Poetry Series

Dan Brown

- poems -

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Dan Brown (20.02.1988)

I do not ask for much - simply your time and respect for my work.

Much of this poetry has been born out of a torrid marriage between people's cruel natures and my own ever-changing perspectives.

You are welcome to want, weep, joke and judge with it, but do understand that it is my mind and my heart you read.

I admit myself that it is an inconsistent portfolio; that there are weak pieces. But then, I never have claimed to be a genius.

I am but another teenager, bathing in angst, confusion and much self-hatred. I am... Just me.

99.9%

Your mind thinks as it should,
And your mouth says as it should.
The words are right, your eyes are bright,
And there’s a smile across your face.
But your heart is absent; in a different place.

Dan Brown

A

A is for ache, the ache of my heart.
A is for absurd, which we were from the start.
A is for apologetic, I am I swear.
A is for affection, that will always be there.
A is for alone, which we are now we've split.
A is for absent, that light in my heart that once was lit.

Dan Brown

A Boyfriend’s Rosebud

Your beauty is understated.
Your meaning is overrated.
But every time I receive you.,
I’m wonderfully elated.

Dan Brown

A Bus Ride From Hell

I sit at the back, as I always do.
Don’t want to be conspicuous.
Or asked to give up my seat.

Dan Brown

A Common Goal

The scores of people on every
side, cheer their team on.
The only event where both sides are
United
in, not only uniform,
But their
Goal.
Their shared desire to
Win.
To be physically, and tactically,
Superior.
On the battlefield, the Generals lead their
Troops
with admirable conduct.
Their only weapons, the skills the have learnt.
Shots rifle from every angle, and
people are injured left, right, and centre.
Still the surrounding supporters
Argue.
Jeer.
And mock.
We're trying to win and we're
Fighting the clock.

Dan Brown

A Dignified Burial

When I
Die, I
want to be buried in a
margarine tub.
If its good enough for my
hamster. Then its good enough for
Me.

Dan Brown

A Leaf-al Addiction

There once was a man from Leeds
who ate nothing but sunflower seeds.
So many he ate,
he was eight feet eight,
and that’s how his tombstone reads.

Dan Brown

A Message

This is a message to say
I still cry every day.
I think of you,
What we went through.
I'm glad I couldn't stay.

If you play with fire, you will get burnt.
You played with fire, I hope you've learnt.

This is a message to tell you
That I am hurting too.
I'm barely sane,
I feel the pain.
But I'm still getting through.

If you play with fire, you will get burnt.
You played with fire, I hope you've learnt.

This is a message to say
I'm finally out your way.
You didn't want me
We could never agree.
But now, you see, you pay.

This is my message, please don't cry,
This is my message saying goodbye.

Dan Brown

A Note On Suicide

It isn’t brave, and it isn’t clever,
to inflict pain on other people forever.
Life isn’t all about you.
Your life isn’t all about you.
That rope hangs your family too,
and those pills kill your friends.
The pain, hurt and upset
doesn’t stop when your life ends.
So please don’t do it.
Please just take a moment to think.
People will die with you
when you drink that deadly drink.
Don’t tell me I don’t understand.
Twice I tried and twice I bailed.
Twice I tried and twice I failed.
Don’t tell me I don’t understand.
I came through, and so can you.
Let that light at the end of the tunnel be a fresh start.
Don‘t let it be the glint of the blade that enters your heart.
Think about how many have died.
Think about how many have sat and cried.
Think again about your selfish suicide.

Dan Brown

A Take On Love

A take on love is quite unique,
It rests on one person, and what they seek.
Whatever they put into love, they shall get out,
Does anyone really know what love is about?
Fantastic sex, smouldering glances?
Closeness, intimacy, sensual dances?
Maybe its warmth or whirlwind romances?
I don't think anyone knows, we just take our chances.
Love, to me, is a wave of emotion,
Yet the concept of 'love', just a dropp in the ocean.
There's more to love than the immediate feeling,
What about the thoughts and their complexity you're concealing?
In it's nicest form it washes over you,
You feel whole, complete and true.
You drown in happiness and utter joy,
But in the grand scheme of love you're just a toy.

What of it's wilder sides, the sides it hides?
When the waves turn savage, a change in tides.
It whips and churns, batters your defences,
Tosses, capsizes, tries to swallow your senses.
You're lost, alone, angry and dazed,
You long, once again, for those eyes that gazed
Into yours so longingly, you wanted them not,
But lost at sea, what choice have you got?
The evil currents of confusion try to pull you under,
The wicked clouds of despair rumble above like thunder.
They're waiting to get you, to drag you down,
You may once have been King, but now they want your crown.

Love is not just about being attracted
To someone. Take into account the being distracted
By deeper thoughts, and further ideas,
By other people, and utmost fears.
Love is life's most difficult game,
It's raging force so hard to tame.
So fickle it is, you often lose,
Love rules you, you do not choose.

Dan Brown

A Tale Of Two Christmasses

I’m excited; he doesn’t care.
I’m involved; and he’s not there.
I’m baking with Mum; he’s slouched in bed.
I’m dancing care-free; he’s laid like lead.
I’m in my pyjamas; he’s dressing smart.
I’m waiting for Santa; him for his tart.

I’m kissing Mum; he’s out the door.
I’m asleep; he’s on the dance-floor.
I’m snoring subtly; he’s rolling drunk.
I’m sailing softly; whilst he is sunk.
I’m warm in bed; whilst he is sweating bad.
I’m content; this is the worst night he’s had.

I’m alone; he’s centre of hugs
I’m on the toilet; he’s on drugs.
I’m waking up; he’s busy with sluts.
I’m racing downstairs; he’s retching his guts.
I’m opening gifts; he’s home out the gloom.
I’m rushing to him; he’s off to his room.

I’m celebrating Christmas, the only way I know.
He’s slowly killing it, by snorting all the snow.

Dan Brown

A Thought

We must be so careful of what we say these days.
But I was thinking the other day, which, I know, is un-PC,
And I thought ‘Why must we
be so politically correct,
when politics themselves aren’t? ’

Dan Brown

Aa, Bb, Cc

I decided, the other day, to join the AA.
I heard they do roadside
Assistance. Now that’s quite handy.
Because I often end up in a
Ditch after a few drinks.

Dan Brown

Abandoned

All hope is abandoned.
All ideas are abandoned.
Tears fall, completely abandoned.
A derelict building, completely abandoned.
Efforts of rescue, soon abandoned.
You. Just abandoned.

Dan Brown

Absolute Truth

Gorgeous and short;
who'd have thought
you'd still be here now.

It goes so fast;
a cannon blast -
without a thought to how.

A glittering jewel
for a wittering fool,
Yet a love to win all wars.

Cliché it seems,
But in all my dreams
I'm forever and only yours.

Dan Brown

All I Know Is I Hate It

If this is a game of hide and seek,
I'm over here.
If this is a fairground ride,
I want to get off.
If this is a horror movie,
I'm struck with fear.
If this is a play,
I want my money back.
If this is a TV program,
I'm turning over.
If this is a punishment,
I'd have preferred a smack.
If this is a nightmare,
I want it to stop.
If this is a game,
I don't want to play.
If this is a bubble,
I want it to pop.
If this is a story,
I'm turning the page.
If this is a fight,
I'm turning away.
If this is a kidnap,
I'm trapped in the cage.
If this is a silly attempt to upset me,
Take a bow.
If this is a life,
End it now.

Dan Brown

Alone

My friends.
Where are you?
I want you.

I need you.

I want to say
Something.

When you ask what’s wrong, I say
Nothing.

When you turn away, I whisper
Everything.

Dan Brown

Am I Ever Going To Be Better Mummy?

It hurts inside Mummy.
But I don’t know where.
I think it hurts all over Mummy.
Even in my hair.

The ogres of my life eat me
from the inside out. Devouring me and
tearing me apart.
I don’t know how they expect to heal this heart.

Why do I feel so sad Mummy?
So sad and tired and upset?
Why aren’t you making me better Mummy?
Don’t you know what’s wrong yet?

My heart shrieks in pain, as the thunder
rumbling in my mind threatens to
rip it to shreds.
The power controlling me, only more fed.

Am I going to die Mummy?
Am I going to the sky to be tall?
Am I ever going to be better Mummy?
Ever, ever at all?

Dan Brown

America

America, oh America!
The greatest land of all.
Little did you know what was coming,
to try and make you fall.

Heartless were those people,
who hijacked all those planes.
Flown into government buildings,
causing all that pain.

Tall and strong they stood,
like a symbol of the Free.
Making proud the neighbourhood,
for all the World to see.

The day that shook the World,
shall be respected by us all.
Remembered shall be all those people,
who died within those walls

The pain in our hearts,
Is far too hard to bear.
Sorrow for all those people,
crying for help out there.

America, oh America!
The greatest Land of all.
Little did you know what was coming,
to try and make you fall.

Written 12th September 2001.
Re-discovered 24th September 2007 in an old exercise book.

Dan Brown

An Awkward Coming Together

I see him as I walk in.
I see him looking at me.
He sees me looking at him, too.
He looks away instantly, and so do I.
Out the corner of my eye, I see him glancing at me.
He sees me looking again, and turns away, as do I.
I think we're both embarrassed.
I noticed he was pretty cute, though.
I stand with my back to him, composing myself.
I turn round, and he's stood ahead of me.
Looking at me,
like I'm looking at him.
I forget myself, and just lose myself in his big, blue eyes.
Big, blue eyes that hold me captivated,
and guide me through the gateway to his soul.
They reflect every emotion I knew existed.
Hurt, hatred, love and compassion.
Happiness, loneliness, pain and depression.
As a glimmer of an attraction shines,
I find myself smiling. He smiles with me.
Wow, that's a killer smile.
I stand in front of him, openly staring,
and feeding the fire rumbling in me
with his gorgeous features.
My heart was racing,
but it couldn't keep up with my thoughts.
Ideas and questions rushed haphazardly through my head
How do I tell him I like him?
Will he believe me?
I took one deep breath,
and spoke.
"Dan, pull yourself together, you look amazing, and there is nothing to be shy and self-conscious about. Get out there and knock 'em dead! "

Dan Brown

An Expensive Mistake

Er… Hello darling,
This isn’t how it looks.
I swear I just got lucky,
he usually double-books!

You weren’t meant to find us,
that is to say.. er.. you’re hallucinating.
Er..1..2..3.. you’re under and
er.. you didn’t see us mating.

Darling, can’t I say I’m sorry?
Before you throw that plate?
Whoa, hey, steady on there!
Ok, so its too late!

Please don’t leave me, pumpkin.
I swear it won’t happen again.
You’ll never, ever catch me
doing it with other men.

Please don’t take the kids dear,
I love them both to bits.
I’ll do all I can to prove I’m straight,
I’ll even kiss your tits! ? !

Have a heart and leave me something, bunnykins?
Can I keep my crate of booze?
At least give me an icepack, darling,
to ease this aching bruise.

Please don’t go like this love,
don’t leave our relationship so sour.
Actually, could we discuss this another time, my sweet?
Just he’s charging me by the hour

Dan Brown

Animals In The Road - Slow

Flashing signs,
Warning me,
Of animals in the road
- Slow.
As I crawl along,
At a snail’s pace,
In the inside lane,
I understand the sign.
A fox,
A deer,
And a badger,
All litter the hard shoulder.
Animals in the road
- Slow.
Remains of
Rabbits,
And what I believe
To be a pheasant,
Merged with the
Middle lane
On my left.
Animals in the road
- Slow.
These animals in the road were too
- Slow.
Or maybe,
You animals in the road
Didn’t.

Dan Brown

Apart-heid

We are divided, not by colour, but by love.
Bound by thrashing heartstrings to one another,
against our will, but on Nature's command.
We are divided, not by our skin, but by loyalty.
One, fighting selfishly for their own survival,
the other bleeding selflessly for the cause.
It hurts, being a spectator to your play.
And it'll come back, to hurt you one day.
It hurts, knowing you are not the victim in any of this,
no matter how hard you try to convince me you are.
And as I struggle to be free of this goldfish bowl,
I realise, coldly, that the journey is just too far.

On opposite sides of the fence we stand,
staring the other down, with trophy in hand.
We have been disconnected, isolated, and segregated.
Any concepts of equality are now wholly dilapidated.
For here you are; crying, pathetic, demanding.
Giving your all for the crowd, now standing.
And here I am; forgotten, misunderstood, and burdened with blame.
Wild emotions becoming harder to tame.
We've been carried to Africa on a teary tide,
with Love itself, close to suicide.
Our personal re-building of apartheid.

Dan Brown

Awash With A Million Kisses

I’m awash with a million kisses,
as we tumble into bed.
The most special of them all, though,
is the one you plant on my forehead.

That seed of sexual tension
will grow into a mature oak.
We both knew what we wanted
before either of us spoke.

I float upon your ocean
of undying adoration.
Three words of ‘I Love You’,
all I need as confirmation.

I ride the swelling waves
of your intense infatuation.
The feeling of being with you,
sheer, unbridled elation.

As we lie together, I realise
you’ve made true all my wishes.
I can’t believe you’re here, and mine,
I’m awash with a million kisses.

Dan Brown

Aye, Cancer

The word makes such an ugly sound
and doesn't leave many choices.
So as the family gathered round,
and breathed its name in hushed voices,
I repeated, 'Aye, cancer.'

The treatment really took its toll,
but the family stayed by my bed.
I would not let it kill my soul,
So my answer, when Doctors said
could I beat it? 'I can, Sir.'

Dan Brown

B

B is for bullies that pick on me.
B is for bruises that no-one can see.
B is for belief, I will get through.
B is for better, better than you.
B is for brains, I have some and you don’t.
B is for beating, break me you won’t.

Dan Brown

Baby

You lie there
in all your glory.
Looking at me.
You smile at me.
Don’t you know
my heart screams
in anguish,
and confusion,
when I look at you?
I love you eternally.
But I hate you equally.
You’re everything I want.
You’re everything I can’t have.
You’re everything I won’t allow myself.
I want to drown myself in those big, blue eyes
that look up at me so dependently.
Instead, I must drown myself in the pain
that washes over me repeatedly.
You start to cry and
I kiss your forehead.
My single tear meets with your thousands,
and is lost forever as I put you to bed.

Dan Brown

Bad Day

I’m having a bad day already,
and I’ve only just rolled out of bed.
It’s far too late,
the room’s a state,
and my hair looks a rabbit shot dead.

Much worse than this, though,
in fact, ten times as bad.
I’ve lost my shirt,
my backside hurts,
and I don’t know the name of this lad!

Order should restore, though,
when I get back home and write.
Obviously not,
I’ve got writer’s block,
and I can only think of last night!

This really, really upsets me,
for my poetry is my castle.
The words won’t come,
I’m such a bum,
and that lad wasn’t worth the hassle.

Everything I do complete,
I read with utter disdain.
I rip it apart,
go back to the start,
and I still can’t remember his name!

This is, indeed, a very bad day,
can I start it all over again?
I know I can‘t,
But I certainly shan’t
be sleeping with random men.

Dan Brown

Balloons

We were balloons for each other.
Floating together in Life’s Sky.
We were meant for each other.
But you let our love die.

You inflated me.
You filled me
with your love.

You deflated me.
You drained me
of mine.

Dan Brown

Be My Valentine? No. Oh.

So it’s Valentine’s Day soon.
Wow.
Excuse me for not getting over-excited,
but all my 14th of February’s have been blighted
by refusals, rejections and a time when I heard
‘Smelly Sally Sancaster’ fancied me,
and was buying me a gift.
She had that name for a reason.
So I, obviously, avoided her.
And she, obviously, was rather miffed.
These red roses and teddies with hearts on them?
They sicken me.
And all these fools who so willingly buy them,
must surely be a whole lot thicker than me.
If you ask me, it’s shameless exploitation.
It’s the deliberate and malicious degradation
of love between two people.
Mind, there was once a time when I was given a rose
by the most perfect boy alive.
If my memory serves me correctly, though,
I believe I was only five.
In hindsight, I should have said ‘Yes’
to his marriage proposal.
Instead of refusing and eating the ring.
I point this out because it’s my point of view.
Not because I‘m jealous or bitter..
I mean, I could get a Valentine in a blink.
It isn’t sour grapes or anything like that.
Well, I don’t think.

Dan Brown

Bed

Bed holds me.
Bed warms me.
Bed comforts me.
Bed soothes me.
Bed assures me.
Bed loves me.
Bed traps me.
Bed hates me.
Bed hurts me.
Bed soaks up those lonely tears.
Bed soaks up those lonely years.
Bed is where I ease my head.
Bed is where I wish I was dead.
Bed wants me.
Bed needs me.
Bed has me.
Bed is me.

Dan Brown

Before It Comes

Please open your eyes
and take a step back.
Must say your goodbyes
and shuffle the pack.

Please expect the worst,
and we'll understand.
Your bubble has burst
and NOW ain't it grand?

Please think it all through -
consider the sums.
This is all to do
before it comes.

Dan Brown

Being An Old Codger

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
help me to the loo?
Put my underwear on for me,
And cook my dinner too.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Please don’t hate me so.
I’m sorry to be a burden,
But I’ve grown old and slow

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
I don’t mean to be a pain.
I’ve got an itch my hand won’t scratch,
And I need the loo again!

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
I’m sorry to put on you.
But take me to the toilet please,
This time I need a poo!

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Can you pass my zimmer frame?
I like that more than my walking stick,
Though I can hit people all the same.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
I can’t hear what you said.
My hearing aid is broken Mary
And I want to go to bed.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
I need a bath, I smell.
And if my nose is as good as it used to be,
You need one as well!

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Why haven’t you done what I said?
You’re a terrible bloody carer Mary,
I’d be better looked-after dead.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Didn’t care for this man since he’d changed.
So with gritted teeth, but a smile on her face,
She joked, ‘That could be arranged’.

Dan Brown

Being Walked In On

I wish you’d knock on the door,
Rather than walk right in as before.
We were busy committing a sin,
When you happened to walk in,
It’s lucky you didn’t see more!

Dan Brown

Beneath My Pillow

Beneath my pillow lay my fears.
Beneath my pillow lay my teeth.
Beneath my pillow is where I hide
when it is solace that I seek.

Beneath my pillow is a different world.
Beneath my pillow is peace.
Beneath my pillow is where I hide
when the arguments never cease.

Beneath my pillow is dark.
Beneath my pillow is cool.
Beneath my pillow is where I hide
like an incognizant fool.

Beneath my pillow I escape from all my troubles.
Beneath my pillow I'm free.
Beneath my pillow is where I hide
when its darkness I want to see.

Dan Brown

Best Expression

I love your hair;
the way it styles.
I love the fact,
you travel for miles.

I love your smile;
it knocks me out.
I love, just you,
without a doubt.

I love your body;
each perfect part.
I love the fact,
that you have my heart.

I love your mind;
it works with mine.
I love your games,
that have no line.

I love your eyes;
a gorgeous blue.
I love the fact,
I'm allowed right through.

I love your touch;
so gentle and sweet.
I love you;
like the Summer's heat.

I love your bum;
its mine alone.
I love the way,
you sound on the phone.

I love you completely,
for as long as I can.
And I'll love forever,
that you're my man.

Dan Brown

Big Boy Lost, Little Boy Found

A little boy sits in the street,
Six feet tall and size 12 feet.
Six feet tall and size 12 feet,
A little boy sits alone in the heat.

He gets no attention, for no one knew
Just what this poor lost boy was going through.
Just what this poor lost boy was going through,
Was kept a secret, a secret for you.

Unkempt hair, mature chin,
He sits depressed, still as a bin.
He sits depressed, still as a bin,
Ashen-faced and painfully thin.

Who does he belong to, no one knows,
Dirt under his fingernail's, shoes showing his toes.
Dirt under his fingernail's, shoes showing his toes,
No tissue to wipe his streaming nose.

His cheeks look like driveways cleared of snow,
Where tears have forged paths, with nowhere to go.
Where tears have forged paths, with nowhere to go,
This poor lost boy, feeling so low.

Frozen solid yet dripping in sweat,
His wet, swollen eyes are not met.
His wet, swollen eyes are not met,
Like an invisible gargoyle on the kerb he is set.

Shunned…. Excluded…. Thrown away.
Abandoned…. Forgotten…. Every day.

Hurt and anger stung and bit,
As he scrabbled around in the dirt and grit.
As he scrabbled around in the dirt and grit,
The loneliness, betrayal and reality hit.

He holds back his tears, for only children cried,
Now it is time to move and hide.
Now it is time to move and hide,
In life's own court he has been tried.

A grip of hate consumes empty spaces,
It chokes out memories of people and places.
It chokes out memories of people and places,
Strangling images, his heartbeat races.

Finally, finally, he heard a sound,
Pale and desperate, he swung around.
Pale and desperate, he swung around,

This big boy lost, was a little boy found.

Dan Brown

Big, Fat, Dirty Secret

I try to find a mirror.
I want to look at myself.
I need to feel disgusted and repulsed.
I need to remind myself what a fat, ugly, worthless
person I am, and that I don’t deserve happiness.
I can’t find one.
I threw them all out,
because I couldn’t bear to look at myself.
I couldn’t bear to keep feeling disgusted and repulsed.
My son has chocolate.
The only chocolate in the house.
I threw the rest out for my latest diet.
It was a birthday present, though.
What sort of parent would I be?
A fat, ugly, worthless one.
I take up some clean clothes as a cover
for being in his room.
He’s at school but that doesn’t ease my paranoia.
I see it, and the battle of wills disappears.
I need it.
It will comfort me like nothing and no-one else can.
It will make my problems go away.
I grab it and hurry to my room, tearing it open like an eager schoolchild.
As I bite into it, tears flow.
There is no soothing melting on my tongue.
Just, suddenly, a stark realization
of what I’ve done.

Dan Brown

Birthday

It’s my birthday soon.
20th of February.
I add another year to the
endless list of those already passed.
I add more anecdotes and experiences to the
overflowing collection I already have.
I add another pair of socks to the
poor drawer that detests the sight of them.
What’s more, I add myself to the
day that celebrates me.
For even if I don’t care for it all,
it’s polite to pretend that I do.

Dan Brown

Bits Of Something In The Shower

I wonder how it got here.
It must have parasailed.
It must have crashed landed.
It’s parachute must’ve failed.

Two legs by the plughole,
Four legs by the door.
Body twitching over in the corner,
another casualty of war.

Millions of eyes watch me,
as I approach in my Army hat.
I raise today’s paper like a symbolic peace-offering,
then quickly squash him flat.

Dan Brown

Body

Miss your lips against my lips,
Miss your skin ‘gainst my fingertips.
Miss the grinding between our hips.
Miss the intimate getting to grips
With all the curves, lines and dips.
The phrase ‘I love you’, from the tounge it slips.
We go like bullets and magazine clips,
I’d give anything possible to have back your lips.

Dan Brown

Bombs Of Our Nation

We never will forget those
Bombs.
The ones in cars.
The ones in bags.
The ones in the shape
of jumbo jets.
We never will forget those
Bombs.

As you wickedly rejoice in celebration,
and taunt and jeer in jubilation,
your heinous act of discrimination
has served only as the detonation
of all the bombs of all our nation

We never will forget those
Bombs.
You tore apart lives.
You tore apart families.
You tore apart the world.
We never will forget
what you did.

Dan Brown

Boxes With Lids

A toybox; to be opened
and emptied by an excitable child.
A box of biscuits; stale and crumbling
from Granny’s visit last Christmas.

A present; a gift, ready to be unwrapped,
and shortly returned.
Butter; white, and creamy,
melting in the mouth.

A gameshow; contestants in a circle,
opening boxes to cheers.
A coffin; home to something dead,
killed by coldness.

A heart, with lid now sealed;
learning from your plundering.

Dan Brown

Bricks

Brick
by brick
you built,
so quick,
this thing
to keep
me out.
Conceived
with every
tip and
trick, with
spite and
lies as grout.
Not just a
wall, for it
has sides -
too many of
which to
count. All I
know is that
every one is
impossible
to surmount.
I've tried my
all to tunnel
through with
words and
dynamite - a
tragic shame
that you rebuild
quicker than
I can write.
I hope you
remember, when
this note is all
you've got, that
you are the boy who
blocked his own shot.

Dan Brown

Broken

Broken down, like a fallen tree struck
By lightning in a storm, out of luck.
Smashed to bits, blown apart,
Cracked wide open to reveal its heart.

Broken dreams, those hopes of mine,
Those ideas and visions, I planned to shine.
Now they're gone, through deep unrest,
It'll be harder now, to be one of the best

Broken heart, shunned by those
Supposed to love me, they deal cruel blows.
Words can hurt, and theirs hurt more,
From my own parents, they're stinging and sore.

Broken trust, they were meant to care.
Meant to love me, to always be there
For me to talk to, to rely on,
They pushed me away, the trust has gone.

Broken home, didn't think I'd see,
The day destruction came to me.
It won't be an excuse, that's not fair,
But being forced out is hard to bear.

Broken mind, it's hit me hard,
I can't find a single shard
Of glass with which I'd ease my pain.
I lost lots more, than I stood to gain.

Broken man, it's not my fault,
A gaping wound, awaiting salt.
I wonder if, and when it heals,
I'll feel what everyone else feels.

Dan Brown

Burning Bridges

I saw you at the other side.
I listened as you repeatedly lied.
I watched you as you slowly died.
I heard you as you desperately cried.
And in this war-torn land of falling fridges.
Of merry-go-rounds and Atlantic ridges,
You've walked your path,
To face Hell's wrath,
And those flames are burning your bridges.

Dan Brown

Bus-ted

Bus.
Body-battering, glass-shattering, all-clattering,
bone-bashing, teeth-smashing, near-crashing,
mouth-mashing, fear-flashing, tarmac-trashing,
kerb-crushing, road-rushing,
heart-hammering, hands-clamouring,
seat-shuddering, jaw-juddering,
smug-smirking, tear-jerking,
high-rolling, pot-holing,
wildly-swerving, ever-unnerving, self-serving
Bus.

Dan Brown

C

C is for crying which hurts so much.
C is for collapsing, of all I touch.
C is for curling, tight in a ball.
C is for collision, right into a wall.
C is for caution, I will use from now on.
C is for crushed, the trust has all gone.

Dan Brown

Can You Hear Me From Heaven?

It’s your birthday today Mum.
And wherever you are, near or far,
I want you to know that we remember you.
Not just today, but every day,
and we mourn the way
you were taken.
You were snatched cruelly from our lives,
leaving a lonely, empty hole.
Maybe God needed an angel, though.
And it was you he painfully stole.
We all miss you Mum.
Even the boys, who you never met.
We all love you Mum.
And we’ll never, ever forget.

Dan Brown

Carrier Bag In The Wind

I am trapped in the bramble bush,
ripped open by savage thorns,
exposing my dirty innards.
I flap hauntingly in the evening breeze,
singing my own sorrowful song.
I spend a cold night staining the hedgerow,
alone except for it's inquisitive inhabitants,
and have a front row seat, with a panoramic view, for
the spectacular sunrise that morning. The light
and warmth brings little comfort to me as I lay wounded,
praying God will send a gust strong enough
to disentangle me from my barbarian captor.
My spirits are lifted when I am pulled clear by
a forceful breeze, and carried along as a passenger
on it's extensive travels. My pain drifts away as I
float with gaiety over fields, rivers and towns.
I am tossed, turned, twirled and teased by the Hands of
many different winds, but I care not,
for it is better than being alone.
Many miles pass before I am lowered once more,
coming to rest on a streetlight.
The rain follows my descent and drenches me so,
that now I sag, limply, from the great height.
I hang from that precarious position for days,
unwittingly graffiti-ing what looks to be a rather posh street.
My friend the Sun soon dries me through, though, and I
eagerly await my imminent lift.
It arrives elegantly and plucks me into its grasp,
and the familiar feelings of safety and belonging return
as we glide together in the deep blue sky.
My time is coming; another deposit, this time on a gate.
I wonder, this time, how long I'll wait.
It's no life, really, where you wish all day for it to end.
And knowing there is only two ways it can.
I hoped, for a long time, I would head for the sea,
where I could settle and sink anonymously.
The more time that passed, though,
the less I believed it would happen.
Instead, I wished for the end to come quicker;
to be spotted and rescued by a litter picker.
Until then, however, I must continue my sentry duty,
as the countryside's patriotic flag.
If you should see me, billowing proudly,
just remember, I am but a lonely carrier bag.

Dan Brown

Catalyst

A lonely soul, with copper-coloured hair.
A ghostly figure, with skin so fair.
Yet along came you to unfreeze his heart,
and now, a transformation, about to start.

Life lacking energy, life lacking fire,
life lacking substance, devoid of desire.
But along came you, and your box 'o tricks,
and added yourself to the concrete mix.

A simple kiss ignites passion within him,
awakening that dormant volcano of love.
The brush of your touch electrifies the skin beneath your fingertips, sending sparks coursing through him.
Your voice meeting his ears races to his heart and
blows it apart quicker than a petrol trail taking light.

You pour yourself into him, sexual tension bubbling and boiling.
As you writhe wildly together, the chemicals between you kicking into force, you compound every element of eroticism,
and come together, as one, to form your own.
The consequence of the meeting of these two volatile forces is
a loud and powerful explosion.
Faces register relief, exhaustion and a brief comprehension of the reaction that has just taken place inside you both.

You came along, and changed everything in his soul.
You were the part keeping him from being truly whole.
Because of you, he sees what he missed.
You, my baby, were that catalyst.

Dan Brown

Caught In The Moment, Lost In The Headlights

Memories scream at me, talking in
an emotional tongue.
Good memories; bad memories… Which is what?
Some memories are great, but
I don’t
want to remember them.
It reminds me that
I don’t
have them anymore.
How does that happen?
The intensity, the feeling and the emotion.
Of that situation.
I have to let it go?
File it in my vast memory bank?
I got lost in the moment, caught in the headlights;
as I savoured, then lost, such incredible sights.
I’m reliving my memories, and the lights are too bright;
I’m caught in the moment, lost in the headlights.

Dan Brown

Chat

Entering an invisible world;
A chatroom.
A place where identity becomes redundant.
You can be anyone you want to be.
Hopes and dreams are neglected,
and personalities are shattered,
in this transparent school playground.
It subtly merges with your life,
and slowly sucks the soul from within you.
It is a leech.
It is a dark, dark closet which hides
the deepest secrets of so many.
It is an addiction.
It is a danger.

Dan Brown

Child Abuse

Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
His thundering footsteps pound down the hall.

Incy Wincy Spider climbed up the water spout.
Daddy can't find you, he's angry and starts to shout.

Twinkle Twinkle Little Star.
You start to tremble, he isn't far.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard, to fetch her dog a bone.
He's found you, he's beating you, he'll say you're accident-prone.

Little Bo Peep lost all her sheep.
He's hitting you harder, you start to weep.

Hickory Dickory Dock, the mouse ran up the clock.
Your anguished cries are worryingly loud, so he gags you with his sock.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?
His empty bottle deals your skull a forceful striking blow.

Ring 'o' ring 'o' roses, pocket full 'o' posies, atishoo, atishoo, we all fall down.
You're sore, bruised and bleeding as you fall to the ground.

Little Miss Muffet sat on her tuffet, eating her curds and way.
Underwear down and down they stay.

All the King's Horses and all the King's Men,
Can't promise Daddy won't hurt you again.

Dan Brown

Choice

I didn’t choose this.
I didn’t decide this.
I fought it for years,
hoping that ignoring it would make it go away.
It doesn’t.
It just lurks, waiting, until another day.
I didn’t choose this.
It was forced on me against my wishes.
It waited till night fell, and
savagely raped my dreams;
penetrating not just my thoughts and feelings,
but the very heart of me.
A million tears were shed,
with hopes of rescue all but dead,
this isn’t fair, I didn’t choose this.
Why can’t you understand
I
didn’t
choose
this.

Dan Brown

Closets

Closets.
Always dark and frightening.
Illuminated only by ominous lightning.
We all live in closets.

Closets.
Always powerful and so restraining.
Never any idea how much time is remaining.
We all live in closets.

Closets.
Always protecting us, and shielding us from pain.
It does our thinking for us, invalidating our brain.
We all live in closets.

Closets.
Always wonderful things.
They control our thoughts and clip our wings.
We all live in closets.

Closets.
Always so comforting, no one wants to leave.
No one wants to better themselves, no one wants to believe.
We all live in closets.

Closets.
I broke out of mine.
Relocated to Cloud Nine.
You all live in closets.

Dan Brown

Clubbing Blows

Noise.
Such noise.
Lights, and
people, and
noise.
Such noise.
Cramming,
jamming,
can’t keep breathing.
Crushing,
rushing,
gently squeezing
the air from my lungs,
colour from my face.
Running from light,
can’t win this race.
People dancing,
pain lancing
my every single cell.
Temperature rise,
no time for goodbyes,
burning up in this Hell.
Try for the door,
crash to the floor,
no-one sees a thing.
Noise.
Such noise.
From the angels as they sing.

Dan Brown

Cocktails

A mix;
Goodbad, bittersweet,
happysad; a tainted treat.
Vivid, exotic colours
that clash with her top,
disguising the taste of the slop.
A paper umbrella gracing the rim,
sheltering the shit that you bought on a whim.

Dan Brown

Collage

Sunshine and sand and glass and rocks,
All swirl within these walls.
The rows of faces watching clocks,
in paper-machéd halls.

A hundred thousand swivel chairs,
all twirling their own way.
Its very futures doubting theirs,
With nothing left to say.

Memories in a toilet stall
and every other square.
Obstacles over which to fall,
And those who should don’t care.

An institution falling down;
Demolished by its own.
The tainted tint of bawdy brown
Is daubed on every stone.

Dan Brown

Coming Out

Comforting darkness, then sudden light.
The gap between one
and the other, so tight.
Warmth into cold, hanging by a thread.
The hope of survival,
almost dead.
Head and shoulders am I below her now.
She keeps on pushing,
don’t know how.
Defenceless, vulnerable, naked to see.
So long inside,
now I’m free.
The people around us begin to shout.
Here I am,
coming out.

Comforting darkness, then sudden light.
The gap between one
and the other, so tight.
Warmth into cold, hanging by a thread.
The hope of survival,
almost dead.
Head and shoulders am I below her now.
She keeps on pushing,
don’t know how.
Defenceless, vulnerable, naked to see.
So long inside,
now I’m free.
Happening this time by a different pen.
Here I am,
coming out again.

Dan Brown

Concept Of A Prototype Of Me

This big, bad world around me.
And all I have for protection
is my sanity and my words.
I’m losing control over both
at an alarming rate.
I fill up with fear, not hate.
Big, blue eyes look around me.
They see no reason to smile.
Instead, they look into my stomach,
and watch it slowly flooding with bile.
This big, bad world around me.
Scares me.
I don’t want to face it any more.
So I slowly, but surely, start to withdraw.

Dan Brown

Conflict Diamond

There are you are.
Glittering like a star.
Symbolic of purity,
radiating surety,
and beautiful proof
that something so precious
can be born from upset.
You shimmer elegantly
as I wonder how something
so raw and innocent
can be so special.
You may not look much,
but your value is incomparable.
You are worth a million lifetimes,
and should occupy God’s own vault.
You will one day, of that I’m sure.
But for now, you’re my sparkling diamond,
so stunning, honest and pure.

Dan Brown

Confused? You Will Be!

I'm gay, not straight.
but if I were to stray through the gaight,
it'd be bi bi.

Dan Brown

Coward

Little boy lost; caught in between.
Not at all sure of what things mean.
With desperate words and hope he is showered -
He just runs away for he is a coward

Dan Brown

Crocodile

You’re ruthless.
You’re vicious.
You’re foul.
You’re uncaring.
You’re evil.
You’re twisted.
You’re corrupt and
You’re daring.

You lurk in shadows, cold and calculating.
Watching. Waiting. Carefully baiting.

You belong to the Devil, not on this Earth.
To you, it was he who did give birth.

You’re sick.
You’re malicious.
You’re loathsome and vile.
You’re the worst type of crocodile;
that filthy breed of reptilian paedophile.

Dan Brown

Crush

My feelings overwhelm me. Like I'm in a vice being
Crushed. So strong, so real, but I know it is
Lust. Tears fall like ice being
Crushed. I can't escape though I know I
Must. He turns, rejects me, leaves me
Crushed. Puts my heart on the shelf to gather
Dust. I did it again, I tried to push.
I pushed too hard, now I've lost my crush.

Dan Brown

Cynical Thinking In A Toilet Cubicle

Four walls around me.
Closing me down?
Or protecting me?
Four walls around me.
Holding me.
And, as I sit comfortably within them,
I feel disconnected from the World.
I feel in a position where I am able to
Stop,
Step back,
and assess everything going on around me.
My mind processes a million things in the
mere minute it takes for me to settle.
I ponder about my surroundings.
How scruffy and run-down the buildings are,
how multi-cultural the people are,
how swanky these toilets are,
and how cute that boy, who seemed
to be stalking me, was.
I turn my attention to my own life;
try to expand on how it's going, and
where it's going. I decide that I will
cross that bridge, when I come to it.
My thoughts switch, fleetingly,
to the world in general.
To the War, and how many have suffered.
To the state of the country, and how many are still suffering,
and to how I'd feel were global warming to affect my lifetime.
I find it amusing, how so many detailed thoughts
flash through my mind, in split seconds, yet
I consider each issue with equal depth and eagerness.
I suddenly begin to delve into the complexities of
my friends, my family, and myself;
wishing my Mum weren't so volatile,
my friends weren't so transparent,
and that I didn't trust so easily.
The physical pang of hurt connected with these notions
shake me from my reverie, as I realise
I should head back to where I was supposed to be.
I like the way my mind works,
the way I can have almost 3-D thoughts.
I like that I like the way my mind works.
I suppose they call this "thinking outside the box".
The irony is not lost on me,
as I realize that I drew this conclusion
inside one.

Dan Brown

D

D is for devastation, it came the day you left.
D is for the despair of this twisted theft.
D is for destruction, the family stripped bare.
D is for doting, you were there to care.
D is for desolate, as life is now without you.
D is for death, yours came from right out the blue.

Dan Brown

Dad? What Dad?

Here we are
Again.
Standing in the footsteps
in which we both are so comfortable.
Here we are
Again.
Tracking over familiar ground.
We're nose-to-nose,
from opposite sides of the room.
We're worlds apart,
at the same table.
Here we are
Again.
My carefully-chosen words ripping
through your argument, your defences,
and you, like razors through air;
and you. Pathetic. Weak. Powerless.
You have nothing over me.
No control, no power, no authority.
You have nothing from me.
No love, no respect, no obedience.
You have nothing at all.
You know that,
I know that,
we all know that.
And shame keeps you from admitting it.

It is said that the Devil sat by God's side,
before being thrown from grace and banished to Hell.
In your blinded eyes, I am already there,
but my brother, the Devil, still sits in league with you,
who would liken your superiority in this household
to that of God, and manipulates your ignorance.
And while you may continue to insist my claims are
borne of jealousy, pettiness and hatred,
remember others see it too.

So here we are
Again.
You on one side,
Us on another.
These are flames
you just can't smother.
Here we are
Again.
You crying, wanting to run away from it all,
like any 45 year old father would do.
Me trembling with anger, wanting you dead,
like any 18 year old son of yours would.
You thinking raising your fists to me will
instil some sort of fear or submission in me.
Me meeting your glare challengingly

and laughing in your face.
You don’t scare me, I see you for what you really are;
A nobody.
To me, you’re a nobody.
A walking, talking mass in my life
which requires nor receives anything from me.
To me, you’re nothing.
Dad? What Dad?

Dan Brown

Dark

Standing. Bare. Water cascades
down his back, caressing his skin, like
the hand of an invisible lover. He is captured within
frosted glass, naked and
vulnerable. To the moonlight trying to grab at him.
The air is still, broken only by the gentle splashing
of water, as it slides from him and kisses the floor.
Everything is soft, and numb. Peace has swallowed
up the entire picture, the moon is illuminating it
with wispy, white rays. The focus falls on
the shadowy figure in the corner, yet the beauty
lies in him being without attention. There are no
persons sharing the room; no eyes viewing his nude
glory; no clamouring noise to shatter the silence,
so much like glass itself. He steps from
his capsule at the midnight hour.
Into the darkness. Into the calmness and the coolness.
Standing. Bare. Glistening from his shower.

Dan Brown

Deep Blue

Standing. Right on the edge, looking
Out.
You scare me.
Your size, your strength, your mystery.
Like life really.
So full of contradictions.
Like life really.
You're warm, yet cold,
New yet old.
Your tears can batter us, or silently weep,
You're so shallow, and yet so deep.
We never know what hides beneath those
murky waves you protect yourself with.
There's only one way to find out.
But…

I can't swim.

Dan Brown

Defying The English Teacher

The best possible words,
with the best possible meaning,
in the best possible order,
with the best possible structure,
in the best possible way.
That’s what I was once told poetry is.
But I pushed those boundaries,
and wrote in many different ways.
We should do poetry our own way,
no matter what anyone says.

Dan Brown

Destruction Of A Myth

Long gone is the Witching Hour;
the mystery that scared children so.
That sacred hour of midnight
was desecrated long ago.

Long gone is the Tooth Fairy.
Long gone is the truth.
All the children know now
who really takes that tooth.

Long gone is Santa.
Long gone is his legend.
Fewer letters to the North Pole,
do today’s children send.

Long gone is everything expected of a child.
And for those things we grieve.
Each of these things, now just a myth,
that children no longer believe.

Dan Brown

Disabled

I show my affection in ways no one else can,
and my heart is bigger than anyone else you know.
My name is Sam, and I have Downs Syndrome,
but am I disabled any more?

I see how you look at me.
Your eyes voice your pity.
I see how you are towards me,
your wariness speaks volumes.
I see how you talk down to me;
how you're ignorant to how much that hurts me.
Don't you see?
I am not disabled.
I know I am silent but that isn't through choice,
my hands are my talking tools, not my tongue.
I wish for many things, as I look at you,
study you, and laugh at you inside.
I wish you knew me, then you'd see
that I am happy.
I wish you didn't fear me, scared
that you might catch it.
I wish your mind weren't disabled,
so it could recognize this.
I wish your opinions of me
were wholly disabled.
For then you might see
that I am not.

I show my affection in ways no one else can,
and my heart is bigger than anyone else you know.
My name is Sam, and I have Downs Syndrome,
but am I disabled any more?

Dan Brown

Does It Go Away When You Close Your Eyes?

Troubled life leaves troubled mind,
Sleep the only answer I can find.
Sleep brings ignorance, with that comes bliss,
Past caring what you miss.

The truth is, though; it never stops churning,
Images, memories, and feelings burning
inside your head, branding your brain,
Even in sleep you feel the pain.

Laying down, resting your head,
Allows emotions which you thought were dead
to creep up, stalk you through the night
A sheet of darkness in which there is no light.

Betrayal, hurt, anger and sadness,
Entwined with loneliness, shame and madness.
Haunting, taunting, torturing you,
There’s no escape, no matter what you do.

I see in your eyes, you’re hiding tears,
I hear the heart, that no one else hears.
It screams in pain, I hear it weep,
It cries and dies even when you sleep.

Torn apart and driven to despair,
Driven away and no one cares.
Forget apologies, thanks and goodbyes,
It will go away this time when you close your eyes.

Dan Brown

Done

My tongue runs drier than even my eyes;
my aching hands have waved all their goodbyes.
The half-meant best wishes have long been sent -
it's now I collapse, to think where they went.

Even my pen - which expresses so much -
can no longer recite romance and such.
The fountain of feeling that once was strong
was just a trickle of shit all along.

No matter now, for those taps have run dry -
though you may oil them with lie after lie.
This is the setting of the brightest sun,
and with darkness we know we are truly done.

Dan Brown

Don't Fall

A fine spring day, in a park with a lake
and I stumbled across a bud.
It grew from a branch - desperate to break -
that couldn’t provide what it should.

It was a tender young thing – keen to grow,
but requiring a helping hand
to blossom with seeds of its own to sow
across a bright, new golden land.

I added love to the sunshine and rain
and nurtured the seedling with smiles.
Visiting often, I saw others slain
as the seasons played out their styles.

The elements lashed, but the fruit stood strong -
at least until that fateful day;
when the poison within it all along
could no longer be held at bay.

A delicate apple, caught by a gust,
rocking violently on the stem.
Begged not to let go yet thinks ‘I must,
for I’m an apple, not a gem.”

I watch in slow motion the tragic death
of the pome to which I gave birth.
A low, helpless sob is deemed its last breath
as it falls to be one with the earth.

Dan Brown

Dreams

A brutal murder.
A summer sky.
A faceless person.
Watching you die.

A heinous crime.
A field of green.
A terrible deed.
That can’t be seen.

A force of evil.
A flowery lane.
A raging beast.
That you can’t train.

A dark, dim room.
A new-born foal.
Falling, falling.
In a dark, dim hole.

He sees these things, but never screams.
For you force your way into his dreams.

Dan Brown

Driving Instructor

He sits there. Calmly.
Letting me drive is lunacy.
And I told him so.
I've forgotten all he taught me!
But as I drive him unwaveringly into the sea,
He sits there. Calmly.

Dan Brown

E

E is for epitomize, which you do so well.
E is for everything that belongs in Hell.
E is for ecstasy, the feeling that kills.
E is for emulation, a battle of wills.
E is for experiences that you'll never forget.
E is for expectation, but you're not dead yet.

Dan Brown

Empty Boy

Where did the beautiful boy go?
Who robbed him of his soul?
And why can’t I have the chance
to make the beautiful boy whole?

He wears a mask of indifference,
penetrated only by hardened grey eyes.
I want to know where his laughter went,
and why he never cries.

He is a mere shell of a boy,
but the hardest of nuts to crack.
I want to teach him to feel again,
and bring his laughter back.

He never questions and never speaks,
shows little emotion at all.
That beautiful boy, so empty now,
as he cowers behind his wall.

I pray to God, and wish on the stars,
that my beautiful boy returns.
For seeing him so cold and disconnected,
is poker that prods and burns.

Within the armour and stony silence,
there lays a heart needing to thaw.
I’ll hold a candle to that heart,
till it is ice no more.

Dan Brown

Encapsulated

Never before -
through Life’s front door -
has there been more
for me to live for.

Dan Brown

End of The Sellotape

We always lose the end
of the Sellotape. Always.
It is see-through and soulless,
and clingy! Oh! So sticky and wrapping
itself, around
objects, fingers and feelings.
We always lose the end
of the Sellotape. Always.
Not because our fingernails are not
sharp enough to find it.
But because our minds become too
sharp, to want to.

Dan Brown

Erection On A Train

Standing at the platform, and I'm really quite excited.
However, my joy and gaiety is temporarily blighted
by the imminet need for some trouser correction
as I find myself with a painful erection.

Boarding the train is rather precarious,
as I'm sure some would find it hilarious
to see me so, standing proud.
I swear erections should not be allowed.

Finding a seat is risky too,
for as I pass I poke eyes right through.
Sitting down, I turn beet red,
this sort of thing is reserved for bed.

The journey itself is full of pain.
I can't get comfortable and I can see a stain.
There's pain in my balls, I'm sure they're blue,
I make my excuses and head for the loo.

Now I'm here, he lies dormant once more.
After a forceful eruption, right from the core.
Plenty of time now, for amusing reflection.
At the time not so funny, that bastard erection.

Dan Brown

Escalator

I’m looking forwards, yet seem
to be moving backwards.
The future on the hazy horizon edges
away from me, as I glance over my shoulder
to see my backside meet the floor and fall
through it, down to the Pit, to be with the other arses.

Ok, so I fell off the moving stairs again.
My fault for eyeing those men.
The last thing I need is
you laughing.

Dan Brown

Everybody Hurts

I can see you're down, and feeling low.
So come on, tell me. I want to know.
I want to see you happy again,
If your mouth won't work, then use my pen.

I know you're hear, and want to listen,
But you see my tears, how they glisten?
For every eye has a shimmery shining,
Just like each cloud has a silver lining.

My hurt and fear they're buried away,
They're secrets I'll keep till my dying day.
Tied up, gagged and bound,
Locked away, not to be found.

They're hidden in darkness, from eyes that pry,
Buried deep and there they'll lie.
I don't need it all bringing back,
For if I do I know I'll crack.

I'll dive straight back into depression,
There'll be that familiar old repression
Of confidence, warmth and self-reliance
And the strength I'm based on; this defiance.

All memory of pain has been blocked
Behind several doors and all are locked.
My eyes do cry their clear blood,
But emotion lurks in the Reaper's Hood.

So I'll carry on, put on a brave face,
Continue to carry myself with grace.
No one needs see my eyes to the brim
With lonely tears; tears Grim.

Ok then dear, I'll trust what you say,
But just remember when skies are grey
And life looks slightly hilly,
Not to go and do anything silly.

No. I won't.

Dan Brown

Everything

You’re everything I just can’t bear,
And staying together just isn’t fair.
You’re everything I hate; all that I despise,
I don’t see what I should, when I look into your eyes.
We’re at totally opposite ends,
I think we’d be better as friends.
You have nothing that I have got.
I am everything that you’re not.

Dan Brown

Excuse You?

I do beg your pardon,
and excuse me very much,
but I really must tell you
it isn’t wrong as such.

I’ve done it how I wanted,
and I’m happy with it, thanks,
I could do without you lumbering oafs
crushing it like tanks.

I don’t know who you are,
and much less do I care,
your nose isn’t welcome in my business,
so do take it elsewhere.

Criticism I don’t mind,
and I appreciate the odd kind word,
but tearing it apart and starting from scratch?
Well, that’s completely absurd.

I’ll agree it may not be perfect,
but I have my own style.
And its better than anything of yours,
it beats it by a mile!

Dan Brown

F

F is for friends, who are always there.
F is for fun, without a care.
F is for fulfilment, achieving your best
F is for flying, along on that crest.
F is for foe, who will pull you down.
F is for flounder, as you slowly drown.

Dan Brown

Falling From The Windows

10 seconds,
before your breakfast is interrupted
by the fireball from below.
10 seconds,
to make a decision.
The last decision you'll ever make.
Die on your terms.
Or die on Death's.
10 seconds,
to make a decision.
The restaurant explodes,
ejecting people from the room.
People falling from the windows.
Falling from The Windows.
The world outside watches.
Faces shattered, and soaked by the tears
falling from their windows.
10 seconds.
Is now 5.
You make the decision now,
while you're still alive.
It is dignity,
disguised as desperation.
It is grace,
masked as helplessness.
It is freedom,
recognized as foolishness.
10 seconds, again.
The amount of time you are afforded in Nirvana.
The amount of time in which your body, and mind,
are placed in limbo,
before the darkness sets in.
10 seconds.
It isn't much, from up so high.
10 seconds.
In which to realise you're going to die.
10 seconds.
Of just falling through the sky.
10 seconds.
Of watching the world pass by.
10 seconds.
In which you finally know
what its like to fly.

Dan Brown

Fate

It's not very often the things you lose
come back to inspect their specific bruise.
I have never before believed in fate -
I'm pleased you came back before it was too late.

It's not very often you get the chance
to come back together and have that dance,
so now you've returned, please allow me this;
a warm embrace and a lingering kiss.

It's not very often you get to dwell
on the return of things that make all well.
It's been four whole years, though, and here you are;
I'll hold on this time so you won't go far.

Dan Brown

Fearfully Absent Ties He Expected Readily

You’re in my world, but not in my life.
You’re someone I know but wish I didn’t.
You’re oblivious to my true feelings,
for I am obliged to keep them hidden.
I watched you with him at the football match.
It’s an age-old thing you’re supposed to do.
You looked every bit the part,
so convincing, the pair of you.
You think you know me, and you really don’t.
You know what I think of you, and I think you’re ashamed.
I remember learning to ride my bike alone,
and in my eyes, there was only you to be blamed.
You were never what I expected, nor what I ever wanted.
But we only get to pick our friends.
I’ll never have much opinion of you
till that bitter cavern within you mends.
Till you can look me in the eye a man,
instead of a cowardly, pathetic freak,
and till you can prove to me it is forgiveness
and not vengeance that you seek,
I will always and forever loathe you,
you mean very little to me,
I suspect we both are praying
for the day when I am free.

Dan Brown

Fears Of An Involuntary Homosexual

It shouldn’t be this way.
I don’t want to be gay.
I want to be normal.
I want me to like girls.
I want to tell someone this.
I NEED to tell someone this.
But I fear prejudice.
I know nothing about this.
How to act.
How to dress.
How to be.
It isn’t fair.
Why am I different?
Why me?

Dan Brown

Female’s Fault

You do realise it’s all your doing?
All your nagging and baby-cooing?
Your make-up, mascara and lipstick,
your obsession with acting thick
all drive us round the twist.
That night, it was a hormonal, bossy,
tanned and glossy,
control freak that I kissed.
You only talk of bags and shoes,
or your painfully endless baby blues.
It bores us to death,
and we imagine your breath
being slowly choked from you.
Women are wrong,
I’ve said all along,
I mean, you sit down on the loo! !
There’s only room for one women in our lives,
and that’s our dear Mother.
The way you bloody women behave,
it’s no wonder men have turned to each other!

Dan Brown

Finnished

Boy across the water, sits and looks out to sea,
he’s watching the horizon, thinking of me.
Boy across the water, with fine, golden hair,
speaks privately to God, wishing I was there.

Boy across the water, walks lonely along the sands,
pockets play host to lonely, un-held hands.
Boy across the water, with tears on his face,
wishing he was anywhere, but alone in this place.

Boy across the water, curls up in bed, alone.
He lay there forever, for his heart had turned to stone.
Boy across the water, whose fire never diminished,
even though our relationship was well and truly Finnished.

Dan Brown

Firelight

Fire fire burning bright
Fire fire lights the night
Illuminates the star-strewn sky
Whose turn tonight is it to die?
He blazes, glazes, dances and leaps
Like a vivacious wave across all he sweeps.
Like he has an evil mission, a mission to destroy
Everything in his path; objects, humans, girl or boy.
He cares not for he is the Devil's own breath,
Spitting and cackling as he sentences death
Upon all stood in his way, he takes innocent lives,
Stabbing and piercing, a wall of knives.
Murdering his soul is no easy feat,
He protects himself with speed and heat,
As he hisses, crackles, turns to a roar,
His curling fingers grasp at the door.
Burning, churning, his wild tongue licks
Anything it can to get him kicks.
There's no protection, no mercy at all,
As he appears, waltzing down the hall.
He wants to hurt, he wants to kill,
Chasing, racing, his only thrill
Is his only aim, his Master's goal,

And I think its fire burning in my soul.

Dan Brown

Foggy

Empty.
Of people.
Of decoration.
Of life.
But not
Of emotion.
A bitter chill in the air,
Nips my nose and makes it numb.
A lonely wind whips around frantically
looking for it's gust of a Mum.
I walk on a carpet of fallen leaves,
and they flutter around me like Nature's confetti;
celebrating my misery.
I feel for the leaves. They're
Sad.
Alone.
Giving up clinging on.
Letting go and
Falling.
To the ground,
to be walked upon.
Never appreciated for the beauty they held.
The grass is swept by a shimmery shining,
like an Army of spiders have worked all night
To make it presentable for my
Passing.
The reluctant rays from the stuttering sun
strike them and I think.
If the floor could
Cry.
It would look like this.
The retiring trees cast sorrowful shadows over this
strange and private world.
Their skeletal fingers reaching
Up.

Trying to claw at the greying clouds, threatening to burst
in fits of
Anger.
I suddenly warm to the clouds; appreciate them being
Sympathetic
to my mood.
Mother Nature decides to close the book on this magical land
And a lid of mist descends.
It sinks lower, and lower, and lower,
So heavy that it weighs down my eyelids,
And drags all my thoughts
Down
to the pit of my stomach.
I see, briefly, an old man in the distance.
Hunched, collar upturned, holding off an

Attack
From the stinging cold, and it’s
Allies.
I see him briefly, flat cap and his dog.
But then he disappears into the fog.

Dan Brown

Forget Me Not

Head thumping.
Eyes tired.
Every noise,
like a cannon being fired.
Every inch of me wants sleep.
Every inch of the path in front of me
fraught with complications.
Life doing all it can
to stop me reaching my destinations.
Nothing will work.
Nothing to do.
Just nothingness.
And how can nothingness,
a space of complete emptiness,
be such an unbearable pressure
on my head?
And how can emptiness,
such a state of blankness,
trouble my mind so much?
That nothingness,
that numbness I feel so often,
is killing me.
Its gnawing away at my brain,
rendering it useless and inanimate,
and soon, one day very, very soon,
I shall forget my own name.

Dan Brown

Fresh Cement

Honesty is
a billowing cloak; translucent white, yet
quick to become opaque.

Honesty has
an enemy; a mass of torch-wielding words
with an aim to quash it.

Honesty is
alive; living in the lull in conversation, or
the silent responses to questions.

Honesty has
a secret; few know that Honesty likes
to contradict and confuse.

Honesty is
hard; a rough coarseness that is, so often,
cold to the touch.

Honesty has
no allies; few are prepared to
fight for it's cause.

Honesty is
soft; a smooth fluidity, comforting
and volumed with substance.

Honesty has
such scent; fresh-mown grass and rose perfume,
fused with a warm Summer's breeze.

Honesty is
my lover; waits by the radiator
for me to arrive home each day.

Honesty has
a treasured possession; a flawless mirror
in which to admire a flawless reflection.

Honesty is
jealous of nothing; not vain, yet knowing
of being better than all else.

Honesty has
a loud sound; a booming voice which sometimes
lessens. To a quietly-spoken calmness.

Honesty is
the sand beneath your toes on the beach; broken into millions,
and distributed by Nature's Forces.

Honesty has
red string In it’s pockets; used to bind
and mend the Engine.

Honesty is
a thumbprint in fresh cement; innocent and easy to form,
with a potential for immortality.

Dan Brown

Friend From Afar

I'd like to get to know you.
To understand you, and be your friend.
But every emotion you ever show,
is a child just playing "pretend".
Your eyes hold such mystery,
and you never say all that much.
I know there's something inside you,
that you won't let anyone touch.

There are so many barriers,
preventing anyone getting near.
But I will break those barriers down,
and discover what it is you fear.

Walls.
A wall of ice.
Coldness, hardness and emotionless.
Followed by a wall of fire,
hotter than Hell yet never melting the ice.
It is anger and pain, licking at the hands of all who get close.
Lastly,
sadly,
a wall of steel.
Blandess, blankness and indifference.
Riveted shut by the hands of those who have hurt you,
and completely impenetrable.

Don't build these walls on my account.
I only want to be your friend.
I want to see, and nurture, your real emotions,
not a child just playing "pretend"

I understand, though, if you do,
because I know that's how it must be.
One day, though, you'll wished you'd opened up,
and set your problems free.
I'd like to get to know you,
to understand you, and who you are.
But until the day you let me in,
I will be a friend from afar.

Dan Brown

G

G is for gorgeous, I look in awe.
G is for generous which you are, and more.
G is for gentle, so soft with me.
G is for gay, for all to see.
G is guarantee, in you I can trust.
G is for growth, fuelled by lust.

Dan Brown

Gargoyles On A Park Bench

As I walk past my eyes cannot miss
the creatures sitting in their abyss.
A Him, and a Her, huddled together
like they were set in stone and had been there forever.
Their pained faces broadcast hurt,
their hair greasy, and streaked with dirt.
The pity I felt for them knew no end,
I would have liked to have been their friend.
But they were dirty, smelly and riddled with lice,
and they shared their bedroom with the City's mice.
She was wearing a tattered duffle,
which turned her voice to a humble muffle
as I approached her and gave her 50 pence.
Her eyes said 'Thank you', and 'Thank you' they meant.
As I turned and walked away, I couldn't help but look back.
I saw them sitting there, as they were before, nothing had changed.
I suddenly lost that contentment that filled me
when I handed that lady my pocket money,
as I realised it hadn't made everything alright.
My contribution alone, wasn't enough to change anything.
As I watched them shiver beneath their sparse blanket and last week's Times,
the Winter Wind swept a tear away.
And they're probably still there, to this very day.
They won't have had the dignity of an allocated trench,
but instead turned to gargoyles on a park bench.

Dan Brown

Gay

What do you see
when you look at me?
A disgusting, sinful boy?
Or a suitably convenient decoy?
Do you see sickness?
Or do you see bravery?
A man being different and
fighting the straight-world slavery?

When I look at you,
I'll tell you what I see.
I see someone scared.
Anxious and under-prepared.
I see someone terrified of difference,
wildly in love with blandness,
with a contorted affection for sameness.
I see a person battling with the crowbar
that is trying to prise their small mind open.
It is you who is different, my friend,
for you are one of few who cannot accept.
You are the newest entrant to that most
quickly diminishing group around the globe.
You are, my friend, a hateful homophobe.
And I think you should know, my friend,
that no matter what you think and say,
I couldn't care less at the end of the day,
its your problem, not mine, that I'm gay.

Dan Brown

Ghost

A heaviness
with tenderness
but only I can see -
Your presence sits with me.

White words turned red -
slain in their bed.
Calm came at quite a fee -
Your lies still sit with me.

Shadows in shade -
new beds you've made.
Cannot shake what could be -
Memories sit with me.

In my head, yes -
but so much less -
there when needed to be.
Your smile still sits with me.

A warm embrace
and so-warm face
I used to get for free.
Your hugs still sit with me.

With all that said,
when we're both dead -
wherever we may be,
I hope you sit with me.

Dan Brown

Ghost Father Of My Ruined Church

If you think I don’t see it,
you’re even more stupid than
you thought I was.
I know why you run around after him.
Bowing to his every whim.
You keep telling me I have a chip on my shoulder.
No.
That’s just your way of justifying your actions.
Tell yourself its someone else with the problem.
Not you.
It doesn’t work.
Mum sees it too.
I wonder if she knows why.
I know why, Dad.
I know why you do anything you can
to keep him as an ally,
to keep him on your side.
Its because you know you messed up
with me.
Its because you know you were a crap father
the first time round.
Well, congratulations on your second chance.
But where’s mine Dad?
Where’s my second chance?

Dan Brown

Gilt

If silence is, indeed, golden.
Then I’m rich beyond my wildest dreams.
For that’s all that exists between us.
Fountains of emptiness flowing to streams.

A broken silence is never good.
You form fists with your thoughts,
because violence is all
you’ve ever understood.

My mind can’t take this, much less my heart.
This nothingness we share
is all we share,
next to our desire to part.

Dan Brown

Girl

She is a giant among men,
as she walks alone down the street.
Heavy hair hangs like drapes; concealing her Ugliness.
The chattering of gunfire echoes round her head,
murdering the spark in her eyes.
Slow, deliberate footsteps going in the wrong direction,
but I follow her anyway, and appreciate the ornamental daggers in her
Back. She speaks carefully, like she is unsure of her words, and
hangs her head to hide her Horror.
My love for her stands tethered -
a little girl’s pony waiting for attention.
But still it remains, as it will all my Life.
For I love this Girl like I love my Wife.

Dan Brown

Gone

Darkness sets and the strings are torn;
the lights that shined are shone.
A bastard womb from which was born
a love to be The One.
Tears, like footsteps, fall alone;
of purpose there is none.
They hope the world they find has grown,
to help them journey on.
But no, this land is all but clean
of myst'ry forced to don.
Words and spellings so rarely seen,
telling me it has gone.
I'll learn to live with love away;
see my heart find new words to say.

Dan Brown

Gooseberry

It was real nice of you to invite me over.
It was nice to see you.
Your girlfriend’s nice, I like her.
She obviously makes you happy.
I made you promise you wouldn’t ignore me.
“Bring vodka! ” you said.
“Its ok, I’ll be drinking too! ” you said.
You didn’t.
You two cuddled,
and snuggled,
and snogged.
You both reminded me of
what I don’t have,
what I’ve lost,
and what I miss so much.
I don’t begrudge you happiness.
Just couldn’t you have been happy
out of my sight?
You went back on your word.
You ignored me.
You hurt me.
You left me alone to drink and be merry.
You left me alone to play gooseberry.

Dan Brown

Grandad’s Shed

It sat at the bottom of the garden,
guarded by the apple tree.
The gnarled branches clung to it’s
tin roof and held it close,
protecting it from the World.
It was a rather intimidating structure;
it always appeared battered, bruised and war-torn.
In colder months, though, it looked
so old and fragile, so lonely and forlorn.
Nonetheless, it inspired awe from me,
at the tender age of 7 and 3.
It was so mysterious and secretive,
it was almost mystical and magical,
and my imagination ran wild when
I wondered what was hidden inside.
My Grandad would disappear for hours into it,
I often thought he’d gone to visit another country through it,
but at 4 ‘o’ clock, teatime, his jolly, smiling face was at the table.
Still telling me I couldn’t go inside.
Those words could not last forever, though,
and some time after my Grandad died.
That was when I saw inside.
An old mower, a wireless and tools,
me and my brother were taken for fools.
The magic died with my Grandad’s death,
we no longer needed to hold our breath.
We’d crossed the threshold, been and explored,
its no more than a place for when he was bored.
So now, like my Grandad, that intrigue is dead,
that grand old fortress now a wreck of a shed.

Dan Brown

Great Expectations

To err is human; to forgive, divine.
Can you ever forgive yourself for not being mine?

Little you know how you captured my heart
or how I threw myself into the deep.
I never believed you'd tear us apart
with the promises you just couldn't keep.

You drew me in with innocence and youth
and, really, that's all you ever gave.
I'd have forgone all else, just for the truth,
but your lies meant there was nothing to save.

You may point to the times of laughs and joy,
but so easily forget they were few.
It soon became clear that you're just a boy
and that I needed more than you could do.

And yet, in spite of this, my wants were clear.
I was transparent, and spelled out my needs.
I wanted you to overcome your fear
and use my love to stem your heart that bleeds.

A playful massage; a hug from behind;
or an impromptu picnic in a park.
A simple gesture that's one of a kind;
or whispering the right words in the dark.

I'd have loved your smiling face at my door
or some token of imagination.
But being tied up with your personal war
left little time for communication.

Like leaves on a wind, they arrived and went,
leaving us doubting if they even came.
You often swore it to be love you sent
but it was only ever love in name.

Believe me, though, it hurts me that we're through -
I'll miss your voice and sensual touch.
But it's deeper than that, and I blame you,
because, honestly, did I ask too much?

Dan Brown

Haiku

Bird

Long, cruel talons scratch.
Flesh, red, raw, ripped open –
I die squealing joy.

Thunderstruck

Ominous Thunder.
Above. Below. And within.
Silenced by a Piece.

Immovable

Red February Month.
Meant for such celebration.
This time, I cannot.

Cool Birth

Warmth envelopes me.
Safe in the Morning of Life.
Noise sounds – I must leave.

Dan Brown

Hand/Eye Co-Ordination

You've all heard the saying.
You can
Look
but you can't
Touch.
So my eyes are satisfied while
my hungry hands must
Suffer
as they are refused their ultimate wish
while happy sounds my eyes are making,
for they are happy while my heart is
Breaking
and my hands are tantalised, teased and torn
as each new minute a new temptation is born.
I can
Look
all I want, but
Touch
I can't.
I will
Dream
all I want,
But achieve them I shan't.

Dan Brown

Happy Rain

Water falling free;
smiling widely as it flows.
Landing lightly down.

Water feeling little pain;
sheets and sheets of happy rain.

Dan Brown

Hate Male

Do you think I'm stupid?
Do you think you got away with it?
I'm not.
You didn't.
You're a spineless, heartless and highly irritable individual,
and your jealous, homophobic remarks
are not welcome in my inbox.
He likes me, not you,
so kindly stick them up your arse.

Dan Brown

He Couldn't Laugh At Himself

Stony silence replied, as he sat and stared down his reflection.
Wishes, and wishes, with all his heart for a miracle resurrection.
No miracle was to come, though, for this lost soul,
for the heart he hid was black as coal.

There was never any hope, nor any chance.
Of this wooden creature learning to dance.
Of him thawing out, and learning to smile,
For he hasn’t smiled, nor danced, for a while.

His breathing echoes round cold, grey walls,
A tuna sandwich is all he mauls.
He sits in darkness, nose in the air,
but there’s no-one to see, and no-one to care.

He forever took himself so very seriously,
when others would chuckle almost deliriously.
Unfaltering misery brought him ill-health,
The poor old man who couldn’t laugh at himself.

Dan Brown

Hell

Flickering lights - energy-saving bulbs -
line endless walkways of lifeless linoleum.
Wild white walls remain stainless,
repelling emotion like opposite poles.
Sterilized stairs lead to places
another step worse than this one.
Irrepressible squeaking echoes everywhere;
the muffled screams of Independence being crushed.

Room for only the bad and the sick;
possibly, too, the twisted and thick.
I’ve seen horrors inside that I’ll never tell,
tales of this; my utmost Hell.

Dan Brown

Her

She’s sheer sex.
Her body of smooth curves and flowing
lines.
Her eyes sparkle at me, making me want her.
Her mouth entrances me. It
seems lost for an emotion to portray.
Caught between a snarl and sexy
smile.
My eyes flow over her, and fix on her rear.
A sight of pure
Beauty.
Firm.
Curvaceous.
Smooth.
Every man’s
Dream.
Even her ears have been crafted by
God.
Perfectly formed and complimentary to
the rest of her.
I’d like to lift the lid and examine her particulars,
Her statistics excite me as it is.
But I don’t know what I’m doing in that area.
She’s way out of my
League.

But I fall in love
when he starts the engine.

Dan Brown

Here With Us

You slipped away, so
Peacefully.
Left us, so
Quietly.
Like so much of you,
It was mysterious, unexpected
and painful.
Wherever it is you've gone,
your memory shall live on,
and we will not forget you.
You'll remain in our heart,
as you've been from the start,
and I sincerely hope you knew.
We send you to God
on the wings of our Love.
Send you to Nan
who is waiting above.
Its hard, and its painful,
and tears will be shed,
as we lay you to sleep,
one last time,
in your one last bed.
Ashes to ashes.
Dust to dust.
We know you're here,
Here with us.

Dan Brown

Hermeuhimus

You’re her.
I’m him.
He’s me.
She’s you.

You’re him.
I’m her.
You’re you.
I’m me.

He’s him.
I’m me.
She’s her.
I’m me.

Where’s the ‘us’?

Dan Brown

Hey Baby

Hey baby. It’s me.
We need to talk.
Things aren’t right
Between
Us.

No. Too casual.

We’re over? Through?
You’re history? Gone?
I’m not ready for this?

No. too heavy.

I don’t know.
I don’t know anything anymore

Ignore me.

Hey baby. It’s me.
We need to talk.

But I don’t know how.

Dan Brown

Hide

When I'm frightened,
I get into bed to hide.
It's the only place I've ever cried.
When I'm frightened,
the tears begin to slide.
I can't stop them, but then, I've never tried.
When I'm frightened,
and all I have left is my pride,
It hurts, because so much of me has died.
If they say they've never been frightened,
then they clearly must have lied.
So what do YOU do when you're frightened?
Where do YOU hide?

Dan Brown

Honest Lies

You spout lies
like you would spout blood.
Indeed, your blood consists of
nothing but lies.
So when you lie, you do but bleed,
you are trouble I do not need.
And when you bleed, you profusely lie,
is that why you scarcely cry?

What is worse, you cannot confess
to planning and creating this complex mess.
Nearly all you said was utterly fictitious.
You considered your lies to be oddly delicious.
I don’t know if you could help yourself.
If I’m honest, I don’t really care.
You lied to me time and time again,
and that isn’t really fair.

One day, you’ll realise.
Come back to me when you tell honest lies.

Dan Brown

Hoovering Like A Man

A what?
A hoover?
What do I do with that?
Oh.
You mean that thing I race round the living room?
Yes dear, of course I'll use it on the stairs.
Do you happen to know if it's suitably tuned
 for such rally-like terrain?
It's not?
Oh.
What's that, my love?
I DO move things when I hoover the sitting room!
Apart from myself and the hoover?
Well that's just silly.
Do they move the marina out of Monaco
for the nice Grand Prix drivers?
No! They just drive round it!
Pfft!
Women!
Useless!

Dan Brown

How Did You Get Here?

Pray tell me, stranger, how did you travel;
and when did this begin to unravel?
I just opened my eyes and there you were
and everything else just seemed like a blur.

Was it by rocket? By rainbow or car?
I want to know, Mister, if you came far.
You strike me as something from Outer Space,
or perhaps from a Holy further place.

It seems slightly odd that you'd just appear,
so tell me, please, just how did you get here?

Dan Brown

Hurt Heart Healed

A war of love, a war I lost,
The stakes were high, my soul it cost.
Lamed, maimed and ripped apart,
A defenceless casualty, was my heart.

Now though, like a lamb, it is born,
And of it’s fleece of misery it is shorn.
It is granted wings so it may flutter again,
We expected this happening, but didn’t know when.

An Army of Pain marched through the whole of me,
Splitting it into parts of three.
Aching heart, soul and mind,
I see now that love was blind.

A loving hand reached down into Hell,
Stroked the cracks and made all well.
It lifted me high, from Hell to the stars,
From the Devil’s clutches to the moons of Mars.

Chattering machine guns fire rounds of hurt,
Catch me by surprise, push me down in the dirt.
But then I rise up, like a phoenix from flames,
Tired of playing these stricken war games.

My heart bleeds it’s lonely blood,
On Romance‘s battlefield, alone it stood.
Seemed like forever, but the Cavalry came.
In love again, and there is no shame.

Dying slowly, giving up fast.
In love again, but this will last.
Weakened and broken and torn apart,
But here it is, I offer my heart.

Dan Brown

Hytocrite

Wild horses
Wild horses
Never tamed.
Only quiet
when cruelly lamed.
Wild horses
Wild horses
Never named.
Wild horses
Wild horses
Never blamed.
Wild horses
Wild horses
Born to be free.
Wild horses
Wild horses
Frighten me.
Wild horses
Wild horses
Hate me so.
Wild horses
Wild horses
They’ve nowhere to go.
Wild horses
Wild horses
Full of flare.
Wild horses
Wild horses
Handle with care.

Dan Brown

I Challenge You

Our eyes meet, our lips follow,
and we come together as one.
Our limbs entwine and we push
against one another, taking us both to a place of utter
ecstasy.
Our hands explore each other, smooth and gliding
along on this wave of tension we're riding.
We stroke and squeeze, rub and pinch, all the time
Kissing.
Kissing.
Mmm.
Our bodies grind together, an unspoken language telling
one another what we want.
So sexy.
Sensual.
Surreal.
But I'm here.
We're intimate and together and
Kissing.
Kissing.
Mmm.
Moaning, groaning; making it clear how good we feel,
Our roaming hands have the power to heal.
We care for each other, and are both
Sensitive
towards one another's thoughts and feelings.
Why shouldn't we?
It's only
Natural.
We do this even though, we're different.
Even though the opinions against us are strong.
But I challenge you to tell me why we can't have this.
I challenge you to tell me why this is wrong.

Dan Brown

I Don’t Know Me, So How Can You?

You’re looking at me.
What do you see?
Describe me.
I can’t, you see.
I don’t know who I am.
I can’t find myself, my personality.
Perhaps it was stolen from me.
Maybe he took it when he violated me.
I don’t how to act.
I used to have a suitcase
packed with every available face.
Now I don’t know which one to present to the world,
they are all shattered and broken.
What I am is fine, its who I am that confuses.
I play myself at complex games but every side loses.
Do you understand now?
Do you understand how
you cannot judge me?
What I am is fine, I’m struggling with the ‘who’
Please keep your abuse to yourself,
I don’t know me, so how can you?

Dan Brown

I Fancy You

I spotted you across the room.
You were the beacon in my doom and gloom.
I bought a drink,
prepared a wink,
only to find out you’re the groom.

Dan Brown

I Love You

I love you more than the air in each lung,
And my love is strong, although its so young.
My love is as soft as your very own tongue,
Or the sweetest of songs being sung.

I love you more than a child loves toys,
And I love you more than all other boys.
I'll love you forever, til you turn away,
And I'll give my Life just to make you stay.

Words mean little, and look so strange,
So I hope I can show you that my love won't change.
Higher, and wider, than any mountain,
And quicker, and purer, than any spring fountain.

Whatever comes; the right and the wrong,
Will always remain the greatest love song.
I promise our love will always be strong.
Be mine forever, for I can love you that long.

Dan Brown

I Take

I take it from my thoughts, my views and my fears.
I take it from life and how it appears.
I take it from you, what you think and what you say.
I take it from myself, in every single way.
I take it from the World, and from Mother Nature too.
I take it from the people, I wonder if they knew.
I take it from all over, gather it bit by bit.
I take it good, I take it bad, but tell me… What is it?

Dan Brown

I’m Sorry I Don’t Fit In

Everywhere I look,
I’m different.
In every way I know,
I’m different.
I don’t crave uniformity,
but I don’t like, that
I’m different.
School.
A place where confidence
is the currency. Without it,
you get nowhere.
Home.
A dictatorship in which opinions,
and ideas of independence, are quashed.
Life.
Something which requires a personality
and support to survive.
I have nothing that is expected of me in the
various scenes of my life.
I am the odd piece,
in the charity shop jigsaw puzzle.
I am the blackened banana,
in a fresh and healthy bunch.
I will always be the ugly duckling,
in a pond full of swans.
I’m sorry I’m not what you’d like me to be.
I’m sorry I can’t be what you’d like me to be.
But more than that,
I’m sorry I don’t fit in.

Dan Brown

If I Could Have My Time Again

If I could have my time again,
I'd remember all that I forgot.
I'd complete what was left uncompleted,
for I regret that a lot.

If I could have my time again,
I'd take all those chances.
I'd see what, once, I missed,
and dance those lost dances.

If I could have my time again,
I'd say what, once, I left unspoken.
I'd correct all the lies I once told,
I'd leave your heart unbroken.

If I could have my time again,
our love would never end.
That's the one sole thing I'd make sure of,
If I could have my time again.

Dan Brown

If I Should Live To One Hundred And Ten

Me.

Me.
Me.
Me.
Me.
Me.
Me.
Me.
Me.
Me.
Me.
Me.

You give me such wonderful times.
You give me your love and your life.
If I should live to one hundred and ten,
I would, indeed, be the King Of All Men.
And as I sit, rocking and creaking,
whether it be in a chair or not.
I will remember,
cherish,
and love
Me.

Dan Brown

If You Should Ever See Me Cry

If you should ever see me cry,
don’t put your arm round me.
If you should ever see me cry,
don’t try and console me.
If you should ever see me cry,
don’t worry about me.
If you should ever see me cry,
don’t notice, ignore me.
If you should ever see me cry,
I’m just being me.

Dan Brown

Ignorance Of An Unwitting Addict

You cut a desolate figure as you stand,
and you aren't even aware that your
mere presence is undermining your image.

You are radiating false confidence as you stand,
knowing, and showing, that you are not in control.
If you keep telling yourself you are, though, you will be.

You appear as a crumbling, helpless wreck as you stand,
despite your efforts to portray a calm and unfazed audacity.
Slowly, but surely, you're desperately throwing more and more of your life away.

You are weak, stupid and selfish as you stand
and defend your actions to your wife.
Not one shred of thought was there for that part of your life.

You are hunched and crying in a gutter as you stand,
that's where I see your future; where you see your future.
Stop now, and there may still be time to save you.

You are drawn by the lure of that roulette wheel as you stand,
the comforting power of alcohol safely in your hand.
One more go. I'll win it all back, I know I will.

You cut a desolate figure as you stand.
You're an addict and addictions kill.

Dan Brown

I'm A Murderer

I drowned him and boiled him inside.
Cracked him open and had him fried.
I scrambled his head
And when questioned I said
‘I was hungry so I’m not sorry he died’

Dan Brown

I'm Not Different

Somehow, I got to thinking, the other day,
about those less fortunate than myself.
I sat and imagined where they are, what they'd be doing,
And how they'd be celebrating Christmas this year.

I've talked to Your people, and sympathize every time,
Low-life scum, needing to feed a habit, so turn to crime.
It saddens me to see Us allow these people to end up this way;
Dirty and smelly with nowhere to stay.

I know you look at me with envious eyes,
With my smart clothes, nice house, a car, a family.
And I know you feel jealous, a sense of loneliness, helplessness and bitterness.
I know you think we're world's apart, me and you.
But I`m not different.

That pain you feel, I feel it too.

Dan Brown

Images

Images flashing inside my mind.
Images I need but can’t seem to find.
Images facing me, all around.
Images I want cannot be found.
Images pressuring me from every side.
Images show me that time we cried.
Images hurting me in just one way.
I didn’t fit in with your image,
I heard you say.

Dan Brown

Is Sorry Enough?

The things I want to say to
You, cannot be expressed in a more beautiful and suitable way
than this. And the things I'd like to do, cannot be explained
in just one breath of air. They require chosen words, full of
Honesty and emotion. You. You deserve that.
My actions are unworthy of your understanding, but please,
believe that I am full of deep regret.
I am left so mellowed, so weakened and yet
still impassioned. Determination courses through me,
like the wildest horses running free, and drives
me, harder, to my goal.
The game is not done.
The battle is not won.
I wish I could un-say the things I said,
I wish I could un-murder those feelings so dead.
But alas, you have left. I cannot repair my mistakes. Not
this time. And I miss you. I feel as though part of
me has been ripped out. At which I laugh. Because how can
You be so close, with someone so cold and distant?
I know I'm calm and cool, and appear ready and rough,
I wish you'd look beyond that, because you'd learn, if you tried,
that I'm really not that tough. I like you. And I care for you.
I just hope that sorry is enough.

Dan Brown

Is This Innocence?

A walrus in a trilby hat;
whiskers grand and grey.
A grizzled creature, short and fat,
limping on his way.

A haunting look about his eye,
and yellowed tusks of War,
tell tales of dead, and where they lie,
and all that went before.

A blooming rose in Wellington boots -
pink to match her coat -
laughs and giggles and squeals and hoots,
as he constricts her throat.

A clap. A growl. A smile. A wink.
To put her in his palm.
Easier than we all might think,
to shatter youthful charm.

Dan Brown

Jack

I’m doing this out of boredom Jack,
to tell you that I’d have you back.
I know that’s impossible Jack,
but tell me what it is I lack.
What really happened between us Jack?
I thought we were right on track.
You’ve really, really hurt me Jack,
with this blind-side, near-side, vicious attack.
I can’t believe its over Jack,
all the clouds in my sky are black.
You held me, loved me, warmed me Jack,
your comforting arms had that knack.
You’ve stolen my heart and won’t give it back,
but I don’t care, I loved you Jack.

Dan Brown

Judge

Went out last Saturday.
With the lads.
Few drinks down the pub.
Watched the footy.
Only I stayed out later than I
was meant to.
And drank a bit more than I
was meant to, too.
Still had a good time though.
A guy pushed past me so I hit him.
I know I'm not what I used to be, but I
still look pretty hard. With my bald head and
snarl.
We had a fight in the street.
I was the
Loser.
I threw up over a policeman too. Well,
his shoes. I got a "stern ticking off".
Then me and Stevo kicked a fence through.
Yeah, that lady wasn't too
impressed when we kicked her gate THROUGH
her window.
On the way home, we sang "I Believe In
Miracles". Really, really loudly.
And got yelled at.
Not my fault that old guy had
bad taste.
And when I got home, I kissed my
Kids
goodnight. Then went to bed to snuggle up to my
Wife.
I was ready for work the next day, as a

Judge.

Dan Brown

Just A Day

It is not what you think it is -
it is not any of those things.
It isn’t memories or love
or dreams of engagement rings.

It isn’t something that we share -
it’s not something ‘ours’ any more.
It’s not the thing that made ‘us’ us,
or the thing that we waited for.

It doesn’t matter what you say -
that day, to me, is just a day.

Dan Brown

Just Be Friends

Body language says it all.
Setting me up for the hardest fall.
Avoided my eyes.
Recited your lies.
Voice a guilty mumble.
I begin first stumble.
Can’t prepare, though.
For killer blow.
And shockwaves it sends.
“Lets just be friends.'

Dan Brown

Just Write

Just write.
Let your emotions flood out of you, and
just write.
Allow the words to come freely, and
just write.
Listen to your heart, say what you mean, and
just write.
Follow these three rules, and it'll be
just right.

Dan Brown

Karma

A mess inside;
my Cleaner's died -
I think she caught the Blues.
I'd save her life,
But she's my wife
and DROVE me to the booze.

Dan Brown

Lake

A grey and lonely hole,
Full of only stories.
Devoid of any soul;
stolen by its glories.

Its very shape, man-made;
so false right from the start.
A fool allowed a spade
to excavate this heart.

Watching trees clap on banks,
strange wings beat at its head.
o the drowned it shows thanks,
but never wished them dead.

A grey and chilling lake,
in which you must forsake
the very heart you break -
its had all it can take.

Dan Brown

Land Of Shadows

It is the land of nothing, ‘cept Godly whites.
The land of magic; the Northern Lights.
It is the land of mystery, and inspires awe.
The land in which there is no flaw.

It is the land of the Eskimo, warmed by their furs.
The land beneath which the ocean stirs.
It is the land of darkness, the light never stays long.
Accompanied, fleetingly, by the whale’s haunting song.

It is the land of pacing sentries, preparing for their war.
The land of borders and boundaries, never crossed before.
It is the land that breathes, and moves with the sea.
A giant jigsaw, the pieces of which, are allowed to roam free.

It is the land of danger, of uncertainty and fear.
The land in which nothing, but the sky, is clear.
It is the land of harshness, and few have seen.
The land free of evidence that any have been.

It is the land of stature, of custom and tradition.
The land free of cancer, a land in remission.
It is the land of knowledge, passed down through generations.
The land of stories, a mad mind’s creations.

It is the land of innocence, which time forgot.
The land of the people not affected by rot.
It is the land of icebergs, of blizzards, of snows.
It is, indeed, the land of shadows.

Dan Brown

Leech

I ask you now to please let go -
stop hanging on to all you know.
You have to leave and let me grow -
you don't deserve to keep me so.

All the memories laced with bleach
now all lay dead upon that beach.
And though I tried my best to teach,
you proved yourself as just a leech.

Dan Brown

Legacy

To build a legacy,
it seems you have to be
so full of shit
so as to fit
into the World you see.

I, myself, disagree,
and say I should be free;
To voice my word,
and to be heard,
or just be seen as me.

I try to build a legacy -
something to leave behind.
But all I find is mutiny,
for Life is not so kind.

Dan Brown

Let Me Not Grow Old

Please my Lord, I beg of thee,
let me not grow old.
It would surely be the end of me,
if honest the truth be told..

I pray to thee Lord, as oft I should,
in the hope that I shan’t age.
I wish to stay a blooming bud,
beginnings Life’s blank page.

I tell thee Lord, that I am afraid,
of what my future may hold.
Look upon me, and see what you’ve made,
a man destroyed, by fear of Old.

Dan Brown

Let's Argue

Let’s argue, for then we’ll see
just who’s in love; you or me.
So yes, let’s argue - for this will be
the very last time before I’m free.

Dan Brown

Letter To A Cloud-Settler

I hope this letter finds you well
as you grace the Heavens above.
And I hope that as you watch us,
you're blessing us all with love.
You're in Heaven now,
not here by our side.
That is where you belong though.
That is why you died.
What's it like up there?
Are you alone on your cloud?
Why haven't you come to see us?
Aren't you allowed?
We know you're up there,
we see you in the Moon.
I promise it isn't forever, though.
We'll be together soon.

Dan Brown

Letting Go

So there you are, all dressed and pressed -
emotions in a box.
I seek the lid to put to rest
the ticking of those clocks.

You filled the hole that my words dug,
though lost a private part.
I'd die myself for just one hug
to heal my aching heart.

My love alone just could not tame
the things that grew inside.
And so the pain and darkness came,
no matter how I tried.

Our rivers take a different course,
'til yours meets with the sea.
I only hope that Nature's force
will sail you back to me.

I pray that peace has found you now,
to end your circus show.
You dropp the curtain with a bow,
but how do I let go?

Dan Brown

Life Of A Depressed Liar

My eyes hurt from winking.
My eyes hurt from blinking.
My head is sick of thinking.
I’m in the thick of sinking.

Dan Brown

Light Show

Blinking eyes stretch into the world
showing the road to bleed.
Redness stains the distance ahead;
a wounded centipede.

Oncoming is an endless torch -
Bloodless light is blinding.
Our personal path to glory
is what we're slowly finding.

There are orange eyes that wink and
gradually stop the flow.
They burn so hard to angry red
and will not let us go.

So long lines of lights lay like lead
in restlessness and stress.
Bright green dazzles and sets about
encouraging the mess.

Streetlights shine and show us the scene -
a truck laid on its back.
Surrendering its mangled guts
to the baying wolf pack.

The necks of rubber gaze across -
Victory is hollow.
People gather to watch the show -
Flashing blue lights follow.

Dan Brown

Lights

Lights have a boring
Life. Don’t they?
Doesn’t matter which type of
Lights.
On.
Off.
And televisions.
On.
Or off.
Cookers.
On.
Off.
And stereos.
On.
Off.
What a life.

Hang on a minute.

Life.

On.
Off.

Ooh.

Dan Brown

Like A Leaf

Body brittle, veined,
falling free through the darkness.
Tears splash the surface,
As lights flash coloured like sky.
Crowds of no-ones come,
Speaking in such silences,
and leave sympathy.
A young naked log; poisoned.
Sailing. Floating. Sunk.
Men and glass masks rescue him,
but are years too late.

A parent drowned in her grief.
Life destroyed just like a leaf.

In Memory of Daniel Cardwell.
Once a friend, always a memory. Be it in Life, or tragic death.

Dan Brown

Like Nothing

Feet across my heart;
The Unseeable footsteps
leave acres of pain.

You’re there, but you’re not.
Ghost-like, you pass through the door;
a breath on my face.

Eyes sweep over you,
lose their sight in the darkness.
Ears don’t hear your pleas.

You’re lost to me now.
Our hands’ embrace is stagnant.
It’s time to let go.

Existence in doubt.
A shadow and a memory,
all I want to keep.

The long road of history,
ripped up like it is nothing.

Dan Brown

Little Women

Little Women
all in voice
giving others
little choice
but to listen in silence.
Little Women
heads enlarged
with people
and conversations
through which they've barged -
Fucking Little Women.
Little Women
that serve no use
with all their
wagging tongues set loose
to lap up all the gossip-juice -
Fucking Little Women.
Little Women
who stand at all
but just four foot
yet still are stuck in their
Little rut.
Finding a place
for us all to be put.
Little Women
that's all they are -
Little Women
who didn't get far.

Dan Brown

Looking Out

All I see are the distant lights -
each recalling different fights,
discussions of the wrongs and rights
and talks of shoulds and wills and mights.

This is not the life I crave -
Misery’s unfreeable slave -
but it is with such words I pave
a sombre road straight to my grave.

Whilst waiting, though, I’ll watch those lights
and never let them out my sights,
for when the cold reality bites,
they’ll light the way on such dark nights.

Dan Brown

Lost

Lost in a world, that scares me to death,
Lost in a crowd, I'm losing my breath.
Lost as a boy, lost as a man,
I need to grow up, don't think I can.

Lost as a person, can't find my way.
Lost in life, every day.
Lost in worry, who am I?
All my life, I've lived a lie.

Lost to kindness, lost to love,
Lost in a sky, like a new-born dove.
Lost in thought, which I shouldn't do,
It winds me up, I can’t get through.

Lost to comfort, all kind words,
Lost to advice, it isn't heard.
Lost to those who really care,
All these people, always there.

Lost in me, I need a break,
Lost in wonder, which road to take?
Lost in a place I don't know well,
Where are you now? There's no one to tell.

Lost here, all alone,
Lost apart from the mobile phone.
Lost still, there are no calls.
I'm struggling alone, to break these walls.

Lost in mind, lost in soul,
Lost memories, they're just a hole.
Lost family, lost mate,
Gone now, yet I'm full of hate.

Lost in a straight world, and I am gay,
Lost now, for what to say,
Lost in boredom, think I'll leave.
There's a lot in life I need to achieve.

Dan Brown

Love Games

Love plays games.
Games so complex that it
ends up contorted,
twisted, torn and distorted,
so that it is unrecognisable
as Love.
It becomes
Dishonesty.
Anger.
Grief.
Even hate.
Love plays games.
Games that even confuse
Love itself.
It wears so many disguises,
takes so many different forms,
that it loses its own identity.
And is not Love
any more.
Love then cries.
Mourning the loss of it’s very being.
In it’s unbridled anguish,
Love goes on the rampage.
Tearing apart
the very heart
of itself.
And you.
But, in desperate times,
it re-emerges,
from behind it’s maimed mask.
And reveals it is still
Love in its entirety.
It is Love, just the same.
It is just Love, playing a twisted game.

Dan Brown

Love In A Different Land

You’re miles away, yet
You’re not so far.
For there’s a place where I know
You always are.

Separated only by futile sea,
the wind of my love shall bring you to me.
Remember, as you stand on that distant shore,
that I love you forever, and evermore.

The Earth is no match for what I feel inside.
Not harnessed by wind, nor fire, nor tide.
Our love will rise, and conquer all,
and from such heights, we never shall fall.

To see the love in your eyes is my destiny,
even from so far away.
The day will come soon, though, my love,
when you’ll enter my embrace and stay.

I dream of placing my hands on your hips,
and staring lovingly into your eyes.
Upon thoughts such as these, across the seas,
is how my love, to you, flies.

I love you, I miss you,
I hate being apart.
I want you, I need you,
you’ve captured my heart.

You’re miles away, yet
You’re not so far.
For there’s a place where I know
You always are.

Dan Brown

Lying Dying

His low moans bounce off the walls of the alley,
echoing in the darkness. The rays of the streetlight
stray close, but never close enough.
Puddles redden as he drains by the minute,
and his groans grow more urgent. But the noise continues,
loud and uncaring, happily oblivious to his need.
Lively lights chase each other, and machines trill their tunes,
drowning out his painful heaving. People of the street
stray close, but never close enough.
Silver shines in his stomach,
not the sixpence from Christmas.
Beyond the stream of traffic, lies the sea.
This side of the world, though, lies he.
Lids lower and the sea sweeps him up.
It flashes the most brilliant colours, as
Lively light chase each other, and his ears fill
with the roar of the sea, and the machines trilling their tunes.
He’s crying, trying.
Lying dying.

Dan Brown

Makes You Wonder

My Father touched me,
in a way I'd never been touched before.

I didn't like it.
It made me feel bad and wrong.

My brother watched on.
Smiling and nodding in agreement.

That was a very moving sermon Vicar, thank you.

Dan Brown

Man

I’m sitting here.
Doing the most manly thing.
But also I’m doing the least manly thing.
Something men are afraid to do.
Yet I’m more of a man for doing it.

Dan Brown

Man In A Mac

I was on my way home from school,
and I knew I was being followed,
by a man in a mac.

I was on my way home from school,
and I began to worry if
he was a random maniac.

I was on my way home from school,
and I stopped in curiosity.
He stopped, too, a little way back.

I was on my way home from school,
and as I turned round to confront him,
he suddenly opened his mac.

I ran, and I ran and I never looked back
at that bastard pervert in his plastic mac.

Dan Brown

Masturbation In A Service Station

Travelling in a car for two and a half hours,
allows plenty of time for sneaky, un-pure thoughts
to flit through a boy's mind.
Is it any wonder, then, that he may have the odd erection?
And on arriving at the Services, he heads in the toilet direction?
Please don't think ill of me, for it really had to be done.
Indeed, I was so eager, I even began to run!
In the claustrophobic toilets of a motorway service station,
you are anonymous. There is no one there to embarrass you.
The privacy afforded you by the cubicles are unparalleled,
they almost entice you make yourself comfortable.
Without concern for Peeping Toms or hidden cameras,
my peculiar solo mating ritual begins, refusing
to let an ounce of guilt spoil it. I'm here now, half-naked already,
and saluting the back of the toilet door. If this isn't already
an uncompromising situation, I don't know what is.
I'm past caring, though, now.
I've needed this, wanted this, for too long a day.
Nothing, I mean nothing, will get in my way.
In the words of another wizened old prune,
"I've started so I'll finish! "
I couldn't agree more as I put my deposit in the bank,
thank the cashier and leave, smiling so wide I fear someone may guess.
I wonder if they have a "Mile Long Club".
I'm still feeling the thrills,
reeling from the chills,
better than any pills,
my masturbation
in a service station.

Dan Brown

Mr Complainer

Nothing was ever good enough, nothing was ever right.
If white, he wanted it black, if day he wanted it night.
He'd sit all day in that dratted chair and criticize the world.
There was trouble from the minute his poisonous tongue uncurled.
He'd huff and puff, and whinge and sigh, and would go on throughout the day.
He'd moan and groan, grumble and gripe, as long as he got his say.
In his odd and annoying way, he was quite the entertainer.
Indeed, we all now call him 'The Wonderful Mr. Complainer'.

Dan Brown

Mum & Dad

Mum and Dad you made me crie,
You caled me arogant and sed I lie.
That made me reely upset,
I dont think Ive got over it yet.

Mum and Dad, I hate you now,
You showt too much, we used to row.
You through me out and made me sad,
You yeled and hit me and treeted me bad.

Mum and Dad, Im happy at last,
Your gon now, your in my past.
I don’t miss you much, well, not at all,
Im having fun now, please dont call.

Mum and Dad, Ive slept in a ditch
You made me do that you big fat witch.
Mum and Dad, its Dan the gayboy here,
Saying bye, but you cant hear.

Dan Brown

My Brother’s A Charver

My brother’s a charver,
he has all the known traits.
He summarizes everything
that everybody hates.

My brother’s a charver,
he’s into all the brands.
He’s lazy, fat and useless,
forever making demands.

My brother’s a charver,
he wears the Rockport shoes.
It definitely isn’t arguable,
just look for all the clues.

My brother’s a charver,
he has a Berghaus coat.
The worst thing is he thinks he’s hard,
and loves to try and gloat.

My brother’s a charver,
Henri Lloyd, Fred Perry and bling.
Standing on street corners,
dissing everything.

My brother’s a charver,
drinks and smokes and swears.
Has to be a label
in everything he wears.

My brother’s a charver,
he has the golden chain.
The one thing he doesn’t own
is a normal, human brain.

My brother’s a charver,
he has the usual ASBO.
Earned from mugging OAP’s,
and vandalising the Metro.

My brother’s a charver,
a Daddy by sixteen.
Only remembered the condom,
when the baby’s head was seen.

My brother’s a charver,
has a gang of mindless friends.
Doesn’t have emotions,
he only ever pretends.

My brother’s a charver,
doesn’t know how to speak.

A fully English sentence,
takes him nearly a week.

My brother’s a charver,
he loves senseless songs.
There is nowhere in society
where my brother belongs.

Dan Brown

My Heart; The Mirror

My heart; the mirror.
It reflects the love you radiate towards me,
so that I may love you too.
It becomes filled entirely
with your love and pride,
and warms the whole of me through.
But when all it sees is a person, broken,
and can’t understand what it means.
Then it, too, must fall to the floor
and smash into smithereens.

Dan Brown

My Ice Queen

She stands before me with icy,
I dare not breathe; do not dare.

For one cloud of breath toward Her Grace
may break icicle from flawless face

Forced to my knees by daggers of ice,
my back they stab, and my wrists they slice.

She stands before me, regal and royal,
never content with Servants' toil.

Snow-dusted willows attack my skin,
the rule of my Queen will always win.

I say not a thing, for my words are strong,
to batter her beauty all day long.

Attack like a bull, and shatter to shards,
the Queen of Diamonds, with all the cards.

In her eyes hides longing gleam;
burning desire to run free as a stream.

A candle I'll hold, like never seen;
an endless flame to melt my Queen.

Death of much; an affordable price,
in order to rescue my Queen of Ice.

Dan Brown

My Secret Affair With A Mister Jack Daniels

I was in a bar one Autumn night,
when I saw him sitting in the diminishing light.
Beauty unrivalled, with a fiery glare,
the love of my life in front of me there.

We shared such passion that night.
Passion that no person has ever shown me before.
My hands holding him gently, as he makes love to my lips;
my skin burning as I devour him slowly.

He listened, cared, and understood.
Removed my troubles like only he could.
He needed no words, just one special kiss.
Just me and him, no spoiling this.

Fires roar as he meets my lips, suspending us,
for a moment, in a state of euphoria.
His tongue slips into my mouth, caresses my own,
eliciting unknown feelings from within.

He’s there every night, waiting at the bar.
I gather him up, lead him out to the car.
I know I should stop this, he knows I don’t dare.
Nothing is said as we maintain our affair.

In the blackness of the car park, he is mine
alone to savour. His musky smell to be enjoyed by
only me; an addicted, enraptured audience.
But also his secret. His soul-mate. His lover.

We parted company after maybe a year.
I have many memories, to which I often refer.
Mister Jack Daniels, my unfaltering beau,
I love you, I miss you, though we are no more.

Dan Brown

My Words

My words are not real, just daggers of breath,
designed to put your comments to death.
Daggers melt with extreme heat;
all it takes is a sentence so sweet.

My words are not meant for you alone,
They're also for others, but they're unknown.
Ignore them all, but let these ones through,
'You'll never know how much I love you.'

Dan Brown

Nana Anne

It’s been two years now, Nana.
Two years since you left,
heading for pastures new.
You’re not coming back to me, are you Nana?
I know you’re not.
I used to wish you would.
I’d close my eyes tight and put all my effort
into wishing you were back in my life.
I still dream of you.
I still see you, in your chair, laughing with us.
I still remember you, Nana.
I never want to let you go,
even though I know you’ve already gone.
I want to hold these memories close to my heart forever,
so that I may be with you, and hear your laugh,
every waking minute.
But I cannot, for life urges me to move on; to leave you.
I know I will never leave you, no matter where my life takes me,
and I will always cherish your memory on this very day.
And, finally, the clouds of angry black are softening to a warming grey.
You’ll forever live on in my thoughts and in my heart,
and I will try to move on, but I don’t think I can.
I‘ll forever and always love, and miss, you, my only Nana Anne.

Dan Brown

Nature’s Revenge

We destroy the world.
The world destroys us.
Thus, the circle continues.
What goes around,
comes around.
And will drive our lives
right into the ground.
We aimlessly kill her young.
Her sons, daughters and
preciously nurtured creations.
We do, then, deserve to be punished
beyond all expectations.
Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.
Mother Nature is grieving, you have been warned.

Dan Brown

Neighbours

I can't deny
I like to pry
In other people's lives.
The greatest ruse
To find out news
Is sleeping with their wives.

Dan Brown

Never A New Tomorrow

I watch in awe as you suddenly switch
from the love of my life to a heartless bitch.
Your volcanic words erupt with force;
filled with emotion but it isn't remorse.

You say it to hurt, to insult and maim
till I can no longer say your name
without spitting it into your face -
desperately trying to put you in place.

Our fury snowballs, entwines as one -
then all of a sudden everything's gone.
Without direction, adrift and forlorn,
completely oblivious to the eye of the storm.

As we take this time to plan our attacks
and remember what the other lacks,
very briefly the sun comes out,
and casts long shadows of hazy doubt.

Gestures and words, they're all rehearsed
to play the play of the bubble that burst.
Your promise to change is blown apart
for it's photocopied and learnt by heart.

You've said it before, and you'll say it again -
clean slates come with the next day's rain.
But no matter how hard I beg, steal or borrow,
there never will be a new tomorrow.

Dan Brown

Nightmare

Here am I, trapped in a nightmare -
Door ajar but can't quite get there.
Memories hold me in their snare;
my dying words - 'This isn't fair'.

Dan Brown

Nights Are The Worst

I share my bed with falling brick,
causing too many wounds to lick.
The darkness brings a hurtful peace,
oiled by tears that never cease.

I lie; a corpse of your attack
with shards of memories inside.
They're buried, not just in my back,
but in everything that's died.

My one-track mind will not derail,
nor will the stomach-knot unwind.
I try to heal my heart but fail;
it's in two havles I just can't bind.

Your warming smile won't leave my head -
it refuses to set me free.
I won't forget the things you've said
when you're running back here to me.

I'm still awake to greet the Sun -
to embrace a bright, new ray.
And though it seems like you have won,
you're not impossible to slay.

For now, though, I must ride that wave;
remember how little you gave.
Yet I fear the clock reaching 10
for when night comes it starts again.

Dan Brown

Normal

Define normal.

Normality is special to the individual.
Not something to be shared by the masses.

Normality is whatever way someone wants to be.
Not a stereotypical idea throughout society.

I’m normal. I’m happy, I’m me.
When you look in the mirror what do YOU see?

Define normal.

Dan Brown

Not-So-Innocent Bystander

Your head is full of worry and overcome with pain and grief,
but please don’t give up now, please hold on to that belief.
I look on, so helpless, and nearly as defenceless as you.
I was supposed to be the one who helped you get through.
Instead, I converted to the Dark Side, and plunged the knife right in.
Now, in God’s own daylight, I can see I committed a mortal sin.
I let down my friend. Callously turned my back.
And when they turned theirs also, I spun round and launched my attack.
I look on, as you cry and slowly fall apart.
Your tears stem for a moment, as you wrench my dagger from your heart.
I look on, wanting to help but not knowing what I can do.
I look on, knowing I started this, and I need to end it too
It was a stupid issue, and I know shouldn’t have forced it,
but now I look on, knowing full well that I caused this.

Dan Brown

Oh My! !

Unlikely, but should you see
a woman having a pee.
She’ll lift her gown
Then bloody sit down!
How lazy can she be!

Dan Brown

Oh My, Oh My! !

I bet you've never heard
a woman having a turd.
She'll poo on the sly,
at the smell you will cry,
what a dirty, dirty bird!

Dan Brown

Oh My, Oh My, Oh My! ! !

I heard that you dirty moo!
I felt the damn thing too!
I know you pumped,
the couch just jumped,
and it put the windows through!

Dan Brown

Oi! You! Yeah You! Oi!

I’m
Calm
and silent.
Until
…
….
…..
……
…….
NOW! !
I’m
Frantic
and violent.
I’m
Shaking uncontrollably.
Jumping, jerking
And spasming wildly.
I’m screaming at you.
Clamouring for your attention.
Snarling and yelling.
I’m crazed. I’m unbalanced.
I won’t stop.
Until
…
….
…..
……
…….
NOW! !

You answered me.

Dan Brown

Old People With Big Ears

Isn’t it a sick irony, the suffering of old people?
They shrink and become littler, whilst
their ears grow large and intrusive to
the atmosphere. Isn’t it a sick irony that as
their ears get bigger, they succeed in hearing less?

Dan Brown

On Being Run Over

A car came hurtling towards me, and,
like the lazy, languid being that I am,
I decided I'd get a lift to the point
20 metres down the street where
I needed to be.

Dan Brown

On Having An Amazing Orgasm

Moaning.
Groaning.
Mmming.
Aaaahing.
Filling
the air.
Sliding.
Riding.
Bucking.
As the pair,
slowly
fucking,
show
their love.
Eyes blinking.
Minds linking
a million
erotic thoughts
as they rapidly flow.
God’s name.
Taken in vain.
As he screams
he’s about to blow.
It erupts on demand.
All over his hand.
And as he sits gazing.
He exclaims,
“That was bloody amazing! ”

Dan Brown

On Receiving A Knighthood

I don’t think I deserve a ‘Sir’.
Perhaps gold, frankincense and myrrh,
But no, definitely not a ‘Sir’.

Mind, I wouldn’t say no.

Dan Brown

On The Edge: A Collection

I’m broken, shattered, and torn;
for all my loss I mourn.
Like rain I cry,
like love I die;
as sounds the Hunter’s Horn.

Welcome

I invite you in, open the door;
lose myself forevermore.
Extinguish the flame,
end the game;
and slowly fall to the floor.

Death

You’re the Leader of the Free;
just ill-fated souls can see.
You commit no sin,
I invite you in,
and in return you welcome me.

Dan Brown

Out

Loved by those, but not by them;
my bleeding feelings hard to stem.
I hope for peace, for his sake alone,
need time yet til those shoots have grown.

I ache to be there; for all to be well,
but 'there' is centre of a dangerous Hell.
Waves of flames of endless doubt,
she alone keeps me out.

Dan Brown

Outcast

I lie awake - my head just full,
and wonder if it's true.
Show me just which trigger to pull
to make this outcast you.

I sit - detached - for all to see,
but they just see right through.
Just how small can my one voice be;
I'm outcast, not like you.

I walk alone with few allies
and don't know what to do.
I'll leave without any goodbyes;
I'm outcast, not like you.

Enclosed within my room's four walls -
a t-shirt wet with dew.
I cannot juggle with these balls;
I'm outcast, not like you.

Enclosed within my Life's own walls;
these problems are not new.
A vengeful axe that never falls -
I'm outcast, not like you.

I lie awake - my head just full,
and wonder if it's true.
Show me just which trigger to pull
to make this outcast, you.

I'll leave content, for then I'm free
to join another queue.
Next time, though, I'll truly be me,
and make that outcast, you.

Dan Brown

Over The Bowl

Pint after pint of the ambery nectar finds
Its way down my throat, and I have no idea how.
Head spinning, room spinning, the only thing clear
is how much I regret it now.
I can’t see straight, the vision’s blurred.
Tongue tied and twisted, speech becoming slurred.
Feeling the heat,
can’t stay on my feet,
And I’m laughing at every word.
The floor looks nice, so I fall and sleep there,
as the Devil consumes my soul.
Stagger to the loo,
Without a clue,
Spend the night over the toilet bowl.

Dan Brown

Part Of Me Missing

Part of me missing.
Gone.
All of it.
All the thoughts,
all the ideas,
all the feelings,
all the fears.
Just
Gone.
There’s part of me missing,
and I don‘t know why I miss it.
There’s part of me missing,
and I can’t remember any of it.
There’s a void in my heart,
an abyss in my mind.
The piece that’s gone astray, though,
I doubt I’ll ever find.
Why does it hurt me so?
To think I’ve lost memories of something
I should want to forget?
I just feel like there is
Part of me missing.
Like it has a right to be in
my memories of the past.
I’m upset that it isn’t.
I’m upset for ignoring it so furiously,
that it has taken offence and left forever.
I blame myself, and know I shall regret it every day,
and if you’re out there, that missing piece,
please come back my way.
I miss you, and realise that without you,
I am nothing; not least the person I am today.
Such a disturbing body of my life, yet
I owe you so much; not least an apology.
Part of me missing,
with only myself to blame.
My fire will burn, until your return,
you will never extinguish this flame.

Dan Brown

Past

Sliding along like water over glass,
gliding along like a lightning flash.
At the fogged windows the rain does lash,
Blurring the simple sights we pass.

Past lonely lake; the surface being attacked by
angry rain drops, as our reflections race alongside us,
never beating us.
Past forgotten farms; their yards empty of existence and
of memories. Machinery lies rusting as the outbuildings, with blackened walls, stand forlorn.
Past an old horse; the beast once so strong but now retired
to a private paddock, to spend his days pacing pointlessly and
lapping from the moss-covered bathtub that collects the rainwater.
Past deep woodland; where naked strangers play without
consent. The sheeting rain drowning out their noise,
camouflaging their very presence.
Past intrigued children; soaked to the skin in flimsy anoraks, but
their faces a-glow with innocent smiles, that radiate in the rain.
Past derelict buildings; their skeletal frames creaking
in the wind. They shed their skin long ago, in their abandonment
of hope.
Past lowered gates; they hold back the surge of rebels, their
bright eyes flashing, watching, as we sail past safely.

Mind reflects on all that’s passed.
Decides, without a doubt, it belongs in the past.

Dan Brown

Pens Are Better Than Pencils

Pens are better than pencils because…
They're clearer.
Pens are better than pencils because…
They're smoother.
Pens are better than pencils because…
They don't snap.
Pens are better than pensils because…

Oh! Hang on… I've spelt that wrong.

I need to just corre… Oh.

Point taken.

Dan Brown

People

Arm-in-arm, hand-in-hand.
People.
Subtlety of a marching band.
People.
Eyes looking;
Hens clucking;
People.
Can't, because of
People.
Don't, because of
People.
Who are they?
These people?

Dan Brown

Perception Perfection

Not a word is spoken as they trudge along the Quayside;
the two hunched figures being buffeted by the winter winds.
The sky grows dark, but still they walk, seemingly searching
for an end. The river, sympathetic to their plight, slows to
their pace, and offers an odd sort of comfort to them both.
A dog barks in the distance. A little girls giggles and
screams as she is chased by her Father. A car crawls past,
engine whining, bodywork shining from it's recent shower.
An old pair of eyes watches them for a short while; a tramp
scavenging the litter bins, surprised by their presence.
Above, seagulls fight the sea breeze, their harsh calls
occasionally ringing out, sounding hollow, and forlorn.
They pass under a streetlight, and become simple shadows
stealing along the riverside together, a comfortable silence
resting between them.
Men who stand alone must fight on their own,
Men who stand together, get left well alone.
Eyes meet and bring nervous smiles, for they are not men.
They are not what the world would perceive them to be, and,
as the World carries on, without suspicion, they sit, together,
and chuckle. For they are left alone in their bubble.
They glance around them, in darkness of a coalmine,
lips meet awkwardly, boyish fingers entwine.
They are schoolboys, so confused and lost in the World.
But they sit together as the only two in the World.
The question is asked can someone so young love with their
heart and soul?
Ask the shadows that hold hands forever, as they take their
romantic stroll.

Dan Brown

Permanent High

I open my body to your control,
allow you to grasp my mind.
Only for you to abuse my soul,
and cause my being to unwind.
I drink you, I breathe you; a shot of love,
you’re my World upon which I depend.
My eyes roll cold and search above,
as the rest of me starts to descend.
Eternal conflict tears me apart,
I struggle to be good.
Evil demon poisons my heart,
sheds not a dropp of blood.
A faraway child begins to cry,
as I reach Nirvana; the Permanent High.

Dan Brown

Pickcharesk

As I stand on the dune staring out at the sea,
Staring at the boats out fishing for tea,
I feel peaceful at last; calm and free.
The rumbling waves echo in my ears,
They submerge my thoughts and drown my fears,
God blesses this moment with heavy tears.
A different world hides beneath me in the sands,
Winds whistle around me and chill my hands,
Bore quickly and leave for different lands.
Seabirds soar above in the sky,
Away from the world and its problems they fly,
They leave with the wind but squawk goodbye.
A distant dog’s barking doesn’t seem to cease,
Indicating I’m not alone in this moment of peace,
So I turn to leave and zip up my fleece.
I can’t resist looking back,
Over my shoulder but see the black
cloud approaching and hear it crack.
Good time to leave, I’ve had reflection,
In this world of little or no protection
from Nature’s elements but from human’s rejection,
I have for this place, a lot of affection.

Dan Brown

Pillows

Hard as rock
and can knock
the teeth right out your head.
Indeed he thinks,
for forty winks,
you're better off being dead.

A dream ca't rest -
it tries it's best -
so out the door it billows.
'Tis often heard,
spreading the word,
and cussing the piss-poor pillows.

Dan Brown

Poetic Justice

Give me a fool any day,
for his foolish antics wile hours away.
Give me not a man, so full of facts,
and in whose company I cannot relax.

Hand me a crackpot, at any time,
for there is humour in he, who knows not his mind.
Force on me not, a man dull and trite,
for close my eyes, and sleep, I might.

Show me a nincompoop whenever you please,
for he shall pass through like Summer's breeze.
Let me witness not, a man so vain,
for people as such scramble my brain.

I'd pay for an idiot, with all my money,
for idiots, with idiocy, are ever so funny.
Not a dime would I spend, on one bitter and strict,
were I buying friends, he'd not be picked.

Offer me a buffoon, if you should ever so choose,
for through his repertoire I would love to peruse.
Keep to yourself the selfish, the wordy and clever,
for I wish the buffoon to be company forever.

In short, I say, you cannot find better,
than one we call "drip", but slightly wetter.
Distance yourselves from the dry and the cold,
spend time with the halfwits before you're too old.

I say this so solemnly, for I truly feel,
that we are the next of the imbecile.
Let us enjoy it now, before growing old hits,
and we, ourselves, become bumbling twits.

Dan Brown

Probably The Greatest Lie Ever Told

The words tumble, so dull and trite.
So simple, so painful, and blacker than white.
Those words so worn, so dreary and old,
are probably the greatest lie ever told.
It’s in your eyes, you never follow them through.
I know it’s a lie when you say “I love you”.

Dan Brown

Reality

The blinking lights on the modem are driving me mad.
The memories circling in my head are making me sad.
I want to break one of them, I feel so bad.
You were the best thing I ever had.

Dan Brown

Refuse

If you think I'm going to believe there's an afterlife. Well…
I refuse.
If you think I'm going to believe this is anywhere other than Hell,
I refuse.
And if you think by offering, I'm going to tell,
I refuse.
I'm dirty, I'm lonely, I'm hurt and I smell,
I'm refuse.

Dan Brown

Regrets Of What Is Lost

Years and years have passed,
but only now do I see at last.
My eyes are open now to my wasted time,
and its no-one's fault. Only mine.

I've refused myself so many opportunities.
Opportunities of
Happiness.
Excitement.
Hope.
Even friendship.
Me closing myself
closed all those open doors.
Making sure that I jammed my fingers,
painfully, in the process.
I wish I'd been different.
I wish I'd just been me,
back then.
Different words.
Different actions.
Different thoughts.
All would have had
Different outcomes.
But here I am.
Just the same
as always.
Whether it led to bullying,
beatings and bruises,
or the happiness and company I craved,
it would have given me an identity.
A feeling of existing.
Which I not only craved,
but needed.
I didn't open up.
I didn't allow myself that.
I was too afraid,
back then.
I wish I could take this feeling
right here,
to those torrid times
back then.
Things would be so
Different.
But I can't.
And I'm stuck here in this barren wilderness,
my emotions shattered by a depraved frost.
All I'm left with is bitter regrets.
Regrets of what is lost.

Years and years have passed,
but only now do I see at last.
My eyes are open now to my wasted time,

and its no-one’s fault. Only mine.

Dan Brown

Reincarnation

Next time, I'd like to be a man.
Instead of this pathetic, snivelling mouse.
Next time, I'd like to be stronger and more self-assured.
Instead of this weedy, terrified louse.
I've had enough of this life, and as I desperately await the next
I realise that this is my way out, and I have nothing left to give.
I realise that we only live to die, but we only die to live.

Dan Brown

Renimisce

The contorting lines in her glowing face,
portray her emotions with mesmerizing grace.
They rise and fall like an ebbing tide;
both a cover for what's hidden inside.

Her wise, old eyes sparkle, momentarily,
then fall to greyness as a cloud passes.
She knows I see that solitary tear
so asks, quietly, for her glasses.

Her crinkled skin looks fragile and worn.
Her voice shows her heart is tattered and torn.
Shawl 'cross knees and hair in a bun.
Silvery white like that of a gun.

Young I may be, but I can sense the feeling
In her voice. The happiness of one Christmas Day.
The sadness she felt when her Father
passed away.

She tells of her time during the war.
Her time as a post-mistress, and all before.
Her care-free childhood; running through streams.
Running through fields, chasing her dreams.

Her favourite memory is of dancing
one New Year's Eve, with a tall, dark, handsome man.
He told her that night, he'd follow her everywhere.
And, indeed, he is beside her, asleep in his chair.

I sit before her, quiet as a mouse.
Enveloped by the nostalgia inside this house.
If walls could talk, what'd they say?
If walls had hair, would IT be grey?

She doesn't like today; the rules, the children.
But I'm different she says. I'm special.
I haven't been brainwashed she says. Like the others.
I promise her I won't change. I'll make her proud.

Her chest heaved with every breath,
her heart slowing down to its inevitable death.
She met my eyes, and smiled in that way.
Reassuring me we'll meet one day.

Dan Brown

Rich

If I were rich,
I'd give all my money
to the Cat's Home.
'Cos God Knows all those cats deserve it
for putting up with all the smelly damn
pensioners.

Dan Brown

Running

That dark figure running –
Sprinting ahead – is not your friend,
just a solitary shadow playing pretend.
It’s your secrets, your hopes and all your fears.
It’s your infectious laugh, and your uncried tears.
All your wishes and all your dreams,
being smothered by your static screams.
He holds, in a package under his arm,
your spark, your wit, your fun and charm.
All bundled up, and wrapped with a bow,
as you just stand and watch it go.
Everything stolen - over and done,
Desperate to save it, but you just can’t run.
He rounds the corner, your world goes dark,
a disposable lighter, unable to spark.
That dark figure running –
Sprinting ahead – is not your friend.
It was your future.

Dan Brown

Schooldays

The playground is humming with the bustling banter
of children, and the atmosphere of
innocence, freedom and youthfulness overwhelms me.
The sun smiles down on them all,
warming the scene and, indeed, my heart.
The boys engage in a tumultuous game of football,
using a lone, dishevelled dustbin and their schoolbags
as goalposts, whilst the giggling girls lurk aimlessly
in their groups, whispering excitedly about who they fancy.
The beaming light highlights the lush greenness of the grass
and the sprawling hedgerow that is the school perimeter.
The road running alongside the playing field roars with traffic,
but the children, in their sanctuary, are oblivious to
the dangers that lie beyond the boundaries of their playground.
Such an endearing thought, to imagine that the children can stay
in this scene forever, and forever be safe, innocent and ignorant
to life's vices. But the children cannot stay.
For they must grow to become us; to be the next generation.
My depressing thoughts are broken as the bell rings.
The playground is suddenly a mass flurry of bodies,
directing themselves towards where they need to be.
In a matter of minutes, the friendly asphalt is desolate.
Barren of purpose and of personality, that went with the
children's scurrying feet. That sorrowful bin stands, once again, alone, and breaks the
forlorn landscape like an iceberg
in the sea. My mood changes quickly, to match
that of the sight I see. Envy courses through me.
I envy these children. They have security. Stability. Routine.
I have nothing but emptiness and pain.
They have goals. Targets. Aims.
I have nothing but regret and shame.
They have protection from the objects and knowledge that scares them.
I have nothing but myself, to rely on.
I miss school.
I miss the being around people,
the having to do homework,
the having something to do and
the having something to be part of.
Perhaps, though, I should not envy them.
For will they not, in time, face the World and it's problems?
Will they not, one day, be defenceless and independent?
Perhaps, then, it is pity I should feel.
Pity and sorrow for the fact that, one day,
those unspoiled children will meet challenges so great
that their very existence is tested.
The smiling bundles of energy I have just watched
will mature into so many different things, despite the
obstacles. They may be famous. They may be useless.
They'll be someone's husband. They'll be someone's wife.
They scoff when we tell them, so they'll learn the hard way,
that schooldays are the best ones of your life.

Dan Brown

Screwed Up

My life's a mess - I can't get through.
All fucked up and I just want you.
For when you're here, stroking my head,
nothing exists outside this bed.

My life's a mess - I can't get through,
but you're no use, you're fucked up, too.
Forget the things you've done and said,
the spark, quite simply, is just dead.

My life's a mess - I can't get through;
there's not much else that I can do.
My tear-stained blood draws veils of red,
across this brides unmarried head.

My life's a mess - I can't get through.
All fucked up and I just want you.
You, though, you bit the hand that fed,
and lie alone now in your bed.

My life's a mess - I can't get through.
But you're no use, you've fucked up, too.

Dan Brown

See, Saw

I’m talking quietly. And I can’t make you see
my side. You’re shouting, screaming, you saw
my ignorance.

I’m talking firmly. But I see
I’m not getting through. You saw
only my arrogance.

I’m holding my tongue. I see
no point in firing insults. But you saw
fit to gun me down.

I’m trying diplomacy. You saw
An all-out attack. I see
both sides, yet in the middle I drown.

I’m crying. You saw
weakness. When you see
that, you exploit it.

You’re slicing through my heart, like a saw,
Cutting, biting, gnawing at everything you see
standing in front of you.

You turn to violence, the only way you can see
to end the conflict. I only saw
you pushing me out that door.

Dan Brown

Sense

Why is it,
that if you punish your body with drugs,
You're normal?

Why is it,
that if you're a single mum at 16,
You're normal?

Why is it,
that if you're unemployed and a criminal,
You're normal?

And why is it,
that if you have 2 heads,3 arms,4 ears and 5 eyes,
You're normal?

Yet

If you're gay
You're an alien.

If you're black
You're an alien.

If you're disabled
You're an alien

If you're a normal person
You're an alien.

It doesn't make sense.

Dan Brown

Shadows

My shadows.
Anonymous darkness stalking me,
occasionally revealing themselves
to be not so anonymous.
My shadows.
Creeping silently behind me.
Refusing to leave me be.
Occasionally, they reach out to me.
I reach out to them, too.
That shadow, though, is a shadow of you,
And my helpless hand just slips right through.

Dan Brown

Shoulders

Me on one,
Him on the other.
Me the coward,
Him the lover.

If you want to wallow
in your mind, so hollow
and empty of all that is good.
Then go on. Go right ahead.
But as you lie there melting into your bed,
I'll do a Victory Dance with your blood.

No! Stop speaking in evil tongues!
It is the purest air I have in my lungs,
and with that, I will scream you down.
I am bigger than you, better than you,
and if pure air must be turned blue,
I will drive you out of this town.

You both weigh me down.
As I sink in my bog of misery.
I carry you both as boulders,
but the pain gently smoulders,
as I sink right down to my shoulders.

Dan Brown

Skidmark

Standing there, in the middle lane. I hear
screeching, as I watch you race away
From me. Black clouds descend and
empty themselves violently on my
shoulders; already so heavy.
Middle of the road. Warning: Heavy load.
I collapse, can’t take the strain.
Curl up, and cry, alone in the rain.
Tired and broken, I crawl to a doorway.
Throw head into hands and begin to pray.
God answers in angry rumbles and stabs at
me with forks. His aim requires attention, as
He misses me every time. Cuts deep initially,
but then fades into the dark. That’s all our relationship
was, a simple, stretching skidmark.

Dan Brown

Sky

The sky holds no problems.
It just holds tears that join with my own.
We’re two separate entities, completely alone.
One day, though, I’ll be one with the sky.
And I’ll leave my problems that day I die.

Dan Brown

So Close

You came so close but fell at the last -
I've never seen someone fall so fast.
Taking to war with a fearless cry
yet somehow still you managed to die.

You came so close but couldn't complete;
eggshells are sharp to delicate feet.
Gameplan or not, you were almost there -
could almost touch it but didn't dare.

You came so close but you lost all heart,
not one to upset the applecart.
Why did your confidence not remain
when faced with all that you stood to gain?

You came so close but failed in the end
to rebuild that bridge you had to mend.
I'll jump from my side and you from yours -
windows are opened by closing doors.

Dan Brown

So I'm... Gay

My name is Dan, and because of you,
I walk with my head down, ashamed to look people in the eye.
My name is Dan, and because of you,
I cannot be free to be who I am, and every time I have to lie.

My name is Dan, and because of you,
I am afraid to go out on my own.
My name is Dan, and because of you,
I must sit in my bedroom, sobbing alone.

My name is Dan, and because of you,
I believe the world is a spiteful, hateful place.
My name is Dan, and because of you,
I can never reveal my one true face.

My name is Dan, and because of you,
my parents very nearly lost their son.
My name is Dan, and because of you,
the bigoted race very nearly won.

But no.

My name is Dan, and I'm bigger than you.
My name is Dan, and I'm better than you.
And the whole of "my people"? They are too.

So now I don't listen to what you say.
It won't change anything anyway.
I'm sorry you don't like it, but what can I say?
My name is Dan, and yes, I'm gay.

Dan Brown

Soul Mate

I don’t know where you came from,
or, indeed, where you’ve been.
But the shimmering aura around you,
is the light I believe I’ve seen.

I don’t how it happened,
that we crossed each other’s paths.
But this sacred partnership,
is one we shall make last.

I don’t know how many eras,
or lives I’ve travelled through.
But I’ve finally found what I was searching for,
a soul mate, in you.

Dan Brown

Speechless

Me.
Restless.
Sleepless.
Meaningless.

You.
Shameless.
Heartless.
Merciless.

Me.
Emotionless.
Motionless.
Painless.

Us.
Speechless.

Dan Brown

Starting At The End

I see joy, and tears, and people's elation,
but feel inside, just desperation.
I feel cheated, and robbed, and treated unfairly,
and the days when I don't, come very rarely.
I'm at the bottom, they're at the top,
never even likely to make that drop.
I'm pleased for them, yet hate them, all at a time,
Yet in reality, they've committed no crime.
I'm just bitter that I lost all this,
it epitomizes all that I sorely miss.
Now, though, thankfully, my heart's on the mend.
And if it is, so be it, I'll start at the end.

Dan Brown

Stations

Metal on metal -
the busyings of a steelworks.
Flesh on flesh -
bodies huddled together with wide-eyes and cold-toes.
Leaden, thick with chattering -
of hushed voices and manic machinery - settles over us;
We stand in No Man’s Land.
Worn, aimless journeys lay fallen in their trenches, as
the guard salutes for the last time.
Metal on flesh -
Flesh on metal.
Inches from Hell, closer still to Heaven.
We rise, with red-stained shirt, and remember.

Dan Brown

Strangers

Who exactly are the
Strangers
of this world?
Are they really the nameless beings
that surround us?
Or can they be closer to us, and still be
Strangers?
I am more of a
Stranger
to the people who know me,
than I am to those who
don’t.
I know that much.
And this is why I would willingly
enter a car with a faceless anonymity
at the wheel, despite being told it is wrong.
A stranger who knows nothing about me
cannot hurt me as much as those who do.
The unknown is not dangerous and scary,
but exciting and interesting; there to be explored.
In this world, we are all strangers to one another,
and, indeed, to our very selves.

Dan Brown

Sublime Irony

I remember your cruel jibes when
I told you I was gay.
I remember you laughing when
my partner left me for someone else.
Now, it’s my turn, you see.
Because your partner,
your very straight partner,
has just left you.
and he’s left you, for me.
Fancy that.

Dan Brown

Summary

You hid behind your one disguise
and peddled old, recycled lies,
and though I made so many tries,
I couldn't sever all our ties.
So still I wait for one surprise
from him of stone who never cries.
There'll come a time for all 'goodbye's'
and hopefully before he dies.
But until then, we'll talk with sighs;
continue to date other guys -
pretending to be fine with size
but say I'm not the one who buys
so I don't have to buy their fries.
Undoubtedly, there is no prize -
a fact to which I should be wise -
so change my mind and start to rise,
on my way doing up his flies,
and tell the fool to exercise
to try and reach those dating highs.
It would be fair to summarise
that I'm still in love with your eyes.

Dan Brown

Taken Away

First, full, flush of blossoming youth,
a love to rival the Courts.
Solidity and warmth to wash away
the unwelcome, rational thoughts.

White and bare; the stark, naked truth,
Untainted but not to be seen.
Days of headscratching, wondering
what a love like this must mean.

He misses his boy; still hears his cry
and remembers him every night.
Translucent tears fall from his eye,
as he moves to turn off the light.

This thing we take for granted,
but when there's distance in the way.
We come to know how much it hurts
to have it taken away.

Dan Brown

Thank You

For being an immature moron, and
For being so damn annoying.
For being my Agony Aunt, and
For being that shoulder.
For being that teddy you cuddle at night, and
For holding my hand through it all.
For being on this roller coaster with me, and
For never backing out.
For never running away, and
For always coming back.
For letting me love you, and
For loving me back.

I want to say

Thank You.

Dan Brown

That Boy

A face on paper; a name on lips.
The heart of a lie over which he trips.
A distant memory; a broken smile.
Extinguished dreams in a perfect pile.

A fresh blank page of creamy white -
skin that looks like it wasn’t washed right.
Watery eyes that reflect the skies -
a single cloud that never cries.

A lifeless log, floating along,
accompanied by Heavensong.
Your unmade bed, your favourite toy,
Hard to believe you’re that boy.

Dan Brown

That Night

I still remember our night, my baby,
as we wrestled one another by the moonlight.
Naked, like the room around us; so sterilized
of feelings and emotions, that we each scrawled
our pain on the wicked white walls.
I want, I scream, to be free. But we are connected.
Joined by flesh; a vehicle taking my love for
you into your very soul, and as I push against you,
forcing you out, you resist with a strength not
to be expected of something so helpless.
The eyes of the world wait and watch, but
there is only two of us in this war.

I still remember our night, my baby,
as I cradled you in my arms, each of
us crying conflicting tears. Blood, and sweat,
lubricate our pain, as the rain outside finds
us and washes away all evidence of our struggle.
You stand before me now, the focus all on
you, as it was the night of our first frightening encounter,
and as it has been ever since.
You stand before me, as vulnerable and as innocent as
you were, the moment you were separate from me.
I drown myself in your eyes, as they glare at
me, demanding I hold you like I did that night.

Dan Brown

The Bad Times

They came with the darkness; the dinner's babies,
the sticks and stones. They broke no bones, but
shattered windows, and the people within them too.
Electric eyes flash, all through the night. Still we miss them.
Still they wage their war of pointlessness.
Like masked marauders they creep, stalking the boundaries,
a safe distance from danger, yet a dangerous distance
from safety. Inside, figures hunch and cower under
all that offers the false sense of protection they crave.
Inside, they know there is no real protection.
The blows keep raining, terror reigns too.
Tears rain also, soaking the scene through.
Wide-eyed child clings to clammy hands, as
reassuring whispers shake with the windows.
Worried eyes never sleep, forever watching, forever
fearful of the shadowed enemy on the horizon. May
they never slip inside, to lurk in cupboards or beneath the bed.
But who are we to know if they're not already here?
Cold, and soulless inside; already empty and dead.
Watching, waiting. Full of misguided hating.
The cavalry arrives, in clouds of controversy,
their call slices its way through the thick atmosphere
of distress. The hooligans hiding disperse home, to
under their stones. Frightened into retreat like startled lobsters,
caught unawares by a fisherman scavenging the rocks.
Panic dies with the screech of tyres. Or was it the cry
of the owl who viewed this obscene scene, calling goodbye?
We will never know, for dawn rises and the rays shoo the
Blues from us. It lifts the fog of misery, and watches as it climbs.
Tears dry, wringed hands wave goodbye, as relieved eyes see the end of The Bad Times.

Dan Brown

The Best Ex Friend

How dare you fight an argument, so unjustified to begin with,
with words that are not even your own.
How dare you search for ammunition in an area that you know
is strictly off limits.
How dare you call me the things which, over the years,
I have shown you, countless times, I am not.
You're in front of me, hurling this abuse so freely.
Except you're not.
There is a wall between us, a wall of fire, which makes you feel safe enough to launch this fabricated attack.
Were we face to face, you wouldn't even look me in the eye,
let alone assassinate my character with the false ferocity you are displaying now.
You're saying I'm the problem. Not you.
How can that be? When I am wise beyond my years,
and you are wise beneath yours?
I know what it takes to be a true friend, and I will offer that to those who deserve it.
You only know iciness, blandness and such a bitter lack of
enthusiasm for anything not concerning yourself, that you
resemble a greying old woman to a frightening degree.
You're saying I think I'm "it", and I'm not.
These words, coming from you, who, moments ago, made
yourself out to be superior to me, because you attend college.
You're saying you don't need me, and you can live without me.
Strong words for someone who has no-one else they can turn to,
to talk about their worries. Their fears.
Their deepest, darkest secret.
My shoulders have supported your tears more times
than they have supported my own, and my arms have enclosed you more than your own Mother's.
I wish you luck in replacing that, in your world of friendships that exist only on casual "Hello's", and a relationship which is
every bit as false as the words you use to feed it.
You are, though, the best kind of ex friend.
The kind which are so adamant in their argument, despite it
being wrong, that it becomes easier and easier to dislike them.
The kind who are so convinced of their own righteousness, that
I cannot help but drift further and further from them.
And the kind who are stubborn enough to refuse to admit
they were wrong, and so,
in the belief that it is I who needs to apologise,
keep their own distance, without encouragement or asking.
And, in knowing that I will likely see you no more,
you become the best ex friend I could ask for.

Dan Brown

The Best Shot

Leagues away, I tried my best,
but you laid my heartened hopes to rest.
Pain and tears were all I got,
but I know I gave it my best shot.

Bonds of ice, and concrete dreams,
the ice soon melted to running streams.
My heart, my soul, you took the lot,
but still I gave it my best shot.

Your warm embrace was all it took,
a meaningful kiss, or lingering look.
You say it’s wrong, I know it’s not.
So I keep on giving it my best shot.

Once the rock, now just air,
Your smell in my bed, no longer there.
Words in my throat beginning to clot,
You took your aim, and shot your best shot.

Dan Brown

The Boy On His Bed

Midnight moon creeps through the window
and finds a hunched figure in the corner.
They cast a hunched shadow on the floor.
Desperate to hide, they withdraw more.
Crisp night air is filled with their gentle sobs
as the moonlight evaporates and affords them privacy.
The darkness that suddenly devours the room only
serves to remind them that night brings with it no ally,
and so follows a renewed cry.
The door opened, allowing light and raucous noise
to flood the room.
The un-illuminated figure pressed further against the wall,
wishing frantically to be part of the darkness that
would slip away when the light arrived.
He drew up his knees, and buried his head,
brutally unloved, the boy on his bed.

Dan Brown

The Funeral

Hushed phone calls litter the day, and
Arouse my curiosity. Mum looks tired.
Dad looks sad.
I don't understand.
I'm told we're going down South.
To see Grandad.
The journey is cold and static,
Everyone keeps sighing.
I feel left out and don't know what to say.
We arrive in the dead of night, and
I have to go to bed.
As I climb the stairs I see my uncles
all shaking hands and patting each other
on the back. My Dad goes to join them.
They all look sad,
and I'm left confused.
As I lay on my Aunt and Uncle's
creaking spare bed, covered only by
An itchy blanket and my cold, clammy t-shirt,
I strain to hear the hushed murmurs
that escape from downstairs. I fall
asleep with echoes of "…. nice we think he'd
appreciate, " ringing in my ears,
not knowing quite what it could mean.
The next morning, I'm woken up early, and dressed
in my Sunday best.
Everyone still looks sad.
So I try and be sad, too.
An Uncle comes in through my breakfast,
and announces the cars are here.
Everyone looks at their feet,
and talks in mumbles.
I've no idea what he meant, but I looked at my feet too.
I follow my parents out to a big, black car in the street,
and feel disappointed that this doesn't seem an appropriate time
to be excited about riding in a really long car.
We travel in complete silence, no-one says a thing.
They all just keep looking sad.
We stopped at the place where they buried people,
and made a long line behind a wooden box
on six men's shoulders. My Dad was one of them.
He looked so sad, sombre and solemn. Yet proud as well.
That confused me.
We started walking and an Aunt began to cry.
I'd never seen an adult cry before.
I thought they were strong and invincible,
Like the Power Rangers.
More people started crying and it upset me too.
Something bad must have happened.
We gathered round the grave, compressed together like a fortress
trying to stop bad things from getting inside.
After the priest had read a few words,

the silence sang out. It sang so loud
that it made more people cry.
Nothingness boomed round the churchyard,
bouncing and echoing off the headstones,
louder and more conspicuous than any rock music.
I was lost; bewildered.
In my dazed upset, I tugged on Mummy’s sleeve,
and asked her where Grandad was, we were supposed
to be here to see Grandad.
She knelt to me, trying not to cry,
and told me “Grandad is in Heaven now, we’re here
to say goodbye.”
I said goodbye to my Grandad,
but not at his graveside, surrounded by soil and tears.
I couldn’t bear to look into that hole to see
it reflect the hollowness in my heart and mind, and
the emptiness left in all our lives.
I would honour his memory my own way.
I’d remember the happiness he brought.
I’d remember him as I saw him last,
and say goodbye in thought

Dan Brown

The Ghost Paper-Boy

A rattle.
A clunk.
A bang and
A thud.
A street’s letterboxes smeared with
Blood.

A lad delivered papers round these
‘ere streets.
Once.
But then he went, and
Never came back.
They say that when the cold sets in,
and the sky is black,
He returns. To trudge round the streets
with his paper-sack.

A cold, crisp air; frost on the floor.
The paper lad don’t come ‘ere no more.
Invisible feet trace invisible steps,
As he posts papers, just as before.
The whistling wind and the eerie echoes
Imitate his hollowed moans.
Together they flood the streets, trying to find a
Home.

He longs to be remembered; for
people to come to the door
and smile.
But, sadly, that doesn’t happen any more.
For he’s been dead a while.

Dan Brown

The Group

There they sat,
like ghosts of the past,
in their clique.
Then there am I,
face burning, ready to cry,
and feeling wholly sick.

There I am sat.
Anxiety strangling me,
and awkwardness restricting my movement.
All I can think;
why?
Why am I like this?
Why am I feeling like this?
Why did I come?
Why don't I leave?
Why haven't I left?
Why are they ignoring me?
As these thoughts rush through my mind,
the room around me suddenly reminds me
of a room I've seen before.
Them. Laughing and joking together.
Me. Dying of crippling humiliation
Alone.
I forewarned of this situation.
He promised it would be different.
Clearly they were empty promises,
for he is nowhere to be seen to rescue me
from this excruciating Hell.
This is not a group.
This is an insufferable collection
of cold, self-centred simpletons;
a twisted assembly of ignorant, heartless
and nauseating subjects.
I am not welcome here,
nor do I want to be here.
Their voices become distant whispers
as I slowly drift towards my own world.
My world of warmth, familiarity and safety.
I jumped from the boat and plunged in with both feet.
I offered myself as fresh, frightened meat.
I quickly discovered, though, that I couldn't swim,
so hurriedly headed for the shore.
Never again to leave the boat,
I will swim no more.

Dan Brown

The Interview

Wow.
I've got an interview.
Tomorrow at two.
I'm petrified!
It's been so long.
What is it they taught me at school?
I don't remember!
Oh god!
I'm going to mess it up.
Who'd want to employ me anyway.
Look at me.
No. Can't say that.
Need to think positive.
Need to stay together.
Need to get the job.
For them.
For him.
For me.
I will.
I will get the job.

Dan Brown

The Little People

I see them
Everywhere.
But they come from
Nowhere.
They're always
There.
Wherever I go.

The Little People.

Always the same.
Bald and fat.
Always watching me.
Wherever I go.

The Little People.

I fear a rebellion soon.
They're building an Army against us.
They're waiting.
Till we're old and slow.
Then they will rise in their masses.
Assume control, and make us even more miserable.
Wherever we go.

The Little People.

Dan Brown

The Old Boatman

His greying whiskers are stroked by the breeze
as he stands by the shore and casts his eye over the world.
The sea licks at his wellingtons and a sharp-eyed seagull
watches from his rooftop perch, waiting.
He turns and strides up the beach, his open raincoat
flapping wildly in the gale.
The air is filled with the choking and grumbling of the old tractor, as he starts it up and links it to the crumbling trailer.
Together as one, they begin the journey down the sand to the open cavernous mouth of the sea
The Old Boatman looks so regal and grand, sitting up high in the tractor, with his battered sou'wester keeping the sun from his ocean-blue eyes.
As the sparkling water accepts his boat, he catches me watching.
He pauses briefly then climbs aboard, starts the engine, and moves off to shake hands with clouds on the horizon.

Dan Brown

The Room

The room itself is run-down and confined, with not much space for a wandering mind. There are no windows and, as such, no light – thus there are no shadows with whom to fight. The floor is a chasm littered with traps - the ceiling fragile and prone to collapse. Doors adorn every wall; each seized with rust and lost to the air that is thick with dust.

In the middle there's me, sat on a chair and desperately wishing not to be there.

I don't know exactly where the room hides – it floods and drains with the ebb of the tides – but I suspect it must be far away – though I still go to visit every day – because while I am there no-one arrives; I guess they're just busy living their lives.
For the moment, at least, I remain tied to the chair in which my dignity died and imagine flowers outside in bloom – I'd invite them in but there is no room.

Dan Brown

The Simple Truth

Not a boy, not quite a man;
A rather funny hybrid.
No-one else who has my Dan
Can love him more than I did.

Dan Brown

The Third Of December

Screaming.
Shouting.
Swearing.
An air of hysteria.
I hear a crash.
I curl up in bed,
ever the frightened
Child,
as I go downstairs the
Man.
A phone call, and lights flash in the
Dark.
Illuminating the goldfish bowl.
He’s gone.
I take
Charge.
Holding her off.
Talking calmly.
It’s over now.
It’s over now.

Dan Brown

The Tree And Me

I started from a little seed,
Brought about by nature’s greed.
Now I sit, watch the world go by,
But which sad figure am I?

I stand alone among many others,
I am lonely though I have brothers.
I could grow and reach the sky,
But which sad figure am I?

I have branches each containing,
Bits of me which I’m detaining.
Don’t ask me, I don’t know why,
But which sad figure am I?

Now I’m fallen, broken and dead,
Too many thoughts inside my head.
Emotions escape me so I cannot cry,
But which sad figure am I?

I cannot mix and cannot see,
The big, wide world in front of me.
I’m here rooted to where I lie,
But which sad figure am I?

I see no future, no way through,
There is little I can do.
I cannot move, don’t want to try,
But which sad figure am I?

My light and warmth will not go on,
There’ll come a time when they have gone.
Won’t live forever, soon I’ll die,
But which sad figure was I?

Dan Brown

The Truth On A Plate, But Probably The Wrong One

One.
Two.
You.
You.
You.

Three.
Four.
More.
More.
More.

Five.
Six.
Picks.
Picks.
Picks.

You’re never happy are you?

Dan Brown

There’s a Certain Sound Of Night

There’s a certain sound of night,
Draining balloons –
That pierces, like the knife
Of light from the moons.

Numb heart, it gives us –
We can find no escape.
But offered-only love,
Can ease brutal rape.

None may see it – Ever –
‘Tis a ghost rarely seen –
A solid, oak doorway
To a place never been.

When it comes, my arms react –
I listen – hold my breath –
When it goes, ‘tis like the rogue
Being sentenced to death.

Dan Brown

There's A Little Place I Know

It sits in the shade
of a wonderful hill,
frequented not oft as it should.

'Tis nature-made,
by iron will,
and survives on local blood.

Location unknown,
a name you forget,
'Tis usually closed to most.

You cannot phone,
'tis not on the Net,
nor reachable by post.

A darkened place
I know so well,
but quite where do I start?

Once fell from grace,
into Hell,
yet was not torn apart.

It sits astride
a tidal wave,
pounding to be through.

It tries to hide
in a mountain cave;
the very heart of you.

There's a little place I know.
Where buds are beginning to grow.
There are overgrown meadows I need to mow
in this little place I know.

Dan Brown

Through The Pint Glass

I don’t find answers at the bottom of a glass.
Or not answers that seem to last,
anyway.
All I find is a kaleidoscope
with which to view the contorted world.
And it makes everything look ok.

Dan Brown

Through The Window

Through the window of a house, I see
People. Watching people on TV
looking through the window of a house.
I wonder if that’s me.

Through the window of a car, I see
People. Going about their lives.
Laughing. Chatting. Coping.
I wonder if that’s me.

Through the window of my mind, I see
People. Gone, and long forgotten.
They play their pointless playground games
alone in a hazy dusk.
I wonder if that’s me.

Through the window of opportunity, I see
People. Succeeding and achieving.
Reaching their goals and dreams.
I wonder if that’s me.

Through the window of my glasses, I see
A person. In the mirror he stands tall and looks good.
His eyes are fiery with excitement and fun.
No. That isn’t me.

Dan Brown

Time Line

Immovable.
Yet so unconstrained.
You stand so deadly still.
Yet you fly with the grace of a swan.
You can be lost so effortlessly.
Yet to gain, can take a lifetime.
Immovable.
Yet it is said you travel across many eras.
You can be done.
You can be bought.
You can be experienced.
You can be spent together.
You can be spent alone.
You have so many faces,
in so many different races,
that it is often difficult
to keep track of you.
You can be less. But
You should be more.
Yours is up,
the Grim Reaper is at the door.

Dan Brown

Tired

I’m tired of all the fighting.
All the arguing, the shouting, the abuse.
I’m tired of all the whinging.
All the moaning, the groaning, the sniping.
I’m tired of waking up to a dead-end day.
Always the same.
Always grey.
I’m tired of all this.
All of it.
I want to go to sleep for a
Very
Very
Very
Very
Long time.

Dan Brown

Titanic: In Name And In Devastation

As a million tennis courts was she long.
As a thousand elephants was she strong.
But she happened across a slice of ice,
Halved and sank to the watery vice.

Dan Brown

To Death

Cloaking darkness; run and ran,
Friend not to beast, nor to man.
Mortal enemy of immortal soul,
As you draw Audience to gaping hole.
Mercy? You have none - take what you will
From the crowds that await you beyond the Hill.
Winter'd and barren, thou hast not a friend,
And so foe shall you stay till the very end.
Mine eyes, however, cry at you not,
For they hate like the Hate of a child;
With animated anger so quickly forgot,
A harsh blizzard turning mild.
Your breath may be cold, but warmth does it bring,
As I leave my Winter to enter my Spring.

Dan Brown

To You Who Is Reading This

To you who is reading this,
I want to apologise.
To say that I regret my actions
more than you'll ever realise.

To you who is reading this,
I will forever be in debt.
I don't deserve forgiveness,
or expect you to forget.

To you who is reading this,
I know I meant so much.
You meant just as much to me, you know.
Your eyes. Your smile. Your touch.

To you who is reading this,
I must be the Devil in disguise.
But I promise you, baby, with all my heart,
that it still stands; all you saw in these eyes.

To you who is reading this,
I will give a place in my heart.
I know I've hurt you, and for that I'm sorry,
but you deserve happiness, baby. You deserve a fresh, new start.

Dan Brown

To You...

If my eyes could speak, they'd whisper your name -
their feeling and passion, too hard to tame.
For they cry with pleasure upon seeing your face,
You have that something I just can't place.

If my lips could see, they'd want to see you,
kissing me softly, our tongues being two.
For when your lips are one with mine,
my whole world turns and bright stars shine.

If my arms could walk, they'd hunt you down,
and wouldn't rest 'til you were found.
For their purpose is to comfort you,
and hold you close through all we do.

If my legs could hug, they'd entwine with yours,
Spend time making fun on hardened floors.
For they wish to be with you all they can,
The whole of me loves you, my darling Dan.

Dan Brown

Together

We rise together, up into the sky,
We join together, watch the world pass by.

We are together, together as a cloud,
Standing out to each other in the worldly crowd.

We fall together, as hard, heavy rain,
On hitting the ground we both experience the hard, heavy pain.

We ride the wind together, with Understanding at the reigns,
Despite the upset, a bond remains.

You are my wind, but together we fly,
We're very apart, but together we cry.

You will always be that wind, pushing me high,
I will always be that heartache making you cry.

Together we hurt, and that feeling reigns,
Each heart being eaten by the love it contains.

We'll fall to the ground together, once again as rain,
For someone I have found, to share my pain.

We'll come together once more, as a tear-soaked cloud,
Emerge to each other from beneath our shroud.

We will rise again together, on the day we die.
We'll hold hands together, on the path to the sky.

Dan Brown

Train Of Thought

We glide along, smooth as a bum
Rumble Rumble.
The trees whiz by and the power lines hum
Rumble Rumble.
We head back home on conflicting
tracks followed by this sound
Rumble Rumble.
Troubles brewing, a storms abound.
Rumble Rumble.

Dan Brown

Trapped

The wandering hand which strokes strokes my head
cannot soothe me in a strangers bed.
My words are murdered as they're said;
barely-built bridges all but dead.

So often followed by faceless walls,
and all the names that no-one calls -
Little wonder he always falls
throughout his journey down these halls.

At night, in the eaves, hides guilt and shame,
taunting because he's not in the game.
Too many people without a name -
But playing with shadows is not the same.

Dan Brown

Travelling In The Backseat

I’m travelling in the backseat,
acquiring a unique perspective on things.
I see not the incessant flow of trafficked metal,
but an endless stream, coloured the fiercest red,
that leads the way home.
I miss the annoyance of the pounding rain,
which hides the road ahead.
I see, instead, a soothing sheet of water,
caressing the windscreen and stroking us as we go.
My backseat companions, a boy and a dog,
are no longer my brother and pet.
Now, just strangers, sharing my world
and talking soundlessly.
The litter crowding my feet belongs here, too.
It is art in it’s most uninspired form.
Road signs that glare as we drive past
appear not so bland. Instead, they hold me
captivated, as if reading them may somehow save my life.
My claustrophobia in the crowded car is no more,
as the infinite bickering and chattering fades to
monotonous murmurings.
I am free, to drift in my thoughts, and
play out so many things in my mind.
I feel enlightened; the backseat is my own,
I am alone in this placid place, afforded
my own company.
It is through entirely different eyes with which
I shall now regard travelling in the backseat,
for I know, now, there is a cooling World
within the stifling heat.

Dan Brown

Tribute To Sheer Idiocy

Wow!
You’re SO amazing!
I loved every minute of it!
Yeah, honestly!
You’re one crazy guy!
It was cool!
So, er…
What happens if it goes wrong
and you kill yourself?

Dan Brown

Two Faced

I anticipated a struggle.
I expected the pain.
I never, ever imagined
Love would be this insane.

I predicted the problems.
I foresaw that it'd be hard.
Looking back in hindsight, though,
I should never have dropped my guard.

Like a diamond it did sparkle.
But with poison it was laced.
I had to learn the hard way,
that Love is so two faced.

Dan Brown

Twosome

Not a word is spoken as they trudge along the Quayside;
the two hunched figures being buffeted by the winter winds.
The sky grows dark, but still they walk, seemingly searching
for an end. The river, sympathetic to their plight, slows to
their pace, and offers an odd sort of comfort to them both.
A dog barks in the distance. A little girls giggles and
screams as she is chased by her Father. A car crawls past,
engine whining, bodywork shining from it's recent shower.
An old pair of eyes watches them for a short while; a tramp
scavenging the litter bins, surprised by their presence.
Above, seagulls fight the sea breeze, their harsh calls
occasionally ringing out, sounding hollow, and forlorn.
They pass under a streetlight, and become simple shadows
stealing along the riverside together, a comfortable silence
resting between them.
Men who stand alone must fight on their own,
Men who stand together, get left well alone.
Eyes meet and bring nervous smiles, for they are not men.
They are not what the world would perceive them to be, and,
as the World carries on, without suspicion, they sit, together,
and chuckle. For they are left alone in their bubble.
They glance around them, in darkness of a coalmine,
lips meet awkwardly, boyish fingers entwine.
They are schoolboys, so confused and lost in the World.
But they sit together as the only two in the World.
The question is asked can someone so young love with their
heart and soul?
Ask the shadows that hold hands forever, as they take their
romantic stroll.

Dan Brown

U.F.O - Undeniably Frightening Ovulation

Once a month,
regular as clockwork,
a fury, greater than all the World's storms,
is unleashed, upon poor, innocent folk.
Torrents of hot air tear you apart, and lash
at everything around you, too. Eventually,
things are being uprooted and flung in your direction.
Try as you might, there is little, or no, protection.
After much noise, destruction and upset, comes silence.
A silence to which you are unsure of how to react.
Is it over?
Or are you in the eye of the storm?
You move to appease the situation,
only to find yourself rained upon.
Floods of heavy tears falling, almost apologetically.
You are drawn to offer comfort but as you move nearer,
lightning flashes violently, striking you down.
You cower in fear, terrified that whatever you say, or do,
may light the fuse to this hormonal bomb facing you.
You decide that the best action is to leave well alone,
and go out to the pub for few.

Dan Brown

Unfaithomable

You’re having an affair.
Behind my back.
Aren’t you?
Aren’t you!
You’re lying to me.
Scheming against me.
You think I’m mental.
Don’t you?
Don’t you!
I don’t trust you.
Even though I should do.
You’re lying to me.
I don’t trust you.
I don’t know
what you’re doing.
You’re flirting with other
People.
Aren’t you?
Aren’t you!
No.
You’re not.
I know you’re not.
It’s all in my head.
I know you’re perfect.
You’ve always been perfect.
That’s why I love you.
Its all in my head.
But it’s too late now.
Our love is dead.

Dan Brown

Unrequited Fire Burns Still For My First Love

I remember you, you know.
Wherever you are now,
don’t doubt that I don’t remember you.
I think, every day, of what you gave me;
what we shared.
I think, every day, of you.
I loved you then,
I love you still.
I’d love to find you again,
but doubt I ever will.
My heart holds a place, just for you.
A scared shrine to the boy who
pulled apart my defences brick by brick,
and conquered me.
You.
A fire burns still, feebly fuelled by
the hope that one day, maybe one day,
you enter my life once more and
it need burn no longer.
Each day that passes without you with me,
the flames continue getting stronger.
You were my first, and my Heart’s last, love.
I was your first too.
We both were virgins to this world.
I love you,
I miss you,
and, no matter how much you may have hurt me,
I will always be yours.
I hope you’re well, and,
wherever you are now,
don’t doubt that I don’t remember you.

Dan Brown

Up There, Somewhere

Meadows and fields of just sheer white,
witnessable only in the art of flight.
Nowhere else can you see such a sight,
except up here at this dreamy height.

Dan Brown

Used

My eyes do miss the sight of you;
like an unblemished choirboy you stood.
My fingers do miss the feel of you;
like silk and air and all that is good.
My ears do miss the noise of you;
like a purring puss, soft and low.
My mouth does miss the taste of you;
like the magical mint that a wind doth blow.
My mind does miss the thought of you;
no longer may it hold you so high.
My heart does miss the love of you;
with reddened tears does it die.
My soul does miss the all of you;
but missing these things, we must get used to.

Dan Brown

Voices

Voices.
Shouting.
Whispering.
Coaxing.
Always voices.
They say one thing.
Then say another.
One the Devil.
The other my Mother.
Voices.
Nesting in my head.
They want control.
They want me dead.
I don’t like my voices.
They don’t me.
One day they’ll whisper
Goodbye.
One day I’ll be free.

Dan Brown

Wail

As the depths of the sea stir with their song,
atop the waves, something's wrong.
Totally oblivious they are to the threat,
as closer and closer to the surface they get.

'Twixt icebergs and canyons they hunt and play,
unaware that, on this occasion, they are the prey.
Intelligent and graceful, yet still they must die.
Beautiful hunter, to brutally hunted, in the simple blink of an eye.

Her elegant back breaks the surface, barely visible to see.
But seen she is, and time is up, for this magnificent mother-to-be.
As the shot of the gun fills the air, the ocean resounds with her wail.
The haunting, lonesome sound of a desolate, dying whale.

The biggest body on Earth, wracked with unparalleled pain.
Anguish, distress and loneliness, torturing the World's biggest brain.
Unceremoniously is she rescued, dragged in by the tail.
These heartless mechanised archers very rarely fail.

Once, she was the most graceful creature you could ever have found.
Now, though, she lies bleeding; a desperate, dying mound.
And as that piercing blade punctures her lung,
her last haunting song has been sung.

Dan Brown

War

Who needs guns and knives
to take away lives,
when you use your words
To kill me.

Dan Brown

Washing Up

They sit there, on their plateau, still fresh from chocolate gateau,
as a symbol of all that's wrong.
Such judgmental crockery; making such a mockery
of my feeble life all along.

There isn't a single dish that hasn't the faintest wish
to be properly put away.
But I can't seem to do it; can't face going through it,
so they'll sit there another day.

To pull on a rubber glove and end this dirty-dish love
is my sole and ultimate goal.
But I may need another – someone quite like my mother -
to force it all down the plughole.

Dan Brown

What Do I Know

I’m sitting here, with my mind full of a thousand thoughts
and
I don’t know which ones to put down here.

I’m sitting here, with my mind full of a thousand thoughts
and
I know which ones you don’t want to hear.

I’m still just sitting here, going over what should be said
and
Done. I know it’s hard to bear.

I’m still just sitting here, going over what should be said
and
Done. You don’t know it, but you’ve stripped me bare.

Dan Brown

What To Say

I don’t know what to say.
Do you know what to say?
We niether of us know what to say.
You’re in my heart to stay.
Yet still I don’t know what to say.
I can’t keep on this way.
So I hope that maybe one day,
One of us will know what to say.

Dan Brown

What's Inside

Attack!
Attack!
Attack!
Can’t just
Stop
and listen.
Can’t just
Stop
Going
back,
back,
back
to point
Out
what is missing.

Words fly; eyes cry; mouths lie and hearts die
as we each threaten to pull the plug.
Can’t try; questions – why? Heads fried; tongues-tied -
the only thing I want is a hug.

Dan Brown

When To Say I Love You

Three little words,
that mean so much.
Surpassing sex and
every gentle touch.

Three little words,
can define your relations.
Three little words,
with so many expectations.

So often used in ignorance,
but shouldn’t be taken so lightly.
Watching hearts break from misguided trust,
is upsettingly unsightly.

I fear I use it too generally,
and I’m killing off it’s exclusivity.
Announcing it to someone is a special thing,
and not a day-to-day activity.

I fear I won’t know
when its right to say,
three little words,
“I am gay”

Dan Brown

When Worlds Collide

There are Worlds beyond the one we walk on.
The World's that cannot be found by bespectacled octogenarians
at their telescopes.
They are figurative, imaginative and lacking in substance,
yet are as utterly real and the one that sustains us.
They circulate in the atmosphere, often oblivious to
the others that share their Space.
Unspoken rules require the briefest contact where necessary,
proof, beyond all else, that we can communicate with "aliens".
On occasion, however, such Worlds are knocked from alignment
by storms of Herculean proportions,
and mass destruction follows.
The mass of one World will crash into that of another, resulting
in fireballs of fury, clouds of pain, and fumes of poison.
The casualties are colossal; men, women and children suffer.
No good can ever come of such cataclysmic events.
People, and their spirits, not just broken, but killed.
Murdered coldly amongst the heat of the roaring fires,
and buried beneath the settling ashes of their Worlds.
There are Worlds beyond the one we walk on.
The World's that cannot be found by bespectacled octogenarians
at their telescopes.
They are explored, not by accomplished astronauts,
but by our own fledgling selves.
The World we live in, is merely a façade for the one we keep inside.
The mask shatters quickly, however; the guise has quickly died.
It is time to face destiny when Worlds collide.

Dan Brown

Where Have The Words Gone?

I can’t help but wonder where the words went -
in which letters, and to whom, they were sent -
and from which works of fiction they were lent.

I remember how we used to converse -
of all things good, bad and ugly and worse -
in the days before all the words were cursed.

Why must the end become so violent,
simply because you must stay so silent?

So when I question: ‘Where have the words gone? ”
I look for answers but am given none.

Dan Brown

Where I Belong

My eyes.
They exist only to view you.
Their sole purpose, to watch you, study you.
To meet your gaze and explore your soul,
maintaining an electrifying bond between us.
My lips.
A physical buffer, crafted only to experience
the pressure from yours as they meet.
The skin, a sensitive conductor, allowing
us to feel every soft sensation as they drink you.
My tongue.
Two faces but only one aim;
to make theatrical contact with yours.
It is a muscle-bound warrior, duelling for domination,
wrestling violently for control.
Then, is a supple artiste, dancing, gracefully, Love's Waltz.
My chest.
Formed carefully for you, alone, to rest your head.
An area dedicated to you, and your comfort.
It rises and falls in time with your breathing,
so as not to disturb the look on your face, that I love, as you sleep.
My arms.
Long and slender.
Made exclusively to wrap themselves around you,
and hold you to me.
Their only ambition, to comfort you and make you feel safe.
Every single bit of me,
in every single place,
made to fit with you, to perfection, where nothing is ever wrong.
Designed to melt lovingly into your embrace.
Because that is where I belong.

Dan Brown

White Lines

White lines whiz past,
trying to shape my World.
They trap me on every side, closing me in.
They are sharp, strict and unbending,
forcing themselves upon me, leaving me
no choice but to conform to their straight blandness.
White lines stretch before me,
guiding me to Home.
Unbroken white lines bind me,
and hurt me.
Broken white lines trawl this ocean of innocence,
catching the impurities and allowing
the cleanliness to slip through.
White lines,
White lines,
but never white circles too.

Dan Brown

Whole: A Ballad For Someone Special

I’ve never loved anyone more,
than I ever loved my Mum.
She fed, and changed, and loved me too,
and when I cried, she’d come.

Her face was full of golden sun,
her hair smelled like the rose.
Her smile was perfect; natural too,
a sight that never goes.

Her arms, they were the softest arms,
they held me as I cried.
She knew when she was needed there,
and held them open wide.

One day, her beauty left for good,
not ever to return.
Something robbed her of her smile;
a lesson hard to learn.

With each new day, she grew more pale,
and spent more time asleep.
In every moment that she woke,
she’d often sit and weep.

She needed me, like I did her,
we clung onto each other.
The pale, gaunt figure, wracked with pain,
was still my gorgeous mother.

One day, though, she lost all her hair,
and cried for many hours.
Now there was nothing left to smell,
of sweet honey and flowers.

The night on which she passed away,
the Heavens were alive.
Watery Angels came to play,
performing on the drive.

She looked so peaceful, resting there,
a log so freshly sawn.
I kissed her once on each cold cheek,
and felt my heart being torn.

The funeral was Thursday last,
drawn by a graceful steed.
Towed regally, with brass handles;
proud Son taking the lead.

It isn’t much, a hole in soil,
for someone such like her.

I know she’s gone to God’s right side,
such goodness did she stir.

I never will love anyone,
quite like I loved my Mum.
That day, trapped in a scary hole,
I cried; she didn’t come.

Dan Brown

Why Don’t You Believe Me When I Say You’re Amazing?

Why don’t you believe me when I say you’re amazing?
When I say you have the most handsome face?
Why don’t believe me when I tell you I dream of it?
When I say its your lines, with my finger, I trace?

Why don’t you believe me when I say you’re amazing?
When I say your smile lights up my day?
Why don’t you believe me when I tell you its sexy?
When I tell you how you smile my troubles away?

Why don’t you believe me when I say you’re amazing?
When I say you have the goldenest hair?
Why don’t you believe me when I tell you it warms me?
When I say how I sit and stare?

Why don’t you believe me when I say you’re amazing?
When I say you have the softest skin?
Why don’t you believe me when I try to describe it?
When I don’t even know where to begin?

Why don’t you believe me when I say you’re amazing?
When I genuinely tell you I love you?
Why don’t you believe me when I tell you I need you?
When I say this is all so new?

Why don’t you believe me when I say you’re amazing?
Why do you suggest I lie?
I hope you’ll soon believe me when I say you’re amazing,
because I’ll say it till the day I die.

Dan Brown

Wig

Said the man with a bouffant wig:
“Oh dear, ‘tis much too big! ”
“It’s ever so queer,
and I oh so fear,
that all my friends will twig! ”

Dan Brown

With You

My thoughts are with you, laid in bed;
my hand there, too, stroking your head.
And though these words are meant to be read,
the ones to remember are those I said.

I love you; want you; long to be yours -
you nursed me after my own World Wars.
And as you open all those doors,
you'll close the ones on the original cause.

Dan Brown

Wor Angel

Like a skyscraper she stands, looking out on
all that lies beneath her, her skull bumping
the clouds. She is the guardian of all she surveys;
iconic, and symbolic, patron of everything that bows at her feet.
She glows an emphatic rusty-red in the evening sunlight,
and casts an imposing shadow over her audience,
leaving them with little doubt she is Godly.
Tranquillity sets over the hill upon which
she stands alone, but proud, and her outstretched arms
show no signs of weakening as they mould a sinister silhouette
against a startlingly blue, cloudless sky.
A blank face, void of features, still watches.
A naked body, sculpted with passion, stands free.
A hollow mind, empty of expression, still beautiful.
Standing tall and strong, enduring all the World can throw at her,
she is, indeed, an art form, who deservedly inspires awe.
Our Angel.
Of our North.
Wor Angel.

Dan Brown

World Wide World

We live on a ‘world’.
I learned that at school.
But it isn’t a very nice
World. It has lots of bad people on it.
I don’t think I like the
World. I peep out my
Window at it, and see big
Wagons and dogs.

Mummy says there’s a
World Wide Web.
That sounds scary.
A web right round the
World? They must be very big
Spiders to make webs that big.
I don’t like spiders.
I don’t think I like the
World.

Daddy says it’s a dogeetdog
World. That doesn’t sound nice.
Dogs eating each other.
Maybe when I’m old enough,
I’ll go right round the
World. And make the dogs stop
eating each other. But
I don’t like dogs.
I don’t think I like the
World.

Mummy and Daddy always say it’s a small
World. Is it? It’s always seemed rather
ginormous to me. Maybe, just maybe,
If Mummy and Daddy can live in it,
I can too.
Because Mummy and Daddy are huge.
And I’m just little.
I want to explore this
World. That everyone talks about.
But I really do love my bed.
So maybe I’ll leave it till later.
And stay here instead.

Dan Brown

X's

You were the nought.
I was the X.
You got bored.
Moved on to the next.

Remember that game?

I was the nought.
You were the X.
You still won.
Got all the sex.

Remember that game?

You were the nought.
I was the X.
Forever we fought,
Nothing was left.

Remember that game?

It was a stalemate.

Stupid game anyway.

Dan Brown

You

You.

You're my rock.
My endlessly ticking
Cuckoo clock.
You're that support I need.
A friend indeed.
You're everything to me,
and I'll never, ever forget

You.

You're my diamond.
Sparkling with generosity and love.
You're my shining star.
Always shining from high above
And guiding me with your words.
There's always someone
There to see me through.
That someone is always

You.

Dan Brown

You Can't See Me

There's a boy somewhere with bright blue eyes,
standing around and watching the skies.
He's carved our names in a grad oak tree,
we want, we need, we have to be.

There's a boy somewhere with super smile,
I remember it, though its been a while.
We wish so much that people could see.
But you can't understand because you can't see me.

There's a boy somewhere with a heart of gold,
his chance at Love about to unfold.
Just one person can set it free,
but it's hard because you can't see me.

There's a boy somewhere who is loved so much.
By you, by me, and we behave as such.
He must be happy, on that we agree,
but thanks to you, he can't see me.

Dan Brown

You Think You Know Me

You think you know me;
you think I'm your son.
You will never truly know me;
and you never truly have done.

I am none of the things you call me,
I'm everything you say I'm not.
But I don't expect you to know that,
for I am the one that you forgot.

What you see is what I show you,
what you know is what I tell you.
And that's as far as you'll ever get,
because I'll never, ever trust you.

I'm prepared, however, to leave you ignorant.
For, whenever I make an admission,
you spin me round, grab the knife,
and use it as ammunition.

I have an inside that you'll never see,
it holds my opinions, hopes, and fears.
I have an inside that aches to be free,
and grieves with silent tears.

You will wish you knew me,
on one sorrowful day.
Were I to die tomorrow,
at my funeral, which song would you play?

You think you know me.
You thought you did.
But I am just a stranger
lying beneath that lid.

Dan Brown

You, The Courtroom

I know we've fallen out,
but can't we just be apart a while?
Why do you always feel the need
to put me, and my life, on trial?

You, the prosecution.
Me, the defence.
Arguing like this
just doesn't make sense.

You, the jury.
Me, the accused.
Both our emotions,
battered and bruised.

You, the judge.
Me, in the dock.
Awaiting You, the jury,
watching the clock.

You, the prosecution, made a good case,
didn't listen to my defence anyway.
You, the jury, found me guilty,
didn't argue, best to obey.
You, the judge, sentenced me to a bitter row,
then made up a case and went away.

Dan Brown

You, The Sun

So prominent in so many people’s life, yet
so inanimate you’re rarely acknowledged.
Strange.
Considering you’re the centre of your Universe
and all.
You’re so self-assured that everything relies on you and
needs you to survive.
You’re so full of self-importance that you believe everything
is linked to you, and you’re special beyond all else.
You’re so arrogant that you believe everything
revolves around you.
I’ve got news for you.
It doesn’t.

Dan Brown

You’ll Never Have What You Won’t Allow Yourself

Its there.
So close you can almost
touch it.
You can smell it and almost
taste it.
But your hands are bound
behind your back, at your own request.
Your fear is disguised as confidence,
like a wolf in sheep’s clothing it is dressed.
It is there before you,
staring you down, and
salivating in anticipation.
Your chance.
Why does it become so hard to
reach out and grab it with both hands,
when it is the thing you want most in your life?
It is not because your hands are manacled,
for the manacles are wrought from the strongest
fresh air your imagination can find.
It is not because you’re weak, for you are not.
You could break those that bind your hands effortlessly,
regardless of their strength, for they are made
by the very hands they bind.
It is because you are scared.
Scared of rejection, and failure.
You’ve thought about it too much,
and now you’re stopping yourself.
In order to protect yourself.
But you need to push yourself
to cross those sharply defined boundaries
by yourself. For otherwise
you’ll never have what you won’t allow yourself.

Dan Brown