

Poems by Phil Brennán

2005

January

Requiem for the Dead but Dreaming

Dead but dreaming we lay
In remembrance of paradise
Through darkened waters we glide
Of memories like shifting sands
But Sumer is now aeons past
Forgotten even in our dreams

© Phil Brennán 3rd January 2005

Endemoniada #2

This time I have with you
My precious, my light
Remind me of those days
Left far behind

But now the shadows
Of what once might have been
Surround the space
Where we both dwell

Endemoniada
My precious, my light
Lead me down
To where the lonely fall

© Phil Brennán 4th January 2005

Unusual Nocturne

I distilled love in darkness
By the light of the moon I cast my spells
With Alder-wood bowls I formed depths
To be discerned and counted upon
With spider's silk I wove my nest
Complete with casements and hidden chambers
With desire and fear I called out to you
And you came

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Dreams

These dreams are all I have
To keep the wolves at bay
Visions to keep me warm at night
And remembrances of you

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Death

Life and death are in the palm of the hand and the eye of
the mind
Like two opposing areas of shade and light forever in
unison
One feeds from the other like a parasite
And the other lessens with time
Order and entropy are marked with the passing of seasons
and relationships
Separated and yet still entwined
And I forever stand between the two in the cycles of time
Rooted firmly in one but leaning toward the other
Until one day death comes
And I am no longer an entity to be known
But merely remembered

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Untitled #28

These winter days play on my mind
Like so many sonnets of emptiness
Wishing that the season was at an end
And that warmer climes would come
But winter, with all her ills, remains
And spring is still a long way off

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Girlfriend with the Hollow Eyes

In remembrance of you I stand
Wishing that I was in the stone cold earth with you
But life goes on and I'm left behind
Wondering when I will be allowed to be with you in
death

And my friends regard me with fear
As I mourn longer than anyone should
But life has become empty since you went away
My girlfriend with the hollow eyes

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Half a Dozen Moody Goths in Ra-Ra Skirts

Half a dozen moody Goths in Ra-Ra skirts
Singing sha-na-la-la to Vision Thing
While tweaking a dozen various nipple rings
And looking oh so sublime
As they gyrate barely within time
To whatever imaginary beats are in their heads
Looking rather much like the not-so-recent dead
Or just another gloomy Goth pastiche

© Phil Brennán 27th January 2005

February

The Twenty-Five Virgin Whores

The twenty-five virgin whores of the Nephilim
Bow down to ancient gods of wood and stone
Prostrating themselves in parodies of reverence
While the high priestess masturbates in blood
Their rear ends high in the air
Swaying provocatively
Pendulous breasts hanging beneath them
The twenty-five virgin whores of the Nephilim
Bow down to ancient gods of wood and stone

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Untitled #29

Please forgive me if I do not conform to your ideals
I am tired of playing other peoples' games
And I don't give a fuck if I am not
Entirely what you'd want me to be

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Untitled #30

I don't want to hear it
I don't want to hear your bitchiness
Fall out of your mouth
Like so many dead moths
That gather together in lamp-shades
To be discarded and wasted upon me
And all the while I'm not
Looking at all as if I care

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Fuck You

I would just like to say "fuck you"
And leave it at that

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Untitled #31

You would think that by now you'd get the message
That I am so incredibly unimpressed with you
Your hatred of me doesn't even register
Anywhere near the 'important' scale
But still you think that by giving me the cold shoulder

And the occasional hot tongue
That you could make me care how
I've apparently hurt your feelings

© Phil Brennán 22nd February 2005

March

Bloodstained Memories

Watching you fall
For dreams and shadows cast
By the merest illusions
I wait for the end
Of your sanity
And I'm left wondering
If it's really me you want
Or the ideal represented
By hearts torn out
And dead flowers in vases
Forgotten on windowsills
Bloodstained by the memory of love

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Love is Never Enough

You said "I'm afraid that the darkness
Would swallow the both of us whole
And nothing would be left
Of all that we once held sacred
And I'm scared that you would walk away
Once you realised the duplicity of my heart"

You said "And I'm left wondering if my pacts
With ancient gods would come back to haunt me
If I didn't hold true to the geas
To sacrifice all that I once held dear for you
My virginity I laid down upon the altar
And you drank deep of all I had to give"

You said "But I laid it all down for you
Everything that made me separate and whole
And still it wasn't enough
To keep you here with me"
And I said in reply
"Love is never enough"

© Phil Brennán 17th March 2005

April

This is the End of All Things #2

This is the end of all things
And I'm left feeling hollow inside
I'm worn out with loneliness
And I have no delight in solitude

[If only I knew love like I know how to be alone
I would see more than I have yet attained]

© Phil Brennán 10th April 2005

The Secret Garden

Behind my wall is a secret garden
Where no one else goes
The roses are dead upon the vine
And leaves are scattered 'round about
The fountain is overgrown with weeds
The gravel paths have been mislaid
Autumnal winds howl through the gazebo
Slapping shutters against wooden posts
Rotting like dead soldiers still on guard
Holding their attention in the November frost

© Phil Brennán 12th April 2005

Musings #1

Sat in a café at the end of Bournemouth Pier
Drinking slightly overpriced coffee
Thinking that perhaps I should have
Bought my iRiver with me
And played Electrelane's first album
With its hints of seaside and fairground rides
Perhaps next time I shall

© Phil Brennán 27th April 2005

May

Musings #2

I have my black collarless shirt
And my coat with tails
And my gloomy Gothic attitude
To keep the others at bay

I have little time for anything
That disturbs my crypt-like peace
My room is my womb and my tomb
My life is a silent reflection

© Phil Brennán 4th May 2005

Untitled #32

I realised from the outset that you have no honour
And I was under no illusions about the duplicity of your
heart
I knew that you didn't love me half as much as you
professed
And that I was just another convenient cock to you
I had already gathered that I was only a temporary
solution
To the burning lust in your loins
But baby
Why the fuck did I have to fall in love with you?

© Phil Brennán 4th May 2005

June

Dhampyr

I am so fucking bored of you
And your poisoned mind
You leave me retching through the centuries
As your lies enfeeble me

And I am so fucking cold
And my heart is blacker than sin
You leave me retching through the centuries
As your blood enfeebles me

© Phil Brennán 19th June 2005

Untitled #33

Everything is so fucked up around you
That I cannot stand being near
Your own personal hurricane
And to tell you the truth I'd rather leave
Than spend another minute in your company
Wondering who this time
You will bitch and moan about
And whether this time it would be me

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August

Miyoko

All she left me was a clock-work Pikachu
And a sacred cat money box
But neither could have filled the hole
Where she should have been

© Phil Brennán 8th August 2005

Moonshine Baby

Moonshine baby
You have me lost in your light
And I'm wondering if I'll ever wake up
Or if this is the last throw of the dice
And does it really matter
When all is said and done

I just want to be lost in your eyes
Your scent and your thighs
I know it's wrong but it's all I desire
To go down south and set you on fire

Moonshine baby
You're my moonshine baby

Moonshine baby
You have me in the palm of your hand
I'm floating in space and I don't want to land
Even if I could I wouldn't come down
But does it really matter
When all is said and done

I just want to be lost in your eyes
Your scent and your thighs
I know it's wrong but it's all I desire
To go down south and set you on fire

Moonshine baby
You're my moonshine baby

© Phil Brennán 14th August 2005

September

Musings #3

I want you to be my Lilith
My mistress of dark desire
To awaken in me forgotten passions
That run deep like underground streams

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The Winter Court

The bitch wind sends waves crashing
Against deserted shores, bereft of people
As she comes howling in to chill my bones
And enshroud me in banality's embrace
And Samhain is fast approaching
To herald in the Winter Court

Her curse is lit upon the hearts of godless men
To destroy all glamour and magic in the world
And I am left to fend off her welcoming advances
Armed only with that which the Fates have given me
But Samhain is fast approaching
To herald in the Winter Court

© Phil Brennán 5th September 2005

October

Untitled #34

Sat here thinking about Bob Dylan, Woody Guthrie and
all the other great heroes of the American Midwest / And
how they have inspired me over the years of writing my
yet unpublished poems / And wondering when I would
get off my lilly white ass / Get them published / And
become a hero of the British Midwest / But literary
rejection grinds one down when Faber und Faber says no
/ You're not quite our style / We don't care for your razor
blade understanding of the world / Or your personal
darkness hidden in verse

© Phil Brennán 10th October 2005

Deborah

I wish you knew the depths of my feelings for you / And
that you understood how love is freely given without
recourse to bargaining / Or scoring points on the "is she
hot?" matrix / But that I love you no matter what
difficulties may come of this for me

© Phil Brennán 10th October 2005

Various Hobo Blues

Well I got my raccoon-skin hat an' my bag full of blues
I got my hob-nailed boots and an unsettled score
The rail-road trucks are all standing in a line
And my troubles are never far behind

I got my hobo ways and my passport to poverty
From Minnesota to the Statue of Liberty
Going in reverse from the great Midwest
To the place I'd hate the best

And it's a long cold night under the stars
With nothin' but what you've got upon your back
And a lifetime of sorrows borrowed from the road
An' troubles that are never far behind

I got my hobo ways and my passport to poverty
From Minnesota to the Statue of Liberty
Going in reverse from the great Midwest
To the place I'd hate the best

© Phil Brennán 10th October 2005

That Which Never Comes

These dreams remain hidden deep within the secret
chambers of the heart
To be buried while still alive and forgotten as some
foolish childhood fantasy
While it remains unspoken and unbidden in recesses
deepened over years
Of longing for that which never comes

© Phil Brennán 17th October 2005

Untitled #35

I am your master to love and to guide you
To lead you to the heights and the depths of your soul
I am your lover to have and to hold you
To bring you to the brink of desire
I am your darkness to hide and to shield you
To offer refuge beneath my wings
I am your equal to lift and uphold you
To share in all things whatever may come

© Phil Brennán 21st October 2005

Love Spell

Dark Mother come to me
Grant me my wish that I might know the hot darkness of
passion
With the blood of black cockerels I summon your powers
To enshroud these workings of dark magic
I summon you by names ancient and true:
Kiskil-Lilla
Lilitau
Lilith
I summon you with the blood of my own palm
Shed with the silver blade
Serpentine in its form
Three drops have I place in the vessel of burning incense
Three times I have called out your names

© Phil Brennán 21st October 2005

Loneliness

Where are you my love?
I wait impatiently for your coming
Like the watchman awaits the dawn
When he can be relieved of his shift
When can I hear your footsteps
upon the pavement outside my door
As you sneak up like a thief in the night?
I am lonely here without you
And the winter wind howls outside
Through empty streets as I sit here
Writing the words that would call you into being

© Phil Brennán 24th October 2005

November

Rage #1

You fucking evil bitch
You two-timing whoring infidel
Your words are like poison in my breast
As you attack me with razor blades
And dig your talons into my scalp
And strip the skin from my back
Only to soak my wounds
In the salt of your crocodile tears

© Phil Brennán 6th November 2005

