Radio Mast Horizon
Also by Andrew Taylor

Comfort and Joy (Ten Pages Press, 2011)
The Lights Will Inspire You (Full of Crow Press, 2011)
The Sound of Light Aircraft (Knives Forks and Spoons, 2010)
The Metaphysics of a Vegetarian Supper (Differentia Press, 2009)
And the Weary Are at Rest (Sunnyoutside Press, 2008)
Poetry and Skin Cream (erbacce-press, 2004 and 2007)
Temporary Residence (erbacce-press, 2007)
Turn for Home (The Brodie Press, 2003)
Andrew Taylor

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Shearsman Books
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This book is for Rachel Smith
She Strokes Bees

She strokes bees they must know
of course we do angel mark
faded in sunshine beyond the fringe

shaded face beneath cap follow
the flight of butterflies as they seek
buddleia growing on wasteland

“What colour are the flowers?”
“Black”
“No, what colour are the flowers?”
“Black”

A keen eye spotting planes dots to me

On the telephone mast starlings gather
are they being fried slowly
or is it convenient parking?

It gets better every time we meet
Market Place

I like your shirt Andrew

During a quiet time sit cross-legged and watch the wind
    this is a good drying line
there is a short-cut through the fence

It is worth the hundreds of miles
    to hear those words to feel
that appreciation following the lunch brought from London

I like your jumper Rachel
In Winter, the City Almost Sleeps

I don’t. Despite whiskey and exhaustion, bags demand to be carried through dawn’s expanding light.

Half dreams. A blue Manhattan, while dogs stride the Brooklyn promenade daubed with static snow.

Nothing really exists on snowy days.

Distance and time. Speak on differing levels. Life flows weakly through tired memories that linger, like roots.

 Darkness, blinds. Behind evening falls. Imagine bouquets delivered to hospital beds and Chocolate bunnies with red collars.

Nothing really exists at this time.

This correlation. Missed meetings where I picture the “hellos” and following silence, looks exchanged, stored.

A gold greeting. Stored as souvenir, such handwriting that transports beyond substance.
Little Bird

with your tired eyes
and smile you put me at ease

fed by adrenalin and midday
Scotch sweat inducing walk

along the pier and all its glory
pockets weighed by pebbles

anticipation acute through
every seam as the hour approaches

comfort like the vision
of Stanley Road nineteen

years ago safe and secure
in the knowledge of your

existence
Screwdriver Work

We cover ourselves with cloth
work until it is time to sleep

Outside your room your sister’s spinning

like a bride whispering through the door
on her wedding eve to
the husband to-be it is tradition

Gather the ingredients for manufacture
the first picture of summer

it was a May wedding blossom was confetti
breakfast in a tithe barn

evening ventilation along with low light
allows for deliberation watch the sky

a deep orange band reflected
changes colour allowing stars to breathe
Waiting for the Butterfly to Take to the Wing

and lead the way to
the optimist and the poet

replenish chop the cherry tree
generational reminder every 30 years

weed shaded concrete paths
light no penetration

we shall liaise next week
I’ll let you get back to your cheese omelette

time to taste the house blend at Source
myself a reminder

like Chock Full O’ Nuts the first time
it never fades

it lingers like Winter’s determinedness
amongst the Manhattan gutters
Ice Cold Pavements

The bus hums as though its life
depends upon it fumes cloud
chilled air red lights flicker distanced

yet near enough to feel a part
of something despite it being 6.00 a.m.

This time of morning perspective
alters before the first tea of the day

if the snows arrived I’d be first
to make footprints along the beach

thinking of Clementine and Joel
and double beds alongside

rooms in Greenwich Village
Bleecker Street writing visiting
Zinc Bar setting up a tab
drinking in preparation for ice
cold pavements and the slide home
through greying slush replicating
Bob and Suze in Jones Street

if I transported to HD189733B
would I be missed?
Small Poem

If I turn left to St Pancras
    you’ll be at the Champagne bar
under the gaze of Betjeman
while I drink cans of bitter
reading O’Hara
the room too large for me

breakfast can’t come quickly enough
and time for tea before onward journeys
Three Hearts

They’re clearing the snow from streets that I walked in another lifetime I see a shaft of sun highlight a particular point

where a young tree stands marks the spot I want to revisit these streets hand held in shared pockets away from the histories of home

to travel share in the creation of the new matched possibilities a time for combined healing and re-birth of the ordinary

*It’s all about coming to terms with life and love*