

Side Of Town

By Andrew Scott

Prosperity and time
seem to have forgotten
that dark side of town.

The side where age
does not bring grace
to its surroundings.

The old homes hold tattered lives
of those that do not know
if there is a better way
as the generations have not
shown anything more
than what they know.

This side of town
is where you find
all the pleasure and pain
that your soul is searching for
as long as the price is right
in the undercover of the night.

People hardly ever get lost
when they cross over
to that side of town.
They always know
what they came for
and what could not
be gotten on their side of town.

Dancing Skeleton's Intent (Villanelle)

By Andrew Scott

Can hear them through the closet's vent
from where they were to be hidden away
Do not trust the dancing skeleton's intent

they creep in without consent
trappings that bring back yesterday
Can hear them through the closet's vent

taking forgetting memories to reinvent
making good ones sway
Do not trust the dancing skeleton's intent

trying to remember the true event
not the mastermind's betray
Can hear them through the closet's vent

the images of the added unknown to circumvent
you know they were good in an honest way
Do not trust the dancing skeleton's intent

trickery of the mind makes one want to repent
when guilt is placed in the wrong sleigh
Can hear them through the closet's vent
Do not trust the dancing skeleton's intent

The Ghosts of 1887

By Andrew Scott

It all started in 1887 or so I am told
when two families first met on this bloody field
that was full of blurred, divided lines.

Squatting Irish immigrant families
looking for a new start in this new land,
working what they had with blistered hands,
building homes and plowing fields
to being safe shelter and food for the family.

Families expanding their lands by taking
patches from others that had better soil
and grooming it as if the food grown was their own.

The thefts brought tension into the town square
amongst the original settlers and the new.
Stern faces and rages eyes
met the immigrant squatters.

Midnight fires started to burn,
leaving families without a ceiling
or a lively hood to continue.
Violence in the night crawled
along by masked men.
The fire in the sky lit the damage.

The field in which I am standing
still has burnt soil that will not grown.
The growing ground is still laced with red
from when family fought to a slaughter.

That silence of that time still reigns over this town
as the children of the hunters
who do not want to explore their history
or even walk past the field of destruction
that has an over-hanging shadow
filled with the screaming ghosts of 1887.

Writing Raw

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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: JustMaritimeBoy; andrewscott.com; Facebook: andymiscott and/or JustaMaritimeBoy.