

**MAY POEMS AND
REFLECTIONS**



BRENDAN GEDDES

1 GAINING DISTANCE

The biggest tell in Hillcrest
Is that you don't think it can be you until it's you

When it's deafeningly quiet and all you have is dusty rays
of sun

I'll tell the girl that she'll always have my heart
And to my friends that I'll miss them
And they'll always have my ear
In between the grasses and underneath the pines

2 THE TREES BLOOMED IN HILLCREST

The trees bloomed fast -

It was only days before I was walking through a green tunnel of every shade, limes to the deepest of forests

I was familiar with the soil but not the way it had presented itself

In the two weeks at the beginning of May where all the ills of the winter are forgotten

Flaky white petals and great escapes

And it's hard to look at something with jealousy and admit it's great

To tell yourself you'll miss the choppy conversations And to not be bitter when it's not you

3 PLATTSBURGH MAYS

**Tucked into a cove just off Lake Champlain
Throwing rocks and wading to waist high**

**I would always watch for the night train
My own little neighborhood, it was just five streets**

**It looked best in fall
But May had a unique charm**

**Heavy green leaves guarding the third floor windows of
the mansion on the corner
Thick shadow on the blood red brick**

**I would scrape my knees and spill real blood on the
pavement
Loop the streets on my bike to the two story station**

**It connected my streets to the world, I knew it then and I
know it now
I guess I just never really understood how unique that
was**

**I'd always be home in time for dinner
In the room under the willow
With the cat in the window**

**Unless I was out watching baseball
On either field, Bailey or Fox
My little corners of the world**

**I carried no bitterness
My mind surrounded the green tree**

**FOR VOLUME 1 OF -
“THERES BEEN GHOST TRAINS ON THE HUDSON LINES”**

The colors of spring have finally presented themselves

Soft yet aggressive

Waiting in the shadows of the falling sun

Houses hang heavy from the sides of the cliffs

Positioned over the tracks as the train cuts the rock

Making the bend around Peekskill

Past little league games in Cold Spring

Next to the lone highway nine

The shadows are heavier now

**The sunset is framed and flashing through the windows of
the train**

5 minutes until Beacon

As sailboats float slowly

Q46 to the F to the 7 to the Hudson

Always suited for a great escpape

4 WE ALL AGE

Over the last handful of weeks I've been pulled by the persistent statement

We all age

We're all corroding

And ignoring it does not make us safe

It's best to notice the subtleties in the facial expressions

To lay on the floor next to the cat and dog

Climb through vines with them until they are ashes in a box

Be judged by people who have no business judging

It's better not to fight it

5 MOTH IN THE FLAME

**There's something to sitting around the fire upstate
talking about Queens just to be walking through it the
next day**

**To be on a colonial lawn in a back neighborhood of Kew
Gardens, and five minutes later above the heavy subway**

**You'll never feel as small and appreciative of the minor
notions of peace than you do in New York City**

**You'll realize how your youth built the fabric of your soul
And dictated the things that make you feel safe**

**I've always admired the foliage on 167th street
And now that I am approaching the final line
I've realized I was on guard the whole time**

6 A HORSE WITH NO NAME

Sitting in an empty room at the top of St. John's Hall

The fog has taken over Belson and it muddles the
towering lights
It makes their glow all the more peaceful

The trees sway in one moment and hang limp in the next

I told myself at the beginning of college to take the great
gamble
To prepare for the future

That talk led to the nights in Donovan
And those nights led to more nights in Century

And then Queens Village and Hillcrest
Hierarchical brick to living under the surface

I used to think when I was younger that one could simply
go to college and become the person they wanted to be

Because inside there is the person you are
And outside the one you act
Its painful when they do not align

And the longer they differ the harder it is the shake the
fake one - the one you act

And for many there is so much pretending that the lines
blur
And the two selves will never be differentiated again

7 STOOD ON SEVEN TRAINS

**Street corners and falling greens have met the quieting
of campus**

**That day we stood on seven trains felt as if it was the
start of summer**

A true transition

I laid awake dreaming of an old house down a long road

Between groves of hickory

And sweet smelling pine and corn fields

It's 3:30 and not even the birds are stirring

In a cold sweat and I might be up for morning

I think I've wasted the calm the world gave me

8 WE WERE MEANT TO HAVE SEASONS

**Driving around touring Florida houses
I knew it wasn't right before I could know it wasn't right**

**It was all in the face of my mother
We were meant to have seasons**

**Meant to find warmth during 4pm nights in January
Meant to honor the glow of Autumn**

**Recent conversations have unearthed patchwork
memories
Three more years of ignorance and they would've ceased
to exist**

**Displaced pines and a neighborhood gathering spot
We would've made the most of it but it certainly wasn't us**

9 HEADS DOWN ON 168TH

Queens nights, as quiet as ever

Deep purples and a lone biker

TV Flashes through yellow windows

Street lamps through new greens

It's late and I'm heading down 167th

I've learned to cover this ground quickly

Regardless of the ghosts in the driveways

My head is down and I'm on 168th

There's moonlight on the window sills

Everything is quiet when the ghost train howls

10 HILLSIDE WISHES

A quiet soul
He took the subway home
And read in candlelight even after the longest of days

It's nice to dream of other worlds
In the middle of a city nothing like them
Because they've always felt close

11 THE SHADOWS OF SLATTERY

The shadows of Slattery

**Are they any different from patches of land on the dark
side of the mountain
The ones that have not been touched by man for many
many years**

**I've just been chasing meaning
Through the viewfinder I've been chasing meaning**

**Sometimes it's simple as if it's always been right there for
me**

**The day we all walked was full of mixed emotions
A lightness in the air and a crushing expectation**

**Much like the shadows of Slattery
Or the ones at Cathedral**

**It's always been ego under the guise of care
Dead flowers influencing red flowers**