

Fridge Poetry & Other Virtues of Intimacy

A.R. Taylor

 BookLeaf
Publishing

Fridge Poetry & Other Virtues of Intimacy ©

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Presentation by *BookLeaf Publishing*

Web: www.bookleafpub.com

E-mail: info@bookleafpub.com

ISBN:9781830358240

First edition 2022

DEDICATION

For anyone who feels at home with dirt and decay.

Our Garden

I wish to run away and start a vegetable patch,
With the love of my life.
And we will knead the dirt like dough,
It sticks to the underside of our nails;
A small reminder that we exist.

The love we put into our garden,
Our tomatoes, and our carrots, and our lettuce,
Will flourish in the spring,
The sun will keep them healthy,
While they grow behind our cottage.
And we will spend our days caring for each
other,
Tending to our vegetable patch.

I wish to run away and start a vegetable patch,
With every girl I see.
The ones with long hair, and the ones with short,
The ones who wear pink sundresses,
Or pants tied tight with belts.

Together we can plant some seeds,
And watch our babies sprout,
Their little leaves bursting from,
Our gentle, aching ground.

I want to care for you just like you care,
For the plants that bloom in our vegetable patch.

Ophelia

There is a special type of kindness,
I feel within my bones.
It lies beside me in the river,
Along the mossy stones.

Milk Bath

I see you ache.
I see your hair tied loose behind your head,
The way your joints groan when you walk,
And how you can never seem to shake,
The way your muscles burn.

My home smells like lavender and sleep,
And I call you into my room,
So you can rest in me.
Please put your feet up,
On my delicate porcelain.

I want you to steep,
Steep in me.
Smell the honey of my laughter,
And the bubbles in my voice,
Oh, please, steep in me.

Rot With Me

As we lay
In the dirt,
And your body
Rots with mine;
The rain fills
Up our lungs.

I cannot help
But wonder:

Will the worms attend our wedding?

Places to Care

Perhaps there is a place
Where we may hold each other
and we whisper secret things
While rain patters down
and the frogs sing of love.

A place is hidden from the world;
Where we may bake fresh bread
and spend the rest of time
doing nothing but caring.

Don't Hang Me Out To Dry

If you ever forget an umbrella,
And you start to soak through,
Please look to the nearest stranger.
Strangers are a kindness splashing.

There's a constellation of kindness,
Resting on the hands of a stranger,
An umbrella in hand,
Rain beating its fists against plastic.

Don't abandon hope here,
In the gutters.
Rats will be your friends,
Water microbes too.

There are friends in the strangers,
Splashing at your feet.

Nostalgia Has a Place Here

As you leave, do not soon forget the home,
With its ivy-covered walls and windows,
Its stout, little chimney puffing warm smoke,
Lavender bushes lined up by the yard,
And the smell of fresh pastries reminding
You of your mothers.

The home in which you spent your childhood,
Embraced by the constant feeling of Love.
As you travel, gifting new ideas,
And gifting inspiration to others,
Do not soon forget the home you will leave.
Or those left behind.

Hope and Love, waiting for your slow return,
Sitting in their cottage, admiring
The work you will so passionately do.
They stay in the home where you first met life,
No thoughts besides when dinner will be done,
Served on old, chipped plates.

The house smells of family gatherings,

And the perfume your mothers love to wear.
A present you gave them so long ago.
Bread and daisy chains spread amongst the
books,
Memories pressed in their ancient pages,
Much like dried flowers.

Do not soon forget your home.

Chrysalis

Moth wings are gentle and old,
Like the kiss of new snow,
Or honey and mold,
Fresh picked flowers and dough.

Moths are not butterflies,
And neither am I.

Bitter Friends

Walking alone in the dark reminds me of you,
The way you were suffocating and exciting,
New, and unswayed by the hands of man.

Your smile was intoxicating,
Eyes full of stars,
But when we were together,
The night was virulent.

It choked me,
The way you couldn't be kind.

Empathy is the sky,
And you were light pollution.

Swamp Song

Listen to the frogs' sing,
My dear, my baby, my friend,
They serenade the whispering rain,
And court you to their midnight dance.

The lily pads and bog-logs,
Fireflies pirouette,
The creatures spin around you,
Glowing, lovely, important.

Memoriam

Beware the thorns rose,
As you lay her to rest.
The prettiest flowers cut,
They macerate the flesh.

Her body turned to palanquin,
She's escorted to our crypt.

They may find,
Her legs entwined,
Love pouring from her chest.

Growing Calm

Can we love,
In dirty rain?
Our soil needed heart.
The attention is fertilizer,
Now grow forth and sprout.

Eden and Eve

I feel and reflect;
You were spring in the morning.
A soft gardener,
To my withering winter.

The Eden of my Earth.

Earl Grey

The tea kettle whistles,
It's our own private melody.

Dried flowers deliquate,
In boiling groundwater.

I can taste the honey on your tongue,
And serve cups to all who visit.

Tabescent

Ants under a microscope,
Burning with the sun,
Its rays are choking down my throat,
And your love is gaseous.

The pistol of a water gun.
Intoxicating. Breath-taking,
I gasp for air.
But you hold me tighter,
And tell me,
I am not breathing hard enough.

Let me try again,
To whiff the bleach against my muscles,
Bruised knuckles, salty kiss.
I cannot breathe underwater.
But you make me try.

Mother, I want to be like you,
Let me try to breathe,
Emollient, the chemicals hug my skin,
Melting away every doubt I ever had,
You love me. You love me?

You love to watch me drown.

Honeymoon

You carry luggage up the stairs,
Hoisting heaving breath,
The veil drools from your back,
Step by Step by Step.

Its patchwork spirals along your hands,
Loose threads cascading smiles,
Down and under the fabric folds.
Step by step by step.

You brought a hat for every occasion,
Just in case the weather calls for it.
You dress expecting tea with royals,
Step by step by step.

The most important cloth you carry,
Twined around a finger,
Cloth made of interlocking brass,
Step by step by step.

Gift Giving: This Wrapper I Found

Her cargo shorts are filled with rocks,
And twigs and stones and leaves,
For what's a friend if not for someone,
Handing random things?

Her trinkets are so prized,
Devotion in a palm,
She offers you a feather,
Found sitting on the ground.

You can't forsake the gift,
Chipped fingernails are clutched,
Around a stone shaped like a heart,
This garbage is the way she loved.

Icarus Was a Gardener

Hubris grows from bones like weeds,
Charmeuse vines trampling delicate skin,
The soil in my lungs,
Ever-expanding.

Weeds grow toward the sun,
Basking in radiant hue,
Emerging and bursting,
Upon my fragile lips.

I make a home in my downfall.
Letting the rot reclaim me.

Begging and Choosing

Make eye contact with the strangers on your
street,
Let their hope consume you,
Through outstretched palms and open mouths.

Do you hear the call of familiarity?
It beckons you to ignore,
Look away from strangers with your back
straight.

The wind will whip and your legs will tremble,
Like molding wood of an evicted home.
But stay upright, my dear.

Look at strangers,
Listen to their gospel.
The whispers play upon the lips,
Of those, you elect to ignore.

Staring to Heaven

Glaring at the sky, we challenged God to a
staring contest.

We watched the world light up in flames and
ash,

Swirling, as if to scare the nearby clouds.

Our faces reflected her somber color,
The orange that Mother Earth created,
To swallow our sky.

As if to combat his authority.

For he was the one to condemn us to

An eternal planet of suffering.

A planet in which men do not create,
Merely, destroy others.

Because he gave us the tools to kill Mother
Earth.

Her death is slow and eerie, set ablaze

By the weapons, we could not stop with signs.

We found protests would only go so far,
Violence was our choice.

Glaring at the sky, we challenged God to a
staring contest.

But, he looked away.

Bitter Lungs, Blossoming

Kindness in inherit,
It feasts itself on those willing,
Infesting and spiraling within your being.
It comes and goes in ravaging waves,
Cerulean seas sweeping in to drown you,
To brace against your ankles.

The touch of another's hand,
A startled mother's cry,
Tears floating like ash.
We'll tumble down across the plains,
Meeting in the middle,
Because I love you as much as I hate me.

All we have to give is kindness,
Our virtue, our arrogance, our savior, our defeat.
I give myself up to others,
In return, their kisses sting my temple.

Kindness is a virtue and a suffocation.
I am addicted to the gasp for air.