

Ryan Brennan – Three Poems

Come Home

You've been gone long enough
I've scratched away at paper
Kept silent
Listened to faint sounds
And let my thoughts fill with black water.
You've been gone long enough
My elbows have welded to the table
And the rain keeps hitting my silence.
Come home.
Say my name.
Slam the door.

Someone Who Looked Like You

She kept tossing
her eyes
at me

over her boyfriends
shoulder and a line
of diner
booths.

She was someone
who looked
like you.

So I kept looking back

until my turkey club came

and their booth
emptied

of everything

but your eyes

which stayed
there

in the strangers

place

as I sipped my coffee

unfolded
a napkin

and wrote
this poem.

Simple Plot

I have the urge to get
back in

To pull the sheets
up to my neck
and let my thoughts
go cold

I have the urge to watch something
in black and white,
with a simple plot,
a vintage dame,
a good guy,
and a gun.

I have the urge to forget what's coming

To just
be
home

while the snow
keeps swimming

I have the urge to be stilled

To rest quietly

Like axe handles
on early Sunday
mornings.

Ryan Brennan is a poet living in the Catskill Mountains.