

# Poems by Phil Brennán

2004

# March 2004

## 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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## 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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## Ritualistic Routine

When I go to bed alone at night it breaks my heart  
The double bed is far too large for only one person  
The flat is quiet without someone else there  
Making a noise and upsetting things  
It is like spending one's life in a mausoleum  
Ritually doing the same things each day  
Keeping the wolves at bay  
Passing the time doing nothing much at all

Get up  
Go to work  
Come home  
Eat a lonely meal  
Shit shower and shave  
Go to bed

Do it all again the next day

And again

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## Concerning Stephanie

Do you remember me, my love?  
All those years ago how we cleaved together  
We were inseparable in our youth  
United against the world outside

You were the first woman I ever got close to  
Without holding something back of myself  
Perhaps you were the only one?

But our world changed when I went away  
I graduated and you stayed behind  
The dream space of boarding school was closed to me  
forever  
And we went our separate ways

I often wonder what became of you  
How you fared during your last two years of school  
Did you meet someone else after I had gone – a future  
husband perhaps?  
Are you married with children or holding down a busy  
career?

No matter  
I am not one for tracking down former loves  
[If I were I'd be doing it for the rest of my life...]

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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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#### 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

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## April 2004

#### 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

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## June

#### Incommunicado

You give it all  
Hanging there between life and death  
An' I don't know why I am even here  
Just taking it all

We choose our own fate or we let it choose us  
There is no in-between

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#### Seven-Fold Kiss [A Witch's Initiation]

I know it's dark my love  
You should not have promised eternity  
Now take your prize between your thighs  
Where my mouth dips down to kiss  
As I taste the poison between your lips  
I run my tongue into the abyss  
You wrap your thighs around my head  
As I savour the witch's seven-fold kiss

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## July 2004

#### Honour is a Lie

As I walk through the graveyard of your life  
I see all the shattered dreams behind your smile  
And I observe all the betrayals that men have wrought  
And the only conclusion that I can reach  
Is that honour is a lie  
Honour is a lie  
Honour  
Is a fucking lie

So I pull you up on tendrils of betrayal  
With the hooks in your flesh I stand you up  
To make you dance like a bondage gear puppet on strings  
So that the only conclusion you can reach  
Is that honour is a lie  
Honour is a lie  
Honour  
Is a fucking lie

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Age

I'm growing older  
And not so self-assured  
My sense of mortality  
Is now confirmed  
And I wonder where it's all gone to  
The sense of immortality that came with youth

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Samhain #2

Samhain is here again  
The freaks all come out to play  
I'm clawing at what is left of my soul  
On this endless winter's day

And the Court of Shadows dances 'round the fires  
Burning for the end of the year  
And the madness tears the veil  
'Twix heaven and hell  
And plays upon all my fears

So we leap the fires and dance this night away  
All the freaks and changelings gathering life  
The oaths of the years  
Shredded in tears  
Are trapped in chains of banality

Samhain is here again  
The freaks all come out to play  
I'm clawing at what is left of my soul  
On this endless winter's day

At last the mists come  
And we forget it all for another year  
As the sun rises the fires burn low  
And rends the veil of tears

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August 2004

Dark Angel [A Fragment]

Dark angel comes to me  
Under the shadow of a full moon  
She ravages me with talons of Cold Iron  
And leaves me bleeding in her bed  
And leaves me for carrion  
And leaves me for dead

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Remains of the Day #2

Nothing delights me any more  
Nothing touches me like it used to  
I just feel old and wasted  
And a little insecure  
Like there's nothing worth striving for  
And I'm lonely, and colder  
As I slowly grow older  
Than my years should betray

And so it remains the same  
This yearning to live again  
To feel again the feelings  
That I have left so far behind  
But all that remains  
Is the solitary day

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Remembrance

We kiss like thirsty people at a desert fountain,  
consuming the nectar of each others' mouths. Entwining,  
our tongues mesh like molluscs copulating in the  
dampness of a morning lawn, slipping and sliding in the  
heat of our sluggish embrace. Your teeth graze my lips,  
and I hungrily consume you. It has been so long since I  
kissed your lips that I suck them in at the root of my  
hunger for you.

We sink to the floor of the bed, entwined  
together like cables snaking away from some arcane  
machine that was designed by mad gods, where H R  
Giger meets Linus Torvalds and Salvador Dali. You roll  
me upon my back and press your heavy, pendulous  
breasts against me, your nipples digging small holes into  
my chest, crushing my breath into your own lungs.

I reach up and feel the weight of you suspended above me, squeezing your nipples between fingers and thumbs. You gasp before smothering me beneath the weight of your passion and your desire. I appear helpless, but I am right where I want to be.

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#### Dark Angel

Dark angel comes to me under the shadow of a full moon  
And ravages me in the darkness of her passion  
Ciatha leads me to the centre of it all  
And I bleed tears of blood  
I'm trapped in immortality  
And beset by a curse  
To desire that which I can never possess  
But will always destroy in my ignorance –

Ashes I am so ashes I shall consume

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#### Untitled Nocturne

Shadows by your window  
Lengthening as the sun sinks low  
And you're lost to me  
Sweet angel  
And I cannot follow you there

I cannot live without you  
The razor tears the pain inside  
I long to join you  
Sweet angel  
In blood and suicide

Ciatha  
Ciatha  
Lay me down  
There's no pain – no regrets  
Just emptiness inside

Shadows by your window  
Lengthening as the sun sinks low  
And you're lost to me  
Sweet angel  
Goodbye...

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#### Unspoken Nocturne

This nocturne is the end of all things  
A silencing of words that have been spoken  
And discarded  
Like so many leaves from Autumnal trees  
This promise has been given wings  
A sanctified oath that remains unbroken  
And inviolate  
Like a virgin before the ritual begins

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Musings over wine after cataloguing everything  
that I had ever written

I'm sat here sipping my glass of Merlot  
Alone with my thoughts and reflections  
Remembering past poems and those that I have mislaid  
Wondering what I had done with them  
Wondering which journal it was that I threw away  
That contained my missing works  
I remember that there were some poems  
That have not appeared within any of my notes  
And I mourn them like an old friend who has passed from  
the land of the living  
And is now trapped in Sheol until the end of all things

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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 Observation

The artist draws or sculpts what he sees  
The poet writes what he perceives  
And somehow between them they almost capture  
The world in images and words

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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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## September

Winter's Day

All the streets are black  
And the winter's cold  
All the people are strangers  
And I'm feeling old  
All the days are hollow  
And I've lost my way  
Stumbling down the high road  
In this quietly lonesome winter's day

And I can't make sense of this feeling  
It just fades when I try to put it into words  
It's like old men standing at funerals  
Wondering which one will be the next  
To go

All the children are crying  
In this midnight hour  
All the trees have fallen  
And are turning sour  
All the nights are hollow  
And I've lost my way  
Stumbling down the high road  
In this aimless, rootless, shambling way

And I don't know where I'm coming from  
Or even where I'm going to...

And I can't make sense of this feeling  
It just fades when I try to put it into words  
It's like old men standing at funerals  
Wondering which one will be the next  
To go

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Wondering which one will be the next  
To go

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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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### Animalistic Nocturne

This night breathes foetid air  
It encapsulates the confines of my room  
Causes rafters and eaves to shrink toward me  
Casements and gargoyles to lift up their heads  
And stairwells to disappear

[And into this room I come  
With my heart in my mouth  
And sweat running from my pores]

My heart is in my loins and my loins are on fire  
Lost in rapture at the creature that stands before me  
Naked but unashamed  
This siren with an awakened gleam in her eyes

We fall together like two towers of flesh  
Our hearts caving in under the weight of casements  
And roofs and blankets and lusts  
To kill the time most forcefully

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### Untitled #9

“We are the lost ones in the company of bright angels  
In a realm ever splendid beyond the shores of memories  
We sit and await the end of all things”

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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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### Regressions in Remembrance of Past Affairs

I have had my fair share of loves and lies  
Of faithfulness and infidelity  
And now I climb down to the depths of bachelorhood  
Despairing at how age and solitude have caught up with  
me

[Those who have loved too many  
shall be left loved by none]

And the borders that I have set around myself  
Remain unchanging throughout the years  
I make my excuses for not settling down  
And use them as my perfect defence

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# October

## My Little Black Book of Spells

My little black book of spells  
Collecting the words  
I just cannot say;  
My epitaph written on paper  
My blue song on a page  
My aural, timed  
Hand grenade

Completely alone  
But never atoned  
An observer of passion  
But feeler of none;  
A quiet rage softly  
Finding its end

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## Hey You #6

Hey you  
Am I the only one  
To be standing at the edge  
Not quite living  
Not quite dead?  
Lucifer is smiling  
Like he always does  
And I have no one here  
To take the pain away

[I am living on the edge  
Not quite living, not quite dead]

Hey you  
Am I the only one  
Or are there more out there  
Just like me?

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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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## Untitled #10

I see all these couples together  
And I'm just me

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## Untitled Stanzas 2004 [Probably Part One]

I:

I am running from that which causes me the most fear  
and heartache  
Never looking back in case I see where I went wrong  
The moment I forgot my humanity, my morality  
My sense of self locked up in lies and obfuscations

II:

In stolen moments of clarity I stand still  
Not speaking what is currently on my mind  
Not wanting to invite the darkness to swallow me once  
more  
Simply avoiding that which must be faced

III:

The sacredness of my living is obscured to all others  
A purpose without explanation hidden from mortal view  
or reckoning  
To forever wander the confines of my self-inflicted tomb  
As a testament to the folly of mankind

IV:

The hunter is hunted as roles are reversed  
In this strange age of equality  
Where instead of one being raised to the level of the other  
The other is denigrated to below that of the former

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#### Synchronicity

Into this blackness I come  
[Slender doom awaiting me]  
To seek revenge and a means to an end  
[The loveliest of creatures born of the night]  
And on and on I run  
[She tempts me to revenge]  
As the lights and sirens fade to middle-distance  
[The blood of her enemies are upon my hands]

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#### 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

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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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#### Adulterous Heart

Adulterous heart  
Why do you trouble me so?  
Surely one love is enough  
To keep the wolves at bay

But the night is cold and dark  
And I'm hiding from my fears  
Just one more kiss  
One more "screw all this"  
To keep the wolves at bay

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#### Serendipity

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

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#### 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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#### Barriers

The way you stand with your arms crossed  
And a serious look upon your face  
As if to say "this close and no closer  
I haven't got time for your games today"  
Remind me so much of the girl that I had loved and lost  
And of how barriers are erected to keep us apart  
Self-made exclusions meted out as a form of revenge  
For slights that don't mean a thing

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#### Samhain #4

Night has fallen earlier than I would wish  
As the end of the year comes swiftly like a thief  
And the freaks all come out to play  
On this Samhain Eve  
And I'm left wondering where it all went to  
The hopes and plans of the new year  
The new cycle of the Pageant of ages past  
And the sacred oaths that are made at this time

Outside the ordinary people gather together  
To keep out the chill and celebrate something  
That even their ancestors had forgotten  
With kitsch decorations in orange and black  
And costumes that bear no relation to reality  
And rituals that have lost their meanings  
To the majority of those who still observe them  
Or choose to condemn those that still do

While I, one of the few who remember  
The cycles of the year and what they mean  
Sit indoors wondering why I am unable to celebrate  
And let another Samhain Eve pass me by

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## November

The Sluagh are Here

Whispered nightmares and imprecations bound from  
toothless mouths  
The memory of bad dreams and hidden fears  
Supping from broken crockery they compare notes on the  
naughtiest children  
And the most inventive punishments known to sluagh-  
kind  
Abbey Lubbers and Buttery Spirits  
Scarers of naughty children everywhere

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For the Sake of Letting Go

So here we are  
Alone together once more  
No one else around  
To disturb this sense of privacy

And so I stand watching you  
With the wind in my hair  
Looking to see your feelings  
Cast shadows upon your face

And I'm wondering what you're thinking  
As your smile betrays little but complacency  
And a willingness to give it all away  
For the sake of letting go

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Three Means of Escape

A hand held high  
And a strong urge to fly  
Keeping my secrets safe  
From the wolves outside

Three means of escape  
From romance and neediness  
Holding my own counsel  
From the wolves outside

One, the confines of my tomb  
A sanctuary from the world outside  
Two, the sanctity of solitude  
That which cannot touch cannot hurt  
Three, the written word  
Breathing half-truths and lies

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Eye of the Beholder

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder  
The broken bottle glinting in the curb  
A hubcap spinning off down the road  
Blackened leaves in piles between thrice-dead trees  
The face of an old man tracing a map of history  
Winter storms crashing through Boscombe Spring  
Gardens  
Causing the populace to huddle indoors beside hearths  
Frost-damaged plaster on external walls  
Tracing patterns like forked lightning  
Beauty is in the eye of the beholder

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Please Come Home

I'm feeling blue  
And I'm not sure what I'm fighting for  
I'm floundering  
Like I've lost the point of it all  
And I'm not so self-assured  
Like I used to be

And the stories all have happy endings  
When I am not the author  
And the songs do not get you down

But baby I can't exist without your  
Special touch  
Please  
Come home  
To me

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#### This Shit

Red rage screaming through me  
My body's black and blue  
I'm tired from all this crying  
I've wasted over you  
But you just stand there  
And hit me one more time  
And I don't deserve  
This shit

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#### Promises

I promised you nothing  
But you still took it all

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#### Last Goodbye

This is my last goodbye  
My last will and testament  
I'm tired and lonely  
And a little afraid  
And I just want out of this  
Solitary existence

This is my last free moment  
My last snub at the vulgarities of life  
I'm older and wiser  
And not so self-assured  
And I refuse to put up with  
This shit

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#### Fragment #1

Christmas trees yawning in an empty room  
Stood like sentries in the silent tomb  
And I'm lost without you  
So lost without you

Tinsel heralding the festival joy  
A season lost upon this lonely boy  
And I'm lost without you  
So lost without you

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#### Shipwrecked

You took it all away from me  
Everything that you could grab  
Anything that wasn't nailed down you took  
Then you cast me adrift  
Shipwrecked by your lying ways  
A Robinson with nowhere to call home

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#### Words #2

Words are all I have left to give  
Nothing else to do  
This time  
And all I have are my memories of you  
Treasured with a strong mix  
Of love and loathing

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#### Streetlights

Streetlights marking out a runway  
For something unknown to land  
And I'm wondering what they're guiding  
Or what arcane patterns they scrawl  
A non-Euclidean design upon our souls  
A nightmare in the making

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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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### Silly Piggy [For My Niece]

There's a silly piggy  
Wearing a wiggy  
Smoking a ciggie  
What a silly piggy

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### Natural State

Single is my natural state  
My last refuge from the world  
And I've shut the doors and closed the windows  
And I've left it all behind  
Solitary is my natural state  
Walking the confines of my womb  
Erecting the barriers and palisades  
To keep the wolves at bay

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### Mine Idols

I've been and done it all  
I've killed mine idols  
And made a mockery of the things  
Which I once held dear  
But still I'm running away  
From everything I don't understand  
And I'm still in the same place  
As I was before

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### Sixteen Times a Second I Die

Sixteen times a second I die  
And each time I leave a little more of myself behind  
I've pawned everything that I had of value  
For another chance to walk away

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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

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### Winter

Winter is here again  
And I'm cold  
My bed is too large for just me  
But my world is too small for two

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### Untitled #12

You said I was lonely  
And yes, I do believe it's true  
You also said I was needy  
But all I ever needed was you  
Then you smiled and I broke in two  
I shattered and remade myself in your image  
But still, you just stood there and smiled  
And then you walked away

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### Remains of the Day #3

It is over  
And I have nothing left to say  
I'm tired and alone here  
Picking over the remains of the day

Memories still haunt me  
They crowd my wildest dreams  
Her touch her kiss her breasts  
Her infinite ways

But today I sit here  
As lonely as a hermit  
I'm older but not wiser  
Picking over the remains of the day

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Untitled #13

I am bored here  
Sitting on a bus  
Writing my life away  
Looking for meaning  
Hidden in words  
But finding none

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Untitled #14

I'm sat here thinking about Charles Bukowski, Bob Dylan  
and Arthur Rimbaud  
And all the other poets that I have read and how their  
words have affected me  
And I'm thinking about all the things I have ever said or  
done or should have but didn't  
When finally the thought hits me that they're published  
and I am not  
And I am left wondering about the vulgarities of life

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Fantasies at Work #1

Often at work I am lost in my own little world  
Daydreaming about how nice it would be  
If one of those middle classed middle aged ladies  
Would take me home with them  
And fuck me silly

Other times I think about what it would be like  
To seduce one of them in the stockroom  
A submissive one I could tie up to a roll-cage  
And soundly spank her bottom

Sometimes I suspect that I have way too much time on  
my hands...

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Throughout the Dark Watches of the Night #3

There are a thousand grey faces peering at me through  
cracked window panes  
As I lie there terrified at night and slumber has all but  
escaped me  
Only to be replaced by the creeping fear that I am being  
observed  
By unkind eyes like how someone would peer down a  
microscope at a speck  
And I realise that there is no where to run and no place  
that I could hide  
From the foundation of my nightmares that I have erected  
myself  
So I resign myself to my fate to be the plaything of the  
Sluagh  
And suffer their curses and imprecations throughout the  
dark watches of the night

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Untitled #15

I don't want to be reminded of you  
Or the way you looked when laying naked upon my bed  
I don't want to remember the taste of your sex  
Or how you used to cover my face with your breasts  
I don't want to wake up before the dawn has come  
And feel the coolness of the empty space where you once  
laid  
Curled around me like a sleeping baby in its mother's  
womb  
I don't want to remember that which I'd rather forget

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Endemoniada

Lost in dreams I sit  
With my back toward shadows cast  
From the wilderness from where I  
Once resided

And here in the empty spaces  
Between home and the firmament  
Are longings and dreams as yet  
Unfulfilled

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Untitled #16

This is the end of all things  
To be stripped of shape and form  
Of tendons and ligaments  
And buried deep under the weight of years

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Observation of Cistern Lid while taking a Leak

How the hell  
Did a pubic hair  
Get up there?

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Untitled Haiku #1

Haiku's are  
Not to be written  
Upon the bus

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Untitled Haiku #2

Bus Driver  
Take me to work please  
I am skint

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Untitled Haiku #3

I am bored  
As per usual  
Of Haiku's

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Untitled Haiku #4

Cats are strange  
Dogs are just stupid  
And humans smell

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Untitled #17

My cat always used to  
Stick her arse up in the air  
I wish my girlfriend  
Would do likewise

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Untitled #18

There is nothing worse  
Than writing in verse  
It is boring to rhyme  
All of the time  
And as for false rhymes  
They're stupid, not sublime

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Untitled #19

Yes, I know you have problems in life  
And that it isn't fair on you  
I can understand that you're upset  
About my leaving you for another  
I can also sympathise with your pain  
As I am now feeling it most acutely  
But please  
Take that fucking gun from my head

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Spanish-Guitar Lullaby

Softly folded in my quilt I lay  
It's almost 3am and I'm still not asleep  
Spanish guitars play their lullaby  
Upon the World Service radio  
And I'm wondering why I can never  
Fall asleep without the radio on  
Or why I shun the company of others  
Shifting through my life in perpetual solitude

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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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Untitled #21

When you're lonely it  
Seems as if the world  
Is having a better time  
Without you

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## December

Christmas Shopping

Christmas is coming around again  
And I haven't even started my Christmas shopping  
And I wish that I didn't have to bother  
That I could pay someone else to take care of it all  
Instead of all that rushing around like a headless chicken  
Trying to find the perfect gift  
For people who already have everything  
For my niece into anything pink or Barbie  
And the usual ginger and trinkets for my parents  
And the token cards between myself and my sister  
With two invisible tenners inside

But then, would they know what to get my relatives  
And what would happen to my excuse  
To buy myself loads of stuff in December?

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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

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Boredom

I'm bored of standing alone in pubs  
Nursing my Guinness  
Watching others socialise with ease  
While I just stand there  
Never talking to anyone  
Just nursing my Guinness  
On my solitary nights out

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Untitled #22

I don't want to be a stranger in a foreign land  
I don't want solitude behind these eyes  
And I certainly don't want this life

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Untitled #23

You looked away from me  
As if to say "go away"  
So I took the message as read  
And left

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Untitled #24

Darkness forms its very own intrigue  
Its own system of revealed mystery  
And there  
I ponder on how futile it all is

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Untitled #25

This is all I have left  
A part of you that is forever mine  
The memory of closeness held dear  
And a burning desire to never walk away

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Time and Circumstance

I sit here wondering where it all went  
My youth, our love  
The dreams we once shared  
And all I can think of is time and circumstance

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Remembrances

This is the place where dreams go to die  
Between dawn and dusk  
Sleep and wakeful remembrance  
A labyrinth of personal excuses  
And infidelity

This is the place where I choose to dwell  
Between a rock and a hard place  
The shore and the wildest of oceans  
Tossed about like a coracle  
Upon mile-high waves

These are the things I wanted to say to you  
But never had the words to explain  
And dreams escape me still  
Lost and forlorn like the wraiths they are  
My ghostly remembrance of you

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These Things

These things are all I have left to say  
Broken dreams and memories of you  
Yet still I write these words of salt  
Knowing that you'd never read them

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When all is Said and Done

Within the sanctity of graves  
I watched you fall apart  
Through infidelity and mistrust  
I dealt the hammer-blow  
After carefully planned escape  
You still looked out for me  
When all is said and done  
I'm still a fool

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Ashes

I'm eating all my words  
Like ashes  
Wondering if I've said  
Too much  
Or not enough

Either way its still the same  
I always end up walking away

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Regrets

You still fill me with shame  
And a sense of eternal regret  
You still haunt my dreams  
And close off all means of escape  
You still have life and death over me  
And all I could do is run away

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Honour is a Lie [Reprise]

I have reached inside to find the darkness  
That hides within us all  
The pitiful depths where nightmares refuse to die  
The Unseelie side whereby we fall  
And the only conclusion I could reach  
Is that honour is a lie  
Honour is a lie  
Honour  
Is a fucking lie

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Untitled #26

You said that we must remain pure of heart  
If we're ever to survive the fall  
But I saw how purity comes to an end  
And all things corrupt without fail

You said that we could cure our ills  
If only we'd listen to our hearts  
But our hearts are liars, filthy liars  
And I refuse to play my part

You said that love could conquer all  
And I once believed it to be true  
But love is a game without any rules  
And no honour,  
No honour at all

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Close Down

I want to gouge it out  
Tear it apart  
Throw it away  
Make it all go dark  
Grind it into the dirt  
Make it fucking bleed

I want it all to stop  
Cause it to desist  
Make it cease  
Put it to an end  
Close the book on it  
Make it fucking die

Most of all I want to  
Close everything down

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Let It Be

I do not want to remember your name  
I do not want the nightmares to return  
I do not want to regret it all  
I just want to let it be

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Untitled #27

I never explained why I left  
I never said the things that you wanted to hear  
I couldn't find the words to explain myself  
In a way that you would understand  
I couldn't reach that place  
Where understanding could be reached  
I couldn't change the past  
Or see how the future could be

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I Never Wanted This

And now as I walk away  
I let it all fall down  
You know I cannot stay  
You understand that I've tried

And now as I break your heart  
Please understand I never wanted this  
I never wanted to be the one to blame  
But blame seems to be with me

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## Shiny Lights

Watching all the shiny lights below us  
Spread out like a sea of stars  
Wondering where we are in all this  
Surprised that we have come this far

And I never could have thought that  
We could last this long  
Even if forever is but a day  
And I'd never know the depths  
Of your passion if I  
Decided to turn and walk away

Gazing into the twin dark pools of your eyes  
Wondering just how deep they flow  
If only this moment could last forever  
Then maybe I would be the one to know

And I never could have thought that  
We could last this long  
Even if forever is but a day  
And I'd never know the depths  
Of your passion if I  
Decided to turn and walk away

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## Messages to My Ex [Parts I – IV]

### I

I don't know if I ever said I loved you  
And I don't believe that I do  
Doubts surrounding everything I say  
Spent too much time hiding from the truth

And I don't think for one second it would change  
Everything looks hollow in this place  
I'm looking towards what it might have been  
And it certainly wasn't worth my time

So now that I've laid it out before you  
I think I'd better turn and walk away  
It's no use pretending that I love you  
As love to me is something that I fear

### II

This time I have said too much  
To ever repair the breach  
So I walk away when things get too hard  
And curse the day I ever fell for you

### III

I've been waiting too damn long for a letter from you  
And I'm wondering if you're ever gonna write  
It wasn't much to ask when I've already sent you two  
It's as if I spend my life chasing phantoms

### IV

Don't blame me if I tell you  
What you don't want to hear  
I may be selfish at times  
But at least I'm willing to try

Don't blame me if it all falls apart  
It's not through lack of trying  
I've made my case most eloquently  
And I'm tired of doing all the work

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