



Brainscan

Poetry

Brian Scannell

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Metronomic Primordial Soup

Drip Splash!
Drip Splash!
Drip Splash!
Drip Splash!
 To be born with a cry.
Drip Splash!
 To live with a sigh.
Drip Splash!
 Billions of years pass by.
Drip Splash!
 Ripples, you and I.
Drip Splash!
 In the end to die.
Drip Splash!
 I wonder why?
Drip Splash!
Drip Splash!
Drip Splash!

Gym Crosstrainer

Stepping up and down,
With a grimace and a frown,
An ideal form to aspire to,
By effort and perspire through
Tracksuited tedium and banality,
Extending your mortality,
Reducing heart fatality.
Or a symbiosis beyond sanity?
Ostensibly for vanity.

Lonely Urban Schizoid

People milling, spilling, staring,
Out of shops, not caring,
We, alone in a tumultuous
Sea of faces.

Me, myself, I,
A puzzling conundrum,
Three in one,
Or one in three,
A baffling trinity.

Safe, yet alone.
Empty tables, random spaces,
Lost in a crowd or café.

We, myself, I,
Are we one or more?
Enmeshed trio; perhaps four!
Whose reflection that I see?
A triangular psyche.

We hid ourselves long ago,
Now not daring to say,
Hello.

Me, myself, I,
Me or we that feel?
A mask or are we real?
Whoever is there though,
Wherever egos I go.

Nimbus

An icy sun pillar pinned to grey alto-stratus,
Banks of cold steam absorbing the sunlight to shadow,
Luminous salmon pink azaleas,
Too-white lilies piercing the gloom,
A saporous waft of buzzing honeysuckle,
Tessellated beige weatherstone paving,
Clapping of silver birch leaves; a turbulent shedding of wind.
Fissing crackle of high tension cables,
Roll upon roll of humid and cool dry air,
The Sun and Earth mixing,
Clumpy vortices, an aeolian Van Gough study,
As of swirling stars or fields,
A gravitational fountain, a coalescence of vapour,
Collisions to larger rain drops,
Dragged upwards in a buoyant flume,
Solidified to hailstones at altitude,
Nature's sapience, clouded from view.
Turbulent motions frozen by distance,
Sudden movements of amber, a hap-hazard path,
Slithering through the air to earth,
A thunderous expansion of heated air,
Sundering air with a roaring shock wave,
Balancing again nature's energy.
Striated virescence of a distant cedar against a curtain of grey.
A translucent veil approaches, draping the contours,
Warm stench of newly fallen rain on dry ground,
Hissing white noise of rain on tarmac,
Cast iron gurgling of drainpipes and gutters,
All hush now.
Tramlines of sunlight finally break free,
Perspective playing its games,
A luminous fanfare of a billion prisms,
An iridescent arc: the icon mourning the passing of a life force,
Nature's signia bids a silent farewell.

A Shrouded Mystery

A ball of rock,
Infested with scum,
Drifting in space,
Ad Infinitum.

We think we're so noble,
Artistic, divine,
Brutal, sadistic,
From copious wine.

Seductive, inductive,
Heinous and cruel,
Ruthless and hideous,
When without rule.

Sublime and kind,
Beautiful with sanity,
Heroic with mind,
When sparked by humanity.

An irrelevant enigma,
Floating in space,
Seeds from a mechanistic pod,
Or off-spring from God?

The infinity of stars,
Impossible to comprehend,
The limits of space,
Is there no end?

A galactic whirlpool,
Swirling billions of Suns,
With billions of planets,
Can we be the only ones?

Over this scene,
Does God cast his eye?
Or are we alone,
No one hearing our cry.

Tribute the men of science,
Finding their way,

Through the quagmire of ignorance,
Without religion they say.

Humans are alone,
No room for mystery,
No God, no Spirit,
 Man's ultimate travesty?

Eclipsed Love on the 22.50 from Euston

A chance brief encounter,
A shy glance returned,
Barriers down for a moment,
To let someone in,
You've never seen her before,
But you know her,
Better than you have known anyone,
A circuit of empathy,
Coalesced thoughts flowing,
The impersonal train departs,
The known, unknown taken away,
Paths never to cross again,
Only in fond memory.

Doom Laden Dream

There is something familiar about this college,
Yet I don't recognise it,
I haven't studied at all for my finals,
It dawns on me they start tomorrow.

I see colleagues at work,
I join them on the roof for satellite test transmissions,
I sit down in an armchair, newspaper in hand,
My boss and the others all stare at me.

I glance over to see my sister-in-law somehow there,
She's meant to be looking after the baby,
She is busy talking on the phone,
The baby's crawling on the high ledge.

My best friend from college appears at my house,
We haven't seen each other for six years,
I'm looking forward to a joyful reunion,
'Where's that Hammond Innes book you borrowed, you swine'.

It's late at night,
The kids are in bed, I ascend the stairs
To hear my wife secretly talking on the phone,
My jaw quivers.... what! a lover?

I stir in my single bed, look up to see angrily stooped
My wife shaking me saying my ex-girl friend wants to speak to me,
What? in the middle of the night!
A drugged feeling overcomes me... I am still dreaming.

Brick littered streets, vapour trails in the blue sky,
People running scared, my heart escaping from my chest as I run
home,
A white-hot searing angel glides down the street, stopping
To imprint a smoldering cross on the doors of those obliterate
lives.

I finally wake from the weight on my chest,
I descend the stairs with heavy mind, it's four AM,
I check the back door and windows are locked,
Bring my toddler son into the double bed: security at last.

It's Not Me

A scream, a yell,
Twisted bodies, a tortured hell,
A heap in the corner, a burning smell,
Political lobbies fighting for this shell
Of a battered body in a cell.

She looks well,
All hair-do and gel.
Glossy adverts abound,
Trivia surrounds,
But all's okay you see,
For it's not me.

The Darkness of it All

No light around,
To see the sea,
No hearing of sound,
No sight to see.
No hear and now.

The ringing nothingness
In my ears,
Or not as the case may be,
Fumbling to identify,
Without success,
Is that the ground or sky?
Can we ever imagine
Not to imagine?

A deathly hush,
Alive or dead,
In ones mind's
Blind eye,
Full of dread.

Open your eyes,
The dark is light,
To visualise,
Day or night?
The darkness of it all.
Is this a dream,
Reality or insight?

My Bubba's Outstretched Arm

A tiny arm across the bed lies,
Passively searching to comfort his sighs,
A reassuring touch of selfless parental love,
An innocent, slumbering, seraphic dove.
An angelic face content whilst asleep,
However, awake he finds it within him deep,
To curse us with his ubiquity
For boisterous fun and curiosity,
At nature's show he has to astonish,
To cherish, care for and admonish
With guilt and astonishing love,
A buzzing harpy sent from above.

A Crying Shame

It's a crying shame we're here not there,
We're ashamed to cry for hearing their
Desperate pleas.
To please their desperate hunger.
Starving destitution,
Unashamed to cry,
Without resolution.
It's a crying shame.

Flesh gripping onto skulls,
Or flash jewellery decorating heads.
Sunken eyes,
Or eyes sunk down in shame.
Clothes hanging on a model,
Or flesh hanging, by an
Amoral game.

Asymmetry of the moral world,
Dichotomy of the globe,
Where to eat,
What to eat,
Is the immoral code.

We are not hungry enough
To appreciate their plight;
Though appreciate the arts,
And literature, and sight
A Swiss Alpine scene, caught

Rugged and serene,
It's easy, when full
Of food for thought.

Genetic luck of the draw,
Your emergence decided,
Wealthy with food,
Or a hungry nation divided.
By war and men.

Sole sordid solipsism,
Punctures their turgid existence,
For those mortals who are
Crying of their shame,
With persistence.
A dissolute baptism,
Ashamed to cry.
It's a crying shame,
For us and them.

Religious Reflection

Man-made devotion of a dog,
Reflection of,
Man-made devotion to a god.

Norwood Park Solstice

Trees dipped in golden honey,
Eyes straining with gluey brightness,
Sparkling shadows flickering and sunny,
All air and shimmering lightness.
It's too dazzling to see,
Radiant nature's soliloquy,
A strange, scintillating short-sightedness,
Brilliant glare contrasts a bluey whiteness,
Of a vista reflecting all,
From that orb of glowing ball.
Hurrah for Ra!
So celestial and far,
Those chariots in the sky,
Carrying you West,
Beyond you and I.
Now save and rest,
Your burning zest.

Dozing in My Rubbish Backyard

Rocks and waves in swishing harmony,
Splashing and crashing, a joy to see.
A delightful sensation plying the senses,
Green fields give way to cliff top fences.
Salt air and sun; a mingling coalescence,
The sea spray; a sparkling iridescence,
Roars and lulls, a sweet periodicity,
The spirit soaring, uplifting synchronicity.
The Sun dappled orange masked by closed eyes,
Yellow and blue; soft sand, vibrant skies.
A crashing and toying tide comes to mock,
Ruins of rocks upon unruined rock.
A tranquil hush of nature's activity,
Time passes unnoticed with serenity.

Hey!....it's time for your tea,
I am brought back with a jolt to see,

Me,

Dozing; surrounded by a manmade sea,
Of concrete,
Bordered by corrugated asbestos sheet.

Godtime

A primitive notion,
Filling an ocean
Of devout thought,
Amounting to naught.

State of Imbalance

A family described - dole prescribed.
Shamus, mensa member - Dole offender.
Maggie, convent education - Dole segregation.
Kate, grammar school production - Dole corruption.
Jonjo, degree in graphic design - Dole assigned.
Dermot, ONC in printing - Dole hinting.
Me - Dole
 ...to be?
Ideas - Dole fears.
Soul - Dole hole.
Brain - Dole insane.
Talent used - Dole abused.
Effort made - Dole paid.
Don't care - Dole share.
Care - Dole spare?
Boss favours - Dole waivers.
Office assertion - Dole diversion.
Underling crawls - Dole appals.
Scholastic discontent - Dole quickly sent.
University career - Dole unclear.
Qualified - Dole set aside.
Poorly connected - Dole disaffected.
Upper class - Dole to pass.
Proles - A dole shoal.
Family to be - Dole phylogeny
To Ubermensches - Dole stench.

Failed poetic idiom

- Dole...
That chrism of charity so Janian,
To suborn a populous so plebian.
...send me some.

Ovoid

It's spherical
....not quite.

It's small
....in height.

It's pale
....like moonlight.

It balances
....with a fight.

With chips
....I just might.

Albumen inside
....cooked white.

Yokey colour
....as sunlight.

On your face
....an embarrassing sight.

Intellectually
....not yet erudite,

But it's life
....too right!

I Accuse

Jack Hughes
the youth of lazy intent,
in the spray-jet bubbles he's content.

J'accuse
you of having too much leisure,
splashing around for your own pleasure.

Jacuz-
-zi is the place to be,
helping to think and inspire me.

Dreyfus and Hughes stand united,
Accusations fly whilst justice unrequited.

Science Séance

A ghostly glow,
Of energy surrounding,
A central nucleus so
Apparently astounding.
A resonant flow,
A faked interaction,
Particle or wave,
Is the knee-jerk reaction.
An imposter so virtual,
Impossible to fathom.
Gatecrashes reality,
via shadowy causality.
Wither goest thou?
Is there a here and now?

Möbius Sapiens?

Why move here you unwelcome white,
Go somewhere else out of my sight,
This area is restricted by colour you see,
We suggest you collect your stuff and flee.

A foreign neighbour that's interesting to see,
I hope he's friendly when he greets me,
To live in a multi-spectral neighbourhood,
It's our future so we have to make it good.

You're not wanted here along with your new ways,
With our customs your 180 degrees out of phase,
Our relationships and religion are unknown to you,
And no doubt the same applies to you too.

Good, new, exciting things ahead,
Being enthusiastic I'll keep in good stead,
Mixing together in joyous harmony,
I'll go next door and invite them for tea.

That stranger's coming through our gate,
Now doubt with feelings of complaint and hate,
Let him try it on, such immigrant foe,
I'll damn well shout and tell him where to go.

'Hello, nice to see you, I'm new from next door,
Recently arrived, from a far away shore',
'Come in, let's talk, and get acquainted,
Candidly, by you I thought we'd be tainted.'

Scared, mistrusting, seeking segregation,
Obvious traits hinder integration,
Multi-faceted individuals, independent of geography,
And complexions are not one-sided, like some
geometry.

Mirror Image

I'm brilliant!
you're an ass as a matter of fact.
I'm very sensitive;
I'd say you've got no tact.

Praise my fine-featured profile;
you look like a simian lout.
Romanesque chiselled nose;
more like a pig's squashed snout.

Raven-black curly hair;
really, please show me where!
Ever so distinguished then;
I can only see a mop of grey hair.

I'm a caring and thoughtful person;
only when it suits you though.
I also give to charity;
yeah, with a bit of a show.

I attend church regularly;
only to insure your soul.
I've also got Christian values;
when not too inconvenienced on the whole.

I'm a good-minded citizen;
just to protect things your own.
I can be kind to animals;
but you won't have the dirty things home.

Alright that's enough of this now;
well this is your soul parody.
Why do we have to keep battling?
obviously your melancholy.

Let me brush my teeth in peace;
it's your fault for standing here now.
I just want to relax before sleep;
go then and practice your Tao.

Why does that image deride my esteem?
next time don't bother to give 'em a clean.

The Labour of Love

Hard sweat and toil,
Groaning flesh and sinew,
Straining at the soil,
A loves lost labour,
Amongst the passion flowers,
That flowers their passion,
A pastime to savour.

Theirs is no better feeling
Than to do something,
Through sheer self-fulfilment,
It's not for labour,
But for love,
Bless an inner sacrament.

To lose love's life on labour,
Is a loss to the soul,
Sole expression of spirit
Of freedom,
Of loves love of labour.

Life's love for a labour of love,
Lost in labour of labour,
Not love,
Precious wasted time.
Time dissipates into emptiness,
Labour dissolves when spent,
But love endures,
Brimming with inner content.

Back Route from Stanmore Library

Out at One, the library shut,
Read some books of great poets,
Hopkins, Eliot, Larkin and Smith,
An anachronistic bell startles to interrupt
Great thoughts,
A vibration extracting the pith.

Walking down towards a staring High Street,

About to cross a small entrance,
No! Self-consciousness - so I will explore.
A corral of impressive cars, elite
Spaces set-aside for small minds.
A back route never walked.

Back of the curry house,
Large green plastic smelly bins,
A private space: awaiting the dutiful auto-horse
seat,
The rear door of the ale house
Exuding smelly beer,
A beigy-white vista of prefab concrete.

The back route is great,
It suits my limited mind,
A rat-run without rats, no one to see,
A bashful back-alley, with no people to relate
Any of my limited thoughts.
Really, what a pathetic idiot:
...but hey, you don't have to tell me.

Mr Zzzzip

Crash, bang, wallop,
Speeding here and there,
Always in a hurry,
Never time to care.

Splish, splash, splosh,
Sloshing round that dosh,
Cor! nice motor Son,
Looking after number one.

Bish, bash, bosh.
What a load of lolly,
Materialism rules OK,
But hey....you're still a wally.

Where is it?

When humanity is not around,
The human race flounders,
Drifting not bound,
No spiritual guidance,
Moral subsidence,
Sunk in decadence.

When humanity is not around,
Hitler's starting wars,
On a whim without just cause,
Mighty subjugate the poor,
The human race can take no more,
Cruel actions beyond our law.

When humanity is not around
The human race is lost,
Our terrestrial home, it's raped,
To all nature's cost.
A fragile precious gift
Of when compassion is in their midst.

Fingers fumble for the button,
Of thermonuclear destruction,
The seed of empathy is but the thread,
For tenuous life, it be said,
To be spared from fear and dread.

Voyeurism, the crystal ball to gaze,
The assembled few who spare,
Humanity from its worse nightmare,
Creation reigns uber-supreme,
Over human weakness' devilled sheen,
Life and earth continues clean.

When humanity is around,
Slight of hand drawing: ecstatic,
Upon a countenance enigmatic,
A triumphant spirit so phlegmatic,
All serenity and calm,
The human race can do no harm,
For there is within us all,
A glow of kindness to break our fall.

Pete's Fading Away

Only five month's left, a growth in his skull,
How are you feeling? 'I'm still vertical',
A tall, gentle, egoless character, likeable and liked,
Going downhill to the stunned silence of his colleagues.

Only a year ago all was well, perfect health,
No inkling of the things to come,
A random slash by the sword of Damocles,
Minute probabilities, a chance event, unlucky for someone.

Summer flu-like symptoms, a bug from Corfu,
A worrying collapse, for months relieved at the one-off
event,
Not allowed to drive, 'cycling's good for you',
Everything fine until Christmas.

Headaches, nausea, perhaps meningitis,
Events unknown to us all until the New Year,
Where's my boss? no ones sure,
Mid January with no word.

Communication established, via the grapevine,
Things don't look good,
Malignant shows the brain scan,
Two month's perhaps - who knows?

I drove to Harrow one lunchtime to see my friend,
His uncertain appearance dispelled as he looked good to
me,
A fiendishly secretive disease, working away silently,
An uplifting chat washed down with too many home brews.

His door bell rang, a bouquet from personnel,
No ones clear of his situation - surely he can't be
returning?
Scars on his shaved head, attempted surgery,
Cut the weed out with impossible delicacy.

After a fortnight it's still there ,roots atangled,
Only one thing to try, anonymous rays to burn it to hell,
Time passes with fits and starts,
What if it happens at work? - 'step over me'.

That's it, it's still there, shrouding the neurons,
Hanging on for its dear life. Go you unwelcome guest,
No one wants your unseen business here,
Brain fungus strangling his life force.

Thick lens glasses now adorn stooping shoulders at his
desk,
A slight trembling of hand signing my paperwork,
A slow, deliberate figure ascends the social club stairs,
Happily buying us all a drink on a Friday lunchtime.

'Can I have that signed by Monday',
I said with a false air of normality,
'Providing I'm still upright',
He smirked laconically.

He is amiable

- YOU are cruel,

He is middle aged needing life

- YOU are a parasite feeding off his life,

He has a wife

- YOU are remorseless without remorse,

He has two kids

- but YOU just multiply your murdering offspring.

Dreams of Destruction

A burning flash of a billion candles bursts through the window,
An office block sixth-floor panorama over North London,
Heat, light, of scalding intensity,
A radiant yellow skull, mouth open and screaming,
I scramble under a table, as the room implodes.
I wake up sweating... phew! just another dream.

The bedroom in Watford lit up at night,
Through eyes, red, yellow, then white,
A mind racing, a bomb on Northwood HQ?
Where can I take the kids in forty-eight seconds,
Before the shock blast wave destroys.
I wake up sweatingphew! just another dream.

I walk alone through the quiet dawn London streets,
The National Gallery explodes, an avalanche of mass flows,
Somehow shield behind a building, as Big Ben collapses,
Running to the Embankment to cower under Waterloo Bridge,
A glinting object, a shiny dome of a missile upon me,
I wake up sweating... phew! just another dream.

A white vapour trail high in the blue sky over Norwood Park,
A meteor? moving in an arc from the East,
Along my line of sight at me,
Descending from behind the Crystal Palace transmitter,
I run at right angles vainly trying to hide,
No!...I pinch myself: please let me wake up sweating.

Dad's Drunk Again

An imprecise tap-tap of metal key upon metal latch,
His uncertain aim the precursor of his uncertain mood,
Our hearts sank at twenty three minutes to midnight,
No watching the football tonight, little comfort accrued.
The front door opens; an erratic movement of temulence, to catch
An influential figure stumbling into the hall, under the influence,
The cold night air hugs the floor, the Aeolian visitor peers
Displacing cosy home feelings; an atmosphere to be set alight.
Hiatus: four teenagers not speaking, just waiting, uncertain fears,
Shrouded in empathetic tension, a web of emotional incongruence,
An array of minds focusing beyond one inch of pine, mental
feelers somehow penetrating solidity, perhaps quantum
Effects tunnelling through, probing for recognition of mood.
Melancholic, sentimental, verbally fraying, a wanton
Abuse of fragile youth requiring a nurturing so gentle.
Mum: given up countless years ago, ready to entwine
In more peaceful images upstairs: a fragile slumbering mime.
Silence: kitchen or lounge? food for thought or food
Is the dilemma. We lose again as he punctures our time,
Breathing heavy from booze rather than sublime
Exertion, unclear eyes straining for recognition through square
Thick black rimmed glasses; a forum for paternal sophistry,
Featuring an improved vision of his world -in imagination,
Or just more alcohol induced TV;
For a short while at which he can stare,
Until sleep and the cold dark reality of morning unfurls
A revenge with unpitying interest; mental liquidation,
Increasingly overdrawn in the account of life, towards saturation,
Borrowing off his family now, with no sense of trepidation,
Using the only ones who care, as into a chair he curls,
'Please don't cry,' he implored,
Senior Service smoke billowing blue from a turbulent plume,
But we are bored.
Someone scored? But concentration is torn to his room,
Silence poured.
He talks in riddles, in which his mind is caught,
'Please don't cry, when I die.'
Ripping us, a wry silence pawed.
Tempus Fugit: as the memories slip by,
Silence of sound; roaring of thought,
Death approaches: yielding only a parsimonious sigh,
Wrenched from a family that,
.....in the end, didn't cry.