

Richard Brenneman – Two Poems

Still Questing

I march with the mummers of life
mad with new revelries
past midnight to morning,
seeking something beyond the painted eyes,
the glittering wings
whether angels or demons
beyond power and plagues.

I seek an answer from a gypsy knight,
strong with the moon in his face and eyes,
wandering down the backside of night
toward the morning.

I walk invited into his tent
seeking truth or answers to which I
only know questions, still questing,
like the Round Table knights for the Grail,
for the romance of stained glass,
or intaglio amulets
hidden in Celtic barrows
from ages dark in mystery.
Hidden as love behind a death mask,
or urns of ashes in ruins of mausoleums,
or megaliths marching
as soldiers to war,
or women weeping for their dead lovers.

And I come to his tent tonight
lighted with tall candles,
where the gypsy prince
hides behind the clouds of night with
a crystal sphere clear as the midnight moon
shining upon an Alpine lake,
to seek answers to my questions.
Deep within the rounded hills,
and verdant valleys where I sought answers.
Yes, even then, and by the sea,
and now in midst of splendid halls and towers,
and like apparitions
definitive answers fade away.

It is not love I question, but I seek
some deeper answer to the problem of love
turned on itself, an answer that dashes
over cliffs like demons released into swine, or
like lemmings on an endless shore.
Thunder and lightning clash with the constant
interplay of force.

Where is the love that the gypsy prince
unlocks within my heart?
The answer comes from all the countless sanctuaries
ancient as the ruins of Delphi,
and still I do not listen as I should
as the answer flies by on wings of ghostly butterflies,
messengers beneath the moon
that is about to set.

Dusty Corners

The dappled sunlight
plays hide-and-go-seek
with dark memories
as its shadow feet
creeps across the kitchen floor
and catches a bit
of glitter in the corner
left from last night's party.

It lingers, and pauses
to take a breath
here and there;
its tired whispers
echoing silently
in the dusty corners

of yesteryear,
where the light shabbily reveals
the over-sized brighter colors
remembered from the past.

And dreams move
like sun-speckled motes,
coming and then going
in a flash,
as thoughts pass on
with the sun,
and move from moment to moment
living.

Richard E. Brenneman lives in Boston, and has been published in *The Wilderness House Literary Review*, *Ibbetson Street*, *Constellations* and *Muddy River Poetry Review* among others. His work is included in an anthology *No More Can Fit Into The Evening: An Anthology of Diverse Voices* published by Four Windows Press in 2020. He is currently working on book and chapbook projects.