

4 BACKBONES OF SPRING

1 LATE LIGHT

2 FOLIAGE

3 BIRD ACTIVITY

4 TEMPERATURE



APRIL POEMS
BRENDAN GEDDES
2025

"WHITE FLOWERS AND RAIN"

QUEENS NEW YORK

1 EASTER

I might leave as quickly as I came

Back to neighborhoods upstate
Gentle spring afternoons
Of light blues and lavender

The spinning of the world is paused

It's a Sunday but there isn't a soul moving

It's Easter and the family is here
Last Easter I was doing it for others but this time its for me

And the eyes of myself 10 years ago stared far deeper than my eyes do today

2 WAITING FOR THE BLOOM

I'm waiting for the bloom
For one last time in Queens

The week that's filled with pink
And a sore throat
But one that doesn't scare me

The sun is aggressive
The pollen is a thick dust

I'll be waiting with my film and my fears

2
For one last time in Queens
I'll be here for the turn

When things become forgiving
And sunsets melt on union
Just a little after 8

The faces of my friends have aged
They'll laugh on the back porch

As I watch our paths diverge
For the fourth and final time

3 APRIL IN THE EAST OF QUEENS

Gray evenings and buses stacked on Union
The neon of the Q46 is consistent
I never cared to know the north side until it was too late
And I was always told that the further south you went the more dangerous it was
It was probably true but I still never went north
To the streets with the pink and yellow flowers
Those streets were more my speed

Blue afternoons at Jack Kaiser
The yellows of the Q30 over the bullpens
I've seen friends enter and leave my life
All from seats in the bleachers
Where the wind is harsh
I'll only stay for 3 innings in
But it'll always be the beautiful game

Purple nights in Tribeca
In the long tunnel between the world trade and Chambers
Under the awning at Morgan's
When I had no place in Queens
I'll always have a corner to sleep there
I did when I needed it most

4 MOM, DAD, AND JACKSON

My mom introduced me to coffee shops and New Yorkers
What it's like to be twelve miles into a run with heavy legs
I can still feel fall weekends in the Adirondacks thanks to her

My dad showed me the beauty of west coast baseball on the radio at night
John Miller's voice cutting quiet air
In the late hours when my own words are absent
And it's no longer worth confronting the problems of the day

My brother taught me what it means to have a competitive edge
Why it's right to root for underdogs
What unwavering support will do
When the hopes of so many are on the back of one player

5 WALKS IN HOMELAND BEFORE THE WEATHER TURNS

Memories hang heavy in my heart
From even the most mundane of days

I find them in the faces of people I barely know
Especially as we pass in the neighborhoods I rarely walk

The ones that lay right by my home
Or across the country

Golden St Petersburg
Or the streets of Homeland

And I do feel like a different person than I was all those years ago
In middle and high

But watching days fade away
I'll always have in common

6 GRAND CENTRAL NORTH

There's something poetic about a commute

It puts you in the center of the city in the morning
And on the back porch hugging the woods at night

The sound of drum sticks on buckets
Traded for crickets and the occasional sputtering engine three roads away

It turns your day into an unknowing comparison of the crammed urban landscape
and the sprawling hills

The rush of lunch hour with hundreds walking in patterns on gridded streets
Only to be followed by grill smoke and baseball on the radio

And it'll wear even the strongest down

Long faces and long stares up the Hudson
Or out to the reaches of the island

But it's best to let it grasp you
Because this is what we do with our lives

7 ON GREEN QUEENS MORNINGS

On green Queens mornings

I'll sit in Mason's room studying the shadows

The spring sun is so much louder
It falls lightly all over the backs of leaves and flowers just born

We're in the final weeks now
It's probably best to slow things down

To take the mornings one by one
To remember what it felt like three springs ago

And to think that a year ago it was spring Spanish and the nights by the
smoky fire
God damn does it go fast

And I've seen my friends change and leave and age and develop dreams and
abandon them for new dreams

There's a lot of denial packed in these streets
And a lot in the space between my ears
But it's better to have too much than too little

8 SAVE THE ANIMALS

I found myself on the above ground trains around the city
Astoria-Ditmars Boulevard or Smith and 9th Streets

The signs glowed and hung above the colored seats of the Bronx trains
And the clouds looked painted while floating above the downtown skyline

Riding them broke up the spring weekdays
When the stations weren't busy
And the winds shifted and died in my hands

Because it felt as if everyone was moving along with their lives around me
Under the white flowers and rain

And I was staying up late
Packed in a room and talking about the levels of the minor leagues and the
days in which we met

Conversations that closed with summer plans
Of late night diners and sun baked fields
And the ways we could best split a triangle on the map

SAN FRANCISCO AND SANTA ROSA
CALIFORNIA

1 QUIET NIGHTS IN SAN FRANCISCO

Quiet nights in San Francisco

It's as if the life has been stripped and the stars can only quietly watch
from miles above the city

Because they've been joined by the hopes and dreams of all of those who
now bow to a substance

And it's tragic because street corners you used to know will never be
the same

A neon glow now ominous
Above barred windows
And under dark apartments

Amongst the silent chaos
A cable car slides by
As if it were floating
And the contrast is almost too much to mention

2 SILVEIRA RANCHES

Silveira Ranches,
and the sun and the fog

Cows peppering the hills turns to heels kicking up dirt under the canopy of
the redwoods

On paths of brown
Over sailboats in the cove
Counting picnic tables below

It's already the fourth night and I'm starting to become quick to say it
might not be enough

Because time moves slower over here

The corridors go forever
The cable cars rattle
Past restaurants and pastel houses

The roads are windier
The people cheerier
The beaches lonelier

With a sad complexion I've been counting the trees

The ones peppered amongst the beige
Under the baby blues and the falling sun
After a day of clouds

3 OVER OFF SAN ANTONIO AVE

It's a long land

Roses climb the grated fences
They bloom earlier here

Connected by highway 1
Battered trucks carrying dead limbs

The clouds subside around noon

The morning is the coldest winter,
afternoon the bluest summer,
and dusk a pot of color

But that's what they say of the Bay Area

A land Where you drive 10 miles to the shadowy Redwoods
10 more to the golden fields of grapes
Another 10 puts you on dusty cliffs that mimic Ireland
The final 10 around a table in an honest neighborhood

The type that continues to churn and churn
And gives you another place to shed a fraction of your mind

4 NOBODY THINKS IT WILL BE THEM UNTIL ITS THEM

Flying into San Francisco,
the fullest moon bleeding light above the clouds,
listening to Lincolnshire,
so scared of what's to come,
doing what I can to feel whole

Legs burning up the hills,
sun beating down my back,
the morning fog has subsided,
and with it it's troubles,
it's just another day

Spending time on that island,
two beautiful people,
I know the moon always shines there,
so I don't have to worry,
I hope a part of my soul roams those halls