

# NOCTURNE

Poetry by Phil Brennán

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Nocturne: Asperger Syndrome

Dreams confine the limits of my tomb  
Causes the waves to break over glassy ceilings  
I'm lost in my own world  
Trapped in my own dreams  
Encumbered by an unwillingness to share emotion

[Should I have known the depths of emotion granted to  
some  
I would not be here trapped inside my private shell]

And with every daybreak I die a little bit more  
And with every setback I hide myself away from those  
whom I am closest to  
Playing the stranger with my own family  
Not wanting anyone to get close enough to upset my  
world  
This gilded cage I have set myself becomes my refuge and  
my tomb

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Nocturne #3 [2004 Version]

A shadow is cast from the outer darkness  
A dream disembodies itself from a nightmare  
A curse is lit upon the hearths of Godless men

[And into this house I came  
Through shadows blacker than my heart  
To seek revenge and a means to an end]

And on and on I run  
As the lights grow dim far behind me  
And sirens wail into the night  
As I step from the shadows into the realm of insanity

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Untitled #8

I remember being a small boy of eight  
Trapped in my own world and misunderstood  
Fuelled by rage I would trash my room  
Throw my desk against the door  
Upset my toy box  
Scattering my toys across the floor  
Crying in my rage and frustration at a world I did not  
comprehend  
Wondering why I was so different to the other children  
The games they played  
The laughs they shared  
Their ability to makes friends so easily  
While I was trapped in my own world  
Not communicating  
Never comprehending  
The loner who sat at the back of the class and daydreamed  
Because he had little else to do

Now I am a man of almost thirty  
Trapped in my own world and misunderstood  
Internalising every frustration  
Battling with feelings of intense loneliness  
I am the guy who sits alone at parties  
Or in pubs  
Never quite managing to mix in  
Never reading body language  
Never empathising  
Just nursing his drink in the vain hope that the confident  
people  
Would lower themselves enough to say hello

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Self Portrait

Needle thin  
Lighter than the air I breathe  
If I stood sideways I would disappear

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Samhain #3

Darkness falls  
Like the welcome relief at the end of the day  
Like the softness of blankets on a child's bed  
A blanket of stars to put this night asleep

And oh, what a night this is  
To dance beneath the moon in a counter-clockwise  
fashion  
Widdershins and against the year  
Pyres burning tall and proud like warriors  
To be leapt over, danced around, fornicated beside  
The heat of our passions in the cold stillness  
Illuminating this sacrilegious and sacred eve

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The Crow.

Here I stand alone  
Hands reached out to touch the sky  
Face painted in the colours of Joy  
A sacrifice of words

(Mother is the name of God  
On the lips and hearts of all children  
Do you understand?  
Do you understand?)

I find myself looking towards the past  
And I realise it's the last thing  
That I should want to do  
(All the pain that I have felt  
All the pain that I have caused)  
So I paint my face in the colours of Joy  
And scream

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The Vampyre

This mortal coil dispels the breath  
Causes my chest to cave in  
My heart is like an angry beast trapped in a cage  
And I'm sweating blood through my pores

And there's a man breathing heavily at my neck  
His skin is as cold as the tomb  
And I dare not turn around into this dark inflection  
Lest I see myself reflected in his eyes  
Lest I turn screaming into the night  
And never reach the Borders of Sanity

[Should I have listened to the warnings  
Passed down through generations that have gone  
before  
I would not be sinking in blackened waters]

So we drive off in this torturous hearse  
Through rivers of blood and human skulls  
Through dead bone orchards and barbed wire groves  
To sink off into the night from whence we came

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Nocturne #1

This time  
This breath  
This song  
This depth  
This Nocturne  
This dream  
This shadow  
Unseen

This name  
This face  
This blood  
This race  
This Nocturne  
This dream  
This shadow  
Unseen

© Phil Brennán 5<sup>th</sup> April 1998

Samhain.

"Samhain is almost upon us," you said  
"And the nights are getting long and dark;  
The Autumn winds chill my bones," you said  
"And I'm afraid that Winter's almost here"

And then I

" 'Tis true that Winter is blowing in  
And that Mother Earth awaits the spring;  
The leaves have fallen from the trees  
And the birds have taken wing"

"But remember this, and mark it well  
With sacred rock or toll of bell;  
That Winter has its special days  
Even Lady Moon still wax and wanes"

And then you

"This I know, tho' I can't help but feel  
When all else is dead that nothing's real;  
The trees are dead within their torpor  
While Winter plays the whore"

"And sunnier climes await us still  
When Winter's done with all her ills;  
But it's not the same when the earth is dead  
And the short, bleak days are filled with dread"

And then I

"Oh foolish Childe! Why do you mourn?  
Mustn't you wait before you're born?  
And as the snow lay upon the trees  
Isn't it the same with such as these?"

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Deep Throat

I don't like hearing your name  
Even though it's not the same  
As it used to be  
And your picture fades  
Like the memories that fade with time  
And my heart is in my throat

And your name is etched on my heart  
And your face is stuck in my head  
And I cannot let go  
And your voice calls through the years  
And your eyes your lips your touch  
And I just cannot let go

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Sweet Dreams My Angel [Dreams of Paradise]

Sweet dreams, my angel  
Sweet dreams  
It's time to sleep, my angel  
It's time to sleep  
So lay your head down next to mine  
And dream your dreams of paradise

I am here, my angel  
I am here  
So don't worry, my angel  
Don't worry your sweet little head  
Tomorrow has cares of its own  
So dream your dreams of paradise

I can see your tears, my angel  
I can see your tears  
So don't cry no more, my angel  
Don't you cry no more  
Just lay your head down next to mine  
And dream your dreams of paradise

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Soldier's Song

Let me fly on wings of power  
To find myself in some strange hour  
Where men are pawns in others games  
Written down in halls of names  
Where many are dead but still not buried  
Corpses rot and are not hurried  
For the memory of some are still to be found  
In old men's minds not quite so sound  
In memorandum fifty years on  
The fallen soldier's chosen song

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Goodbyes

And as I turn away from you  
I hear a sob and a hard resolve  
To never be hurt that way again  
But it's not that easy when you're young  
To understand the reasons for this change  
So I just turn and walk away

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## Epitaph

So I carved my epitaph in the flesh of the human heart and  
moved on  
And I stowed my dreams away in a secret place where no  
one goes  
I made my mistakes and paid for them with the price of  
sweat and tears  
And blood was laid down upon the altar of the broken  
heart

Images of sex and fear swarmed beyond my vision to  
escape me  
And I despised love for treating me like the fool that I am  
I became the thing that I most hated and found the will to  
live  
Only to lose it for the sake of the truth and many untold  
mysteries

Serendipity escaped me like so many times before  
And I hid from the light blinded by selfishness and greed  
Too many vipers have already eaten of my flesh and  
chewed the bone  
And I poured out my blood like a sacrifice to an unknown  
god

Survival of the fittest and a means to an end without  
meaning or metre  
And a heart upon my sleeve all twisted and black  
Formaldehyde preserved the last of my humanity in a  
glass case  
And at times I viewed the world through a Gentiles eyes

A flame still flickers where I'd least expect it to be  
And a longing often suppressed awakens once more  
Lone wolves and restless hicks travel the expanse of my  
psyche  
And I view everything with foreboding and dread

So I carved my epitaph in the flesh of the human heart and  
moved on  
With a sullen step and a heavy heart weighed down by  
years of longing  
This jester of false smiles and many strange faces  
Prays to strange gods with incense and crocodile tears

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## A Game

Mess me around  
Like you always do  
Push me away  
Let me stew  
Call out my name  
Tell me to go  
Where I stand  
I'll never know

© Phil Brennán 8<sup>th</sup> March 1994

## Home

Foam covered waves  
Crashing against the shore  
Wind swept trees  
Standing in lines  
Upon the cliffs  
Always on guard  
These are the things  
That tell me I'm home

© Phil Brennán 15<sup>th</sup> December 1994

## Untitled #1

And the stars move around when I'm with you  
It feels perfect when it's out of view  
Yet the dawn rise brings tears  
As the dreams of you fade away

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## Untitled #2

So what do you see  
When you read of me  
A person of lines  
Written sublime?  
To question with pen  
All this and then  
Hide the words unspoken  
"It's only a token"  
But really inside  
The words always hide  
The real me  
For you to see

© Phil Brennán 7<sup>th</sup> August 1994

### Shadow Play

Shadows play and shadows fall  
Playing the symphonies across the wall  
See the dreams they fade away  
Not wanting to return another day

Too many epitaphs I have written  
Time to think of something new  
But it's hard when you wear your heart on your sleeve  
For the rest of the world to see

Playing games that hide inside  
Playing games of cyanide  
Some you win some you lose  
Some you care not to choose

Games are sometimes not needed  
The time to stop playing isn't heeded  
So I play these games to satisfy  
A curiosity that wouldn't die

The relevance is lost in time  
A masquerade become sublime  
World view ticking out of time  
Playing with this heart is genocide

Emotions fractured by false charms  
Setting off their heart alarms  
Feelings always come to harm  
Seems like it's time to disarm

© Phil Brennán 11<sup>th</sup> February 1994

### Bleeding Heart

Bury me in your eyes  
Don't want you to see me cry  
Bury me deep and don't let go  
Don't let my tears show

See me standing here alone  
Wanting to go home  
Close your eyes close your ears  
I won't let your bleeding heart hear

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### Time to Leave

Time to leave  
Time to leave  
Time to forget your name  
Time to digress  
Too late, too late  
I can't seem to get you  
Off my mind

Time to fall  
Time to fall  
Time to forget your face  
Time to repress it  
From my mind  
I can't seem to get you  
Out of my face

Time to fly  
Time to fly  
Time to reach out  
And touch the sky  
If only I could  
Get your name  
Off my mind

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### My Song

If love is a game then tell me the rules  
As I've forgotten how to play  
But I don't think I'd ever play again  
If that's OK with you

© Phil Brennán 8<sup>th</sup> April 1993

### Touch Me

Touch me and feel the wounds I savour  
Feel the scars that I favour  
Nail scratches down my back  
Turning septic, turning black

Look at me and see the façade  
Try to find it not too hard  
Understand that you're too late  
To heal this hurting, heal this hate

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Do Mhàire Mhòr Nic an Phearsùin [Original English Version]

I remember her name  
Like only yesterday  
When I saw a film  
About her life

About how she fought  
And how she travailed  
For the freedom of her sons  
For the freedom of her land

And the Scottish Highlands remember  
How her voice rang out  
Like a nightingale upon the braes  
Like a banshee in the night

And my heart was pulled at the strings  
As I heard the Gaelic sound  
Fly from the Faerie Bridge  
And out across the hills

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All in All

All the time I dream  
All the time I see  
All the time you sleep  
All the time I say

All the while it's cold  
All the while it's dark  
All the while you sleep  
All the while I speak

All in all will fall  
All in all will fade  
All in all you stay the same  
All in all is said

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Do Mhàire Mhòr Nic an Phearsùin [For Big Mary McPhearson]

Is cuimhim liom a hainm  
Amhail is nach mbeadh anm ach inné  
Nuair a chonaic mé scannàn  
Faoina saol

Faoin dòigh ar throid si  
Faoin dòigh ar shaothraigh si  
Ar son saoirse a clann mac  
Ar son saoirse a tìr dhùchais

Is is cuimhim le Garbhchìocha na hAlban  
Mar ar ghlaigh si in ard a gutha  
Cosùil le filiméala ar an bhré  
Nò le bean si san oiche

Agus tharraing mo chroì ar na téada  
Ar chloisteail dom glòr na nGael  
Ag teitheadh as Droichead na Sìog  
Agus amach leis, trasna na gcnoc

© Phil Brennán 4<sup>th</sup> January 1997

Far Away [About Keren Tolhurst]

I'm listless and forlorn  
And I ache in my bones  
For my love is far away from me

The music is without form  
And the music is dead  
For my love is far away from me

And the days are cold and long  
And the nights are just the same  
For my love is far away from me

But I wait for the time  
When I am hers and she is mine  
For my love is far away from me

© Phil Brennán 21<sup>st</sup> August 1995

### Feels like Winter

"It feels like winter"  
You said as you walked away  
"Feels like the empty streets"  
And there was nothing I could say

© Phil Brennán 27<sup>th</sup> April 1994

### Remember

Remember my name  
When I'm gone  
Dream for me  
Keep me strong

Remember my face  
When I'm gone  
Keep being true  
I won't be long

© Phil Brennán 27 April 1994

### Goodbyes

And as I turn away from you  
I hear a sob and a hard resolve  
To never be hurt that way again  
But it's not that easy when you're young  
To understand the reasons for this change  
So I just turn and walk away

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### Anathema

You tear me apart  
And gouge out my eyes  
You burn me up  
And make me die

You're vitriol  
Anathema  
To me

© Phil Brennán 5<sup>th</sup> February 1995

### Angel

And I see you standing there  
And I see your broken smile  
But I don't know how to feel  
And I'm scared to touch  
Lest you might break  
For you shimmer  
As an angel  
Beautiful  
Wounded  
Angel

Give me something  
Something I crave  
But you turn away  
And cry  
Before you break  
For you shimmer  
As an angel  
Beautiful  
Wounded  
Angel

© Phil Brennán 5<sup>th</sup> February 1995

### You

So near  
And yet so far  
Is the memory  
Of you

And it seems like all these years  
Hasn't changed you one bit

I can't  
Say "I love you"  
But I can't  
Say "Go"

And my heart burns up inside  
And my throat is hoarse from crying

And a love song  
Is heard over many miles  
But it's hollow  
Without you

© Phil Brennán 5<sup>th</sup> February 1995

## Ephraim

In troubled waters  
And valleys sweet  
Amongst the wolves  
That tear the flesh  
I knelt and fed you  
Oh My Ephraim

© Phil Brennán 26<sup>th</sup> March 1995

## Autumn Daydream

Haunted, withdrawn trees sway like lunatics in the breeze  
Upon the cliffs where winds howl and moan  
And I stand with the wind in my hair  
Looking out towards the sea

And ships with tattered sails pitch and roll  
Upon waves masked as stallions  
That charge towards the shore  
And dreams, frozen within my mind  
Reoccur, as they always should  
In this awakened state of dreaming

Seagulls dive and turn  
Hunting the shores for carrion  
In flocks or on their own  
And I stand here, dreaming  
Wishing that I could fly with them  
Instead of being here  
Upon the shores  
Upon the cliffs

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## But I Couldn't Win Your Heart

I've done all I could to keep the wolves at bay  
I've threaded a shirt out of silver hay  
I drew a face on the moon and made her smile  
I carried a hot coal for a thousand miles

I've said all I could to make the night turn to day  
I've made kings into fools and masters into slaves  
I set my goals five miles apart  
But I couldn't win your heart

© Phil Brennán 18<sup>th</sup> March 1998

## Ó Breoangan (Ó Brennan)

Ó Breoangan was a miser  
A two-timing user  
Ní Dulamain was a virgin  
Who sang in the choir

Ó Pdraig was the priest  
Who married them both  
Ó Pdraig was the priest  
Who buried them both

© Phil Brennán 2<sup>nd</sup> June 1995

## Break My Heart

Summer's hollow  
And summer's cold  
Break me  
Break my hold

Smile divinely  
Play your part  
Break me  
Break my heart

© Phil Brennán 29<sup>th</sup> April 1995

## An' No One Can Say

An' I see what I see  
An' I feel what I feel  
An' no one can say  
If what I see  
Or what I feel  
Is illusionary or real

An' I taste what I taste  
An' I hear what I hear  
An' no one can say  
If what I taste  
Or what I hear  
Is really that clear

An' I know what I know  
An' I know when to go  
An' no one can say  
If I should stay  
Or if I should go  
But no one could know

© Phil Brennán 12<sup>th</sup> August 1995

No Song Have I

STANZA I [Man]

No song have I for thee, my dear  
no song have I for thee  
No song to cheer the long, cold nights  
Where winter howls with the Banshee  
Where forests loom dark and bare  
Where ravens caw and stare  
No song have I for thee, my dear  
No song have I for thee

STANZA II [Man]

Do you hear the wind howl long and cold  
Whilst the flames dance and flicker  
Disturbed by the draught;  
Is this solitude I have without thee  
Like the swan's final song -  
To be heard, yet come to nought?

This solitude, it chokes me still  
And still must I remain  
This man; torn in two yet whole  
Until we meet again

STANZA III [Woman]

My love, why do you torment yourself -  
Isn't there pain enough for now?  
But stubborn you must remain  
And stubborn you shall stay

No cares have I, save yourself  
To furrow my saintly brow  
But sorrow follows you all the day  
There is pain enough for now

STANZA IV [Man]

My dear, thou art wise  
And fairer than all maidens  
Methinks it wise to enjoy this peace  
That love to me has given  
But while we part, I cannot tell  
When we shall meet again  
But this I swear, as well I might  
That love is not in vain

While many days pass and fade to dust  
I shall not count but one  
Lest I lose heart before that day  
When two hearts join as one

STANZA V [Woman]

My love, it's said throughout this land  
That kings without love are poor  
Yet love itself is not the end  
The end is being yours

No man but looks, save yourself  
No man but dares to stare  
Lest they incur unfathomed wrath  
For stealing of your fare;  
My heart is yours, I own it not  
Should I be kept from you;  
Yet days still pass when you're away  
When shall I be with you?

STANZA VI [Man]

Wait still, my dear, wait still  
The time is not yet near;  
For time is short, and shorter still  
For I am drawing near

Tho' time seem long, wait for me  
You shall not be left alone;  
I shall come, I know not when  
And I shall take you home

© Phil Brennan 19<sup>th</sup> December 1996

## Love's Game

### I: Entreat

I see the shadows beneath your eyes  
Like you've been crying for a hundred years  
And I don't what to say  
And I don't know how to act  
When I know that you're falling apart

You turn your face away from me  
As if to say that you're turning blue  
And it seems like a thousand years  
And it feels like a thousand tears  
When I know that I'm losing your heart

And I cannot put the colours back into the world  
And I don't even know if I should try  
Sometimes I wonder what it's all about  
And the tears  
Your tears  
They bleed me dry

So I walk away and shake my head  
Curse aloud to wake the dead  
But all the while I shake  
And all the while I quake  
To know that I'm losing you

### II: Bitterness

I look through the broken mirror of your smile  
And I shake my teeth  
But even though you turn away from me  
I still cannot get any relief

I just cannot walk away  
No matter what others might say  
I just cannot leave you here  
I just cannot change the day

© Phil Brennán 9<sup>th</sup> March 1997

## This Modern Traveller of England

I saw a man with a ring in his ear  
Clothes in rags and a rip in his rear  
His hair in dreads and a can of beer  
This modern traveller of England

With a jig in his step and a reel in his heart  
A D-Lock in hand to play his part  
Insulated with Exchange and Mart  
This modern traveller of England

With a P.I. Giro and a penny whistle  
His jumper all covered in brams and thistles  
And a dog that chases nuclear missiles  
This modern traveller of England

With food in his beard and none in his belly  
Army slacks and big green wellies  
Stuck up a tree and getting smelly  
This modern traveller of England

With no money in his hand but a pound in his pocket  
A beat up van an' a collection of sprockets  
Some dope and a chillum shaped like a rocket  
This modern traveller of England

With a first-class degree and no where to use it  
An M.I.5 file and no way to lose it  
A middle class life if only he'd choose it  
This modern traveller of England

© Phil Brennán 13 February AD 1996

### The Battle Lines are Drawn

I'm sat here drinking my cup of Earl Grey  
Thinking of things to say  
And all the while the lines on the page  
Move from side to side  
And the battle lines are drawn across my mind  
And the heroes have no names

But there's flags and drummer boys  
Trumpets and shouts  
And the charge is called on the horn  
And the piper is piping  
The Mull of Kintyre  
And the battle lines are drawn

© Phil Brennán 10<sup>th</sup> February 1997

See it Come Around Again

All the love  
All the hate  
All the now  
All the wait  
All the pleasure  
All the pain  
See it come  
Around again

All the war  
All the peace  
All that deal  
All that fleece  
All the loss  
All the gain  
See it come  
Around again

© Phil Brennán 17<sup>th</sup> April 1998

Love Song

Do you remember those promises that we made to each other  
When we were so much younger than we are today?  
We were foolish and young and forever in love with love  
Not realising the cost of intimacy and how it would change us forever

Do you remember those little secrets that we once shared  
When we trusted like children in the fidelity of each other?  
But dreams and promises are both easily broken  
And infidelity crept into our hearts like old age

© Phil Brennán 31<sup>st</sup> March 2004

Touch Me #2

Touch me  
Here in the empty spaces  
Between ecstasy and pain  
Revulsion and orgasm  
Where humanity still dwells  
Within this fiery breast  
Right here between dawn and dusk  
Set me free with your touch

© Phil Brennán 13<sup>th</sup> October 2004

Keren, My Keren

When I look into your eyes I can see you crying  
For the man that is still a child inside  
But remember it's not too hard to care  
Even when I hide my feelings from you

I remember the long hazy summers spent upon your lawn  
Reading the Song of Songs like lovers do  
Reclined and lazed in the sun we sat  
Without nothing much to do

But the summer has passed us by before we even knew  
That the days were getting shorter by the hour  
Autumn's winds began in earnest to chill our bones  
And it cooled that which we held between ourselves

When I look into your eyes I can see you crying  
For the man that is still a child inside  
These tears reach down to where I hide  
And no matter how I try to block them out  
They still reach me

© Phil Brennán 14<sup>th</sup> May 1998

Nocturne

These barbed wire groves  
These death-crushed skulls  
I sit and ponder the paradox  
As cycles turn;  
These rivers of blood  
These dreams of God  
I smile softly to myself  
As everything burns

And I'm floating in the space between life and death  
Between madness and pain I catch my breath  
The night is done and the day has come  
So lay me down in the stone cold tomb

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Promises

I promised you the world but delivered you the stars  
I promised fidelity only to switch my allegiance  
You just took it all as I walked away  
And I promised you nothing that I was prepared to give

© Phil Brennán 8<sup>th</sup> April 2004

## Observations in Bournemouth's Lower Gardens

Thirty-two times a minute I breathe  
Each breath capturing a couple more moments  
As I sit in the shade  
And while the time away  
Between breaths and memories  
And longings often suppressed  
I pause, and take note of my surroundings;

Lazing in Bournemouth Lower Gardens I sit  
The sun streaming down in what has been a miserable  
summer  
But a glorious bank holiday weekend  
Birds wandering between people huddled together in  
groups  
While the day passes with nothing much to do or say  
Other than "We're alive, and free  
And today I have nothing much to do  
Or care about;"

And meanwhile the birds potter about  
Ignoring the loungers in their bird-brained way  
Leaving feathers in the grass  
And other less savoury gifts  
While lovers loiter together  
Pruning and preening like the pigeons around them  
Unaware that they mimic each other

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## Elyzium

I wanted you to be  
My Elyzium  
But all you ever were  
Was my Vallium  
The doctor said there was no cure  
For my broken heart  
While the priest just shook his head  
And walked away  
I wanted you to be  
My Elyzium  
But you couldn't free me from  
My private hell

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## Supermarket Sweep

We have our own collection of freaks and misfits  
Clogging up the aisles with their misanthropic smiles  
Remembering nothing and valuing little else  
Just grabbing for their weekly fix in a supermarket sweep  
While the shelves stand like lost and forlorn soldiers  
Weighted down with the horrors of war and peace  
Burdened with capitalism while the world starves outside  
And the choice between branded food and the  
supermarket own grown  
This accursed place, this pit of vipers  
Where the manners of the middle classes are lost to us  
And still we come in each day, pitiful wage slaves  
White niggers serving the egocentric lusts of our  
customers

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## Untitled #11

I am the star of my own solitary movie  
I am the harlequin with the painted face  
I am the shadow in the corner  
I am the man without any place

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## You Said

You said you could take it all away  
And I  
Like a fool  
Believed that you could  
But all you took was my sense of contentment  
And I  
Like a fool  
Let you

© Phil Brennán 7<sup>th</sup> November 2004

## Tourettes

Mad men in the street  
Yelling out their imprecations  
Shaking their fists at the sky  
Cursing all that lives and breathes  
And I'm sat on the bus watching it all  
Wondering if they're right or wrong

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## Without Words / Worlds Apart

It feels like candy skies  
To see you here again  
Feels so strange for me to tell  
If you're really here

I'd like to say before I fall  
That I've known you for years  
See your eyes they smile at me  
As if you already knew

Don't look too smart or so they say  
When I'm out on a limb  
Playing games without endings  
Just to hear your name

Haven't much to say at this point  
As if it needed to be said  
So I leave it up to you to say those words  
That I wanted to hear from you

Shadows from the past surround me  
Yes they haunt me still  
Yet when you smile they disappear  
As I knew they would

To see you again is something to be treasured  
But not for long  
As I know I wander far too far  
I won't stay still

Your eyes look away from me  
But I did you no wrong  
Just realised you've got no place  
Where I could belong

Without words you've said it all  
That could be said  
Now you have at last realised  
That we're worlds apart

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## All My Nightmares

And all the other voices scream  
And all the other faces melt  
And all my nightmares have come true

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## Hold Me

Hold me  
When I'm weak and I'm falling apart  
Let me cry on your shoulder  
Make me strong make me bolder

Take me  
Away from here as I'm feeling bored  
To see new places to see new faces  
Set down roots and live there awhile

Love me  
I'll be true if you're true to me  
With a love like this we can both be free  
Paint our faces and see what we see

Watch me  
Follow this if you can  
It'll drive you mad but that doesn't matter  
To tell you the truth we're both mad as hatters

Touch me  
Where it hurts I know you can feel me  
Soft as fur the love that'll heal me  
The open wounds that don't belong to me

Kill me  
Your jokes drive me wild fill my desire  
Spinning around feeding my fire  
Reach the ceiling and go much higher

Kiss me  
Catch your lips like the sweetest honey  
A touch like yours more precious than money  
Make me wild make me funny

See me  
Come on over I'll throw you a party  
Lay out some food and make it arty  
No other guests just you and me

© Phil Brennán 2<sup>nd</sup> March 1994

## Serendipity

Blue lazy days  
Sorrowful reflections  
And deep digressions  
These are just some of my ways

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### Beyond the Pale Blue Sky

I'm cold  
Colder inside than it is out there  
I'm old  
Older than a hundred years  
But it doesn't matter if you can't see  
Beyond the pale blue sky

I'm tired  
Tired of all these crimson lies  
I'm tired  
Tired of all these games we play  
But it doesn't matter if you can't see  
Beyond the pale blue sky

And I lift my hands in aeroplanes  
Wishing that I could fly away  
To where the skies are blue  
And you'd follow me but you don't know how  
To escape from cold reality for awhile  
To where the skies are blue

© Phil Brennán 4<sup>th</sup> June 1997

### Letters

Kill my plastic smile that makes a turn  
And in the kiln the potter burns  
All the letters I wrote to you

© Phil Brennán 5<sup>th</sup> February 1995

### Porcelain Girl

There is a deaf girl who comes into my store  
Beautiful, like a porcelain statue  
Perfectly coiffured hair  
Long and blonde  
Make-up done like a china doll  
And a smile that could light up a room  
From a hundred paces  
And I wish I could communicate with her  
Other than with my usual clumsy waves  
And gestures formed in the vain hope  
That she would understand  
Beyond the simple transaction

© Phil Brennán 1<sup>st</sup> December 2004

### Untitled #20

You stood there  
Naked before me  
While I looked away  
Out of a false sense  
Of modesty  
When you wanted me  
To see you naked  
And appreciate  
The vulnerability of love  
And desire

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### The Winter's Long Slumber

Justified paragraphs of words tumble from the page cracked yellow with age they strive and stretch with nothing much but the minds of those who listen to the poet's ramblings often fuelled by alcohol and nerves the silence stiffens the winter's chill that surrounds our hearts when the sun sets low with an amber glow and holly round about us glistens in the snow we hide in words and rhymes and wine to pass some time until spring is near and the waters run clear once more but for now we hide our sorrows in words that are borrowed from books that gather dust the rest of the year and the reason is unclear until you remember the bitch wind howling outside through the countryside to chill our bones and the hearths of men until again we see the sun glow warm and hot it is not too long now to wait as the poet prevaricates his rhythm of words to disturb the winter's long slumber.

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