

Poetry Series

**Brendan M. Rumney**  
**- poems -**

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**Brendan M. Rumney(4/17/1994)**

# A Dark Hopeful

You know if I could say I was Hopeful  
I'd probably seize the opportunity to  
Waging an ever so ambiguous, mendacious, apprehensive continuance  
Subjected to my conceit only to be designed for demise  
Like a child knowing that it too would one day become a man  
But I grew an ever distressed, depraved, disgraceful soul  
That sole purpose alleged disheartened trust  
Because mankind did not man kind to its fellow soul  
So as I look upon the firmament pleading for mercy  
For when the day crafts a dark dejection, a righteous rage, a victorious  
vengeance  
By the Coming of the Lord, this world does not die with man  
That claim to inherit the earth to unearth only Greed  
To claim victory when defeat was assured  
That's death was so achieved  
For when Death does come  
What is their plea? Do they say, fore with now I concede Lord to your Majesty?  
I have raged hate upon your flock but now I come with peace  
Lord I have waged war for My Gain but in Your Name I have made you great?  
But what Just God would look upon with kindness, for kind less crooks  
That crook the rules to favor them?  
Would he now spare the unsparing of Men  
To be gracious to that ungrateful sin  
Does a God find worth in a worthless plea?  
This is their fabricated, faithless, corrupted, compelled decree  
But one day, one day when the skies open into a forbidding scene  
There will be no forbidden fruit to quench their thirst that now takes every breath  
they breathe  
No only death will see, sure as sun sets they will see the worth they accrued slip  
into nothing of all eternity, and eternally they will face the very pain they paid to  
set forth  
So when I say I'm hopeful, what is it for?

Brendan M. Rumney

# A Heart Of Mind And Love

A Heart of Mind and Love  
Is a Heart of new  
Though it is truly rare these days  
It belongs with me and you

A Strengthful Heart  
Belongs to the ones who believe  
It is like roots gripping firmly in soil  
On a splended oak tree

Facing the unknown danger  
Brings forth Courage and Honor  
It grows with thy Heart  
Making it indeed, Stronger

Sincerly I write these words  
So that in time of need  
You read, seek, understand,  
Succeed

Because A Heart of Mind and Love  
Is a divine, open, Fulfilling treasure  
It will always, always, always  
Belong to you and me

Brendan M. Rumney

# At What Cost Is Life, If You Value It With Death?

At what cost is Life,  
If you value it with Death?  
Remember always passions  
In which make us  
Our own  
Let go of inward trama  
And make peace heal sorrow  
For Life is what you make it  
So live like a bird  
And soar with wings open  
Catching every bit of air

Brendan M. Rumney

# But He

Living in pain  
Moments held deep inside

Broken by dreams  
Trashed by hopes

The strength to move on  
Is no longer

But He  
He who is and is to come

Saves me

Brendan M. Rumney

# Changing

The night will cover me  
It will hold the secrets I have inside  
Let it make a toast to reality  
To which I much ablige

Rigid are the roots  
Of the Tree who bears my name  
I look to the color of my blues  
For where I am to blame

Sorry is my sorrow  
For ruins that lay and grasp  
I hope for that good tomorrow  
But today I desire first not last

Weeping is my name  
And mourn comes trembling on  
Today I will stay the same  
But soon this treachery shall be gone

Brendan M. Rumney

# Cheerful Wind Chimes

History behind us  
And Future coming near  
I hear my meaning in this life  
Calling in my ear

Stand Up, Be a Man!  
Show you full Colour  
Raise up, have a family  
Teach Son and Daughter

Love, Cherish, and always remember  
The times,  
Make the times  
So in the wind, you hear Cheerful Wind Chimes

Brendan M. Rumney

# Death

Death rides this beaten path  
It moves on brisk power  
Moving by tricken will  
It still stays in the saddened hour

Wished away by the world  
Makes feared debase  
No one loves him  
All that know him hate

Welcomed is not his expertise  
But in spite he lays for repair  
The world weakens  
To wound his despair

Hatred looms his body  
Presence will be known  
Finish comes with patience  
Arrivial will be shown

Brendan M. Rumney

## Decades Had Went By And Hence My Soul Had Grown Into An Older Somber State.

Decades had went by and hence my soul had grown into an older somber state. For now I had raised myself as an old cuss from what was a simpler conceded man. I decided along my journey to walk into a abandoned vineyard outside of Sardinia. Woe was my heart as it too was blistered from the sun. Dried and dispersed that had scattered only the dust of its remain and returning again from the soil that had devised. Only though, it was not so sure of the plight I'd become. Only with careful thought had I known that the change required made some surety of that omission. Yet, the birds of the sky, so beautiful in their flight, seek not the flesh of my bone but to rob me of this measly heart. As they scavenged the scars of my past, I too unveiled my disparity of bygone time. These crows shrieked of hindrance, for it was not their forethought. Careful consideration was not such. So as I pass this solemn tune to thee, Remember. Decades had went by and hence my soul had grown into an older somber state.

Brendan M. Rumney

# Dreading In Times Of Past

Dreading in times of past  
Moving with dawdling occasion  
For lingering in dawn  
Was his imagination

Light does not possess his soul  
But darkness moves inside  
The point of contact submerges  
When sadness resides

On voyages great and mighty  
He slowly moves away  
From fight and impair  
He moves on through the day

Brendan M. Rumney

# Her Love

Her love  
Is that of a rose  
beautiful with a guard,  
A guard that stands the test of time  
You must be true  
Because she can perceive  
To your deceive  
Pure is her motive  
For she is as of water  
That flows from the stream of life  
Gurgling in Purity  
Over the rocks of anticipation  
If you love her  
Flow along this body of water  
And love with a love of true

Brendan M. Rumney

# High Above

High Above  
Was, Is, and will be  
The one for me

Brendan M. Rumney

# I Am The Working Man

Work is a task  
In which these hands  
Process a certain proportion  
In which I handle everyday  
I am the working class  
You look at me and I stand  
With these hands  
Cracked and crimped to black  
Showing every detail of my load  
You not even having a sense of what it is like  
My face drenched in sweat that savors my neck  
With ash and muck seeped in my skin  
Day in, Day out  
With not even a smucker  
You turn, think of pity, turn away  
Someday when you need work done  
And you stand looking at me  
Remember these hands  
I am the working man

Brendan M. Rumney

# I Did Not Know

I thought we'd overcome  
I imagined a life of eternity  
The sanctity of our love  
Was in my mind  
A force field in which  
No one would overtake  
One in which would rewrite history  
As it shocked the world  
Against all odds  
Defeating every brigade sent to destroy it  
But it was the internal let go  
That demised the very being  
Of me  
And you, I thought I knew you  
And yet as I look I do not know who you are  
For the very essence of your name  
Devours my soul as I cringe  
I lay awake at nights  
And as I play it in my mind  
I did not see, I did not feel, I did not know  
That you would be the one to let go

Brendan M. Rumney

# Labor In And Labor Out (Hours Upon Hours)

Hours beaten into every which way  
Break down the sudden impact of things  
In what may eat at our flesh  
Labor in and Labor out

World full of tasks  
Many spoken, others taken as such as  
Just any particular sense of responsibility  
Hours upon Hours

Dream of Sleep and Relaxation  
Deep into the worn out soul  
Underminded in hope  
Labor in and Labor out

Rest is all we ask  
But none is what is given  
Received is lousy takes  
Hours upon Hours

Brendan M. Rumney

# Life Is Hard Not Soft

In bitter or grim or such malicious  
I stand trembling on  
Moving with heart of gold  
To life's beyond

Through peril and midnight's gloom  
Ask me not to leave  
I am not afraid,  
Rather I see freedom and believe

Move me not  
I dare you to think  
I make my life what it is  
I come to where these parts brink

Though terror is subject  
These shoulders shrug off  
I am who I am  
Life is hard not soft

Brendan M. Rumney

# Not Complete

Complete

No longer does it flow through these veins

Nor does it sit concrete

Broken it has become and Broken it shall be

Will it seem to fold or rather tear

It is no longer

Walked upon, it screams

Beating for a chance

But there is non

There will never be

This Complete

Life

Brendan M. Rumney

# Now

Once told I couldn't  
Never to be seen  
At greatness

Pushed and shoved  
With conviction  
Falling to it all

I minded and hated  
All terror ticking inside  
I stand here, I stand Now

Goals were set  
Some broken  
While others accomplished

Now, Now  
I am here  
Try to take me now

Passion and hatred roam  
But freedom is here  
Amazed by dreams

Look, I stand free  
No chains hold any longer  
No words to tear down

Vanity is subject to arise  
But freedom, pure freedom  
Is in me

Brendan M. Rumney

# Peace

Sitting at the edge of dawn  
I began to wander to a particular drawing  
Took in the breezing comfort  
Wishing for nothing more

At last, heart stood upon the hill  
Gazing in only this time  
We looked to the west  
Driving the steers of passion

Pushing onward, we came to this clearing  
The place for rest  
And now We rest  
We will be at peace

Brendan M. Rumney

# Poetry

Writing down words  
Scripting the mind to endless realms  
Making Peace  
Conquering Wars  
Defeating odds againsts  
Having Love  
Losing It  
Thoughts of higher things  
Destruction of dark secrets  
Maybe Keeping things  
Losing Them  
To Rhyme  
Throw it on the line  
Anything  
Poetry

Brendan M. Rumney

# Remember Me

Clouded is the Sky  
Above me  
Clouded is my heart  
Inside me

Beat for beat  
I daze in life's beauty  
Thinking of friends  
That know and knew me

Thinking of you  
Times we had and  
Times that will come  
These moments never so bland

Remember this  
Just wait and see  
I love you forever  
Remember me

Brendan M. Rumney

# Shattered Realm

Shattered

It is a curse spreading  
Strong as it may be  
Terrorizing parts unknown to me  
Making it's way, feeling things never dreamed  
Pain coincides here  
Sewing in and out  
Weaving, Permanently  
It stands while I tremble  
Nothing holds but measures of grief  
Things of past realm here  
I make no more peace  
End It is for my Shattered Realm

Brendan M. Rumney

# Silence

Silence

This word has millions of meanings to me

Silence

The way I find peace, the way I see life with joy

Silence

When our country faces war and our friends and family end this war

Silence

When they hit the ground fighting for me!

Silence

As I weep for the men who died for this country

Silence

When I know that God makes all things new

Silence

Joy and happiness

Silence

Remorse and catastrophe

Silence

When we face the enemies in life we use

Silence

The never ending and nonunderstanding

Silence

The unspoken truth

Silence

My way of life

Silence

Brendan M. Rumney

# Smiles In Memory

Smiles were the best of times  
Chipped in to my past  
With outstanding reason  
Were set in it's own glass

Poured and Stored  
In people's hearts  
No longer thirsty of pleasure  
But in memory it starts

Washing the threads and strands  
Of the covering of Real  
Blunt may be the tip  
But Warm and Strong is the feel

Staying with me  
Only by my side  
Chained inside my heart  
No one sees it because I'm Blind

Brendan M. Rumney

# Submission

And as I'm sure that this is the end  
I slither into my insecurity  
There is nothing left to hold on to  
Simply letting go  
Is the only answer  
That is so seemingly clear  
The old me is dying  
Dying to my selfish ways  
In which my flesh created  
I choose to take upon a new skin  
The one who sits upon the throne  
Casts a shadow of the image  
Of the cross where my brokenness is left  
And surely as I see it  
I fall to my knees  
Giving up my pain and  
Taking on a new garment  
Of freedom and grace  
And as my old self shrieks to stay  
But to his dismay  
I have taken a new change  
A light, a break  
A submission to the face  
Of the Living God  
I am  
I submit to thee, Oh Lord! !  
I am yours  
Forever more

Brendan M. Rumney

# Subscription

I never realized this life as a Christian required a monthly subscription, dosing on an indoctrinated prescription, hoping false hopes on a 'me first' kind of inscription. I mean it's this very flesh that has this 'me first' description, so when I sit in the walls of the church, why do I still feel this 'me first' confliction? I mean if this Jesus we worship did feed the multitude with bread and fish, why is it that we starve souls bearing false lips? If we really did witness the gospel, what lost soul would have lost hope? But reality is we proclaim manna sweet while they choke on a bar of soap. Hell is not their place to go, Hell is the place they know. Hell, we are the devil tempting their very soul. I'm willing to bet this Jesus you declare to serve is not the Jesus that walked this Earth nor deserve. We proclaim bible, obedient discipline, fighting the lord's battle, but we are nothing more than a 'get rich quick' channel on cable, saying this is forever, when your works say never. This is my confliction, my dire straits, my conviction. Why does the church, the place we come to worship you, Have everything but you?

Brendan M. Rumney

# The Downfall Of Calhoun

It was interesting enough to comment such a relentless notion of action, but this oblivious man, standing in front of Jackson, quivered over the very presence of his president. Knowing that his deceitfulness may come to a closed end relatively shortly. A notion as such, to display revulsion over the Secretary's wife, with no restraint! ! Jackson's grief over his beloved Rachel caused an uproar within his heart. Now in first term, seeking a togetherness of his cabinet, to no avail from this wretched, slithering snake named Calhoun! ! May have been born in the same Caroline yet raised on opposite ends of the world and was no Jacksonian. A cockamamie fool was he! Now Van Buren, with such splendor, would make his way up the totem pole of the grandeur of General Jackson. Firm as Old Hickory was he, so he thought. Regardless of its affirmation, Calhoun would now faces the consequences from the hero of New Orleans.

Brendan M. Rumney

# The Lamp That Stands Alone

On this beaten road  
Stands a lamp alone  
Lit to bring forth light  
For feet to go on

No one knows the name  
That it was given  
Nor shall they ever  
It will stay and we will die  
But light is still living

At night when there is nothing but the moon  
There it is free  
We still walk under  
Given not even an impression  
For the lamp's good deed

I was once upon this road  
Young in heart as well as mind  
Disaster come to me as a thief in the night  
Light in the lamp was my protector  
I will remember that lamp's kind

The lamp still stands on the beaten path  
Who's name No one knows  
Bringing forth light  
Without any gratitude

Brendan M. Rumney

# The Letter Not Sent

Well here are the words I write again. It seems that this is the only thing I do now. In fact, even you begged of this when we were together. Funny thing is though, you're gone. But it's not really that funny, actually it is kind of like kicking me in the ribs everytime I put these scratches on to paper. But you will never see this anyways so what do you care? Heck, that is what you told me, that I never cared... Truth be told, I cared for you every moment we were together and even now when you're gone. You know that saying 'Forever and Always'. Ain't that true now. I meant it everytime I said it. Learning to live without you is fine just based on that fact because I learned you were not who I thought you were. You were selfish. So selfish that I gave up everything for you and you wanted more for yourself. I warned you of him. You said 'Oh we are just friends' and I let you go on your way, but deep down I know you had different intentions. But I cared so much, I dulled it in my mind that I just became mute to everything... And that is when depression set in. It was the hardest thing in my life to deal with. I tried to tell you but you played it off as I was a mad man. Deep down I was crying for help, but you were gone. You could of tried but you were so selfish on how you felt that I didn't matter anymore. And I am sorry that I became short and tempered with you but I was afraid to let you in because I was unsure how you would react. And I am not hurt by what happened. I am hurt by who you've become. You have turned into a narcissistic, shallow, inconsiderate human being. So much as to send me a hate text to just tear me down. I know I hurt you and I am sorry. But never once was my intention to ever bring you down or make you feel less. I never wanted you to feel pain. I wanted to take your pain and let me deal with it. So, by seeing the way you are, I am thankful it is over. I just feel sadden by who you become. And you will never hear these words because frankly you don't deserve to.

Brendan M. Rumney

# With You I Have Both

As the wind and the rain  
Blew and swirled  
Cussing at my window  
It seemed to be some type of pleasantry  
There was tranquility  
Hurried at things that modern,  
Miscue people wouldn't have done  
Rights, What are the rights?  
Happiness, Serenity?  
I just know  
With you I have both

Brendan M. Rumney