Poems by Phil Brennán

1996

January 1996

About a Girl I once knew

It's kinda strange
And I can't make no sense
Why you hide away from me
As if you can't bear me near you

And why do you run away
When I try to tell you how I feel?
And it's kinda scary the way you look at me
As if you were expecting something else

I try and I try to make it work
But it seems like everything I say
Is not getting through
At all

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February 1996

Ideas

Ideas are
Stolen memories
Taken from where they came
And changed into something
Half-new
Borrowed
And there is nothing new under the sun
And there never will be

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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

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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Haunted, withdrawn trees sway like lunatics in the breeze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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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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March 1996

Fair Zion [Psalm 126]

The Lord restored the fortunes of far Zion
And we witnessed it as if in a dream
We were drunk with joy in our laughter
As we sang of precious Zion
The Holy Mount

When we were in captivity we languished
Our bones were weak with pain
You sowed Your harvest with our tears
But we gathered in the corn with laughter
Upon the Holy Mount

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May 1996

Praise the Lord

Praise the Lord
[Men]
Praise the Lord
[Women]
Praise the Lord
[Men]
Praise the Lord
[Women]
For His love endures forever
[All] [x2]

For no weapon formed shall prosper
And the warrior shall not stand
In the great and terrible day of the Lord

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July 1996

Praise the Lord [Final Version]

Praise the Lord
Praise the Lord
For His love endures forever [x2]

No weapon formed shall prosper
Against the Anointed of the Lord
And the hardened hearts shall melt
At the mention of the Lord

Praise the Lord
Praise the Lord
For His love endures forever [x2]

All the earth shall seek His face
And heaven shall worship His Name
For the day is drawing close
When He shall come again

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Pray for Rain

It suffocates, this blinding heat
My bones are dry, they need release
From the Accuser with his wiles and plans
While heaven waits with open hands
And often I wonder if or when
These dry bones shall breathe again
So I lift my hands and pray for rain
And pray for rain

And softly the Spirit comes
In the whisper of the wind
He comforts me in my distress
In gently spoken words which bless
To make whole my bones and give me rest
Within the veil that for me was torn
So I lift my hands and pray for rain
And pray for rain

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August 1996

The Cross

Oftimes I wonder about the Cross
And what it really means to me
The blood, the pain, the sweat and the tears
The sacrifice of a man for another

And I stand in wonderment
At how love is made manifest through death
At how life is all that we can give
And all that we could receive

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This is the Day

This is the day that the Lord has made
And I shall rejoice and be glad in it
The keys of the Kingdom are in my hands
And Your Word is within my mouth

No man may take what You have given me
No power could make me give it away
The Joy of the Lord is my strength
For this is the day that the Lord has made

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Sacred Memory

My song is a song of endless days
Spent in sacred memory;
I bury it deep within my breast
Sacrosanct, my memory of You

My rhyme is sublimely lit
Illuminated in love;
My Saviour, my One and All
My reason in life

My life is spent in remembrance
Of sacrificial, atoning love;
Once given, that I might live
A new life of meaning

My soul is full of all good things
Changed by love's red stream;
This hour, this day, this chance
Covered by mercy and grace

My passing is but a change
In the endless of days;
And when I have done all to stand
Standing I shall remain

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October 1996

Let Me Move

Let me move
The way that I've always wanted to
Let me move
The way that my Father showed me
And as you release
All the things you've been holding back
I'll come and make my home with you
And we shall dine

My precious bride
Why do you hide your face from me?
You may be dark but you're lovely
My precious bride
I know the sun has burnt your skin
But I only ask you to love me

Let it go
All the fear and insecurity
Let it go
You now belong to me
And as you release
All the things you've been holding back
I'll come and make my home with you
And we shall dine

My precious bride
Why do you hide your face from me?
You may be dark but you're lovely
My precious bride
I know the sun has burnt your skin
But I only ask you to love me

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December 1996

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

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