

Poetry Series

Scott Campbell
- poems -

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Scott Campbell(mid 70's)

Please dont take me too seriously. I write for my personal state of mind, not yours. I have a big sense of humor and may sound dark and bitter, but I am well adjusted. I do not follow rules and margins of any style, I just write.

3: 05 A.M.

So what, I am up.

All the people in their little boxes around me everywhere sleeping

Resting up to go to work

Work like the ants

Work like bees and get nothing but a reason to sleep again.

Scott Campbell

4 To 5 Times A Night

Forced out of sleep
A gloom, lurking feeling has done it again
Life, love, expectations, sitting on my chest,
Draining the air like a sponge
Standing up, reminding myself to breathe
Like a curse
Like a fog
Like a heart breaking, over and over
Like hearing the worst news you will ever hear
Calm returns
And I sleep

Scott Campbell

Another One To The Head

A glimmer of lives similar
Like a head wound, always on my mind
Gushing, taking my life, pulse after pulse□
Women will do this to us, even the ones we don't know
Make us act bad, make us write bad, make us feel bad
They remind us what all is wrong with us, silent, judging
And just when you think the wound is healing, boom, another one to the head

Scott Campbell

Big Tobacco

My mother told me about the cure for cigarette addiction. She said it takes willpower, the nicotine patch and God. "Yeah, but it gives me nightmares", I said. "What, the patch?" To which I replied, "No, God".

Scott Campbell

Diagnosis

I would just lie
I would get things in order
And just die

Scott Campbell

Economy According To A Cynic

Put it on the card; write a check, can I owe you?

An empty pocket leads to an empty stomach; an empty stomach leads to an empty mind

The world is broke and hungry, the world is a joke and angry

Charge it, cash on delivery, empty promises of dues, take the easy way out man,

Why don't they sell just one bullet? Are they so rude they want the rest of a dead man's money?

Scott Campbell

Four Hundred Pounds

Only one way out
Down the stairs, out the door
Four hundred pounds of baggage
Four hundred pounds of burden
Only one way out
Down the stairs, out the door
Baggage that has lived with as many women as I
Burden that has left as many women as I
Only one way out
Down the stairs, out the door

Scott Campbell

It's Just Best To Sleep All Day

They say a man can have a spiritual awakening in his 30's, the other day, I woke up.

I woke up to the reality of the fact that I have not accomplished anything worth a damn.

Death looming, nothing left to remember, just a pile in a landfill with the rest of the memories.

I woke up terrified, expectations of society, looking sternly at me, disappointed.□

No wife, no kids, no job, no assets, no retirement, no pension, no chance.

I woke up

Scott Campbell

Much Like Birth, Death Can'T Be A Pretty Sight

Sitting alone
Being alone is not so bad
Unless you can't stand yourself
I imagine this happens, often
But I don't mind me
When you are alone you think about life
When you think about life you think about death
They say you're born alone, you die alone,
I do hope so
I like being alone

Scott Campbell

Poetry According To A Cynic

Poetry is not

Beautiful words strung together to make you light

Poetry is not

Appreciated by anyone but the author

Poetry is not

Structured and redundant

Poetry is not

All about why women leave, taking pieces of your soul

Poetry is

Life, as you see it

Scott Campbell

Sleeping In The Park.

Sleeping, sometimes sleep till noon; two, four, sometimes there is no need to wake up.

"Get your ass up and do something", she screams waking me.

"I have nothing to do".

"I want you out". She screams, so I go.

Sleeping, sometimes sleep till noon; three, five, sometimes there is no need to wake up.

"Get your ass up and do something" yells my father waking me.

"I have nothing to do".

"I want you out". He screams, so I go.

Sleeping, sometimes till noon, one, three, sometimes there is no need to wake up.

"Get your ass up and do something", yells the squirrels waking me, even the squirrels are assholes.

Scott Campbell

Sudden Realization Of Being Flat Broke

Everything is almost gone. One by one, piece by piece, dollar by dollar, gone. Once the bread is gone, will I write? Two cigarettes left, then what, will the writing stop?

Smoking by itself won't kill you, you need a job to achieve both, and one kills faster than the other.

I've asked too much of everyone, no one wants me around anymore. One by one.

Running out my credit with the world, I am just not good for it. Dollar by dollar. Now the bread is gone, will I steal? I have no cigarettes left, why write?

Just stare, bitter, at the page, seeing it clearly, no smoke to get in the way, one kills faster than the other.

Scott Campbell

The Only Poem About Love I Will Ever Write

Love is like a long line of people waiting
It seems to take forever to get to the front
Waiting amongst ugly faces and unpleasant smells
Feel the distrust, just keep moving forward
Now it's my turn, I'm at the front of the line
"Sorry, sold out"

Scott Campbell

The Road To Success Is A Dead End That Is Flooded With The Tears Of The Successful

From the ashes of previously combusted love
Loveless, no love
I am no Phoenix, more of a sparrow
Homeless, no home
Thousands spent on failure, lesson learned
Senseless, no sense
Like a dog no one wants, always looking down
Placeless, no place
Burden, spite, distrust, sadness, intrusive, I don't belong here
I've been misplaced

Scott Campbell

We Got It All Wrong

I feel that a funeral is no different than a wedding or a parade. Only the mood is different. The dead don't understand why we grieve, it's them who grieve for us, for we are living and they have it easy. And people cry at weddings, and people celebrate at funerals, this is how it should be. The bride parading down the aisle, women weeping, men walking straight past with the groom, like pall bearers carrying the recently fallen. All of these are selfish, practices; all are focused on us and our inability to accept change.

Funerals are for the living, weddings are for the parents, and parades are for the children.

Scott Campbell