

# Factories of Men and Beer

by [PD Lyons](#) (November 2023)



*The Red Cape*, Claude Monet, 1868-73

Factories of Men and Beer

Trains I have never seen  
Every evening heard yowling

Prehistoric beasts  
Quagmired in this tar pit town

As if, like me unable to get beyond  
These factories of men and beer

I remember  
We were walking  
Hand in hand  
Up the hill  
In the rain

You had your bright red scarf  
Wrapped around your head  
Traffic swished  
Lights on  
Wipers squelching

We didn't know what the day would bring  
But I turned my face up to the sky  
Trusting my own two feet and you to guide me

Strangers Meeting Again for the First Time

I am still in those same places  
Rough loose floor boards  
Unfinished walls

Thin white paint  
Curtainless window ghosts  
Ancient sails of sky  
As if this road embarking for foreign parts  
could ever leave behind the cities we were born in.

For Jack, Who No One Reads

needing someone new to love  
Loving/ needing newness

they loved

not understanding  
no appreciating  
not knowing  
or caring

he was it

new

filling the need regardless of who he really was  
something new

a thing their parents never heard of  
would never approve of

would at least be slightly threatened by

as if everyone would really go

leave pack it in

give it up hit the road

our highways then become our cities,  
places like Manhattan our open roads?

But he brought you flowers  
somehow knowing about irises.

sat down beside you

knowing about the gallery.

you being there

you thinking about your boyfriend.

you thinking about him in the dark room.

Turkish coffee at Mamoon's  
afraid to wait any longer

that one time he was late  
that day you were moving

from the city  
from the summer  
from all possibilities of being swayed

*(for Gabrielle)*

Do Do Run Run

after the show she'd call him  
wait with the security guys out back  
in the open door way if it was raining  
watching waiting smoking.  
she'd heard they added menthol to 'em so you wouldn't feel  
what they were doing' to  
your throat, she wasn't sure about that—  
isn't there just too much mistrust in the world?

anyway, it never took him long,  
no matter what the time was  
even if the show ran late  
even if there was snow  
he was never long.

run up them iron stairs  
kiss her before saying hello, how was the show?  
walk her arm 'n arm, open and close the car door .

she was back up singer

steady small town gig.  
one with a black beret,  
sang better than most of the leads she broke her ass to make  
look good.  
maybe if she were younger ... maybe if she weighed a little less  
...?

back home,  
he'd have something good and ready to eat  
sometimes in the shower the hot water lasts an hour  
sometimes she'd have a little something strong to drink.  
he'd put something on the stereo real low like madam butterfly  
until falling asleep only by some taunting dream  
she'd wake to find his loving arms around her.

## Visa for France

Anxiety wrapped around like a wet cloth,  
the kind you've known,  
like morning rain on August twenty eighth  
as you ride to New York City  
grey green landscapes I-84  
seen from a bus full of 6am travellers  
A slow rain  
like if you were outside you'd feel each drop  
separate, distinct, that's the kind  
you've known,  
like wet frizzed hair of a German girl in front of you  
on her way to the airport too,  
the way her waist strapped with a wide red leather smile,  
the way her deep rounded face reminds you to Gitte's voice  
on the telephone last night asking if you were afraid to come,  
telling that it had been a rainy summer there,  
telling that when people really love they talk about the

weather

because love, totally out of place with telephones  
and other public places, can only be relieved  
intimately as in letters or in flesh.

It's that kind of love,  
you've known it all along,  
that wet warm blanket you've wrapped yourself up in  
without any feeling of obligation  
zazen

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PD Lyons was born and raised in the USA and, since 1998 has lived in Ireland. He's travelled extensively and has raised two wonderful children in addition to a variety of horses (Morgan, Andalusian Thoroughbred, Irish sport horse, etc.). He has worked as a dishwasher, floor washer, textile mill labourer, construction worker, pesticide sprayer, fire safety inspector, toy shop manager, substance abuse councillor, women's shoe shop manager, and is currently cutting grass in a small medieval village in County Westmeath.

Lyons received the Mattatuck College Award for Outstanding Achievement in Poetry and a Bachelor of Science with honours from Teikyo Post University Connecticut. His work has appeared in many formats throughout the world, and he has had his poetry collections published by Lapwing Press, Belfast and erbacce Press, Liverpool. He is the 2019 winner of the annual erbacce-press International Poetry Competition.

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