

Poetry Series

Stuart Cuthbert
- poems -

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Stuart Cuthbert(15 april 1976)

I began writing when I was about 12. I love observing and finding ways to express myself in words. This is the first time I have dared publish my poetry so honest reviews would be appreciated.

An Ode To Lost

It opens with an eye and then a shot to bamboo
Are you watching them? or are they watching you?
We see our first glimpse of the golden retriever
Just a clever dog or a major deceiver?
Who knows, and who wants to know
Just sit back and enjoy the show

As the days pass and the mystery becomes
The driving force behind the dramatic drums
There's tension romance, sisters and brothers
And the big question is 'who the hell are the others'
Kidnap, big fights, theft, and confusion
Flash backs, oh god a hatch and no sign of conclusion

So lets get this straight,

There's Jack he's a surgeon of the spinal kind
Since the island he's slowly changed his mind
Man of science becomes man of faith
Mr Locke surely put him in his place

Ah onto him the plane crash mystical guy
Who walks around even though he was paralyzed
On the island he becomes something from nothing
Until season four Ben shows us it was Locke in the coffin

Oh Ben the mind masher he leaves a deadly trail
I much preferred him when disguised as Henry Gale
He summoned smokey straight out of a puddle
And the pacemaker con left Sawyer in a muddle

Sawyer the conman the trickster and thief
Who's hair grew so fast by episode three
He's a tough guy who stole his parents murderers name
And a boar and a tree frog nearly drove him insane

Speaking of bores a slightly tenuous link
Brings me to Kate she needs a shrink
She's nosy, neurotic, defiant and a tease

A fugitive, a baby thief but she can climb trees

All the characters the twists would take a year in verse

Well it took 5 to meet Jacob which is worse?

For every answer four questions rear their ugly head

Oh a hatch oh my god is Jin really dead

Well I've stuck with it and to no great cost

Just half my bloody life trying to figure out LOST

Stuart Cuthbert

Are We Still Metaphorical?

As birds fly to the south
Don't look a gift horse in mouth
Your passion flower sundial
Your forced fake big smile
Use of the word is HISTORICAL
Are we still metaphorical

Like the stones float in the lake
Or the manufactured mistake
The double knot in the shoe lace
Bite your nose to spite your face
The question is RHETORICAL
Are we still metaphorical

To use a word to describe another
To use a word as a shield or cover
To explain yourself in a different way
Or to paint a picture of a dreadful day

The broken pieces of a broken mirror
Lose reflection lose the shimmer
Every time giving seven years
To uphold a deal bad lucks here
The frame is shattered wooden shards
Fill the room with wooden paths
That lead right to the door
The mirror how it shines no more

Now imagine the mirror was ME
Am I still talking metaphorically

Stuart Cuthbert

Change Your Mind

Softly like a heart beat
Everything's going mad in me
Wrongly accused dead beat
Everything's going wrong for me
Sad little thing on a rollercoaster
Shed 20lbs eating crumbs from a toaster
Nothing tastes too nice
With a gun in your mouth

As you crawl through
my empty streets alone
Nobody can help you
Or take you home

Softly like a heart beat
Everyone's got it in for me
Ink stain on a clean sheet
A scar from you to me
Sorry little girl on a twenty hour bus ride
Surrounded by the words nowhere to hide
Nowhere looks just as nice

As your memory will allow
To glance at once again
Like the picture Of your first
time on a train

I'm sorry, I'm very sorry
About most the mistakes
I have made
I'm not sorry about maybe 2
Like been born and meeting you
I'm not sorry
I hope your not sorry too

Softly like a heartbeat
A single pop can make you drop
Hold you up and screw you down

Keep you from getting off the ground
Your happy now she's leaving town
And taking the fight from your soul

I'm sorry very sorry
About most the mistakes
I have made
I'm not sorry about maybe 2
Like been born and meeting you
I'm not sorry
I hope your not sorry too

Stuart Cuthbert

Crazy Alf

he sometimes comes in the shadows at night
Like a thief on a mission or a ninja in a cage fight
he lurks behind the bushes and the bus stops
Like a politician or crazy little nut job
Standing taller than a tall thing this is the time for stealth
He's much bigger than a small thing not too good for ya health

His parents were too nasty for the Mansons
Kicked out for been too loud
They make the osbournes look like Hanson
Freddy kruger would be so proud
If he had been the father to Crazy Alf
Crazy Alf

Oh crazy Alf the police he has eluded drove them all close to tears
Minor crimes not included hes going down for a thousand years
He's The biggest criminal the most wanted man in the north
The casualties are minimal and he never gets caught
Playing games with the coppers always one step ahead
What they don't realise is for 18 years crazy Alf has been dead

Crazy Alf went crazy for two years of his life
His memory was lazy and forgot to mention he had died
If only it was mentioned to the officers in charge
That he spent his stolen pension on a good spot in the graveyard
Its easy to be elusive when your dead burried deep down
You won't get caught when you live 6 feet below the ground

crazy Alf

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Stuart Cuthbert

Don'T Treat Me Like A Fool

Leave your keys behind the door
Just go away now your not welcome anymore
You came in here with that dirty little whore
This is my jurisdiction I am the law

Don't treat me like a fool
Your decisions are often pretty cruel
I'm not a donkey I'm not a working mule
If you follow me you follow my rules

Push your footprints to the ground
Your head is steady don't turn around
If I ever see you here again
You'll here the gunshot for your bitter end

Stuart Cuthbert

Good Time Coming

Started out a good time coming
Rolling out the years in my mind
Sensational memories and happenings
All leading to this moment in time
Broken dreams and wishful thinking
That boy amounts to nothing they say
He's got an attitude and it stinks
A dreadful smell that won't go away

Open your eyes
There is a good time coming
Open your eyes
There is a good time coming

Shattered bones and broken feelings
Leave the scars that build your life
A collection of coincidences
That lay the path to what feels right

Failing actors and actresses
Restless nights
And pissed stained mattresses
Failing actors and actresses
packing fruit
In rundown factories

Open your eyes, open your eyes
Sonny says there is a good time coming
Jenny says there is a good time coming
Everyone says there is a good time coming
I just pray for my good time coming
Oh oh and it seems everything is rosie
My life, oh my life
And these people all reckon they know me
Its my life oh its my life

Started out a good time coming
Ended up in trouble and strife

An other tail of misadventure
30 years still can't get it right
Started out a good time coming
Pushed away whoever was nice
A mistake that I still pay for
Cheaper at half the price

Stuart Cuthbert

I Observe

As I stare through my window
A picture frame for this modern life
People pass without a care in the world
I stare daytime into night

I stand, up above the sky is crying
Nothing lost is nothing gained
A party piece of legend they say
An apparition of hope and glory

Stuart Cuthbert

Lucid (Loose I.D)

Lucid in my mind

Flash bang to the brain
A crash to the senses
Again and again
Sensation no motivation
Is this hallucination

Sitting in a cold room
Man I got the shivers
Like a washed out womb
My umbilical forgiveness
Drowning in the hatred
Flooding my emotions
Nothing here is sacred
Just a lovely little notion

Summoning a demon
From my hell within
God I must be dreaming
But I'll never give in
My eyes may deceive me
Its all black and white
I feel a little queasy
As I finally take flight

Drag me kicking and screaming
Through these lonely lonely halls
My head is dancing dancing
As I fall through the walls
I am a flower a seed an everlasting entity
You may knock me off my feet but you'll never change my destiny

It started with a show off
A stranger and a thief
Things you wouldn't know of
Been passed around for free
These tiny little tablets
With a picture for a name

Like mixed up little rabbits
With headlights in their brains

Hallucinations
Hallucinations

My muscles are uncontrollable
My pupils are dilated
My mind is inconsolable
Oh these visions its created

Stuart Cuthbert

Lyndsey Says

Sometimes when you think your alone
All you need is a touch from someone
All you need is a little sign
It will cleanse you it will ease your mind

I noticed you from the start
A little bumping in the beat of my heart
I noticed you when you walked in
Your eyes were brown and piercing

I never thought I'd see you again
You left my workplace and that was the end
Then I bumped into you that was the start
Here is a big shout out for broken hearts

Your head is muddled and your life aint so straight
There's no line to follow but that's your way
So all I will stand and say
Is that I love you anyway

Lyndsey says she don't know what she wants
Her eyes look at me and haunt
Lyndsey says she don't know where she's going
I just stop the clock and start the slowing
Down

Oh I
Oh I just don't know why
But I'll tell you this I'll tell you straight
Every minute is
An inspiration to the fault of my
Insecurities and my mind

Lyndsey says she don't know what she wants
So I'll just say I'll give her what I've got
I'll give her what I've got
It aint a lot
But its all I've got

Secret Solitude

She sits in the playground lashes dripping the tears
Falling to the floor forming saddened puddles,
Then disappear
She walks along the path home skipping through the fears
Missing out the pavement cracks like heart attacks,
They disappear

My mother, my father,
Please won't you listen to me

I never use a word
But still expect to be heard

But by the fire light shine
And the broken heart of mine
Hidden bruises
Day dream nooses
Am I the devils valentine

She lays down her tired head in a bath of rosy red
The taps she turned on have muscle to run along
And as her pupils fill the room in her porcelain tomb
The sadness would subside on the day their baby died

She sits in the darkened room her eyes swimming in tears
Falling to the floor forming angry puddles
Then disappear
She turns to the last one she loves for solace while he's near
She turns her head whispers "she's dead"
Then she disappears

Stuart Cuthbert

She

She sits in the room
Five other people
Tin foil perfume
She's not sure what to do
Cos she's always been scared
Of mythical creatures

She surrounds herself with trouble
Just to see what would happen
Smashed glasses and shrapnel
Crazy drivin' and passion

It starts out as an act to
Strengthen up her attitude
She can't cope with the altitude
As clouds pass her by

She sits in the room
Five other people□
Tin foil perfume
She's not sure what to do
Cos she's always been scared
Of mythical creatures

Stuart Cuthbert

Sold

I am happy with my life
Managed to escape the strife
And enter what is known
As the real world when your grown
A world of plans hopes and belief
A place where everything is green
But not the colour shading leaves
The tint of envy becomes greed

Am I proud no I'm not
I haven't fought for what I've got
I have become what I am not
Don't remember what I forgot
Its all a fog around me
A clouded shield and I can't see
A way to escape to be free
This world is a penitentiary

There is a prison wall fifty feet above the ground
The stone is still screaming
But you can not here a sound
Every scrape, hole, and scratch, scars that are a mystery
Careful indentations an unwritten history
If I am a happy man if I am alive
Why is my smile part of this disguise
And if I'm truly living the life I wish to lead
Why can't I escape the walls surrounding me

Stuart Cuthbert

Spiked

There is a star marked out for us
Pinned to the blanket sky
It shines like diamonds
When you are by my side

There is a strange constalation
A star sign made for us
It's mapped out in heaven
And it shines from above

I saw something in the corner of your eye
It wasn't salt water tears but a blinding light
It captured me and started to burn
I'm sorry, but it seems to be your turn
So hold me now and don't let go
Pour the wine real slow
And we will rule the world

There is a nice sensation
I get when you're around
We talk the night away
Then you lift me from the ground

There is a solid stone reason
Why we are here
Read this when sorrow
Is getting way to near

Why did we meet? Why did we click?
Why did it happen so quick?
Why did we laugh? Why did we kiss?
Why on earth am I writing this?

Even in a crowded room
My eyes still fix on you
Even in a crowded room
My eyes still fix on you.

The Jeremiah Tree

Another plate smash on the hearth
Another argument can be heard
As I hide my head beneath the pillow
And dream of a different world
With all the lights out I hold the darkness
Just like I would a friend
This ever lasting shadow
The one on which I depend

Another argument out in the country
I always feel I'm the one to blame
For all the noises all the violence
Am I getting in the way
Another post scream hug in the front room
Another sorry comes rushing out
A good excuse is no excuse
Do you have to scream and shout

When it gets too much for me
I walk down the garden to the jeremiah tree
I talk and talk my day away
With a heart felt certainty

I start a day dream where I am king
And I get praised for everything
And no matter what I do
I never feel the sting from the bottom of a shoe

Another disagreement turns into a fight
So I turn and run up the stairs
I feel the fear cut right through me
Like a bear trap or a rabbits snare
I hear the foot steps bang like drums
As I cower in the corner am I to blame
They get louder and louder and louder
As I sit there screaming his name

When it gets too much for me
I walk down the garden to the jeremiah tree
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I start a day dream where I am king
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Why Is Right So Wrong?

Considering the consequences
Of all of your actions
The things you shouldn't do
The everyday distractions
Think about your future boy
Lay your path with precision
Always have a reason
For all of your decisions

Those words usually make so much sense
A structure to rely on
On this you depend
A steady sky to fly on
But suddenly one day when you least expect it
Someone comes along and those words mean shit

You came into my life with a crash and a bang
Before I knew it I was holding your hand
A tender grip so warm and relaxed
A captivating kiss more addictive than crack
We tried to stop but it hurt too much
A simple look turned into a touch
We talked we laughed then we made love
You changed my world and I can't get enough
Of you

Okay we have some barriers before us
A wall of people who say they adore us
Our actions are not malicious
The consequences they could be viscous
But we didn't plan on any of the above
I'm sorry your honour
We've fallen in love

The way you look at me
Burns a hole right through my heart

And the thought of losing you
Tears my sanity apart
How did this even start
How did this even start

We cannot find the answer to the question in the song
How can something that feels so right be seen as something so wrong

Stuart Cuthbert