

Poems by Phil Brennán

1992

February 1992

Why?

Why do we sit down
And watch as people drift by
Not caring about tomorrow's future any more?
Are we past caring?
Are we past sharing?
Is it because everything we do
Is wasted on this world of ours
Or do we just don't care?

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March 1992

I'd Still Love You

If only things were different
I wouldn't run
I wouldn't turn
If only things were better
I never try
I never learn
If only things were more the same
I'd never curse
I'd never blame
If only things were sweeter
I'd still love you

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May 1992

Forbidden Fruit

Are you looking
For someone?
Or am I dreaming
This moment to come?
Is it heresy to love
For love's sake?
Do I have the right
To this love of yours?

Outside
My imagination
Is a
Child
Trying to be a man
When he is only
Young and foolish
To believe
Love can
Come
So soon
Always looking for a wife
But not living life
To the full

For depths to play
On candy sucked dreams
Of motherly tenderness
When all he has
Is a broken heart
Held together with gaffa tape

But always
Falling apart
At the seems
Of bitter sweet pain
And absolution
In memories
Of executed
Dreams
And
Longings often
Of certain things
Forbidden fruit

If only
For one moment
I could find
A true love

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June 1992

Lone Wolf

Someday I shall learn
To love again
To be close to a woman
Without the pain

Regression
That's what it's all about
Transgression
Something I could do without
Lust
That sin unheard
Forgiven
For I have returned

Vindicated
But not through pride
Medicated
For I shall heal
When
Is a question of time
Where
The Lone Wolf roams

Scared
Of getting too close
For this book is closed
Lone Wolf
That's what I am
Love is
Not of my clan

No room
No room to give
No space
My imperative
To find
Out where I've fallen

From grace
From God
From love
Sod's law
Foolhardy
Made my mistakes
Paid for them dearly

Aye it is so
No wonder I'm a
Lone Wolf

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Walking with God

Tell me something new
And I'll tell of something old
Tell me something false
And I'll tell of something true

Ask me why
And I'll tell you
But don't blame me is what I tell
Is not what you wanted to hear

Too many mysteries
Surround this world
Too many heresies
All that's untold

For there's too many questions
And not enough answers
Too many reasons
But no explanations
Reasons for living
There's only one
For when it's all over
I'll be walking with God

Nailed to a cross
The shame of it all
The Son of God
The Messiah we crave
Looking down on his son dying below
He could have sent us to an eternal grave
But by his grace
We were saved
And so I'm walking with God

Walking with God
Talking it over
Sometimes I've fallen
But always forgiven
As long as I start again
With a clean slate anew
And it could be the same for you

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September 1992

Psychedelic Dream Warrior

A needle pierces your skin
Impurities enter your stream
Psychedelic Dream Warrior
This is where your nightmares begin

The blind shall lead the blind they say
For it's just another boring day
Sins of the flesh they say
Is just another door out of hell

Floating with incense on a purple cloud
Eating flowers that poison your mind
Dreams of peace shattered by drugs
You haven't got a hope for mankind
Cosmic scales that never balance
Desperately trying to find your nirvana
But searching for God is no good
When you're fucked up, drugged up
Trapped inside your own world
You poor and foolish
Psychedelic Dream Warrior

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