

Poetry Series

**Josh Brabender**  
**- poems -**

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# Josh Brabender()

more literal translations of experience than metaphoric descriptions.

## 10th Place Haiku

Step Family comes  
Brother and sister come too.  
I get tossed away.

Josh Brabender

# A Comfort In Solitude

awake I sit, a ring I hear.  
alone again until they wake.  
until a real ring will hit my ear.  
not the one in my head, but one a clock will make.  
which makes them rise and voice bound  
Arise I won't, in my room I'll hear the sound  
That their real voices make, until fake ones come around  
Is it odd to prefer, though, the ones not made by man?  
to like the ones only I hear since the day this began.  
are you normal when what you hear is heard by only you?  
or when it comes to real and fake, fake's best between the two.  
are you crazy if the voice you hear you know is unreal.  
but all the while keep composure and manage to conceal.  
I bet there's others just like me who hear a second voice,  
and when the real gets to rough, they head straight for that choice.

Josh Brabender

# A Medication Haiku

Antidepressants  
Can cause suicidal thoughts  
Now that's ironic.

Josh Brabender

# A Reflection

Out the window I peer again.  
forehead rested on the pane  
Clear conscience here, I feel no pain.  
welcomed fog appears on the glass.  
this state of mind, I want not to pass.  
reflecting as a peace comes over me  
from this karma that sets me free.  
And I feel that if I passed this noon,  
the mark I left makes it not to soon.

Josh Brabender

# Abundant Alliterations About Admiration

Basically brothers besides blood but bloods basically batter  
The matter may make the man but it can't make the man matter

The fluid forms family not friends, friend forming is florid  
It can connect kin, cache cousins, but can't create a close comrade.

So no semblance in siblings, similar cells, or a strain.  
Per contra, paucity of plasma presence that parts be no pain  
Long as lacked lineage not love is the lone limit lain.

Josh Brabender

# Alphabet Soup

This place like Alphabet soup with people of all sorts.  
And with these people's ways, the meaning of vacation they distort.  
It's meant to bring family close and maybe have some fun.  
But with judgment and conceited views neither can be done.  
They should include that quiet girl, I'm sure she has a heart.  
Instead their jokes and finger points will tear her world apart.  
While it should be enough to have some fun and just enjoy,  
People find it better to find someone to destroy.  
At this pool, there's an unwritten guide that says how to be cool.  
but if would fit this setting more if it was "how to be cruel".  
So as for this alphabet soup, I do come to think  
that as of now there is no way it's good enough to drink.

Josh Brabender



# Be Careful What You Grant For

I once had a wish  
it was summer forever.  
But later I wished that  
I wished that wish never.

At first it was fun,  
but now all that is over.  
'Cause I'm sweating outside,  
in the middle of October.

Oh well, we'll just swim 'til  
the heat's not so bad.  
But the sun dried it up,  
where's the water we had?

Well the water's elsewhere,  
where it's harm starts to show.  
It's where the ice caps once were,  
where it starts to rise slow.

And everyone knows  
that the leaves make our air,  
so what happens when they're gone,  
maybe then we'll all care.

I guess this wish wasn't good,  
now I must make it cease.  
If your smart you'd help to,  
while we're all in one piece.

You didn't wish a long summer,  
you didn't wish a harsh heat.  
Yet you granted my wish  
with resources you deplete.

Now you know the wish  
that makes it summer forever,  
so don't grant that wish  
and we won't lose this earth, ever.

Josh Brabender

# Computer Haiku

fist around my coke  
bloodshot eyes beam at the screen  
finger click-weary.

Josh Brabender

## Computer Haiku 2

eyes growing heavy  
but my mind is still racing  
the screen gets hazy

Josh Brabender

# Dreaming

I wondered off to sleep last night  
Wanting to escape my world  
Five sleep aid pills helped in my fight  
to go and dream as I lay curled  
with excitement I did slowly stray  
off to my own make believe land  
where I was free to run and play  
or walk or skip or sit or stand  
Lucky am I that I do love  
These worlds of mine that I so search  
because five pills sent me above  
and in heaven I am now on my perch  
Where I will dream for all the while  
my body lies in a dead pile

Josh Brabender

# Drunk.

as alcoholics.  
we love internet  
it can stir any emotion.  
which mixes well with alcohol  
which is mixed well with soda.

Josh Brabender

# Find A New Way

Take them pills all day  
make the pain just go away.  
And I won't listen when they say  
that there has to be a better way.  
'Cause I don't care to see that day.  
But I sit here now in these clouds of gray  
wishing that I heard what they had to say.  
I'm falling apart now, I need that Better way.  
I'm stuck in this rut, where I don't want to stay.  
Just alone in my room, awake as I lay.  
"It can't be like this", as my options I weigh.  
Should I get help or not, in my head, that's the fray  
And I won't be alone, for some others did pay.  
well I should and I will, and I'll make no delay.  
With the others by side, will they help me, can they?  
Yes they can and they did without turning away.  
So here's to the future, let new path's give way.  
I'm glad I finally listened to what they had to say.

Josh Brabender

## From The Window

Frustrated yet passive I peer through the window.  
blinding sun, then there's beauty.  
and a calm came about, I remember gratification is slow.  
I reflect on my karma, it's good from what I see.  
Then I'm humbled, I can't make out what's below.  
I reflect on my meaning and if it's just me.  
We fly, we hit a cloud, my view seizes to show.  
Like the view, life too can be short as can be.  
I'm peaceful, thankful I know where I'll go.

Josh Brabender



# Getting Caught (Thank You)

Like I'm stuck dead in a cloud  
I train my way to the nearest seat.  
Unaware that people are aware  
That I'm incapable of function.  
I slur out half-words to my parents and their parents.  
Thinking I fooled them once more like months before.  
But the SWAT team of a father took me to reality.  
and by the now-ripped shirt neck  
Going home was a blur, Probably lacked emotion.  
Blank Faces  
Oh, But It was I the fool in the car,  
for inside them burned a million thoughts  
And even at home, quiet, and patient.  
I begged for a meeting, but.  
Like the other hours, they're quiet in their refusal  
Good Thing.  
They were my meeting as it turned  
and my slap in the face  
and my hovering bully  
and my reality check  
and my available shoulder.  
Had they let me wonder to that meeting  
I never would be coherent to produce these words  
to say..  
Thank you.

-For Mom, Dad, Grandma, Grandpa, Jeremy, Sydney, And everyone else who has helped me, or felt pain because of me. I'm More grateful than You will ever know.

Josh Brabender

# Going Home

Head heavy from thoughts of returning.  
Peace of mind from vacation does fade.  
From school work written, my hand will be burning.  
I think of good grades that will have to be made.

Sunbaths replaced by sitting in a chair.  
The once vast ocean now a vast chalkboard.  
Girl's flirty glance now a teachers strict stare.  
The relaxed flow of people now a bustling hoard

Lavish feasts back to drive thrus  
Pina coladas replaced with water fountains.  
And the flip flops I love are now shoes.  
White beaches to the suburban mountains

The reason that I now do groan  
Is because I have to return home.

Josh Brabender

# Going Home Haikus

Warm weather to cold  
the disheartening plane ride  
vacation's over

---

Weather warm to cold  
and that's not the only thing  
People warm to cold

Josh Brabender

# Goofy Music Poem

A million poems prior said music ran through their vein  
If it was music not blood you bet it'd be my bane.  
No, my metaphor be a much different one  
Not even so, It's more like a pun  
My music is my Muse-ic.  
And what make this poem flow slick  
Even more it's personified  
He stuck with me as I tried and tried  
My music is alliterated  
from foe fabricating it does forbid.  
what ever device you describe music in,  
I can tell you one thing, it's not under my skin.

Josh Brabender

## If I'M Supposed To Quit.

Ah! The dreams, they haunt me so.  
Yet I look forward to sleeping, though  
If there's ever been a relationship more love/hate  
Mines the worst, As I'm in this current mind state  
I'm supposed to quit and everyone tells me  
And I won't deny it, I actually agree  
But, the problem seems to lie in me as I do lie asleep  
Dreams of use all through the night make me want to weep  
I wish someone would tell me why  
I can't shake these things no matter how I try  
In treatment, they call this hell simple acute withdrawal  
Cute my ass, in my treatment, I think I've found a flaw.  
The Age old battle rages between my heart and mind.  
And if these wondrous dreams keep up, I think I'll end up wined.

Josh Brabender

# Insomnia Haikus

My Insomnia  
forces me to stay awake  
and write this haiku

---

I know I'm tired  
My body tells me to sleep  
my eyes are bloodshot

---

Many body aches  
brain has had enough today  
I just want to sleep

---

Songs ring in my ears  
all i want is some quiet  
maybe the next night

---

Appetite is gone  
Even though my stomach hurts  
I can't choke it down

---

School in an hour  
I didn't catch any sleep  
Today will be fun

Josh Brabender

## 'It's Not About The Destination...'

They say it's all about the journey, I used to disagree.  
Because I loved the destination but now I start to see  
That when I finally get there, I think about the time  
When we out sang the radio and thought we sounded fine.  
The many fights that made dad say "I'll turn this thing around! "  
And how easy we'd make him laugh to calm him right back down.  
The countless times we took a stop to stretch our legs was great,  
Because space can get pretty tight when the car is packed with eight.  
We all took turns to close our eyes and have a little nap  
Or listen to who ever drives get lost and blame the map.  
Oh how I love it in the car when we're all having fun  
So how I hate when we arrive and all of that is done.  
Next to the pool, with earphones in, those times I can't recall  
But memories of getting always do stand tall.  
So Destination, here we are, but not as a family.  
And as for me, I now agree, it's all in the journey.

Josh Brabender

# Lets Get Better

who had fun with innocence?  
but who doesn't want it back  
seems like it doesn't make sense  
but look what we've become, all that we lack.

id trade my now in for back then  
when i could enjoy a perfect day  
heroin makes us hide, we call ourselves men?  
you did things for the dope in every way

I'm not better than you, not at all  
but I'm on a new chapter because of you.  
i saw you rise then take your fall.  
thanks for that for i was about to go too.

now the student is the teacher and i'm telling you here  
a breeze has never felt better after the sick  
when your withdrawal is done and you've swallowed that fear.  
I'll congratulate you man. you've seen the light rick.

- whenever you're ready, i have your back.

Josh Brabender



# Limerick 1

There once was a boy from Colerain  
he shot heroin into his vein  
but now he's all done  
that needle like a gun,  
now the boy he will feel no pain

Josh Brabender

## Limerick 2

there once was a man from the west.  
he always believed he was blessed.  
but that truck won't agree,  
'Cause it killed him you see.  
And now his poor soul's put to rest

Josh Brabender

## Limerick 3

there once was a man from Stuart  
who's left arm and leg always hurt.  
his right ones turned numb  
and floppy as gum  
so now he's as useful as dirt.

Josh Brabender

## Limerick 4

the plane headed straight for Palm Beach.  
it seemed that we never would reach.  
the plane made a sound  
and dived down to the ground.  
now everyone's bruised as a peach.

Josh Brabender

## Morning Haikus (In Progress)

hard to make a fist  
muscles and bones still tired  
I woke to early

-----

Coffee aroma  
A thick fog out the window  
I drift back to sleep

-----

To be continued.....

Josh Brabender

## Morning Haikus 2

Open window, breeze  
Fresh cut grass thick in the air  
It's smell wakens me

-----

Breakfast waits for me  
with the black coffee as well  
The Sunday morning

Josh Brabender

# Music Can

For what mood your feeling, there's a certain kind.  
Played on CD's and i Pod's, there's surely something you'll find.  
From hip-hop to Mmbop and all in between  
but it's all Folk and Indie music for this teen.  
Music can change you into happy or sad,  
but good times with my music is all that I've had.  
Some Artists write their lyrics about struggle and hate  
but it's words of easy living and peace that are great.  
Now no song is perfect, there's at least one mistake,  
but to me that's no matter, it's the difference it can make.  
To me, music is more than just sound, it's a voice.  
To bring joy, hate, or peace to this world is the artist's choice.  
Music can push the world towards a better day.  
All we have to do is listen to what it has to say.

Josh Brabender

# My Way

Karma says what goes around comes around  
oh what a great concept that I've found.  
how I'd like to meet the one that did conceive  
this idea of a way to care which I now do believe.  
for about a year and even now I try to live this way  
And ever since I've started to, my clouds have not been gray.  
If there's a time I come to find I could make a man smile,  
I would do so and be happy all the while.  
All the good I do is later returned to me.  
Every time it has proved true, if not immediately.  
But even so, with this great joy, some questions do arise.  
Like what to do if there's conflict between two ties.  
If two friend's fight, to make happy who to choose?  
Because if you take one side, the other friend you'll lose.  
Well when that comes, like all in life, I'll have to live and learn.  
Which will be fine, for through this way, a good life I will earn.

Josh Brabender



# Ode To That Oak Tree

I look back and think of that good oak tree,  
and remember he stood strong as he'd hold me.  
I was anything in that tree; all I'd do was pretend.  
Clear into the night, 'til I made my descend.

Just me and that tree, those were the days.  
When we'd kick back, relax and soak up the sun's rays.  
Me and him, we protected each other.  
He blocked the rain, I stopped the carve of my brother.

I had times I was sad and couldn't have a good time.  
That tree said cheer up, all it take's is one climb.  
If I was mad, he gave me acorns to throw,  
and I'd hit people with `em, ones I do or don't know.

The years did pass slow and close we did grow.  
We had some great times I wish never did go.  
Like everything else, it could not last forever.  
But it ended so badly, with his trunk they did sever.

I'd like to still be next to the tree in my yard,  
To bad my dad chopped him up and left his branches all charred.  
He dropped a seed as he fell and for that I am happy.  
Someone else can now climb if its limbs are not sappy.

Josh Brabender

# Off The Top Of My Head

this first free verse  
i don't stop writing  
will show skills  
and why i keep fighting  
to get me known around the world  
for writing or healing or whatever  
I'm just saying what comes to mind  
right now I write now  
I want to write with some emotion tonight  
but like this night, I'm without sun  
a burning passion, none  
So i write blank thoughts from a blank heart  
until the end and from the start.

Josh Brabender

## Pool Side

At the watering hole, they hide their flaws.  
through money and clothes that cover the raw.  
Sitting in silence, thoughts of how they look.  
and what was the first impression people took.  
but how of you can it be what they care  
when just like you, they worry more of their hair.  
A sunbath as to get noticed you try  
but occupied with themselves, they walk by..  
I bet if you noticed someone but you.  
maybe they would then notice you too.

Josh Brabender

# Relief Haikus

Needle sticks the skin  
Warm comes over the body  
Oh what a great high

-----

Alcohol in me  
I have headphones in my ears  
The great self-party

-----

Cigarette in hand  
I'm in the passengers seat  
The rag top is down

-----

Sunk deep in the chair  
The warm tingle starts  
This morphine loves me

Josh Brabender

# Ride Line

People here say it's worth the wait.  
But I'm putting that subject up for debate.  
We waited three hours to wait some more  
to be disappointed in what we waited for.  
In that line is an evil place.  
I bet you can't find one smile on a face.  
The tickle of sweat on the brow annoys,  
guaranteed to kill these people's joys.  
The whole wait long you have to stand  
Sharp back aches and children's demands  
From lack of sun screen your skin will burn  
as you pray for it to be your turn.  
The people near you only complain  
about how this wait is such a pain.  
Not realizing they're the ones who make  
standing here make our head's ache.  
Oh irony played us like a fool,  
'cause of the fun we'd all have at the pool.

Josh Brabender

## Sonnet On Who I Love (Drunk)

How I'd find it grand to write  
A poem to one that I hold dear  
But a poem like that is out of sight  
Because I have no one like that I fear.

If I did, I'd write of my love  
For her and how she makes me feel.  
I'd compare her beauty to that of a dove.  
And with this poem, her heart I'd steal.

Since I can't write it, all I can do  
Is write of how I'd write of her.  
And how it would make her fall for me too.  
It would be a great poem sure.

And since I do not love someone dear,  
I'll just continue to love my beer.

Josh Brabender

# Summer Haikus 1

Temptation sneaks up  
I grasp this brass AA coin.  
The temptation fades

---

We trade flirty stares  
we both continue walking  
another love gone

---

The sun is my foe  
the pool offers protection  
I hide cool in him.

---

The sun makes us hot  
we look to the friendly pool  
Now we are just cold

---

White skin turns to brown  
Oh how I befriend this sun  
He makes me look good.

---

Josh Brabender

## Summer Haikus 2 (Updated)

warm skin and warm mind  
I kiss the rim of my glass  
drifting in day dreams

---

Rough people made waves  
waters calmed and thrashed again  
from the belly flop

---

Itching at this High  
From the warmth made by my sun.  
Body wrapped In sweat

---

Josh Brabender



# The Blue Fugates

I was starting my vacation in the early September  
or was it late August I can't quite remember  
well with me was a road map so I felt quite secure,  
'til a man said "that things years old, this I can assure."

Oh great, now I'm lost way deep in Kentucky  
With out a map, with out a hope, I think I'm far from lucky.  
As I drove around and looked for life I came across a house  
and lucky me 'cause out the door came some guy and his spouse.

I tired to keep composure but my jaw just hit the ground  
I tried to yell but I was scared and uttered not a sound.  
I'll tell you why I had such fear but you'll not think it true.  
For when I laid my eyes on them there skin was dark, dark blue!

It was a real strange color, it could be almost gray.  
And I know If I could speak right then that this is what I'd say  
"God said he walked on water so that he'd look all cool"  
"but really all he did was take a step in your gene pool"

They sounded stern and blunt with me as they said "can we help"  
I wished to say "I'm lost" but all that came out was a yelp  
they shook there heads, sat me down and urged me to please talk  
I said "of course, I'm sorry guys, I did not mean to gawk"

You see, I said, it's strange to me because of how you look  
well they gave a frown, so I looked down, and my camera's what they took.  
That's when it just hit me then, I said I understood.  
They smiled, said "well thank ya' boy, we knew that someone could."

I Soon said thank you and goodbye to the Fugates in Kentucky.  
I'm thankful that the map was old 'cause boy I sure was lucky.

Josh Brabender

# The Paper Says

Ink stained hands reluctant to turn the page.  
For fear of another story guaranteed to cause a rage.  
Eyes stare, face blank of emotion from page one.  
B-ball was more important than the American lives made done.  
The pope came second as he urged for peace.  
to a witness that seems to trouble police.  
And a secret recipe in the Goya family  
outweighs attempts to escape poverty.  
I thought I knew what was important before  
but the paper says different from what I was sure.  
the starving is where all my thoughts are.  
Yet all the prints about the next big star.  
some say the paper's a conspiracy  
More like smoke and mirrors to me.  
They can write all their truths and lies.  
and politician's on the rise.  
But can we just address some unanswered cries?

Josh Brabender

# The Rosebenders

A family that's really quite larger than most.  
And that's what is so great, that's why I boast.

The two names of two past's come together as one.  
and inside this house lies limitless fun.

This so unique family, beauty like a rose.  
Is bent to dysfunction, and that really shows.

That's exactly what makes us much better than all.  
because no matter the bend, we never will fall.

The collected scrap metal that's welded real strong,  
That's what we are, Family forever long.

Josh Brabender

# To What I Once Was

When you shift your life's priorities,  
People shift their views  
They talked about my success  
Then about my treatment news.

I thought about girlfriends  
Then only thought of getting high  
And I hung out every Friday night  
then stayed home alone and blazed into the sky

those white pills became my life  
I revolved my world around a fix  
I popped them each and every day  
Unaware of the pain that it inflicts

I slowly saw but didn't see that I was in some trouble  
As all I did was trip up in my room  
All the while I kept quiet made my issues double  
And all of my seclusion would turn to be my doom

Things are finally better now And go back, I think not  
Going back to those day's the same as laying down to Rot.

-A reminder to myself..  
because a relapse is no reason to give up

Josh Brabender

# Ugliness In Age

Still an early chill, I took the days first view.  
and tried dividing tree from sky but they were the same hue.  
It's strange to me when just before, the objects weren't as one  
and now how when I see the sky, it's colors all do run.  
So I turn to the image that I paint in my head.  
And see what it could look like if all our trees weren't dead.  
A man once told me that this is earth and just it's age.  
I couldn't disagree more and from his statement I built my rage.  
A normal face will age in time, yes this I will agree.  
but if that face ages in smoke, an ugliness you'll see.

Josh Brabender

## View Points.

\* Why can't you just take my parties view?

- I could, but my points are valid too.

\*Well your parties lazy and can't have one serious day.

-Well your's is just as radical in the opposite way.

\*Your's does drugs and their clothes are so old.

-Well your's work to much and destroy their households.

\*Your's wants government to do nothing.

- Well your's makes our democracy look run by a king

\* I'm done, You have your views and I'll have mine

-Good, losing a friend over this would not be fine.

Josh Brabender

# We'Re Well Enough

can you take it a little longer  
keep with me i swear  
you're being ignored cause I'm getting stronger  
i clung to you more than you could bear

things have changed, its dependency's end  
but lack of that doesn't mean you're not loved.  
were free now Love, our past we did mend.  
baby does it feel better not to be shoved?

we need cling no more though we could  
and when love's not professed some 5 times a day  
be in peace for our loves understood  
because me and you baby we're doing okay.

Josh Brabender

# When Enough Is Enough

I don't scream revolution for all of our issues.

And even though I don't, I still have my views.

Making words for your beliefs doesn't make you an Activist.

All it makes you is another guy with an "ism" list.

So go on and say what will cause the world's end.

You be that guy, and I'll be the one with a girlfriend.

I just vote, and apparently that's not enough.

Should I Start a riot, and protest, and stuff?

If you'd stop, you'd see that your not far from the flock.

Of the radicals you wish dead in Iraq.

-For Jeremy,

Who see's the true douche behind it all

Josh Brabender



# When We Pass, He Wants To Pass

A life, like a poem, takes emotion  
Most poets, they give to each one.  
But I don't much go for that notion.  
I exclude my life from the fun.  
And while people chuckle around,  
I sit with my pad in a chair.  
I write but don't make a sound  
Can't they tell that I care?  
People I want to talk to  
But I manage to stay quiet  
Oh how I wish that they knew  
On the inside storms a riot.  
If someone could have seen the way that I felt deep inside.  
Never would I have written this poem which notes my suicide.

Josh Brabender