

The background is an abstract, painterly composition with a white border. It features a mix of colors including shades of grey, brown, orange, blue, and green, with visible brushstrokes and textures. The text is overlaid on this background.

NIGHT NARRA TIVES /

BRYAN J.
MCLEAN

NIGHT NARRAT IVES

poems



Bryan J. McLean

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#100days



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The background is a complex, abstract collage. A large, stylized orange face with a wide, open mouth is a central element. To the left, there's a red mask or face with a white circular feature. The composition is layered with various colors including grey, blue, green, and yellow, creating a dreamlike and surreal atmosphere. The text is overlaid on this artwork.

nightnarratives

the poems



1.

... I am *Brooklyn*, the city
(not the person) ... uncertainly
I arrived here, on shirts and
backpacks, my name
spreading thinner and thinner
across the first distances that I
was born from. Signal dying
as the time tells our tales... I
am lost in this new city...
Floating out from rages
/angles... the day familiar,
filled with skyrats and pulsing
city traffic. But the nights are
alien, cold and combusting
here, a kind of silence that
slits throats... a kind of ache
that never leaves you even as
the dawn turns the day back

2.

there's a sickness in this
lost lane, the tires fondle
up the gravel, and
swelling sunlight heats
our corneas... is
(cadmium?) **Red Rotting
Rasputin** calling on the
safe side, from the
bellows and belly of the
engineoverheated towers
; skyward shouts the
steaming breath of hades
adhock jealous to icarus'
five minutes of freedom
folded into fame.

3.

I fell. no birds
would catch me. no
birds would know
my name. catch me
if you can, through
fingertips the fault
in the failing
falsities - I fell, my
name, no sound
from any throat -
and now forgotten.

4.

the knee,
scraped and folded
inside of itself,
the switches on,
and night birds howl
to the neon;
neglecting
the overtones
of the day.

5.

agrippa - ghosts
matter as they leave
the stations, nightside
singing down the back
alley of the grocer -
enlarged and focused
out the Fstop
apertures dyed this
moment, neon in the
pink dress, night time
her name Agrippa in
the pink dress made
from neon night.

6.

Fius, famous for foxing, get the locks right, make the tides tight, and bow Valley river is an upset stomach, churning in the cyanide shallows, is that secret Mr Blue (Alzarian online) - come to knock on many doors - angry as we want to be, our salt all shade in this (noon)day's sun.

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fin



NIGHT NARRATIVES

“I enjoy the entropy of materials, how one medium infects another and it can never be perfect again; like crumpled or dirty paper... the commodity is reformed and its relationship to its (family of identical paper, untouched/ uninfected) is destroyed and how mistakes can never be replicated (only expanded upon.)”

Bryan J. McLean

