

*A Digital Folio*

# WHAT WE DID NOT ANTICIPATE

---

*Selected Poems*

**B. Brandon Werner**

Copyright © 2025 by B. Brandon Werner  
All rights reserved.

This folio is a work of fiction and poetry. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

*Typeset in EB Garamond*  
Visit [www.brandonwerner.com](http://www.brandonwerner.com) for more information.

## CONTENTS

---

<b>1</b>	<b>Rise</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>2</b>	<b>Season Moon</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>3</b>	<b>Plagiarism</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>4</b>	<b>Jonathan</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>5</b>	<b>Schizophrenia</b>	<b>6</b>

## 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.