

Richard Brenneman – Five Poems



Feature Poet

Serendipity

The clock ran up,
the mouse ran down;
Alice went to tea.
Off with her head,
the Red Queen said.
The Mad Hatter had pepper
in his tea;
the teacup danced
by the light of the moon.
The cat ran up,
the mouse came after;
the clock got drunk
and struck eleven
at a quarter til seven;
the cat got stoned with LSD.
Alice had brandy.
The Mad Hatter sneezed
an 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ kerchoo
at the the pepper in his tea.
The teacup, in high spirits, he
was drinking instant coffee.
The cat purred on
to serendipity.

The clock ran down;
the clock had schizophrenia.

Dropped

A storm-wind blew.
I was like a leaf
on a branch.
I could not flee.
I held on tight --
tighter
(mustn't let go!)
Tired -- so tired
from the storm winds blowing
so --
I dropped my mind today,
and blew away.

Directional

If I set my heart upon a star
to sail by, and it vanished
below the turning of the world
before the light of day.

If dawn came too soon or this
single star was lost among the multitudes
in the Milky Way, would I
be lost again upon the oceans
of the world? No, not even
if my heartbeat sent a signal
message out in rhythmic precision,
or that star exploded beyond
measurement of time, and lighted
up the sky to the brightness of noon.

I would still set my heart upon a star,
and keep sailing though its light was dimmed.

Captain Scarecrow

Master of abrasiveness --
this louche and feckless one
thinks he is the master of his demesne,
scares off birds.
Sand is still in his shoes,
echoes of the desert, and the birds
still feed upon fields of grain.

Shattered Dreams

Oh, if all my sorrows died,
not just broken and cast away;
their fragments put into a coffin.

Lost dreams are hard to kill
like ghosts and vampires
plotting to kidnap the human skull
and hold the soul perhaps
for ransom.

Shall I send you
a coffin full of shattered dreams
to be buried with the memories?
Or shall they remain on my altar,
carrion smells among the roses
with perfume and trinkets to forget
the passage of years, like birds
in flight, until the last long migration
comes, and bird call and bird call
echoes into the horizon.

Richard E. Brenneman lives in Boston. He has been published in the *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Constellations*, *Nixes Mate Review* and *Harbinger Asylum* among others. His work is included in *No More Can Fit Into The Evening: an Anthology of Diverse Voices* published by Four Windows Press in 2020. He is currently working on possible book and chapbook projects.

Sadly, Richard died on March 14, 2022 after a short illness. He was a kind, gentle person who was liked and respected by his poetry group the Somerville Bagel Bards which he attended either in person or on Zoom. Richard was working on a volume of poetry and a poetry chapbook when he unexpectedly died. He will be fondly remembered by all who knew him. The bio above is what was scheduled to appear and not a word has been changed. It was written by Richard to accompany his poetry.