

Seven Robichaud Road

By Andrew Scott

I heard the crash at night.
The racket barely made me blink.
For so many years rough noises
were heard from the same direction.
Across the way on Robichaud Road.

Today's crash caught me a little off guard.
Had not heard a peep in years
from that falling apart structure.

Many nights there were bangs
and screams of beaten walls.
Watched the shadows in the windows
of the framed, frantic movements.
Violently coordinated silhouettes.

Such a normal, peaceful home
during the light of the day.
Three boys playing in the yard.
One of the parents telling them
to come inside when it was time.
Family barbeques on the weekends,
visitors came and it was jovial.
A person would never know
the foundation was teetering.

The choruses of anger
got worse when the boys got older.
No idea why, maybe different age
Never a surprise to see one
hitchhiking up the road to get to town
and not seeing them for days.
They always went at all hours,
looking pale and scattered,
to being refreshed when they came back
and then leave again worse for where.
Cannot remember when the boys never came back.

Writing Raw

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The midnight violent dances never stopped.
Sirens and their echoes were heard more and more.
Neither walked out with the safety of the officers.
Hard to say who was the abused or the abuser.
Both seemed to wear the stress and the fight.

Hearing became mute, it was second nature.
Through the years I cannot even say
when my ears completely stopped hearing them.
One day it seemed like they were just gone.

The yard has turned into a bad hayfield
and the wooden siding shows its weather.
Moss has overgrown the roof.
Wind has broken weak windows.
This morning the sun porch fell in.
Age and beatings finally giving way.

Memories flooded back to it all
when this morning's thunder struck
but I should not be surprised.
The base of that home
over at Seven Robichaud Road
had been rotten for years
before it was ever empty.

Cell Block Three

By Andrew Scott

I started working here in 1973
Back when conditions were a little inhumane
I have always been here in Cell Block Three
The long days would drive anyone insane
By this time, the building had been standing for over forty years
The halls are long and narrow
The cells are cells are smaller but have held the unwanted for years
The ones that tried to look forward to tomorrow
It even still has the old chair
The memories that piece of wood could share

For the first few years, I stayed here overnight
I used to read so many books
A table lamp was the only light
Dark eyes from the cells giving me desperate looks
Those lonely nights will be remembered forever the crying that echoed through
the hall
Listening to the rape of a cell partner
Trying to ignore it all
I am not sure of their scars that will be carried with them
I just know that for years after my mind wasn't full of gems

I met my bride about half way through my time here
Beautiful, smart person with a good head
I some of my darkest times, she was always near
With that being said
I could not believe that she decided one day to move on
She started to sympathize with one of the fellas in the cell
At least she wasn't like one of the ones that visited barely wearing a thong
Like the others in the waiting/visiting rooms, sharing each others' hell
To this day, I still don't understand
Why woman want to share with men that have at least one dirty hand

We never had any children
As I look back, it probably was a good thing
With the world as it is, having them may have been a sin
We tried for the first few years, and then we stopped trying

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The whole situation may have helped the wife leave
Honestly, neither of us had any time anyway
They most likely would be working the streets, I believe
Trying to make up for my lack of pay
Yep! It was best we stopped trying all together
The years we would have had to surrender

Most of my friends work here at the cell block
We have all worked together for a lifetime
Coming and going. Pushing a clock
Listening to screams and cleaning up slime
None of us really talk much
Years of taking it all in
So brittle, we repel touch
The sights seen, I wouldn't know where to begin
After work, there is no such thing as a beer with the boys
Most of us just want to avoid noise

I work the day shift
Getting to see how justice works
For something stolen, the sentence is swift
So brutal, it would make the hardest persons' knee jerk
When people leave, they're suppose to be reformed but they're not
Peaceful people coming in, savages going out
They're always back after they're caught
At least they smelled freedom, they can shout
I think they want to come back because just like me
Everyday a piece of them gets taken here at Cell Block Three

Andrew Scott bio: Andrew Scott is a native of Fredericton, NB. During his time as an active poet, Andrew Scott has taken the time to speak in front of a classrooms, judge poetry competitions as well as published worldwide in such publications as The Art of Being Human, Battered Shadows and The Broken Ones. His books, Snake With A Flower, The Phoenix Has Risen and The Storm Is Coming are available now. To contact Andrew: twitter.com/JustMaritimeBoy, andrewmscott.com, facebook.com/andymiscott, facebook.com/JustaMaritimeBoy