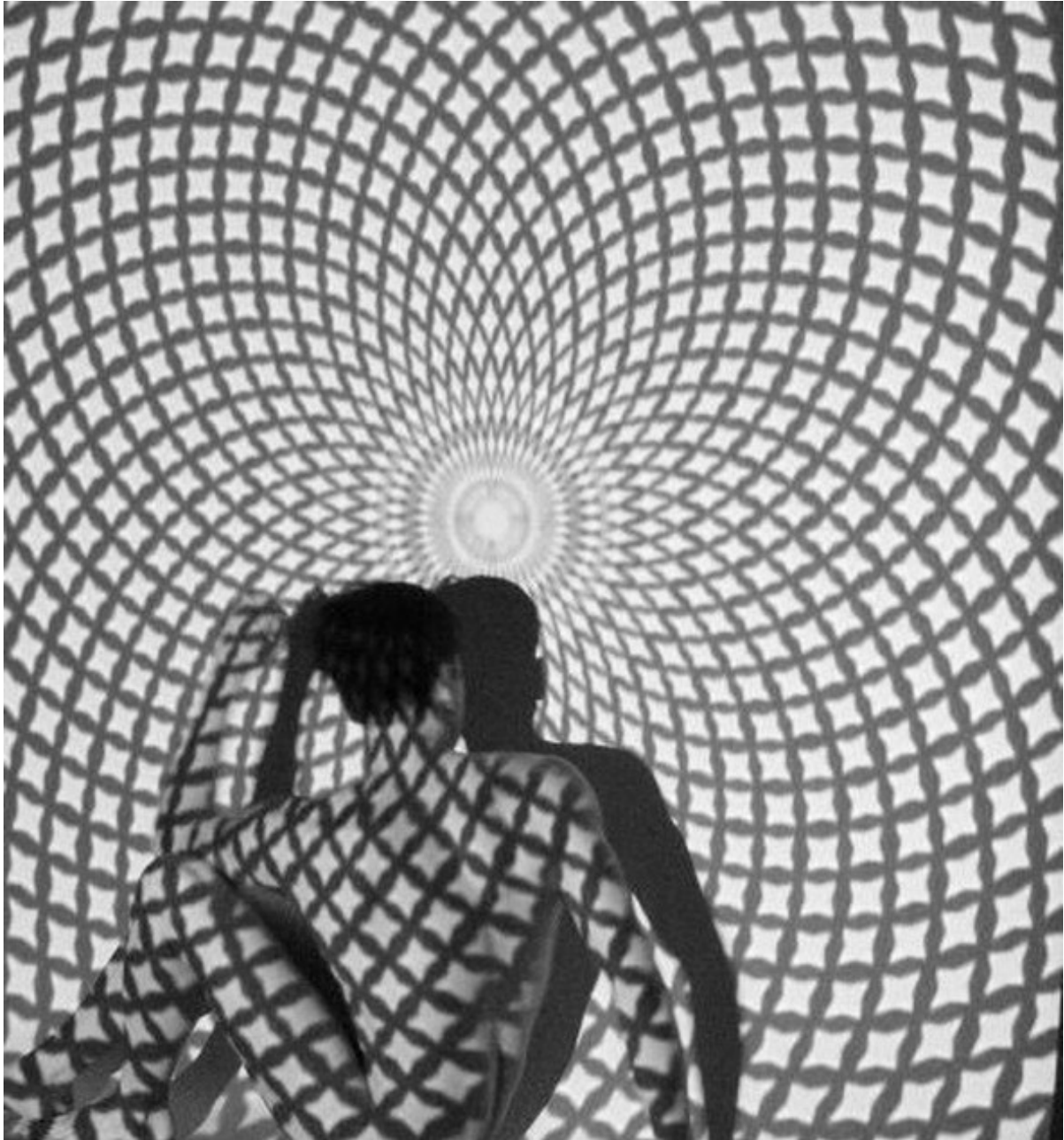
half an inch
by the width of her hips
shadowed in three places
dimples and spine

can do for the mood

It's spring
and the thoughts of old men
turn to

well

Four decades ago
when they might
just might
have had a chance



Winter Too

Back in the usual window
With my usual cup
on a sunny
post-thunderstorm
morning

Long range forecast
is for no more winter
so it's time to get out
and work on the yard
build stairs
lay floors
install shelves
Bah!
Bring back the rain

Headache

Must stop putting the date
on these pages
Halfway through March
and again
I'm behind

Damn-it I'm not paid
for any of the things
that happen monthly
but they nag
they cry
they bitch and moan

Tonight, I promise
Tonight







Slingshot

Funky mill
become bookstore
become cafe
half way to nowhere
from nowhere special

Spider in the garden
has a web to the door
Say hello
and go on in

Wheeeee!

Time and Motion

Go on upstairs
and look around
here's a coffee

When you're done
you can order
and look around
down here

Well scheduled leisure
that's what this country needs
efficiency, productivity
Time is money



How To Do It

Open vegetable drink

remember to shake

Thumb in opening

Shake

Lick thumb

Wipe up spill on table

Doesn't take much

to fix things

not too much time

or thought

or effort

Wonder if we could do carrots

in less than a season



Artsy Fartsy

Big elitist
that's what I am
Intellectual snob

Used book stores
put everything
I'm hunting for
on the bottom shelf

Who Needs Critics
Used poetry books
are always from the '70s
and well thumbed

Inside are three names
and dozens of notes
Margins
Front pages
and back covers
~~ex libris~~
~~ex libris~~
ex libris



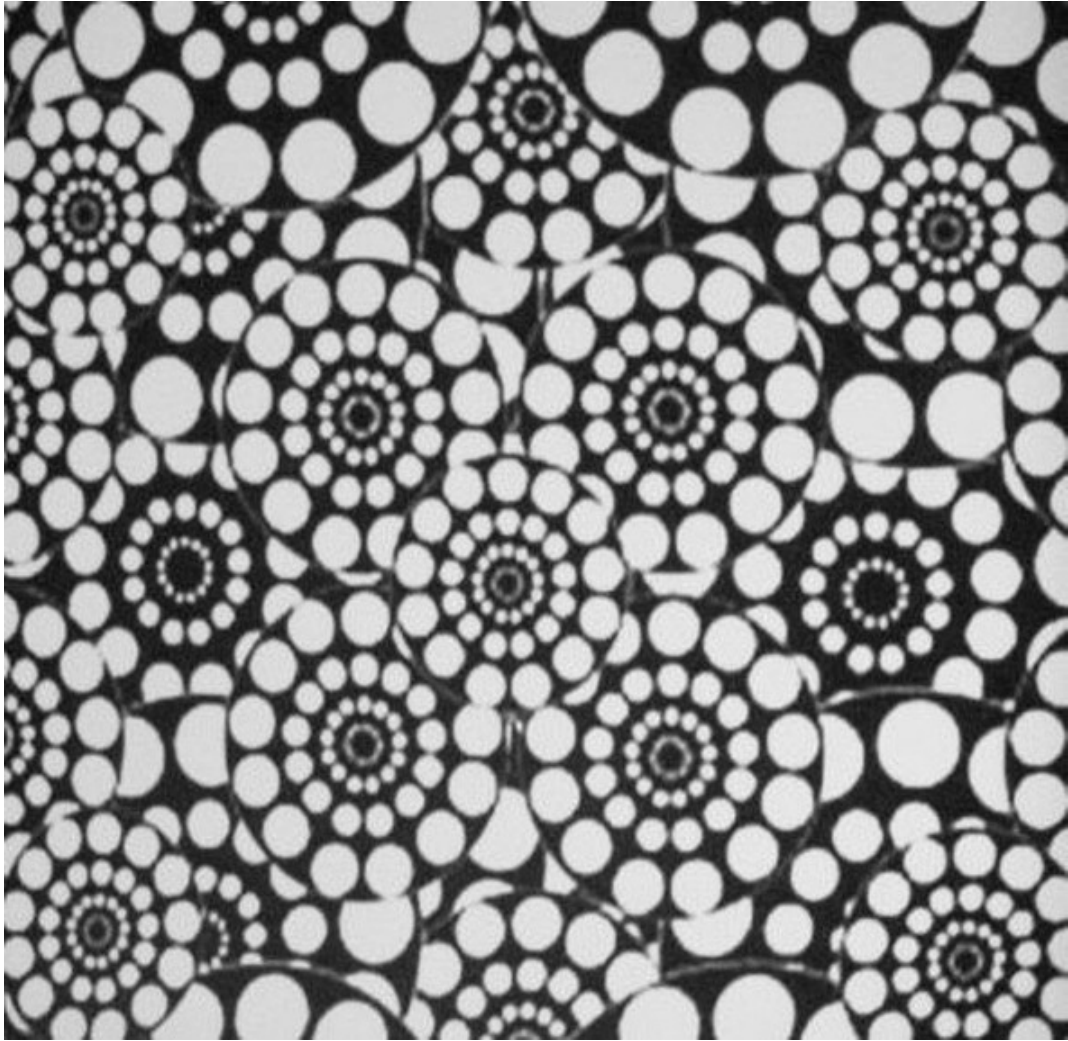
Feels Like Spring

Poetry
without greasy fingerprints
is dry
academic bullshit
written to get tenure
by what we used to call
pencil necked geeks

Real men write
between bites
while drinking Retsina
and chatting up the girls
on the sidewalk

Too Many Books

Left to right
"The Canadian Coast Guard 1962-2002"
"Ugly Ducklings: Japan's WWII Liberty type standard ships"
"The Heritage of Canadian Military Music"
"Canadian Warship Names"
"Gunners: An illustrated history of World War II aircraft turrets and gun positions"



Talent Rules

It's sort of reassuring
that the cook is covered
with Goth tattoos
Wears an Anarchy t-shirt
and a pirate hat

With an open kitchen
it's pretty much certain
your breakfast sandwich
will be yummy

Koan

A spider
with fangs plunged
into the eye of a fly
isn't quite the image
of a snail balanced
on a razor's edge

On the other hand
I don't think
he was trying to make
some Zen point



Mar 20 Temp 23

Door wide open
but the screens aren't on
What further proof
of Global Warming
do I need

I mean
other than writing May
for Mar
over and over

Hidden in Plain Sight

Oh dear
Big fat M sign
going up across the street

Bags of money
for a red M
Sans serif
as far as I can see
and that's it

No other clue
as to what happens
inside the building
the M is outside



More Like Twenty-third

Irving Layton
just had his hundredth
or some such
The shagger of students
long dead of course
so more like we had
his hundredth

Looked up his stuff
Lots of I
Lots of sex
and clever clues
and student notes
in the margins in the back aisles
of the used book store

The Poet

Known for his iconoclasm
and noted for his radical
descriptions of his sex life
Says the English teacher
to her 11th graders

That evening
she makes her husband
lick her ass
tie her up
and drip candle wax
on her nipples



Geometry

Big round woman
in big square truck
with a big crescent grin
Cuts the corner
making a triangle
out of a square

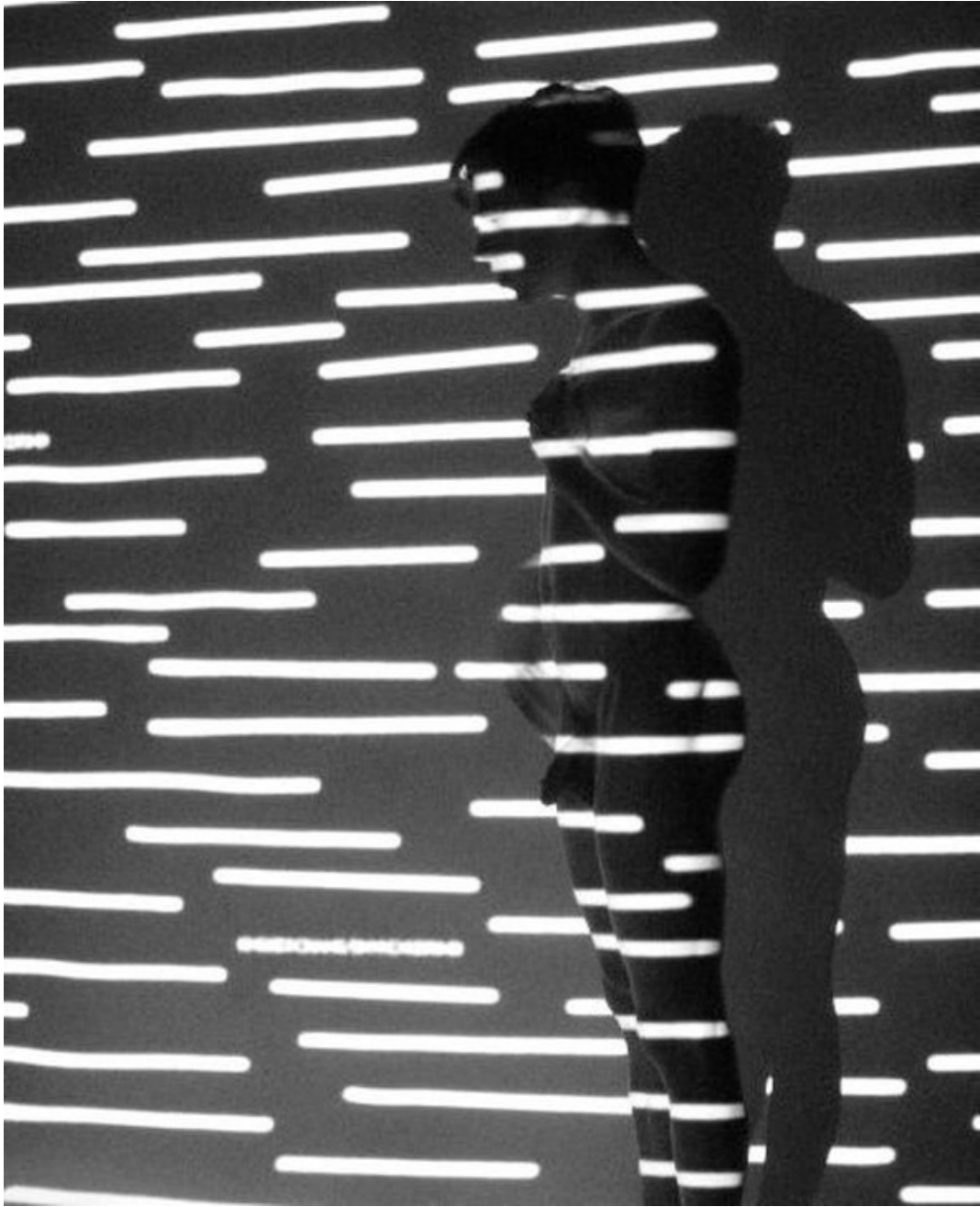
It Ain't Me Babe

Oh I got a sex addiction
Can't turn off the internet
My mom mistreated me
Dad was distant
and the doctor gives me Oxycontin

So it's alright
I can do that
Jimmy says God loves me
and Oprah says
I can think positive
to self-acceptance
And a bit of bleach
will get the blood right off
that knife in your chest







Agro-Metaphor

Look man
You gotta go through
a lot of chaff
before you get to the wheat
I worked the fields
I know this stuff

Besides
You're the one reading
this shit
You think I read it
after I write it?

Prosetic Mishap

Pumpkin spice
is ever so nice
Just a little butter

Oops caught a rhyme
and me without a line
You hear me mutter



Marketing

Ah I see the solution
A big sign
to explain the big sign

The big letter M
is the letter M marketing
soo... I'm guessing
they do signs

Context

The church is still in haze
Not the early morning mist
of winter and fall
but the bright light backscatter
of a strong spring sun

I struggle to see the difference
but to my eye
and certainly a camera
there isn't one

It's in the foreground glare
and in the sweat
on my arms

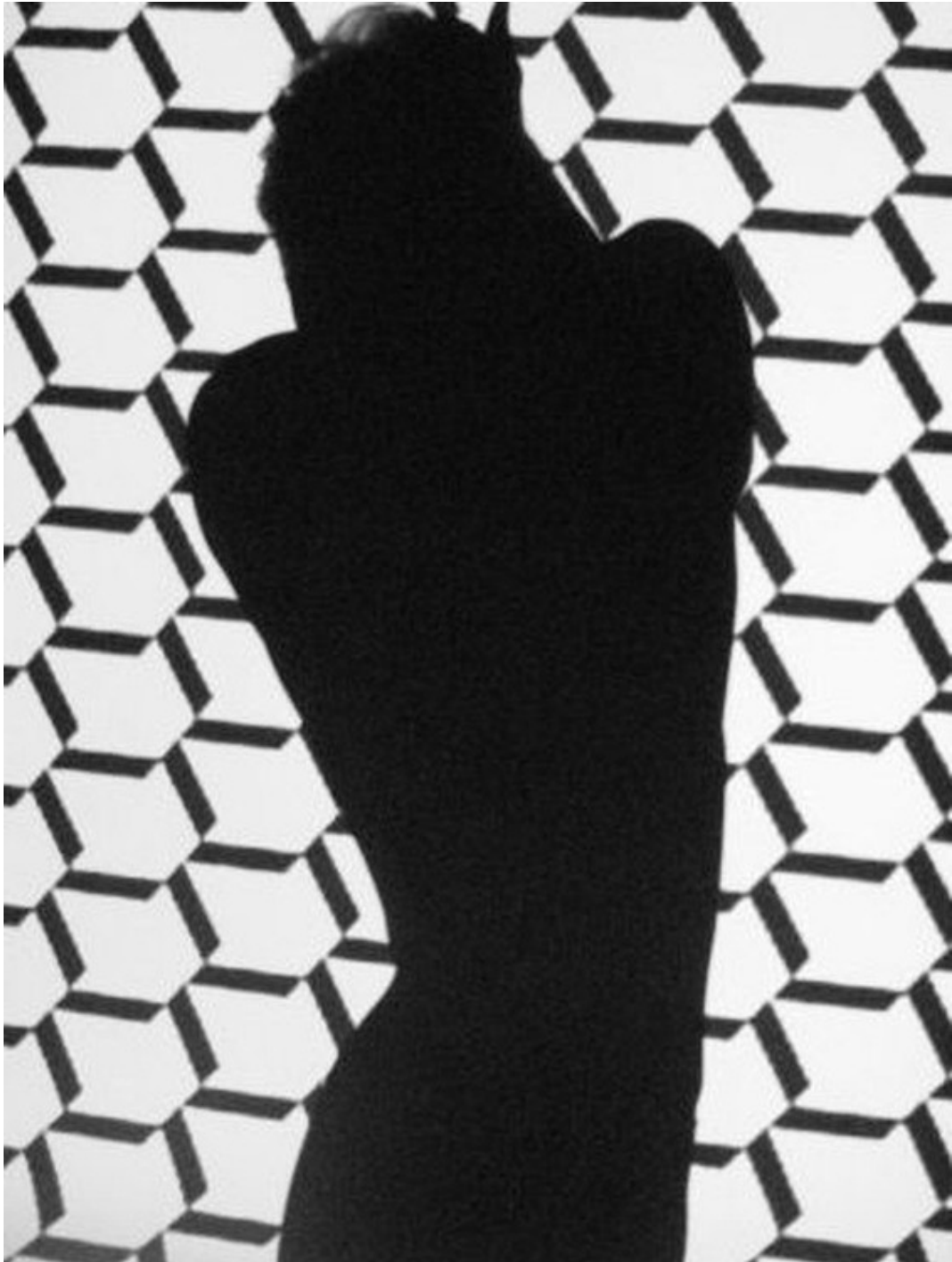


How Are You

Yet another grey-hair
from my past
comes into the cafe
and out again
without a word

Nice to see
other folks
as anti-social
as I am
Neither of us wanting
to talk to the other

"Well more of my friends are dead
and I feel like shit
and all the bones creak
and I'm not getting any"



I Don't

Save me
from youngsters
out to save the world

There isn't one solution
I promise you
if there were
we'd have found it
we're old
not stupid

But she's in my face
demanding that answer
I must know it because
I'm still trying

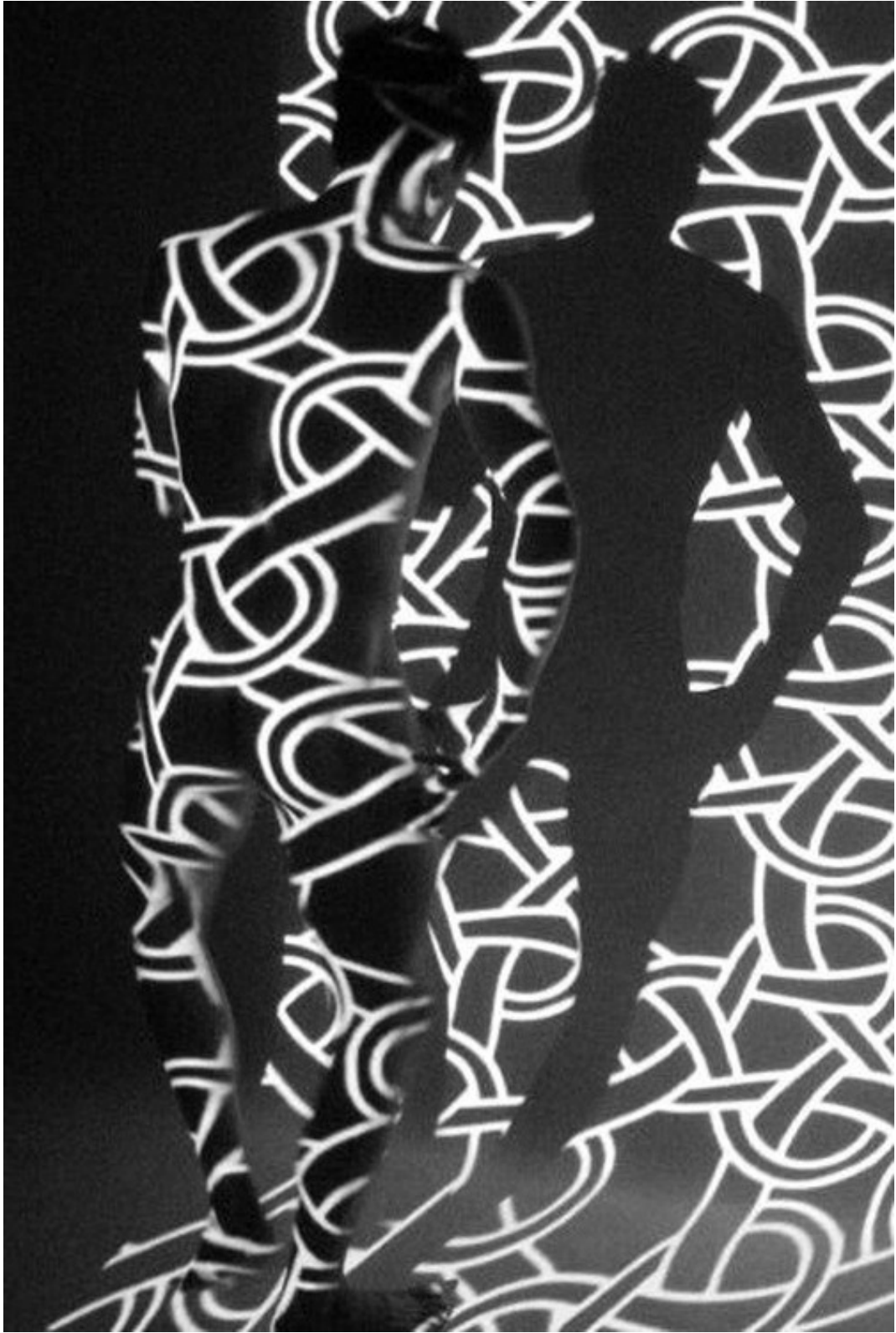
The Possibility of a Future

Nobody does
the crossword
in the cafe paper

Just one of those acts
of social lubrication
that keeps us from war

It's not so much
leaving it for the next person,
nobody does it

It's the irritation
of seeing it done
"now I can't do it!"



Sweet Spot

Legs too skinny
for a pair of tights
There they are
bagging down
around her knees

And there's the other one
with the muffin tops
stretching her jeans
at the calf

Weird they're the same girl

Four

Nothing better
in the world
than pigtails

Blond horns
proudly displayed
on either side
of her head

I got hair
that's long enough
to use an elastic!



Honest

Staff appreciation day
yay
Close an hour early
have a little party
and crack a beer or two

The customers
we appreciate
every day

Really
We do

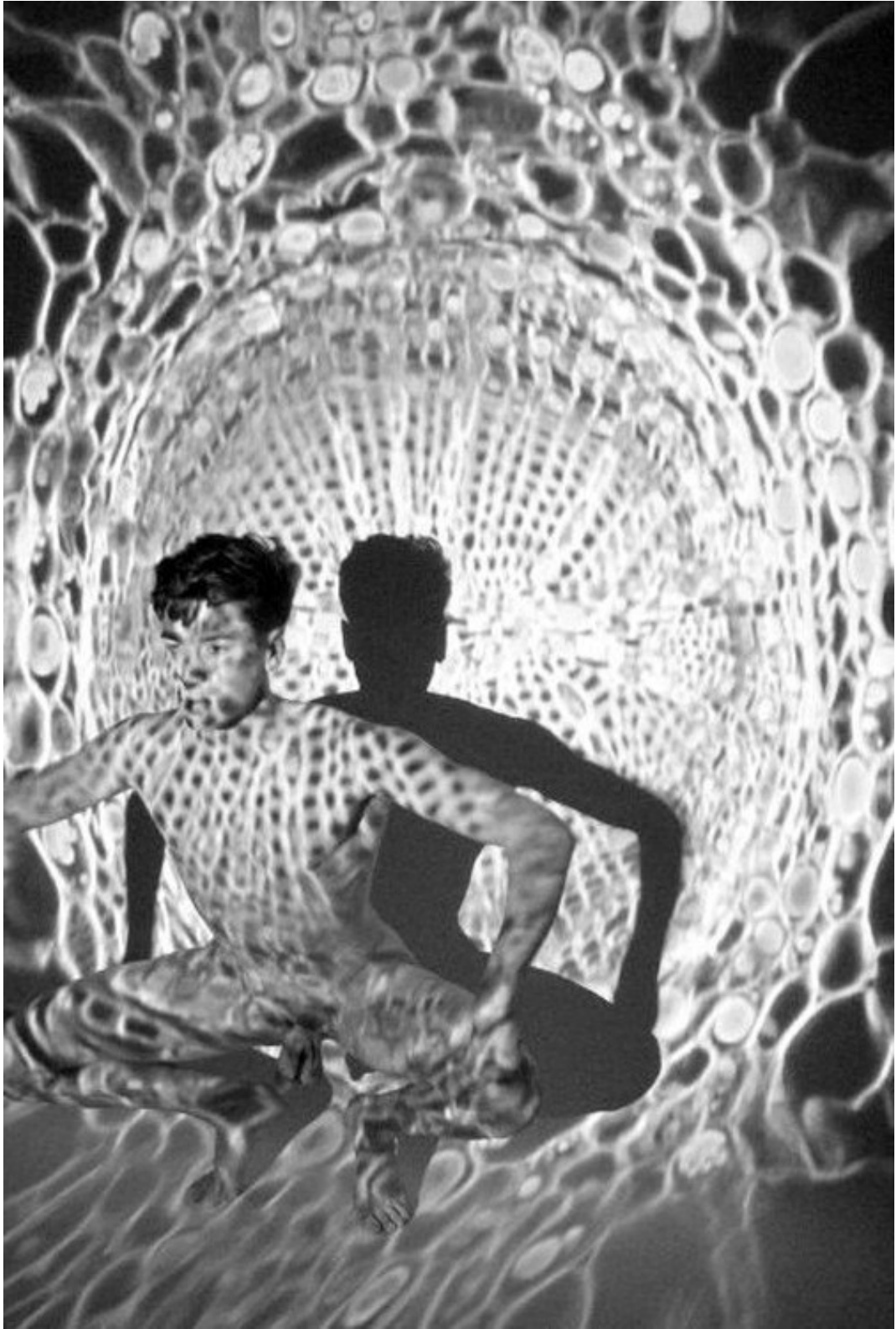
If There's Plus There's Minus

Cold
Hard to take
after such a nice stretch
of spring weather

The Volvo
Big Surprise
is a little more broken
now the heat controls
won't turn

Ah well
"always something"
was invented by the Swedes







Renee's

Venetian light
slatting across the table
brings me out
of a seminar-induced blank

Coffee and an egg bagel
while the crew is asleep
Early morning air
does more good
than a week of sleep

Cabin Fever

Need more of it
more being alone
in the morning
with a coffee
and my thoughts

A notebook
a pen
Birds and bugs
and a psycho hummingbird
looking for a fix



Small Numbers

56 now
born in '56
For some reason
I figure that should
mean something
But it doesn't
just the tyranny
of small numbers

Monument Enough

This grubby spot
where I lean
to put my shoes on

Will Liam look at it
years from now
and think
That's my old man
coming in
from the shop

And rest his hand there
for a moment



A Little Peace

Bloody Hell
how busy
does this town need to be
on a Sunday morning

Lovely weather
to sit in the shade
with my coffee

Buses roaring
Vans breaking to tire squeals
as half asleep idiots
drive like Tuesday morning

Dark Roast in the Morning

Free refills
and a nice day
just got better

Cool breeze
Flowing water
Gentle woman
Cedar forest
Warm sand
Clear Blue sky



Your Turn

Every generation
gets to reinvent the wheel
To see poor kids
crippled kids
laughing and loving life

Every generation
vows to fix it
take their privilege
and share it
with those less fortunate

