



A U G U S T   P O E M S

B R E N D A N   G E D D E S

“I’ve been ground down over and over  
again”

1 C O L D W A T E R

8 / 1 / 2 5

I'm sitting on broadway trying to figure out what I  
should do with my life

I have memories tied together through films playing  
before me

I have medicine in my shirt pocket

I grasp at anything that I think can save me from my  
already dying body

Cold water three times a day and more herbs than I  
know how to name

I'm growing out my beard in protest of something  
I just don't know what

I'm flipping my routes and doing them during the  
middle of the day

Tuesday afternoons are when the world is most quiet

There are events are unfolding all around me

Positions I never thought I'd reach as a child now seem  
so real

2 IT'S COOL TO HAVE INTERESTS

8 / 1 / 25

Days on the New York City subway  
Keeping my eyes down  
Smelling smoke and looking up to a homeless man with  
a joint in his mouth

Freezing nights on Queens busses  
On the opposite side of the year from July  
Where ice hangs from the wires

Winter's 8pm is later than Summer's 1am

I've come to learn that it's easy to listen when when  
your own brain tells you that something isn't for you

I've been ground down before  
But it's cool to have interests  
And not cool to be boxed in

I've been ground down over and over again  
But I've committed to my interests  
And I've climbed out of my box

3 RAIN NOISES WHEN IT'S ACTUALLY  
RAINING

8 / 3 / 25

Looking at myself and asking - why are you so bitter

Making promises that I'll treat my father better  
I don't deserve a man like him

Sitting next to the religious section watching Cole  
Young highlights  
After him I'll fixate on another

Once I have them in hand they mean nothing  
That's my ability to appreciate something for what it is  
Or my plight against all that is boring to me

Listening to rain noises when it's actually raining

4 ONE POEM WORTH ONE YEAR OF WORK

8 / 5 / 25

Watching Tarik Skubal pitch to stone in motion  
I have to acknowledge that this might be the best I'll  
ever see

Getting sent in with the late wave  
I guess that's what I get for keeping my mouth shut

I couldn't come through when it mattered  
I guess the nerves were just too much

And I'll be judged for it  
But one poem is worth one year of work

One scroll of photos  
Worth one year of work

If I forced it's explanation it would defeat it's purpose

## 5 S P O N G E B O B

8 / 6 / 25

A 5 iron into the stiff wind with water to carry  
Thank god for muses who grew up with the inspiration  
of Rory Mcilroy

If you're a golfer you can't be a poet and if you're a  
poet you can't be a golfer  
It's hard to be impressive across communities

It's not shameful to bring beauty to scenes that others  
are afraid to bring beauty to  
Whether it's words or a lens or an attitude

Through the seasons the world cries for your  
interaction  
It's up to you if you want to respond

6 CRASH TEST DUMMIES

8 / 6 / 25

I've been beat and battered by summer days

Laying in the moonlight that pours across my sheets

The same light that hits my heart in Virginia or  
Florida or California

The same heart that exists scattered across a canvas

Painted by the messiest of painters

7 B O C A C I E G A

8 / 1 0 / 2 5

There was an absent of judgement in your eyes the first time I saw them

You saw in me then what I think I am now

Sitting by the fire, Jon Miller's voice mixing with trails of smoke

Chasing ghosts and welcoming the layers of fall early

Being careful not to dismiss the crickets

Stress is eased with certain sayings  
If it's something you really want you'll commit

You either make it what you do or you pretend  
If I'm not living it and breathing it I don't want it

9 DOES ART DETERIORATE THE FURTHER  
THE ARTIST GETS FROM THE COMMON  
MAN

8 / 13 / 25

There were fires burning in barrels in my mind that I  
was trying to put out

There was nectarine skin between my teeth  
How's that for the slow second half of summer

My runner's high was back on the corner of river and  
rake  
It felt as if it had never left

Doing something different every day was the only way I  
could ensure I wasn't doing the same thing every day

Did I lay a stake in the ground with my first photo  
Or was it necessary to repeat myself each time I went

8 IT SMELLS LIKE RAIN

8 / 20 / 25

It smells like rain

As I sit when my grandpa shows me an old Olympus he  
thinks I'd like

Or when my grandma from the other side hands me a  
German Marquez card I left at Christmas

I've been sleeping poorly and I don't know why  
It's probably the humidity of the south which clangs  
loudly all throughout the night

I can tell a lot about a person if they can correctly tell  
me that Virginia is further south than florida  
The only test failed is latitude

I can see the fear in the eyes of my father even when  
he tries to hide it from me  
I carry eyes that were made from him and it's his  
greatest triumph and curse

I don't feel fearful when I stumble across my grandpa's  
gun

And I just know it would be reckless abandon at the  
hint of an intruder

I told Jackson he should probably stay covered  
Things have a way of hiding themselves in the night

I do feel fear when my grandma falls or forgets the  
small things

But I would always prefer more time in exchange for  
clearer pain

I'm lucky we got this far