

Chasing Demons

By Andrew Scott

There is a confused hate in my heart
that has taken over and clouded my thoughts.
The ones that are usually rational with reason
are all jumbled with self-wicked images.

So long I have followed what is the proper path.
To be asked to ignore the pitfalls or injustice
and carry self the proper way
without feeling the desired results.

Raw rage has finally built itself,
an emotion pushed back
and hidden for so long now.
The understanding just is not there.
Not anymore in this unjustified world.

So much loss is being felt
when the powers that be
thought a laugh was needed.

The burn is being seeped through the skin.
The desire to feel all things painful.
To breath them in as natural.
To letting temptation take me.

Chasing the demons that have been hidden,
tucked away, not to be felt,
wanted now in the purest form.
To feel and culture the sin.
Catch the demon that is not alluding
to show who has no soul.

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Coal Cough Morning

By Andrew Scott

Every morning starts with a heavy cough,
blackened phlegm follows more and more now.
When this first started there was a little hackle
that no one cared to notice but me.

When it started over a decade ago
I knew what it was
and that it would never go away.
The little black dots that grew slowly
taking my left lung and then my right lung.

I knew my future when the doctor found it.
I have seen many before whither away
in this coal mining town.
Never thought it would happen to me.

The mines have gotten safer
with up to date equipment and masks.
I have racked my brain for when
the time I breathed in too much.
Thought that I was so careful
until I found out I was not.

In these hills the mines
were the only place
to support yourself and a family.
This is if a person stays
and according to all the familiar faces
we all stay here.

When I was told about the spots
I knew I was going to die
but kept it to myself
to keep my job and benefits.
The insurance will support
my leftover family

Writing Raw

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or I hope it will.

Counting my days now
but have been for a long time.
It is closer, I can feel it
with each harsh coal cough morning.

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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, email:

andrewscott.scott@gmail.com ; Twitter: <http://twitter.com/JustMaritimeBoy>;

<http://andrewscott.com>; <http://www.facebook.com/andymcscott>;

<http://www.facebook.com/JustaMaritimeBoy>