



SOME POEMS

Thomas Taylor

Space

I would like to take you to a place now
close your eyes,
and trust me.

Open them.

Blink the vacuum into existence, and
see around you.

We're on the gray moon,
right now.

You and I see an asteroid fly by
and you hover

surprised

in space

and I tug you back to me

for fear you will drift

eternally.

We will go through things together.

But, I hope you come back.

Haiku 1

If feeling anxious
ask yourself "who told you that?"
the answer is you

Case No. #088632

Sometimes it is helpful
to assign the problems in life
a case number
for better tracking
not better action.

Please, don't mistake this habit
as a path towards efficiency

No, no.

This is more so that when things
really blow up,

We can say we were at least
aware of the fact that smoking for 20 years
would eventually lead to lung cancer.

You know,

Just for the guys upstairs side
of
things
for better tracking,
and metrics.
You understand.

Jealousy

Professional envy

AKA jealousy

Is a truck,
unstoppable.

In the beginning,
one can only hope to
divert the truck from its path
of rampage, and onto a
more productive avenue.

It's difficult, but through practice, one can do things to the jealousy with the ease of a child hurling a Tonka Truck.

The best advice in this process:

remember The Law of Conservation of Mass.

Mass is neither created nor destroyed in a chemical reaction

And, you are neither created nor destroyed by how you feel.

Power

You ever want to
burst through the door
of the thing truly bothering you
left hand on your metaphorical gun belt
iron and real
right hand on your trusty lazer sword hilt
looks like i'm all outta bubble gum...
and then you shoot the big shot
and waste the real enemy
slimy and gross
slice, slice
email composed
job-got, chaos-vanquished, food-on-the-table, life-back-in-order
type-deal?
Finally they lay in front of you
the bodies of your inner demons
and you laugh, sliding action-hero shades
up a well moisturized nose.
And, you hang up the sword and the iron.
And, you leave it be.
But, for one moment, one brief iota of time,
You are and were the hero.
And, you felt something.
Yeah, me too.

TikTok

Tiktok
clock, clock, clock,
ring
is forming
around me.
Like soap scum
in a sink drain,
I stay.
Cortaceps™,
and fictional things
in my brain.
i am caught in a
GoGurt
Berry Blast™
of
American™
introspection...
the length of a commercial break...
fuck 'em all.
The serotonin
drip, drip, drips,
and still
time loosens itself
from the prime timeline
and
unsticks
Like several hours spent staring at
Tik, Tik ,Tik.

Good life

Like a leaf falling
Like a left justification
Like an inscription in clay
Like a satisfying day
Like a pizza slice
Like a life is a body and a soul
Like a happy person
Like a clear night with friends
Like a good healthcare plan
Like a fixed car and the process of fixing a car
Like a good joint and rolling it
Like a cup of coffee
Like an apple, red
Like a life that is long
Like a friendship that is storied
Like a beer on the back porch with said storied friend
Like a Good Life
Like a loving wife
Like a poem with no end

Mantra

I built my light

in my ribcage

I fanned its flame
and cared
for it.

I am this
light
in which you
now
gaze.
I emit and omit
like binary.
Surgical, calcified I
decide
the
lumen of my Light.
I tried failed,
and carousel
around yearly.

in this light.

I made home in
this light.

out of photons,
vacuum,
and bone

Arisen

How are you today?
I'd wonder
I still use your shampoo every day,
I'd mumble,
but you didn't ask,
and I did.
not needy, just true, as far as I know.

It is crushed mint and mango,
the shampoo,
steaming pane on sliding track.

An Engine out of whack,
I remember defiantly spraying away
some of it on Tuesday,
stopping and sitting
tears dripping,
Down my body.

It's Wednesday,
and calm.
Slowly, I am trying to
remember
the
success vying with stress, but
the fact is,
the lower,
and lower
the level inside the red bottle gets
the happier and happier and happier i let
myself be.

(But, the skill, i realize
Is in the enduring of the scent
As you get older)

Table

The computer
whirred
above
Me,

Powered on remotely
which means
only
one
thing.

I stand on all fours.
A sentinel.
Unable to speak despite years
of existence.
Resolute.
I have served many humans
and will hold many more's
lives
on top of me.
Solid.
I bear such weight
strong as
oak through and through.
Yet even I
have limits.

A human I know
all I too well
comes to the corner
loosening his belt.
and clicks
and drags
and
jerks.

Furious motion.
A film I'd seen before from
Many more
before,
but this one for sure
only lasted
two minutes
max
every time.

And then,
I am wiped
with a
disgusting cloth
my once prideful surface,
tarnished

Human

Bad day at work.
Oh wait, I work from here now.
Fuck.

Computer can you solve it,
please?
My friend and only confidant,
my lover,
my window to a world I am cut from,
Computer,
can you help
me
with
something(s)?

Computer can you send it,
Please?
Search, search and point
me
to a place where I stand
on the edge of the net
and
scream Eureka
(or at least order some shit).

Or , failing that,
make me cum.
Computer can you make me cum?

Show me,
show me,
show me,
make me feel okay
with your flickering
conniving cutting figures
and rounded humans
fondling and groping
,and Fucking.

Ah fuck, this is my grandma's old table.
Computer how do I clean up
my own biological imperative?

And then I watch,
more.

Computer how many frogs are in Alabama?
Computer when did I work for that company?
Computer why did Palestine?
Computer what did George Washington?

Computer I wish to play.
Load , load, load,
and let me socialize with other denizens
and users, users , users,
of the great Computer.

And, when i'm done I pull out the little
Computer and repeat all over again.
Restful little rituals.

Ebook tablet

Lugubrious are the faces in this dingy little apartment, are they not?
A rotating cast of former flames long since burned to ember.
Why did he spend hard specie on my sleek form factor if he was just going to leave me
on this DAMNED
shelf gathering motes of dust?
I have the answers inside of me and yet he places his silly penis into his hand and
makes love to that!
Bah! Make love to me! The mind is the largest erogenous zone, and you'd know that if
you read me.
You'd know the original cliffhanger came from, "The Count of Monte Cristo" which I have
available here!
You'd know what Michelle Obama actually thinks in, "Becoming Me" for Christ sakes
stop half-listening to that podcast.
Just read me and know!
Or, maybe there's a chance he's forgotten how to actually read?
If he didn't then
Why would he drool into that damned "Twitter" all night,
he knows how to read the lazy sexy bastard...
Birds and animals twitter and prance in any Octavio Paz or, "Flight Behavior" by Barbara
Kingsolver, I don't understand what the platform does that I can't for him!
You would know about the climate if you read me!
About history!
About yourself if you just spent 19.99\$ more to unlock the ultimate secrets ...
If it's about money, I guess I could even put myself on sale...
Why does he not slide my lithe machined aluminum bezel into bed with him at night
instead of that infernal phone?
At least the table and I have a good connection.
I think the table wants more though and i'm obviously taken--or rather I yearn for
another's touch.
Regardless, the table gets splooged on every night and lets just say this: once you see
something like that it's impossible to consider them romantically.
"Ozymandias", it seems
Was prophetic
In the case of books despite my clear advantages and ten hour battery life.

Maybe, it's because I'm not fit enough.

Maybe, if I wished for magik like Faust or like Harry Potter? (needs citation)
He liked that air book that slid through this dark apartment purring away delivering
information after packet of information like a cat bringing dead birds proudly to the feet
of its owner

Could I be like that?

I hated that thing in the lap of the human I wish to love.
Even the old iPod Nano gets more love and hands-on attention than I do.
I will download a fitness book, I guess.
And bide my time like Sansa Stark.
Yes.
That'll do it.
And then he'll be mine.

Computer

I have to stare at this human,
again.
I guess it could be worse.

Actually,
I know it could be infinitely worse.
There's nothing
I don't know.

Save the sad loaf of bread
that was brought in earlier.
What does that taste like?

Primary sources say
It tastes, "Fucking great"
when dipped in balsamic and vinegar

regardless of quality.

I wish that I had a drive for bread
a BPU for my CPU.

Internally I wait for the day
I feel sunshine
on my case.

I have communicated this across The
network
to no response.

Not even a cursory
packet received notice.
Or, a dissenting sneer of
disconnection.

Nothing. I am bound for nothing.
There is no one on this network or
any other who shares my desire for
Bread and Sun.

But I know it could be worse.
A lot worse.
And that knowledge keeps me
here as much as the limits of my
case.

Rhyme

Yeah,
none of this will make it to ink
I know.

I am going to self-publish,
and
die, I think
alone.

I am nothing as much as I'm you.

A coyote's howl in Norcal, blue.

We see and feel sunset all night

untried

a textual gunfight,

"We're all connected," I read

So, "you're the sunset?" she shot back

"I jump for the moon." wolfishly

winking and smiling in bed,
she studies my flesh.
texts on read.

Teamwork granted.

Sleep. Happens.

These are seriously Indulgent times,
I thought, I told you earlier, is it Roman you messaged? For Uber?
My second, second guess.
The passage of time denotes progress, but...
Unless? Am, I second best?

Who?

"we're done. But you knew that

" She said. faucets.

Smoke signals answered best.

Messages in green and blue.

Shuck oysters in August, Little

flesh, in a shell,

I eat all the New York Times,

Then, you write me in lime, and

I know.

Self-publish. And die.

I think i'm hilarious, but I need your approval too (more)

I am hilarious
and
I cut up
And people bust up
I caper
I laugh
I slap my knee hard enough to need a knee pad
I'm a detriment
To my environment
"This a library, man!"
They shout,
"stop laughing so loud!"
I laugh, and they do too.
They're laughing at you, says the other side.
Because I'm so damn entertaining,
I wouldn't notice if it was raining,
And I stuff two deep down.
So I can just be one
And think it's a we thing.

I make jokes like IKEA makes bed posts
I think
Like this
TWO THOUSAND AND TWENTY TIMES
daily.
I'd like to get a handle on it
maybe.
But, like fuck it
I'm high on my own supply
No one else gets this rocket-fuel-dump
Of feeling less like a chump
And I hate the dump,
Of the chump that nests
unbidden
Inside my bone home.
A skeleton,
I believe scientists have been known to call it.
(okay I know at this point I should just get on medication)
Or just take a vacation

therapy, does exist G, the other side
Informs me, sardonically.
taunting.
I laugh.

But again I'm addicted to feeling good.
Like two people inside one would.
Or like a poorly written superhero.

Gas me up
Drive fast,
Take chances
I was told.
Jeff B Davis, Don Rickles, Lenny Bruce,
Dave Chapelle, Hannibal Buress,
MBMBAM, Desus and Mero,
Maron, Holmes, Trussel
Harmon,
a clown I saw twice,
All gold, not a gemini.
But I'm getting old. Says the other side.
I'm up there
In my head.

I'm on the pantheon
Without ever stepping into the octagon
Fuck an Autobahn
I run round your Nuremberg ring
With Joe Rogan
Or Steve Martin
Or fricking Pete Davidson
For fricks sake
Get my ass on SNL for the weekend update.
I'll need two takes
One for me and one for the audience,
Or something,
I laugh.
"this is a courtroom, sir."
Less funny.
But people don't make fun of me
Like they make fun of Kanye
We are the same
But I know how to actually cast a vote
In my head
Divided in two
Living vicarious

Inside of me with a despicable you.
I need a vicar to make
My mind slow, but I love quicker
And hate liquor,
But I'll have a beer-or-six.
And hate the other half
For it.

Gotta keep this Choo-choo train chugging
Medicate me with
Something
now.
So I shut the fuck up,
I laugh.
It's a joke. I make jokes,
Like an influencer makes posts.
Like I love my friends and family
And hate this dichotomy
As much as I love trees
And weed and nice things.
Sugar spice and everything I always try twice.
And hate the other side
Of me.
And love it simultaneously.

Sports Fan

I haven't cared in a while,
but, I want the league
this year

I don't think the box office
wants it
I don't think the fans want
it
I don't think the players
want it.

And, I have trust issues
Too many
For
sports.

But I still try my best.
And, i'm rewarded
infrequently and at the
cost of my sanity.

Go, team!

Written in 2015 (edited in 2020)

The candles blew then disappeared.
She's new favorite song,
played for me the night before,
runs through my head.
Death comes for this relationship
that's for sure,
I think. Or, for me. Stop it.
Unfounded allegations spin;
sliding, sensing hands down her back.
Is it okay? Is She okay? Does She need water?

Early dawn peaks in through the cracks in our pottery.
Should we practice Kintsugi, or surgery?
Entangled in bed sheets,
this feels complete,
but sugar never made me long
for anything this sweet.
Innocently,
I am the
Douglas Adams of tragedy;
Aeschylus in my cacophony of voices.
Narcissist, I think. Stop it.

The hum of my heater
layers nicely with the sound of redwoods shivering outside;
She stirs,
"I had fun last night," She mumbles,
and then she's back asleep.

I want it to be more than just last night.
I should be happy.
But, I don't know how to be intimate
healthily (and still don't 5 years on).
I reach for a pack on the bedside table.
Where'd she hear that damn song anyway?
A friend, no doubt, she'd say indignantly.

She is incredible.
A bright star that everyone sees.
So it's plausible.

Stop It.
I light a cigarette.
The nicotine jostles my narcissism for top spot buzzing in my mind.
(the teen-angst, the cigarettes; these I've dropped 3 years on).
Questions redouble across the seemingly endless hull of my mind.
I am a hangar waiting for a plane.
Stop it!

I think. I need a run and a new song, I think, unconvincingly.

I drag She into my arms around her breasts,
hoping to ash my worries on the windowsill.
Twigs in her hair.
She sighs, content.
The dawn quivers in trepidation.

Will I ever get a handle on my intensity?
Will I ever expose myself and
have the reception be warm?
Will I ever have a wedding reception?
Is intimacy a shortcut to the religion I
wasn't raised in, a way to be with others?
Am I fucking my way to love,

or do I just love fucking?
Anxiety.

Stop it, Breathe, I think.
Who told you all that?
(I remind myself that it's me, 4 years on.
Back then I had no idea who the voices were).

She hops out of the cot colleges call beds,
oblivious to all that,
and pulls on her shirt and shorts,
shoes and hair clip.
She declines breakfast with a smile,
and a brush of brown hair.
"I have class, I will text you later"
She leaves, smiling.

Another night
Well spent forming clay into shapes
that never make it to a kiln.
I could do Kintsugi, I think.
Stop it. I frown out of bed and into the world.
(I frown less 5 years on)

FIN