

BRENDAN GEDDES

“TAKE THE GREAT GAMBLE. PREPARE FOR
THE FUTURE”



JULY

POEMS

1 - JULY 1
“FIVE YEARS AGO”

I'm tired because I'm still spinning the same
wheels I was five years ago

I don't know if it's the action that tires me or
the weight of the world around me

I can point and say I don't want it to be that
way

It'll only reveal that I think there's a chance

2 - JULY 2
"YOUR OWN IDOL"

The way the clouds hang
You know you'd be your own idol

It's important to remind yourself that you
would be your own idol

Nights running late during a hinge point of
life
When different worlds were there for you

Small villages - only accessible by the dirt
road
Laying just for you

San Antonio Ave
California faces and California fears

3 - JULY 2
“IN THE MIDST OF IT”

I was caught up in the midst of it
Sitting on rocks scouting possible ways out
Distracting myself with whatever I could
Finding comfort in the idea that maybe the
end would be freeing

My consciousness would move on
I'd be allowed to move through time periods
See my parents when they were young
Their routines and triumphs and sorrows
Their pockets of comfort

I'd go young but maybe it wasn't all bad
I'd lay my example softly

4 - JULY 4
"WAS THERE A SPINE"

There's no alone like holiday alone
There's no together like holiday together

Society wants what it wants
No matter how unjust

I've always wondered whether it's the places
that carry energy or if it's the people
amongst them
What do we feel when a place lays dormant

I've spoke of this before

Do I carry every corner I've touched with me
Or do they lay behind me

Was there a spine to Queens or the Hudson

5 - JULY 7
"QUIET EARS"

It's not as if it was bad before but it's better
now

I've been wishing away the days
Trying to recall the faces seen in dreams

Looking back at past photos and thinking
Thank god I did that

I'll never be able to explain how I can feel
whole absent of the things they tell me are
fulfilling

Giving advice on a life not lived
Opinions just fall on quiet ears

6 - JULY 12

“ALONE AFTER A DAY OF FACES”

The world turns and it turns

And the goal will always be to feel emotions
that we've never felt before

The days age

And the question will always be of whether
we got what we deserved from life

Driving through dusk shadow
Fighting the waters
Letting the cold overtake you

Allowing for complacency
Fighting the waters
Moving frustrations from one area to the next

I walked down a long hallway next to my
father and thought - this is what life is

You're only young until you're not young
anymore

7 - JULY 15
"ROMY GONZALEZ"

You owe it to the world to communicate the way
in which you see things
You owe it to the world to get close to the axis
You owe it to yourself to contribute
You owe it to yourself to be honest about your
thoughts

They'll quietly numb you as you age
They'll treat everything as competition
They'll judge when they say they aren't judging

8 - JULY 23

“IM BIKING DOWN HILL AND IT SOUND LIKE
A FISHING ROD”

I can't help but think we feel nostalgia for
times we haven't yet had

That it's in winter when we wear a disguise
and summer when we're on display

I had a last conversation with a friend that I
won't see again for a year
Just a pocket of an usually cool July night

Opening up the caliphate or existentialism

It's easier when the others are away
Only some of us have layers

It isn't a problem but it is a necessary wall
to break down
A judgement that simply must happen

All of this was what chased a flight black
from Florida
When I did everything to quiet my mind

Everything to fight the feeling of being
ground down or boxed in

I guess the chase has always been
authenticity
I've been committed to that
It's possible I just needed a reminder

9 - JULY 23

"BOSTON TO DOWN THE COAST"

Summer nights in the corridors
Under thunderstorms miles away

You can be safe in the reaches of the night
Laying in bed there is no one to judge you

Storms hit harder in the country
They are beautiful in the city

Illuminating the buildings and the trees
which hang above the street cars

Storms hit harder on the barriers
Creating quiet neighborhoods

Memories will flood through
As if they were cold water across the face

Or moonlight on the window sill
Violent dreams to break up deep air mattress
sleep

10 - JULY 29
“ENGLAND”

We don't have much time in these parts

No more in the shadows of the dark city
Where a street lamp sits covered in fog

No more on the long driveway
Off the main road and over three hills
Nudged between colored leaves and a
blankly gray sky

No more with the mists of the cliffs

We all have motivations
How will you judge me when you haven't seen
mine

We all have fears
You've seen a fraction
How will you draw conclusions

If you'd asked me 8 years ago, I'd died 5
times by this date

If you'd asked me 15, I'm my own hero

If you'd asked me a day ago, I'm doing okay