

A Digital Folio

WHAT WE DID NOT ANTICIPATE

Selected Poems

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RISE

Rise to the right sun,
And rest to the casual moon.
Sing songs of your oppression
(Your chains will seem less heavy then)
And think of the coming noon
When God will pay you back for your tears
(He has been collecting them in jars)

Soon,
You will receive your joy.
Your arched back showing signs
Of the days you labored in the sun
Will once more straighten
As if stretching toward heaven,
And your soul
Broken from the years
Will be free to go on
And collect your payment
For the tears.

Poor lover,
Lose your fears.

SEASON MOON

Season moon,
Running in place,
Is it true you chase the sun?

Of lesser light,
You always seem to be coming in
At the end of the show
When all have gone home
To cuddle in their beds.
But in your longing
Do you not wonder
What night would be
Without you?

After all,
Daring friend,
You are the only one
Who does not allow your
Radiance
To hide your face.

PLAGIARISM

I said, "They say
the fish are the last to notice the water."
And you had never heard that
So you smiled.
How much of my wit is
Formed from the scavenged
Remains of other men's wit?
I do not reveal the source.
It is the joy of the old
To hang with the young
So that we can pretend
We never smiled
The first time we heard
The fish are the last to notice the water.

JONATHAN

It was hard
The first pushes
Into you,
The fit was awkward
But still I wore you.
Dazzling thing
Not my color
Not my style
So far I have only
Worn you in winter's
Weather.
So how will the Spring
Find you?
Will you become
Too warm for my skin?
Too familiar for my
Closet?
Will my friends
Say I wear you
A little too much?
Will one of us discard
The other?
"Last month's look"
Your friends will say,

And offer themselves
And something newer
More to your taste
More to your size.
Sure I like
Baggy
Complicated
Things –
Things that do not
Get wet in rain,
Or wrinkle with use.
Things I can tie
Around my neck
And lose to friends
Without caring.
Yet there you are
Tight and unforgiving.
Seams newly sewn,
Your dimensions unknown.
I can no longer
Walk out the door
Without having you
Near me.

SCHIZOPHRENIA

Your anger
removes the bolts of your mind
so that it wobbles –
like a china plate on a table
and then in a sudden movement
I cannot anticipate
bursts
on the hard floor.

I blame myself
that I did not catch it in time.

Then – the paranoia
that takes from you your reason –

and in your suspicion I am found wanting –
but you told me that would happen –
that night, in my car,
when you thought the radio was talking
just to you –
giving you messages of warning
of a coming war.

Then you deputized me

the watcher of the western front.

What we did not anticipate:
that they cannot discern
the weird from the wounded
the accusation from the allegation
and I am told by their grave voices
to leave you alone.

And so I am.