

Poetry Series

Sandra Brennan
- poems -

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Sandra Brennan(08/07/65)

Well written words, turn me on. Need I say more? I've been writing poetry since I was old enough to put pen to paper. I have been a poetry slam artist for 5 years now-and perform in poetry slams and open mics whenever and wherever I can. I've self-published two volumes of poetry, 'Mural' in 2002 and '40' in 2005. I'm working on my next volume of poetry, tentatively titled 'A Dollars Worth of Karma'. Come see me slam sometime. Better yet, be a judge when I'm slamming and give me a 10.

Broccoli

I read an article on aversion therapy
And decided to give it a try
Everytime you cross my mind,
I replace that thought with broccoli.
So now I've been thinking about broccoli
24/7 for well over a week now,
Enough so that I could write the
Worlds first, all broccoli cookbook,
Enough so that I wouldn't be surprised
If my brain was now green and resembled it.
Enough so that I don't think I will
Ever want to eat broccoli again.
And the funny thing is that now,
Everytime I open the freezer
And see that half used bag of frozen broccoli,
I think about you.
Damn it to hell.

Sandra Brennan

Click Of A Door Closing

I thought I'd be ok.
Thought I could just stop by,
Pick up the last of my stuff,
Wave goodbye and leave
With a smile on my face.
Thought I had come to accept
My new life without you in it.
Then you opened the door
And I felt this happiness veneer
I had created, crack wide open
And for a split second I wanted
To beg you, to let me stay.
I didn't, though,
Just plastered on a fake smile
And feined indifference, or tried.
I thought I could brag about
How great my life was going,
My new home, my new job, etc...
Make you regret pushing me away.
But when you asked how I was,
All I could say was 'Fine. Just Fine.'
Funny, how that lie
Just tripped off my tongue.
I wanted to say I missed you,
That I feel lost, and scared
And uncertain of where I'm going.
Things I didn't realize I felt
Until I saw you again.
I could tell you felt as awkward as I.
I hate that the most,
Loosing the comraderie between us,
Turning into strangers, again.
Months of a life shared, now over.
I know, we're lucky,
No ugly scenes, no screaming matches
No trashing each other, ripping each other up.
Just the click of a door closing,
And nothing left to say.

Freeze

I always hated that speech
The "You're a nice woman, but I don't think
We're right for each other." Getting dumped speech.
I actually admire the men who have the guts to give it.
Better than those who never call back,
Who just take what pleasure they can get
Then disappear like rats in the night.
I've heard it to many times,
And each time I feel something inside me
Go hard, and cold.
I wonder what happened to the warmhearted woman
That use to dwell in this body.
Wonder when she became so cynical and jaded.
Wonder when she stopped believing in happily ever after
And just accepted fly by night men as all she deserved.
I don't really like being that woman.
Don't like the voice inside my head that says
"Don't get your hopes up" every time I meet a man.
I remember being a twenty year old bride,
Thinking I'd be mated forever with my one true love.
But-he wasn't it, never was.
So now I just keep searching,
Wondering where the hell this other soul is,
This person who I'm meant to be with.
I'm beginning to think, he isn't out there at all.
I wonder how much more disappointment
My heart can take,
Before it freezes completely
And stops beating.

Sandra Brennan

Good Deed

I was doing my good deed for the day,
I only had to deliver his meal,
Give him a smile and a prayer,
Then walk away, job done.
But when he opened the screen door,
He had the look of someone who
had spent to many hours alone...
To many hours thinking about the
Tricks life can play on a person.
I saw that look in my own eyes
Looking in the mirror, to often.
The badge on my chest said 'Chaplain'
And I know to him it meant confessor,
And I hesitated knowing
That was not my mission here.
I told him I could only stay a minute,
Then listened as he told me about his wife,
Gone now for a decade, but his memory of her
As clear as glass.
'She was a damn good woman, ' he said
'A fine woman-just like you.'
Just like me, he said, as if he
Could see me deserving of a mans love
For half a century-like her.
I felt honored he would think so,
But I felt like a fraud too,
Knowing I was no where in the same league
As the woman who had been the love of his life.
I let him talk on, and absorbed
Every word, knowing he just needed someone
To hear him talk about her,
Validate their love, their life, somehow.
I felt at odds listening to their story,
At a moment in time when my own heart
Felt as if it had been kicked once to often.
My job was to offer comfort, but it seemed
He was comforting me, telling me
That it wasn't too late, to love,
That love lasts past death, past time

Love, is the only thing that matters...
Leaving him some hours later,
I felt humbled and joyous, and at peace,
And open to finding the man
Who will love me like that.

Sandra Brennan

Kryptonite

I feel all powerful woman, most of the time,
Like nothing can hold me back
I am the speeding train roaring down the track
And my strength knows no bounds.
But bring a man into the picture and all changes
Suddenly I'm weak and my power shifts.
Men it seems, are my kryptonite.
Robbing me of my common sense
And my will to resist sin and flesh.
I wonder if Superman craved his kryptonite,
Even as he cursed it,
If he needed it, like breath, like water, like food.
If kryptonite was his drug of choice.
I see broad shoulders swinging my way,
And the weakness settles in,
The thoughts in my head diminish
Until all I crave is his skin next to mine.
Lust, like poison flows through me
Infecting me at my most basic level.
There isn't a cure for this, just distance,
Just knowing for my own good,
I need to keep away, keep my head clear.
Aww...but for those moments,
Before I am consumed
And spit out again,
Kryptonite is all I crave.

Sandra Brennan

Lump

I don't really feel connected to it
This weird lump I found on my body
Seems like a foreign object that
Somehow got planted here when
I wasn't paying attention.

It has my attention now.

They don't like to tell you bad news
Over the phone, the nurse just says
The doctor wants to talk to you in person,
To schedule surgery, she tells me.
But she won't tell me why-

The unknown is a terrifying thing.
I lie in bed and feel this thing,
Like a marble planted deep under my skin
And wonder if this tiny growth
Has the power to kill me.
Seems impossible, that something so small
Could lead to my demise.

I read the copy of the report again
Neurofibroma, possible sarcoma.
That sentence still leaps off the page
And even my uneducated mind knows
That those words are not good.
I google the diagnosis and wish I hadn't.

The doctor does not try to make light of it
Just tells me it has to come out
Tells me within the week he will cut me open
And scrape this thing out of me,
No way to know if it is malignant until then.

So now I play the waiting game.
Spend my hours wondering if this...thing,
Is like a missile gathering speed
Targeting me, ready to blast my world apart.

Or if it is just nothing at all
A benign little growth that just popped up
Out of no where, no harm done.

Until then, I just pray.

Sandra Brennan

Midnight Call

His call woke me,
Although it seemed like an extension
Of the erotic dream of him
Still filling my head.
He apologized, for waking me,
Forgot it's two hours later here,
He says, he just wanted to hear my voice.
I snuggle down under the warm blankets
And let my mind drift back
To the last time his hands touched me
I tell him I wish he were here,
Touching me now.
My mind is on rewind, reliving kisses
And carnal pleasures we shared.
I want to climb through the phone
And into his arms, into his bed.
I tell him this, hear his whispered words
In my ear, telling me the things
He would do, if I were with him now.
The conversation now turns
As words become incoherent and we
Are both lost in each others pleasure.
Coming down, I am back in my own bed,
Listening to him breath through the phone.
I wrap myself deeper in the warmth
Of my blankets, wishing it were his body
Wrapped around me, instead,
And whisper Good night.

Sandra Brennan

Mormons On Bicycles

I have a fetish for those boys
That travel in pairs.
Their crisply cut hair and
Stark, white shirts.
The way their carefully knotted ties
Blow in the wind as they peddle furiously,
On their noble quest to save us all
From certain purgatory,
Or at the very least,
Save all those who dare to sit
Waiting at bus stops.
There is something about young men
With fresh scubbed skin
And clean, pure souls
That makes me want to whisper
My dirtiest thoughts in their ears,
And watch as faces turn red and hot,
And that look of innocence fade from eyes
As they realize that there are pleasures
To be had in this carnal Garden of Eden,
And I am the serpent, tempting them.
I look at these young men in their prime
And can only think of my own tag-team fantasy
And want to send buttons flying as I rip
Open shirts and unbuckle and unzip
As my lips travel down to the temple
That I want to worship.
I want them to fill me with the holy spirit,
And make me scream out to God and Jesus,
And the heavens as I descend
To that next plane of existence,
Where all is light and joy...
And heaven is mine.

Sandra Brennan

Mud Puddles

He carries an umbrella if there is
More than a fifty percent chance of rain.
If it pours, I just get wet,
And stomp in mud puddles for good measure.
He thinks his words out carefully
Before he ever opens his mouth,
Where I am ruled by emotion and say things
Without thinking at all,
Then find myself constantly making amends.
He is linear and I am abstract.
Sometimes I wish I could be more like him,
More sensible, logical, realistic-grounded.
Normal.
But I think with my heart, and react from my gut,
And my head usually has little to do
With any of my major decisions.
I wonder sometimes if he looks down on me,
Thinks I'm insane, being the way I am.
Yeah-he probably does.
I can't say I blame him.
As a child, while my classmates
Were learning equations, I was busy,
Gazing out windows, and letting
My imagination run wild.
I still do that. All the time.
But...poetry doesn't make him weep,
And great art doesn't send his heart racing,
The way it does mine.
And I wouldn't trade that,
Not for all the common sense in the world.
So there it is, when it comes down to it,
I like who I am just fine,
And I respect, and admire who he is too,
Very much so, and I don't want to change him,
I just wish...I just wish...
He'd stomp in a mud puddle now and then.

Sandra Brennan

Not Thinking

I'm trying not to think too much,
Trying not to analyze or dwell on the what ifs,
Trying to just get through the next minute,
The next hour, the next day
With all my faculties intact.
Wiping my mind clean of all my foolish mistakes.
I thought when I hit forty,
I'd be smarter, wiser-less likely
To fall flat on my face.
It just seems that my mistakes
Are just grander and more spectacular.
God, I hate feeling like a fool.
And having no one to blame but myself
Just makes it worse.
I am fighting the part of me that wants
To curl up into a ball and die,
The part of me that wants to cover up pain
With food and sex and alcohol,
The part of me that wants to revert back to form,
And live in the dark where it is comfortable.
I lay flat on the floor and count my breaths
And empty my mind of every thought, or try...
But there you are again,
And I am so frustrated that I can't shake you
Out of my head, and be rid of you for good,
I just want to scream.
Words that should never have been said,
Words I never wanted to hear
Are on a loop in my head and I wish
I could erase them, wipe them clean
From my mind so I could just move on and forget
That you ever existed at all.
For now, I would settle, for a minute
Of not thinking about you.

Sandra Brennan

On My 40th Birthday

On my 40th birthday,
I went to a book store,
Pulled a book off the shelf
Turned to page eight, and saw my name
In boldface type, over my own words.
I was happy to fork over the 11.95+tax
To buy a book with my own poems in it,
Even knowing my free copy was in the mail.
I just wanted to hold the book in my hands,
Wanted to see my own validation in print.

On my 40th birthday
I got up in front of the biggest crowd
I'd ever performed in front of,
And unloaded my soul for twenty minutes straight,
For once, so comfortable in the spotlight
The words just flowed out without struggle.
I felt the waves of love and understanding
From the audience, for once, so receptive.
The standing ovation at the end made me cry.

On my 40th birthday
One of my favorite teachers from high school
Told me he was very proud of me,
Proud of the person I'd become,
Said he always knew I'd be somebody, someday.
He bought one of my chapbooks and asked me
For my autograph, and told me to keep in touch.

On my 40th birthday,
Eight people told me they loved me
Two dozen people hugged me
Fifty people sang me Happy Birthday
One person bought me flowers
And one person let me cry on his shoulder
When I was overwhelmed by it all.

Sandra Brennan

On The Demise Of My Greatest Lover

The loss I feel right now is immeasurable.
You were my greatest lover,
There are no words to describe the heights
Of ecstasy, the countless nights of pleasure
You brought me.
I needed you, and you were always there.
Now, now when I need you most,
You are gone, and my efforts to revive you,
To bring you back...are to no avail,
You...my Hitachi Magic Wand.
I remember our first time, together,
The shock and wonder and awe,
The powerful explosion you caused inside me.
I knew then, I could not live without you.
Was it because I was unfaithful to you?
Because I tried to replace you with flesh?
You know, you were always the one
I came home to, the one I needed
The one who always, always
Brought me satisfaction.
I trusted you would always be there,
In the drawer of my bedside table.
Waiting for me, ready for me,
A flick of a switch and you'd purr for me.
We didn't need any of those attachments,
No silly batteries,
We were fine, you and I, as we were.
You knew all my pleasure spots,
I never had to fake anything with you.
I could just be in the moment,
Crying out yes, YES..YESSSS
As you brought me to completion time and again.
I should have known, it wouldn't last...
That some day, you'd grow tired
Of my constant demands, the way I use you.
Then set you aside.
I admit, I tried to replace you...
With a rechargeable cordless Sharper Image,
But it never had your power, your strength.

And I don't know how I can live without you, now.
I'd better go shopping.

Sandra Brennan

Pondering 9/11

I may be the first person to say this-
But...I needed 9/11.
That day that rocked me to my core
And made me step back in fear
Of the world...of the life I was living.
That day that knocked me to my knees
And opened my eyes.
That day changed me,
On every fundamental level there is.
Made me rearrange my priorities.
Made me realize I couldn't live in lies
If death was knocking on my door.
I started telling the truth then,
First to myself, then to anyone who would listen.
A stage and a mic and a spotlight
And feeling stark naked I would stand
And tell my truth, bare my soul.
And with every truth I told,
I found out who I was.
I didn't know any of those people
Who died that day
But I think about them all the time,
Think about how their deaths,
In a strange way...gave me life.
And I honor them for that.

I

Sandra Brennan

Scars Still Bleeding

My skin is intact
But there are scars you don't see
Scars on wounds still festering,
Scars still bleeding on a soul
Hurt and damaged to often.
I keep looking for something, someone
Who will mend these wounds,
Be my salve and salvation,
Soothe away the pain that goes deep within,
Bandage up my soul, like new,
And kiss it all better.
I don't know that this person exists,
The one with the power to heal
All the scars I carry inside me,
So for now I just lick my wounds,
And wait.

Sandra Brennan

Shopping For Men On The Internet

I decided to go shopping
For my one true love.
E-Harmony seems to think
The perfect man for me
Is a 44 year old Catholic Republican
Unemployed gun collector,
Who lives with his mother...
I beg to differ.
I must have filled out the questionnaire wrong
Or maybe I've set my sights too high.
Instead of looking for love,
I should be just looking to get laid,
With no expectations.
That use to be enough, back in the day.
Sex without feeling, sex without meaning,
Raw, make me scream, clothes ripping
Heart pounding, wall thumping hot sex.
As I recall, I use to like it,
That is until the damned man involved,
Would open his mouth and piss me off.
It use to be easier to come by,
Or maybe I was just easier then, more needy.
More afraid of being alone,
Than I was of being with a complete stranger.
A man sends me an instant message,
Asking if he can come over and play.
His pic doesn't look half bad,
It would be easy to say yes, just to ease
This frustration that's been burning.
But...something in me wants more.
I deserve more...I deserve better.
Is it wrong to want the whole package?
Wrong to want romance, and to be seduced
Heart and soul, over body?
To want happily ever after,
And a castle in the suburbs?
It isn't easy, living without sex,
But it's harder, living without love.
So-I'll wait a little longer,

Maybe rewrite my ad,
Cruise and peruse the men's ads too,
Maybe Mr Right just signed on.

Sandra Brennan

The Big Picture

We don't see the big picture
But, maybe we aren't meant to,
Or aren't ready to, yet.
I think God gave each religion,
Each race, a piece of this puzzle.
And ignorant as we humans are,
We each think that one piece, we possess,
Is all there is.
I wonder if God is just biding his time,
Waiting for us to figure it out,
To put it together.
To realize no one people or religion
Has all the answers.
That only when we work together,
Will the pieces fall into place.
That's when the big picture,
Will be revealed.

Sandra Brennan

Treading Water

I know it isn't always going to be perfect.
That there will be days when
We'll look at each other and wonder
'What the hell was I thinking? '
It's inevitable as taking your next breath.
I want you to be the one I lean into
On the wild turns in life,
Not the one I have to fight against
To keep from drowning.
Somehow, we have to learn to swim together
When the murky waters want to pull us under.
I felt for a long time, before I met you,
Like I was taking my last breath
Before going under one last time.
You threw me a lifeline and now,
All I want in this life, is to spend my days
Lazily floating next to you.
But life isn't that simple, is it?
So for now, I'm going to tread water
And keep my head over the surface
And wait for you to come join me,
In this pool of life.
Come on in,
The waters fine.

Sandra Brennan

Voted Nicest Girl

Under my senior picture in my yearbook is a caption
That reads 'Voted Nicest Girl'.
I gotta say, that title has always pissed me off.
I wanted to be the sexy girl, the funky girl,
The too cool for school, girl.
The most likely to go down on a married teacher,
Under the bleachers, girl
But no-I am, and will always be 'the nice girl.'
What few people know is that under this Marcia Brady-esque exterior
There is a seething sexy Catwoman dying to come out and play.
I know that I could bring a man to his knees
With all I have inside me
And I've always thought that a man on his knees
...is a very, very good thing.
When they look at me, I know what they see...
A Twenty first century June Cleaver.
Someone who is good and kind,
Reliable and sickly sweet.
Someone who always bakes birthday cakes,
And cooks Thanksgiving dinner.
Someone who can be counted on for 3 dozen cupcakes
At each and every bake sale.
Someone who will never be late for carpool.
I am the one everyone writes in
As their emergency contact person
Because they know I will always be there...
Do you know how hard that is to live up to, some days?
I'm not saying that that isn't me, it is.
I admit it, grudgingly. I am nice.
I love doing things for others, making people happy.
But there are days when this nice girl,
Gets tired of being so nice, so in control.
You look at me and see my smile and think, I'm wonderful, right?
I just got to say that sometimes...
Sometimes, appearances are deceiving.
Oh you don't want to know all the illicit thoughts
That travel through my head on a daily basis.
I think if someone opened my mind for the world to see
They would have me thrown in jail

And kept under lock and key.
Children would be told to stay away from me,
Old ladies would be scandalized and mortified
And men...men who want to take a walk on the wild side
Who love to live dangerously...
Would be banging down my door.
You think nice girls only think nice thoughts?
Ha! A lot you know!
You have no idea of the erotic, exotic, triple X rated thoughts
That run through my mind,24/7.
So sure, I'll feed your dog while your out of town
And babysit your kids, and make you soup when your sick,
But don't think, not for a moment, that that's all I am, or all I could be.
But you want to know what this nice girl wants most?
In a perfect world, I would find someone,
Who was voted Nicest Boy in his senior class,
Who thinks just like me.
Who is kind to strangers and animals, and loves kids
Who knows a thousand ways to please a woman
Using just his tongue...
Someone who will rock my world on Saturday night
And stand beside me in church, on Sunday morning.
I want a nice boy with a nasty, nasty mind who will love me just right.
Someone who will take out the garbage and fix my car.
Someone who knows how to make a woman scream and beg for more.
I'm looking for Ward Cleaver with a raging wild side.
I want someone who will love all the sides of me,
Who sees through the nice girl to the hot woman underneath
Someone who is solid but can satisfy.
Yeah, that's what this nice girl wants.

Sandra Brennan

Whole

They say at the root of all addictions
Is the search for wholeness,
Or more accurately, the need
To fill in the hole, we all have inside.
I have to admit, some days
This hole seems the size of
The Grand Canyon and I keep
Trying to find the one thing,
The one person, the one vice
That is going to make me feel
Complete.
But the thing is, that doesn't happen.
The more you try to fill in the hole,
The bigger it gets,
The more it consumes what's left of you.
It takes a while, to recognize this,
To realize that instead of digging yourself out,
You're digging yourself deeper.
That you are the one with the shovel,
Making it all worse.
It's hard to get out of your own way.
Hard to ask for the rope to pull yourself out.
Hard to admit that the hole inside of you
Is beyond your ability to repair, or hide.
That is when you learn humility.
That is when you find out who your friends are,
The ones who will throw you the rope,
Reach down with a hand and pull you up.
Or stand on the edge of the void
With their own shovels and help you
Fill it all in, until your strong enough
To climb out on your own.
I know I'm not the only one,
With this hole inside.
Not the only one battling demons
And trying to find my way home,
Make myself whole.
So, throw me a rope here, help me now,
And I promise to return the favor

When your time comes.

Sandra Brennan