

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Brenton Booth: Two Poems

Brenton Booth · Wednesday, October 7th, 2026

The Dubliner

I spent most of the day cheerfully
celebrating contributor

copies of a college mag I'd not
been published by before

unexpectedly landing on my ageing
coir doormat in the suburbs

of Sydney at exactly eleven-fifty
on a frigid winter's morning.

Instantly transforming the cold,
despondent grey sky to

brilliant, imperturbable balmy gold.
Welcomely triggering a

satisfying afternoon of strong
flowing whiskey, and

endless, reckless cheer. Listening
to Glen Hansard and Lisa

O'Neill perform "*Fairytale of New
York*" at Shane MacGowan's

funeral, for the five-thousandth and
fifty-seventh time on *YouTube*.

Glen's rough, perfect voice, smooth
as polished diamonds floating

weightlessly in a tall smoky glass.

Strumming his beat-up,
 beautiful guitar, like galloping stallions,
 delicious inches from their
 greatest ever victory. Singing along
 shamelessly in my blurry
 lounge room with the Dublin master.
 Making certain plans to
 see him if he ever ventured back
 to Oz again (as I had seen
 Lisa O'Neill with The Pogues
 three months before at the
 Sydney Opera House.) Absolutely
 floored by the awful,
 unbelievable news of his tragic
 passing just hours earlier,
 at only fifty-six. Expectedly shedding
 a thick, hopeless tear,
 following a sombre lengthy pause;
 before pouring the fullest,
 most affective glass of the whole
 loose session. Glen Hansard's
 unmistakable acoustic guitar suddenly
 strumming. The entire room
 gorgeously aflame. Affectionately
 toasting the inimitable spirits
 of Glen, Shane, Dolores, and Sinéad,
 at the liveliest dive-bar in all of
 Heaven. Where the whiskey is always
 strong: and the songs never end.

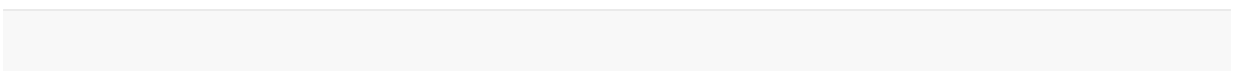
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Pictures on the Sea

I hadn't been with a woman for over a

year. My cousin's wife Christy told me
about a single friend of hers she thought
might be a good match. She met me at the
train station a few minutes from her
home. Poured two overflowing glasses
of whiskey when we got there. Turned
on loud rock music. A few drinks later
she lit a joint, took a long hit, handed it
to me. Living on the lower level of a two
storey house supported by tall thin
metal stilts a few streets from the
ocean. Making as much noise as
possible to annoy the old gay couple
above her that complained about
everything she did. The music got
louder. We kissed passionately. Slowly
sliding my burning fingertips up her
damp quivering thighs. *"Not yet. We
have to go to McDonald's for Christy. I
promised I would take her an apple pie."*
When we arrived at my cousin's home
Christy was crying. My cousin stole all
her babysitting pay before he left for
work. We finished the second joint after
sex, watching the lights from the fishing
boats tracing beautiful pictures on the
sea. The first time in over a year I
stopped thinking about my father. His
lifeless body at the funeral. That
couldn't hear a word I wanted to say.

(Featured image from [Pexels](#))



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