

Poetry Series

**Scott Campbell**  
**- poems -**

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## Scott Campbell(mid 70's)

Please dont take me too seriously. I write for my personal state of mind, not yours. I have a big sense of humor and may sound dark and bitter, but I am well adjusted. I do not follow rules and margins of any style, I just write.

**3: 05 A.M.**

So what, I am up.

All the people in their little boxes around me everywhere sleeping

Resting up to go to work

Work like the ants

Work like bees and get nothing but a reason to sleep again.

Scott Campbell

## 4 To 5 Times A Night

Forced out of sleep  
A gloom, lurking feeling has done it again  
Life, love, expectations, sitting on my chest,  
Draining the air like a sponge  
Standing up, reminding myself to breathe  
Like a curse  
Like a fog  
Like a heart breaking, over and over  
Like hearing the worst news you will ever hear  
Calm returns  
And I sleep

Scott Campbell

# Another One To The Head

A glimmer of lives similar  
Like a head wound, always on my mind  
Gushing, taking my life, pulse after pulse□  
Women will do this to us, even the ones we don't know  
Make us act bad, make us write bad, make us feel bad  
They remind us what all is wrong with us, silent, judging  
And just when you think the wound is healing, boom, another one to the head

Scott Campbell

# Big Tobacco

My mother told me about the cure for cigarette addiction. She said it takes willpower, the nicotine patch and God. "Yeah, but it gives me nightmares", I said. "What, the patch?" To which I replied, "No, God".

Scott Campbell

# Diagnosis

I would just lie  
I would get things in order  
And just die

Scott Campbell

# Economy According To A Cynic

Put it on the card; write a check, can I owe you?

An empty pocket leads to an empty stomach; an empty stomach leads to an empty mind

The world is broke and hungry, the world is a joke and angry

Charge it, cash on delivery, empty promises of dues, take the easy way out man,

Why don't they sell just one bullet? Are they so rude they want the rest of a dead man's money?

Scott Campbell

# Four Hundred Pounds

Only one way out  
Down the stairs, out the door  
Four hundred pounds of baggage  
Four hundred pounds of burden  
Only one way out  
Down the stairs, out the door  
Baggage that has lived with as many women as I  
Burden that has left as many women as I  
Only one way out  
Down the stairs, out the door

Scott Campbell

# It's Just Best To Sleep All Day

They say a man can have a spiritual awakening in his 30's, the other day, I woke up.

I woke up to the reality of the fact that I have not accomplished anything worth a damn.

Death looming, nothing left to remember, just a pile in a landfill with the rest of the memories.

I woke up terrified, expectations of society, looking sternly at me, disappointed.□

No wife, no kids, no job, no assets, no retirement, no pension, no chance.

I woke up

Scott Campbell

# Much Like Birth, Death Can'T Be A Pretty Sight

Sitting alone  
Being alone is not so bad  
Unless you can't stand yourself  
I imagine this happens, often  
But I don't mind me  
When you are alone you think about life  
When you think about life you think about death  
They say you're born alone, you die alone,  
I do hope so  
I like being alone

Scott Campbell

# Poetry According To A Cynic

Poetry is not  
Beautiful words strung together to make you light  
Poetry is not  
Appreciated by anyone but the author  
Poetry is not  
Structured and redundant  
Poetry is not  
All about why women leave, taking pieces of your soul  
Poetry is  
Life, as you see it

Scott Campbell

# Sleeping In The Park.

Sleeping, sometimes sleep till noon; two, four, sometimes there is no need to wake up.

"Get your ass up and do something", she screams waking me.

"I have nothing to do".

"I want you out". She screams, so I go.

Sleeping, sometimes sleep till noon; three, five, sometimes there is no need to wake up.

"Get your ass up and do something" yells my father waking me.

"I have nothing to do".

"I want you out". He screams, so I go.

Sleeping, sometimes till noon, one, three, sometimes there is no need to wake up.

"Get your ass up and do something", yells the squirrels waking me, even the squirrels are assholes.

Scott Campbell

# Sudden Realization Of Being Flat Broke

Everything is almost gone. One by one, piece by piece, dollar by dollar, gone. Once the bread is gone, will I write? Two cigarettes left, then what, will the writing stop?

Smoking by itself won't kill you, you need a job to achieve both, and one kills faster than the other.

I've asked too much of everyone, no one wants me around anymore. One by one.

Running out my credit with the world, I am just not good for it. Dollar by dollar. Now the bread is gone, will I steal? I have no cigarettes left, why write?

Just stare, bitter, at the page, seeing it clearly, no smoke to get in the way, one kills faster than the other.

Scott Campbell

# The Only Poem About Love I Will Ever Write

Love is like a long line of people waiting  
It seems to take forever to get to the front  
Waiting amongst ugly faces and unpleasant smells  
Feel the distrust, just keep moving forward  
Now it's my turn, I'm at the front of the line  
"Sorry, sold out"

Scott Campbell

# The Road To Success Is A Dead End That Is Flooded With The Tears Of The Successful

From the ashes of previously combusted love  
Loveless, no love  
I am no Phoenix, more of a sparrow  
Homeless, no home  
Thousands spent on failure, lesson learned  
Senseless, no sense  
Like a dog no one wants, always looking down  
Placeless, no place  
Burden, spite, distrust, sadness, intrusive, I don't belong here  
I've been misplaced

Scott Campbell

# We Got It All Wrong

I feel that a funeral is no different than a wedding or a parade. Only the mood is different. The dead don't understand why we grieve, it's them who grieve for us, for we are living and they have it easy. And people cry at weddings, and people celebrate at funerals, this is how it should be. The bride parading down the aisle, women weeping, men walking straight past with the groom, like pall bearers carrying the recently fallen. All of these are selfish, practices; all are focused on us and our inability to accept change.

Funerals are for the living, weddings are for the parents, and parades are for the children.

Scott Campbell