

Down Westside

By Andrew Scott

I did not plan on living this way,
living to cure the pain of the night.
Being here was not the way
all of this was suppose to be
or at least not in my now frail mind.

When I went to college
so many years ago
money was something
that I never could find freely.

The easiest answer
was escorting older ladies
that wished to have a safe night out.
Walks, conversation,
whatever was paid for.
The nights were always classy
and it was always easy
to be the gentleman they wanted.

The living was good,
only had to work the weekends
so my studies never took a hit.
Actually graduated with honours
and a new world would be mine
or so I truly thought at the time.

The plan of a steady job never came.
The economy bottomed out,
even government was cutting out.
There was no room
to be the teacher I wanted to become.
Being a substitute was not paying the bills.
Thankfully I thought
I had something to keep me going,
at least temporarily.

Writing Raw

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Had no idea that one weekend
would change everything.
A party of six, including me,
went searching for adventure
after countless bottles of fine red wine.

We decided on going down to the Westside.
A part of town none of us had ever known
or went before.
There were many heard stories
and in blind judgment
we had to know if they were true.

Not thinking, we arrived
dressed in our finest.
While walking along
people could see the difference
and with our eyes, so could we.
The dirt on the unkempt streets,
fraying and rotting buildings
that led to mysterious entertainment.

There were a few sights that I do remember.
It never did fully comes back to me.
I do remember the exciting rush
from a cocktail that was given to me
that I never questioned in my state.

Anytime a client wanted that tingling
I got them to meet me down at the Westside
for a never before experienced adventure.
I set up with a dealer
so I would always know it was safe.

I even started coming by myself.
Everything felt so good
and the people were so nice,
more giving than I ever imagined.

I went to get a rush and everything changed.

Writing Raw

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My dealing partner just gave me the cocktail,
told my guests and I to enjoy it with him.
At first everything was happily spinning,
when I was thrown down and stripped
as the crowd of my guests cheered and laughed.
I could feel the tear from behind with brutal violation,
my mind full of the sensation and humiliation.
Not even fully realizing what happened
until I woke up the next day
and felt the pure burn.

That was a little over a year ago.
I am still here down on the Westside.
The cocktails ease the pain.
I take more than the time before.
Turn tricks so I have enough,
men, women, it does not matter anymore,
you get used to whatever thrill they want.
Surprised at what I am asked for

I, sometimes, cannot clean for days
and if not for hourly rooms,
where owners take a cut,
I would have no place to take them.

Compared to before, I am a little gaunt.
Bones are starting to show
but at least my skin does not have holes
and I hide the acne on my back
that does not look or feel appealing.

Someday, I may wish to go.
However all I know now is here
with all of my new friends and strangers
down on the Westside.

Warnings of History

By Andrew Scott

With the stroke of a pen
the world of many
were turned back decades
to a time when doors were closed
and people were not allowed in
because others considered
them different.

The present day should learn
from the fires and violence
of yesteryear's venom
and screams of change.

Mobile phone has captured a beating
from the men in shields overreacting
to a situation that was in control
before they arrived to inflict
their own brand of the law
creating a damaged brand
for all people that believe
in protecting for the right.
These abusers never think
that their actions will be caught
though time has shown differently.

Voices of ignorance
are heard echoing
insults to the poor and homeless.
Screaming about getting
a real person's job
and to reform and grow
without knowing what
brought them to where they are.

Time has shown us all
that events are unpredictable
and you cannot from the future.
However our actions and thoughts

Writing Raw

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repeat what has brought
the same results over again
through the centuries of unchanged
ignoring the warnings of history.

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/andymScott, facebook.com/JustaMaritimeBoy