

Poetry Series

Scott Forster
- poems -

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Scott Forster(20/02/1990)

Born in Edinburgh, now living in England.

I don't know what I aim for in future is unwritten.

A Day.

6: 30 get up
quickly eat
keys in the door
feet on the street
sun's coming up, get to work.

Do job -some jokes and some stress
, need to walk home and have some rest.
Past cinema
train pulls out of station
Turn the lock
shoes off
to the room.
uniform discarded in the wardrobe.

Slice the cheese
Squirt the sauce
Sandwich to my mouth.

coffee drank
carefully on bookshelf
plate companion.
Bus passes, top deck spectators.

Set alarm
cocoon and nap.
wake to alarm
microwave tea.

excited to see your reply
facebook says you were here
Smiles and laughs from throat.

Music player
Poems wrote
thoughtful readings.

Another late night
frosted glass halo orange street light

quiet down the hall
tomorrow set
lay on side.
Repeat for another time...

Morning,
Cereal bowl
Remember this post...

Scott Forster

A Single Bloom In The Desert

It would be easy to write meaningless words on a page
such is the void of our age
may reasons spring
with gentle heart proudly bring
all the bounties of the harvest of minds
with all the wiles and charms
of beauties, books and poet lines
inner worlds rich, tapestries of gold
cloudlike ephemeral sometimes far too bold
we all must hold to their secrets or forever be lost- truth be told
we weave a miracle through the sickness of the fog,
a serpentine cognitive, a trail not fit for pavlov's dog

Scott Forster

Address To A Woodlousey.

Yer a wee humble hing
wha moves wi oot clatter or ding
But ae yer praises
ah'll sing
wee woodlousey.

Ah'm sorry ma wee freend
thit ah washed ye awa
and wis sae careless tae hae deemed
ye no weilcome in ma company.

Yer wee bittie shawn awareness
an easy kin be seen in ye
Darwin's process.
Aye, yer jist trauchlan alang like me.

Confusion an urgency pushes us forrid
tae try tae make guid o oor blessin's
and tak the best oot fae whits horrid.

Ah Jyne in the circle o' life,
Tis sympathy whit pulls us thegither
and we're ae destined tae be divided, when oor herts caldrife.

In that auld phrase
'We're aw Jock tamsons bairns'
biggit fae the same stuff, sin the earliest days.

We shidnae be hateful, fu e spite
insteid we should honour oor unity
and try tae dae whits right.

Scott Forster

Cameron's Broken Britain.

We face an uncertain future
I'm sickened by all I see
watch the news
shake my head at bigoted views
that should've died out long ago.

The news report distortion,
nobody ever got rich off making peace.
Objectivity is a shield for unrelenting bias.
Your funded by those very same companies waging war right now in Middle East.

Control of information
to the gatekeeper destination.
Lay your dinosaur forms down to rest
people worldwide potentially have a source of open press.

WW..B Bankers can get a bonus on top of a million pound salary
yet I've never had a bailout
for all my failures, where's my money?

The rightwing press screams distress
says immigrants are to blame for this mess.
classist scrawl on front pages,
wave the flag as the war rages.
everyone on welfare is a scrounger the Daily Mail tells us,
shit sells more than sense,
throw intelligence under the bus.

the best UK politics had to offer
Lib Dems leader Nick Clegg
Isn't that like scrapping the barrel for the dregg?

Cameron's broken Britain
hidden by Olympic rings
as disability benefits are re-written.
Will there be a Paralympics
if ATOS has its way?
Hypocrisy yay!

The queen will sail the thames on her plutocrats barge,
while the populace at large
work as wage slaves and try not to starve-
run the rat race, turning corners of an endless heartless maze.

the UK's labour law are second best scraps
permissions must be begged from the bosses
conditions met to strike, pensions in peril, wages capped.

'better find one of them Bigfoot jobs
or no job seekers for you, parasite! '
'By sitting on his ass, the speculating businessman-he earned that wealth
It's his RIGHT! ! '.
'Never mind the labour put in by his employees
their just dirty peasants,
to be picked off with redundancy like fleas'.

Dorrie says it's not a womans choice,
the foetus comes first and it should be given democratic voice.
'..but no, those dour Scots
shouldn't have any shots
at Guid auld home rule
we better avoid any of that native culture,
dodge teaching their own language at school'.
Lest these unwanted bundled nations
tied up by a parcel of rogues,
unravels like the loosening of the laces on a pair brogues.
I trust corporations alright
enough to chant along with 'smash EDO'
and Bash Coke for it's alliance with the Columbian Far right.
Who doesn't want a Census recorded by Lockhead Martin?
it's not good enough they control radio, news and tv stations
why not give them untold access to statistics from the UK's 5 nations?

Lap up your warm winters while you can
when the tides rise and storms come
you're gonna fight for a place to stand.
'A frog does not pollute the pond in which it lives'
How much more will we dump before our habitat begins to give?
Our throwaway society gives us a disposable lives mentality,
Buy it up, eat it up, toss it away, devoid of all humanity.
'Buy! Buy! buy! '

buy shit you don't need
'because remember kids there's nothing wrong with greed! '

Consume goods, bads, lives, ethics...
sell your freedoms
to the opiate kings -to Big Brother, to TV
to buy and open up your broken mirror of insecurity.
Magazines perpetuate self hate
- yeah those glossy magazines,
selling bitesized lies to body conscious teens.
Organize worker control and peace
- We have no need for any trident submarines.

No nuclear weapons on the Clyde.
No beautiful swan made an ugly duckling forced to hide-
By self hate fashion dictate.
Dickheads can beautify appearances but,
no amount of concealer can cover up what's inside.
Surface counts for all,
in the Capitalism of cosmetic obsession
and life as a shopping mall.
If we could make them face their ugliness
they wouldn't stand so tall
they would climb into their graves
and cover themselves with the burial shawl

Scott Forster

Chorus For All Seasons.

A heart full of sorrow
no hopes for tomorrow
as dreams slip away.
We live our lives in the shadow of the sun
battling our misfortunes, trying to be someone.
Fickle forces do their worst
while we come to terms with past defeat
and the world crawls towards something.. something different
underneath our feet.
We try to still ourselves and pray the best for what's ahead
for in our darkest hour, the future come fills us with dread.
The passing storm giving way to calm relief.
Glorious in small victories, grateful for little mercies.
As the soul strays the path
In beauty, always to return to course.
We are blessed to live in this world,
let us make the most.
Don't be caught in tangled webs of confusion and contempt
or sink into pessimism and forgo any attempt.
Let us rise with joy, to face head high before the horizon
eyes forward faced focused on the goal
knowing there is no small injuries without the magnifiscient whole.
Tender resignation and weather any falls,
false friends, setbacks, angst and trouble when it calls.
What more can you seek for? What more can be found?
There is no problem without solution,
the answers are all around.

Scott Forster

Clarinda.

I sit in the room
near the wounded tree
that tells it's tales of human misery
long ago I understood myself
knew where the truth lay
now the fog has fallen on us both
and we sit by the open fire, waiting for a clarity like day.

She stands on the hill
ghostlike, ephemeral, a mystery, a painful memory I cannot kill.
We can't map out the future, only drop an X
hope for the best.
The lavender and heather carry the trails of her tongue,
the dancing, how merry, among the shed story of the young.

She is reflected behind me in the waters of the stream,
I see her face so much and try to guard it jealously like the prized and precious dream.
Her face hung like the hangmans drop, or the purple hue's of a dusk cloudy sky
a melancholy that read like a page in a book through a urgent stare and lips that
form the question-
'why'?

Drinks and conversation flows and my mind absent to the crowd wanders
meanders in thoughts around your name and your peaks and valleys
how we travelled arm in arm through midnight shadows and alleys
to the place we designate home and adorn with out love.

The Springtime Daffodils and the new born lamb
remind me of the passings of time like the eras of man
that what I once was is no longer what I am
and the history of our hushed huffed promises
is no longer worth a damn....

Scott Forster

Confusion Reigns Supreme.

Confusion reigns supreme in my head,
a heart divided will only turn on itself.
a lost ship will become sunk at sea,
and judging by my recent past that's my destiny.

Scott Forster

Daisy I Do Love You.

Walking up, ready to see you.
rushing out, I'm on my way.
first thing I think about in the morning
last thing before I slip away.
I could only ever care about you
there's nothing I wouldn't do.
I'd give my heart, my soul, my everything to you.
I'll look after you.
and Daisy I do love you....

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....if only you didn't go, MOO!

Scott Forster

Dare To Know.

Some Inspirational words written by me in 2008 inspired by desiderata. I loved the poem when I discovered it -which was also only in 2008- I wanted to write something in a similar style.

I was thinking of advice to tell others, possibly younger children.

Be proud of what you achieve but never boast
NEVER compare yourself to others
share with the world your beauty but do not be vain
PERFECT APPEARANCES DO NOT MAKE PERFECT PEOPLE

in any choice never let evil enter in.
strive to learn who and what you are, and never be fearful of that, however distasteful to others.
expect and accept only the best.

many friends does not make you a good person.
intimacy is the key.
be open to your emotions.
do things worth remembering.
KEEP WITHIN YOURSELF THE ESSENCE OF THE ROMANTIC, THE CREATIVE AND THE EPIC, FOR LOVE IS THE HIGHEST OF ALL THINGS TIME-THE MIGHTIEST

don't gossip it's a empty waste of your time,

BREAK FREE OF THE BONDS THAT BIND YOU
CULTIVATE INSIDE YOURSELF THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM and the qualities of independence and strong will.
remember Thoreau's 'RESIST MUCH, OBEY LITTLE'
LIVE AND DIE ALWAYS BY YOUR OWN DECISION solemnly accepting your rewards.

break no hearts and guard yours.
keep mindful of the poetic AND THE MAGNANIMITY IN THE MUNDANE.
REMEMBER THERE IS BEAUTY IN ALL THINGS BUT NOT EVERYONE SEES IT.

Forget fate and its paltry concerns-live for yourself.
surely you will have enemies but they are weak and you are strong.
NEVER SEEK CONFLI AN EYE ON WORLDLY AFFAIRS AND DODGY POLITICIANS.

READ SOMETHING TO EXPAND YOUR MIND so you can gasp at new knowledge
gained, a new understanding.
set goals and work towards them.
allow not breach between word and deed.
teach and you will learn.

ILLUMINATE FALSEHOOD WHEREVER YOU GO.
POINT OUT SHAMS FRAUDS AND TRICKERY.
DEFEND THE GOOD AND THE TRUE.
GO ABOUT THIS WORLD IN A FREE AND EASY MANNER

don't preach you only gain converts and mindless drones and who needs a world
of clones.
stand out from the crowd - think for yourself.
know yourself and others.
know good and bad learn the difference.
look to other countries.
record your dreams. find something to inspire you.
release the inner creativity we all have.

be a SPARK OF LIFE SPONTANEOUS BUT NOT FOOLISH.
BE HONEST, WHO CAN TRUST A LIAR.
BE OPEN AND RESPECTFUL IN ALL RELATIONS.
DON'T SEEK TO USE OR LET YOURSELF BE USED
NEVER USE VIOLENCE EXCEPT IN SELF DEFENCE.
STAY UP AND WATCH THE SUNRISE AT LEAST ONCE AND MARVEL AT THE
SPLENDOUR OF THE DAWN CHORUS.

think of where you've been and where your going.
think often of old friends forgotten times and places and sadly missed faces.
be kind not as a duty but as a natural ease.
carry within you a certain joy.
enjoy your time learn life's lessons and study your mistakes.

learn the reasons for heart break.
clear your mind from time to time.
STRAIGHTEN OUT THE KINKS IN YOUR OPINIONS.
DO SOMETHING TO MAKE YOU LOOK SILLY.

LOOK AT OLD PHOTOS.

ACT LIKE A KID AND LAUGH HYSTERICALLY ONCE IN A WHILE CAUSE ITS FUN
AND YOU'LL NEVER FORGET IT.
FALL IN LOVE FOREVER AND ISE YOUR LIMITS
but also your Immense
FOR GREATNESS
YOU CAN CONQUER GREAT THINGS IN A WIDE MULTITUDE OF CHOICE.

be the difference, the thing missing from the world.
Show people how the world could be.
Show people how an exemplary person would act.

Its never to late to apologise.
Show forgiveness.
Cultivate harmony among peoples.

accept that even fools utter words of use to you.
remember your greatest enemy is YOUR GREATEST ASSEST in that you can learn
much from them.

WATCH THE CHANGING SEASONS LIKE CHANGING SCENES.
remember THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SIGHT, BETTER THAN YOUR TEAM WINNING
OR BARE NAKED LADIES IS A HUMAN BEING SMILING NATURALLY WITH NOT
GUILT AND A CLEAR CONSCIENCE AND NO CRIMES COMMITTED.

obey the law until it becomes unjust then disregard its empty elements
don't put too much faith in your so called 'social betters' like politicians or
councillors.
studies have shown they're human too, well almost! .
laugh much
take time to be alone with nature and contemplate her changing hues of green
and brown and yellow and blue.
protect your rights and those of others.

don't focus all your attention on all that's bad
Everywhere champion the good the true the moral the right thing to do.
Seek knowledge.
Seek beauty. In all likely hood this is the best of worlds

Scott Forster

Dark Days

a free verse rambling bly not my best but i like its strange mood.

He didn't believe his worth
humbled and sickened she ate her afterbirth
mother had an ugly foetus
sister says its got diabetes
sunk into your sorry state
drowning for air
caught ina purgatory of despair
i'm falling
hanging on the noose
cut me loose
I walk a cold dawn morning
hold me to the light
why is happiness so far from me
stab me in the heart and bury me at sea
finally then i'll be free
i'm at home with Apathy
Don't trust too much you'll only be let down
sadness, i wear like an all too familiar crown
sunday is just anyday
erase the dark days
i was someone's son
now
My name is No One.

Scott Forster

Everything's In Motion

An edited Altered version of You Have A Beautiful ast It With If You Were The Last Woman.

Everything's in motion
Worry behind me, a sea of emotion.
I saw the signs
Shifting sands, i-ching lines
The dust settles, it all becomes clear
I don't need her here.
There is hope among the ashes of the fire
There is life after love
The phoenix braved the flame
I will see the beauty in many places once again
Standing in the sun, I caught sight of someone.
You Have A Beautiful Soul
The sight of you has made me whole
The oceans roar. Have we met before?
Past life? Or something more?
You brighten up the colours of the world
A sight to behold
Ripple across my scene.
Life is a passing dream

You give me the hope to dream
And things could never be as bad as they seem
No matter what comes my way
you give me the strength to fight to live another day.
Your so full of 'the good and the true'
No one else ever could, compare to you
With my last dying breathe I'd dedicate my life to you
Two bodies with one soul
I was searching and found the one who makes me whole
Was it heaven you stole, when I laid with you
Caught in a storm, I died and was reborn.

I parade my pretty poetry around this world to make you smile
You're the seed from which the fruits of joy grow
You're the thing the dawn chorus birds sing about
Your kind words are all I need to send me on my way

I think of you everyday
No matter what I say, no matter what I do.
You're my rock in stormy weather
As I will be, my angel Forever.
Connected joined by the bonds of love
To wake to the wonder in your face
Alive to the possibility
all the roads you walk they lead to me

You're written on my heart
it's a bitter sweet kiss when we part
we're bitter parted, better met
Leaving you is my only regret
to be so far away
to be in urgent need today
if there ever was another way..
you write your name on my skin
sleeping by my side,
I hear you, feel you – breathing.
I would walk in the cold of the night
just to find a place filled with your light
, to hear your voice.

you said it all in the silence
the green of eyes told the story
I found solace in your smile
and all is right with life for a while
you radiate such light
You're the light of this world
And you deserve the best
You're too good for this life
Cause this world is a mess.

Id sooth the mountains
Soothe the sea
Just for a chance to see you find that special thing you love in me
The road from your house is long
Many times I have followed you on the long road home
If you came to me as madness I wouldn't mind
If you came to take me, have me for all time
If you were the sun, I would stare and be blind

I'd give you it all – ETERNITY
Just to hold you in my arms
Dead to the world, Lost because of your charms.
struck by the moment.
I see for infinity.
I forget where I am.
The sky is dark without your star
And I cry out across the universe,
Through the hunger of the night.
I need you tonight.
I need you tonight.

Scott Forster

Father's Son

A poem I believe I wrote in an emotional mood. I was thinking of my dad who died at the time.

there's no way to make it through
I did the best i could do
I tried hard to be my fathers son
but I am not the chosen one
the more things change
the more cliched it feels
I look at my life and I see a story of change
is this how its supposed to be?
oh father, do you look down
do you look down on me?
are you proud of what you see?

Oh father i'm scared
I need you here
tell me there's hope
somedays I don't see it
I need to breathe new air.

Scott Forster

Gaia

A Hymn to you, my beauty.

Gone are your resplendent blooms
flowers from earth sunk wombs.
Feral creatures hidden in burrows,
as snowflakes hit
the brow it furrows.

Ice scrapped from the windscreens
the mournful remains of a wilting world.
a natural quiet
broken by human life -a- riot.
While manmade splendor is on display,
your bountiful greens have always faded away, not much left but brown and
bleak.

See how the frost snaps the lungs
somewhat unconcerned with your depart
and from ferns to seas
we watch awaiting ye!
to return upon your throne and repopulate this home.

With new birth, spring, from new earth.
All the daffodils speak of you as missed,
all the world receives your kiss.

Oh high! Oh high!
The world is full of joy
so alive, as am I!
your shining smiles, restore the warmth to my blood
and life bestows on me a gentle love.
Blue sky optimism, ice cream curb sides, tender care-
Happy to be around you again
and to rise to your welcoming den.

Such is why
I am tempted to cry
as you age into grey haired decay
gifts once given, slowly drifting away.

..You see them, those since gone
how silly are we to try to trick and treat our way into your song.
But we try to comfort
as you fall to the floor
carrying on this cycle, once more.....

...I end where I have begun....

Scott Forster

How To Fail At Life

To Hurt Is Human
To Be happy, Divine
Some people find joy
one day i'll find mine
I walk through the darkness
struggling to find the light
without any strength within me
to try to put up a fight
give me a reason to live
cause dying looks easy to me
burn me in your memory
find me in the cemetery
meet me at the wake
eyes full of tears with heartbreak

the world is to me painted only in colours of grey
I have an ache in my heart that says I'm Not Okay.

Scott Forster

I Could'Ve Been.

It's weird to think how things turned out.If I had taken a different path, I wondered how things could've turned they could've been.In anycase I'm happy how they are.

I could've been in staying in the Schoolgirl's room
I could've been the kid who was hooked on playing Doom.
I could've walked brighton's shore hand in hand.
I could've lost you and be swallowed by the sand.
I could've been the red dolt rambling about the working man.
I could've been the party animal still living at home
I could've left for who knows where and been all alone.
I could've been the 9 -5er in Edinburgh's bustle.
I could've marched with them, mimiced Bertrand Russell.
I could've been up for election, become a naive politician
I could've stayed with them living a life of permission.
I could've been unaware of the horror, kept my eyes closed.
I could've been and felt alive in a circle of light instead of failing to write stilted prose.
He could've never hit me in the nose.
I could've never suffered in that rain.
I could've never be in the wrong place and avoid all that pain.
I could've lived differently and still felt the same.
I could've lived that day without the ashes on the hill.
I could be where I was 3 years ago just now, still.
I could've been the drifter, world ignored.
I could've drunk and whored.
I could've been there with the bible quoting Matthew.
...
But I didn' I never would've....

Scott Forster

I Hate Boredom

Boredom is a vacuum
A gaping hole in life
A wound in excitement
A emptiness of blood
I just Wanna have something to do
Nothing catches my fancy
Everything done is quickly given up
Boredom is death
Boredom is how it feels to be a rock
Boredom is wasted time life effort
Boredom is thinking "ummm"
Boredom is oblivion
Monotonous
Repetitive
Boredom is being stale
Boredom is trying to move and then the fail
Boredom is a time consumer
Boredom eats at flourishing
Boredom is not nourishing
Boredom is the extinguishing of the flame of life
Spontaneity is fire, the flame, the spark
Don't wanna sleep the day away
I've got far too few days
Boredom is the slow trudge to death
With time stretching out to the infinite as a heavy weighted burden
Caught in dead end rotation
Without progress, life is stagnation
Boredom is suffering
Boredom is hell
Boredom is too much
Go and do something today
Inject life into your veins

Scott Forster

I Searched For A Peace

I searched for a peace
in an unknown land
wished to drive to the limits of the city
settle down and be safe
dreamed I'd fall in love with an angel
and all worry dissipate
and a death to all burning hate.

How wrong could I be
to seek such a state of perfection
in the fleeting scenes of this stage
I must be naive
I blame my age.

I have left all that troubled somewhere far
yet new despairs birth from the soil
and demand the attention of my soul.
The world feels at once so small and more worthy than me
there is no where left to run to
I have reached the limit, the edge.

I have sought a noble cause
an engaging experience
a blessed relation

how shortsighted
how I have travelled my mind in vain

The answer?
the serenity I have sought
the target aimed for
Is INSIDE ME!

Scott Forster

I Won The Popularity Contest

God knows I was blessed
I won the popularity contest
feed my friends my vital organs
Organise my harvest

Never be alone
or suffered from the sickness others are prone
Blissfully at home
in this tomb of stone.

I live up
to the idol held
no falling abrupt
Sadness will only disrupt

Disfiguratively
your self harming me
Don't go too far

Scott Forster

If You Were The Last Woman

This Is a Poem About A Time When I had Been Hurt, Lied To And Cheated was
My Poem Saying Thats Over Now.

I have stared into the abyss.
I knew there could be more than this
So sorry for her, the furies are a myth.
She laughed, a demon like Lilith.
She led me to the garden
Innocent , easy led
Tore out my heart and left me for dead.
"Hoka hey" , I believed it one day
Was anything you told me not a lie?
Tell me the truth, look me in the eye
Be careful not to cast the first stone
You'll end up a corpse of broken bone
My claims could crush the wings of a morbid butterfly
I might walk easy but I'll eat you alive
I was enchanted but the devil came in disguise
What's left when the façade begins to fade?
You could cut my self esteem with a razorblade.
Washed away by the flood. How dare you speak the world 'love'.
Suffering I have bore well.
I said for you I 'd go to hell and because of you I did.
What is this hell I walk is the light I struggle to.
Alone in a purgatory state
Everyone here's so full of hate.
The world is cursed with lies and violence
Desperate pleas cry out from the silence.
I'm sick of it all, Hope I see heaven before the fall
My Suffering was a hard to swallow lesson
The emptiness came as a blessing
What's sun without a little rain?
What's joy without knowing pain?
Do you even feel any shame?
To be called a princess when you don't deserve that name.
I never loved you , I only thought I did
I never liked you , god forbid.
Something's are bound to failure like a sinking stone.
But now I found my place and the way for me is shown

I found the way out of there, Choking, gasping for air.
She played this cat and mouse game to the last.
Memories I bury in the past. Thrown into the fire.
She's just a long forgotten memory. She is dead to me.

Scott Forster

Impasse Highway

Impasse highway
no clear road forward
no clear road back
something's missing
not sure what I lack.

Stuck in monotony
watching myself get old
when did my life become so predictable
when did my spontaneity get sold?

I have what I wanted
but it's not enough
seems to me the answer I seek
is not more stuff.

I've met with too much disillusion
to be the same old me
my optimism has been smacked from me
with a hammer blow of reality.

It's all out of balance
too much living life in my head
the world is outside waiting
a story desperately needing read.

Disconnected from those around
I'm the water swirling round
the plughole
being sucked down.

Can I finally put the past to rest?
now that I have the words to express
all this stress that's been eating me recently
and weighing me to defeat me.

I live an uncertain future
why wouldn't I be sad
that the hopes I pinned ahead of me

are now just a delusional fad.

There are seasons of storm

and seems without lots of reasons, where the sun just shines and the lines just rhyme....

Scott Forster

It's A Wonderful World With You In It.

It's a wonderful world with you in it.
I miss you when we're not talking
and give going, a miss for a minute.
your a wonder,
I wish the time would fly by till we meet
Big grin on my face in the street.

Come home to read the messages you've left
Something tells me there's a change in the air.
I look for this fleeting thing called happiness
and it's you that I find there.

You do all these silly little things I adore.
You're a wine I would endlessly pour.
You're the coming of the summer sky
Blue, cloudless and without a thought to the day we all die.

I don't know why
you're so shy
you have a way with words and with wit
making a joke and quip.

I think I'm a bit addicted to you
and there's nothing about it I can do.
You're a ticket to a smiling time.
Your the best distraction, the focus of my time
<3

Scott Forster

Last Summer

a recent re-write of a piece i've had floating around since 2007/2008.

Last Summer
they just said NO
The sun hung low
no one spoke
ours hearts were broke
awake till the dawn
walking your hometown under a bleak shadow
i fell to pieces while the world stood by
Life went on
Acting like theres nothing wrong
A hole in the world no one could ever fill
those wounds that wouldn't heal
those tears i couldn't conceal
who could i look to now
who could i tell my day to now

Your coat and hat hung on the wall in the hall
empty
vacant
storms raged and we just sat blank
disengaged
theres so much i never got to say
a sudden change from joy to misery
isn't that always the way

committed you to the flame
knowing things will never be the same
i had to learn to grow
i had to find the strength somewhere
god knows where all the time goes
its funny how things turn out
weird that i can miss your shout
miss embarrassment
miss being wrong

Last summer

my eyes were filled with sadness
Am i crazy, to expect to see you walk the street?
deluded to think you'll be the one i meet?
why do we only appreciate what's gone?
a new future broke with the early dawn.

Yet would i really wish for another way? ,
when its the path that lead me here today.

Scott Forster

Like A Veil Of Tears

No one's on your god damn side
there's no-where to hide
caught in a tempest
the doors of despair and discovery open.
what's my pains though
to the flood that claimed the many
prayers for the japanese
and friends living with unease.
This isn't about me
those words are to you and you alone
I can't carry you
but I'll walk along side
as the pain cuts like barbed wire
as it rips you up inside.

Your so burned by betrayal
you grasp for love and lose sight
now your holding the shadows in the cornered room
calling for another world.

The world didn't turn away from you
It's still waiting right here
Hands and hearts still hold you
up to the shine of the sun.
Don't shut yourself away
We're calling for you
like the reborn spring seen day

I want to put pen to paper to spread my voice
but I've gotta to make it through
so I've not got much choice.
But

This isn't about me
those words are to you and you alone
I can't carry you
but I'll walk along side
as the pain cuts like barbed wire
as it rips you up inside.

Scott Forster

Living For The Day.

Dear dad

look at all the troubles, all the woes
the state of this world captured in the calls of the crows
hungry children dirty in the dark
loneliness a demon in the room
a thousand broken hearts
hell I know it well
the cancer is spreading
at the end of the world, I'm on my knees
begging you please dear god, find a cure for this disease
you keep telling me not to cry
it's not so easy to try
I have a well to draw on.
A city of cobbled streets, won't leave me alone
whispers to me in the night ' says why won't you come home'.
old beyond my years
caught in the drawl to the white death
Grant me one last request
a blaze of the summer sun
remind me I once was someone
a kid in a cruel crowd
screaming to be heard aloud.
It's easy to give it up to cynics
to fall forgotten into the flood
I am not one of those.
a small grain of sand, a globe in the hand.
Where did all the time go.
Nothing sums it up more than this.

Scott Forster

Love Is Simple

A Love Poem.

The predecessor to You Have A Beautiful Soul.

Love as simple as saying what you mean
Taking in the sight of you
Is like air you breath so clean
Your smile is the sight I live to see
You make me think what a pleasure just to be
I wish I could show you how much you mean to me
Because I love you baby, More than you will ever know
know I tell you all the time
I thought I'd let you know
The world is greater, The more soul you show
If you could hold me forever, I could stay strong through stormy weather
It's the little things you that make my day
Like the sweet words of care you say

To be without your laugh, Such a easy thing to miss
You comfort my lips with your kiss
I keep your heart close to mine
Think about you all the time
When I see you it'll all be fine
Heaven's when you let your beauty shine

Your not like the other girls
You're an angel and my world
I'll hold your hand And walk with you on the sand
Everything's in motion
You, me, baby and the ocean
Your voice rings like a bell, Soft tomes make my heart swell
If the greatest lovers are damned, Let us go to hell
When your scared its all turning black
I'll bear your burdens on my back
I will chase away all those fears
Wipe away all those tears
Make good all those unhappy years

Every moment with you, I'm born anew

Distance is just space, I wish I was in your place
By the sea, staring at your face
I worship at your temple
My lover and my lady
My girlfriend and my baby
Goddess and princess
Precious and subtle
Worth a war and mine to love and love, FOREVER MORE.

Scott Forster

Man In Decline.

Lived too many years inside my head
too much time living like I was dead.
It's been so long since I felt this alone
So far, so distant
from what I once called Home.
Caught in a Karmic loop, no way out.
release met, set me free.

This can't be real
Losing touch
I tried to find the heart of trust
but they just mouthed insincere platitudes.
Friendship is golden, This bond is bound to rust.
What are these walls to the world.
why am I so worried?
what happened to those old days?
you kid, you make me seem senile grey.
out with my.....
having.....
I'm scarred in sympathy.
I want my saltire sky.
Mortality made me a man
Skipping past street corners, clubs, adventures and higher learning.
I'm a man in decline.
Worried he was plucked from the vine
hungry for the time.
On a quest to put this empty ache to rest.

Written 11/3/2010.

Scott Forster

Men Ure Fae Fife, Wimmin Ure Fae Azerbaijan.

Ah dinnae ken whae ah love
Ma heid is aw shoogled aboot
pauckled e clarity
an doesnae ken whit hert it wid suit.

Bonny wimmin,
yer a confusing lot
a tricky case,
fer sic a romantic scot!

Much like yon glaikit fundamentalist
ah fash masel wi worry owre
the affectations e a girl.
ach, Ah'm bein' canny,
ah'm unco soft in wiew
tae thrash ma wiew thro talking tae thum and hae it turn sour.

Ilka man wisnae made fer the airt e flirtation or so it seems,
wur like a whale picking up the sonar, aw confuzzled.
ye either dinnae ken she's goat a thing fer ye, else yer carried awa in fantastic
dreams.

Dae ye see yon coof owre there, haiverin
He's no goat a chance
his confident is waverin'.

A Guid man like me struggles against tha likes e thaim.
Nae saucy spraff fae me, jist spontaneous surrealism and sincerity
ah jist hope ma honesty shines through otherwise ah'm aff hame.
...Dinnae git me started oan, 'playing hard tae git'
Ah'm no up fer that game.

Scott Forster

Misery Loves Company (And It Found It)

Themes: sadness, bitterness, pain, feeling lost in the world, loneliness, crying, emptiness.

Sometimes life grabs you by the throat,
forcs you to examine words you wrote
upon a page
and on looking up
you see yourself on the stage
quoting tragedy in a daze
with sorrow at the open door.

Clinging to any comfort you can,
lost in a city of strangers.
Isolated, alone in your own cell
a reversal of Sartre's 'other people are hell'.
When in moments of judging the void
you'd sell your soul not to be the voice
crying out in the wilderness
far removed from tenderness
consumed by the flame of bitterness.

At the World's End you'll find me wandering,
dangling on the edge
remembering those things you said.

The world could've stopped turning
apocalypse come
It would not have mattered
I am foreign to the joy of the sun.

I lost my faithful light
and for almost a year, the world was eternal night.
Any stranger who dared to ask,
'what is written on your heart? '
my reply: 'abandon hope from the start '.

Like a foolish son of Atlas,
I bore all the burden of humanity upon my back

when time to shrug them off
My vision was obscured by starless black.

Scott Forster

Molest My Ego.

Molest my ego
make it churn,
soothe it with sympathetic words
not barbs that burn.

I know it's only human
to suffer and feel alone
but it doesn't soften the blow
as it cuts to the bone.

It's too easy to withdraw
turn away in disgust
harder to trust, see those things discussed
engage with the world
and see what lies there.
held a mirror to you
saw you in another light, what I saw I didn't like.

This darkness of mind,
it's all falling away
these disillusioned times
it's all running to decay.
I can't take my eyes
off all that I've lost
and wonder about how much it's cost.

Lessons are hard
Don't you see that life is unfair?
Read something by Baudelaire.
Give me an illusion to live by
to take away the pessimism in the blank sky.

I am in two minds
I'm contemplating blurred designs.
I don't know where I am
Fantasy life in my head.
has the dream unwoven in my hand?

Do you ever doubt what's good and true? ,

I know I do
what the hell am I good for?
honestly I'm not sure.
I've never had more than the coins in my pocket and the honesty in my heart.

Frustration can only bubble and boil for so long
angst contain, constrained, defanged and defamed, so strong.

Scott Forster

My Girlfriend Gina's Poem To Me

I was talking to her and she said its ok to put up her hates it but she said it was ok. i said i felt bad posting her word but she says don't worry.I really like it.I don't know why she hates it.

As much as i love you
I stop and think
What did i do?
To deserve you.

I just dont know what to say
when you walk in the room it brightens up my day
sometimes its hard to express the way
i feel about you because of the past
even though i bonded with you so fast
its still hard to this day

its been months and my love has grown
from the words you speak to the things you say on the phone
make me smile just a little bit more
it used to be a chore
to wake up in the morning
but now you give me a reason
and a reason to be happy
even if the rain is pouring

Ive never been perfect
till i met you
You give me a reason to hope
you give me the strength to cope
i was lost till you found me
and together we
Could rule the world?
or is that just a dream
but the way you make feel
anything is possible

was this fate
did we always belong together
was it a matter of time

before we met and a life of hate
turned into a feeling so great

I dont need a single thing but you
people come and go
people leave and things are lost
but nothing matters whatever the cost
because of you and the love you give

if perfection is a myth
you shouldn't be real
but your my definition of perfection
and i hope i never have to deal
with a single day without you
as my heart would be breaking
and nothing would feel right
as you make my dull life so bright

i dont know what the future holds
although it is with you
and even after death
we will still be close
as our love is stronger than life

So what can i say?
except I love you.

printed with permission of Gina.

Scott Forster

My Hopes For A New Born Child

not the most rhythmical poem ever but I think it expresses something really nice.

May You be born with a fearless spirit
May You speak the truth till the end
May You fight for your rights & others
May You be the champion of the Good & The True
May You live with your Liberty
May You be blessed by Nature
May You find peace among the crowd
May You find the best within you and hold it up as a banner
May You illuminate the world with reason's bright light
May You never give in to the darkness, walk with strength and courage
May You avoid the Hate of your fellow beings
May You find your place in the world
May You be free from sorrow and always find solace

I wish for you to be able to see the Glory Of Existence.

Scott Forster

My Version Of Ginsberg's America.

Against the filthy politics found in America and against the actions of it's dispicable governments.

America tell Coloumbus to fook off, take his smallpox and Capitalism with him.
America, you've swallowed your national mythology like pancakes and syrup.
America, Land where eugenics was tried

America, Land where the native americans cried
America, Land where warmongering thrives
America, you think you're the world police.
America, you were duped by a Christian to believe he's the prince of peace and now a black man convinces you the same.
America, your obsession with religion is insane.

America, I hope your guilt drives you to suicide, having to stare into the eyes of the children of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.
America, I hope the masterminds of the Manhattan Project are suffering like they should.
America, your dream is as fake as Hollywood.
America, what the hell happened in Zuccotti Park?
America, you actually have a exhibition dedicated to Noah's ark?
America, where is this democracy you're trying to spread?
America, why won't you let the poor be fed?
America, you lead the west in destroying the world and waging war.

America land of MKULTRA and CO-INTELPRO
America land of Glenn beck, Neo-cons, where gay marriage is a 'no no'.
America, you're no city on the hill.
America, you're the home of the corporate shill.
America, you're oil addiction has make the globe ill.
America, your tv channels still project cold war closed minds.
America, how is it that slaves built the white house?
America, what exactly did you mean by 'All men are born free and equal'? Terms and conditions apply?
America, what are you doing to right past wrongs?

America, where's your concern for the Navajo?

America, I would've fought with Geronimo.
America, I think you've forgotten the Treaty of Fort Laramie.
America, Pay back in blood those killed at Wounded Knee.
America, you lied about Pine Ridge and the FBI really killed Annie Mae.
America, massacring to the tune of a million dollars to catch a single man.
America, which small country will you invade next? America, I can see your
eyeing up Iran.
America, You wouldn't want what happened in Diego Garcia to happen to you.
America you know a thing or two about Coup

America Bikini Atoll is still ailing.
America, Love Canal is ruined.
America, I love the Wobblies.
America, The city of Chicago can built statues but it really just needs to
apologize.
America, you've poisoned us all.
America, Land of Bush, of agent orange and Monsanto
America, Trainers of the Taliban, guards of Guantanamo

America, Land where the poor are shushed
America, Land where environmental decay is pushed
America, Land where they pollute the air
America, Invade the world and don't seem to care.
America, Land where the Mexican hides in slums for a meagre sum.
America, Land where they strung up blacks for fun
America, Land where they worship the Gun.
America.

America, Land of government without dignity
America, Home of Jefferson's slave, Blackwater's crime,
The Red Scare
And Gulf of Mexico Oil slick slime.
America.

Scott Forster

Narrator

I keep having this recurring dream
I'm watching my life on a movie screen
I'm the narrator and
The audience of every scene

I was born a baby under the sun
I've made mistakes
Just like anyone....
Full of grace
She was my first, my last
My heart tied to that place
It's grey stone could be the only place
I could ever call home.

The towers came crashing down
My eyes could not believe
A new dawn I could not conceive.
I ate of the apple
And saw the sky shift.
In this new century I felt adrift
Clinging to old romantic dreams
Longing to be missed

That moment was bliss
I believed it was love
Alas it was never meant to be
without a bitter heart I say
All the better that was for me.

ess
She just cried for 10 minutes
I just sat blank
What could I say
The world changed today
Never to be the same
I remember last summer's
Ceaseless rain
We scattered the ashes on the hill.
Their lying there still.

Growing great through heart ache
Pour life into my body
Fire to end this emotional winter.

The easy path is down
Scenes of situations feel like past lives
The moon is low tonight
I still have far to go.
On the long road home.
It will never be enough
I can never be saved
Wasted my life
chasing fantasies
and misguided disease
My voice is silent
So much in love its heartache
So ready to love so unwilling to fall
There is life after love, or so they say
These old town streets can't heal me now
No comfort in a crowd
After parade I fell under the shade
All I see is sad faces all around
We played this game of cat and mouse to the end
I have looked into the face of the sun
Once I felt a lonely child without anyone
You spit bitter words
The streets are littered with people with pain in their eyes
That glimmer of hope dies
What do you see when you look at me the shadow of a man in insecurity

curves and spirits cannot save me
It feels like reality has betrayed me

We beautify creation with a story book lie
I've wrote this line far too many times
The warmth of your skin
Love looks down
A small town situation
I guess I liked you and I don't know why
We live and learn and teach ourselves to lie
I wished we could have been friends
Lets not pretend

We move in different circles and
Your just not someone I could bear my soul to
Your so hollow , I see right through you

The sun is on its death bed
Capricorn is in the house

Dear friend you made me feel human when the world crushed my spark
The times when the voices are all you hear
the trees block the sun and you fall into the dark.
Girl you gave me joy
Helped me be reborn
When so much was dead or in ruins
In honest truth I don't know where im going
but I know where I've been.
You opened a whole new world to me
I ran from them and this is what I found
I should feel alive but I feel so dead

In a house of Athena
The future radiated
The sand no longer stuck to my feet
I breathed full and free
My mind never wandered from your shores
I lived a life of quiet to soak you in through my pores
Though I never had time for let be.
You made a new man of me
A new star to shine. A new destiny.

We weren't close
We hid the truth behind doors
Never to dare be opened
It was all a sorry show
Gored my glow
Take me away
Caught in this twilight winter state
Held hostage in this place I hate

I'm back at the desk
staring at a blank page
considering what to write
if I were to put to pen to paper

and write out my life,
my story of age.

Scott Forster

Never Born Stillborn Tomorrow

I am an empty tomb
I am a bleeding womb
I am a reckless hollow
I am the never born stillborn tomorrow.

Dug my grave
now I'll lie in it
We live to die
die to live
It's all down to me
the edges blur the tragedy

I only have myself to blame
I glued the dirt to my name
shit stain

I'll call you up
to hear a voice
to connect to reality

Do you really love me
is this all for show
what's this creeping void
that's got you all annoyed?

I am the worse company for myself
I choke from lack of breath
Celebrating the shadows end
and wishing it good health.

(25/4/2011)

Scott Forster

Ode To Liberty.

Her most high. Lady Liberty
such bountiful gifts you have bestowed
nature granted me such powers, such rights
you will not take them without fight
I was born graced with liberty
Yet tyrants bind me into slavery
And act like no one wishes to be free
The Censory blanket suffocating stifling
The candle to burn
To keep all we dare not speak
from the slow creep
The flag not carried by the weak
If you will not follow
Then I advise keep wearing your chains
May mercy find you in the hours of pains.
Truth be told I had wished for more
Than to look on distraught at the weak willed bend knee lower
Will they not comprehend
Is the will of man so quick to bend
Are we so far fallen
I despair for this world so deeply
I carry this sadness discretely
How poor in spirit we are to suffer as such
My friends do we distrust our brothers this much?
Time will tell.
Good intentions path the road to hell.

Scott Forster

One Dimensional

I don't want them to know what I believe
Because I'm not one dimensional and there's more to me
I'm not just about this or that, but human being, human doing
Human living, human feeling.
I don't fit to the stereotype gripes
I ain't no cardboard cut out man, this is real life.
I don't want to be lynched for something I'm not.
Take me as a whole, a embodied soul not as a single slice of the pie.
I am a complete person, a unified I.
It comes to pass your sight that I have a dog in a certain cause, a certain fight
From there it seems to me, I am assumed to be
This 24-7 word warrior carrying it all the time
When I do other things, write lines, waste time.
There is more to me than I can express in one back -forth repartee
This isn't a cartoon on tv, real humans they are 3D!

Scott Forster

Rebel Girl

Girl you think your so laissez faire
But there's not about you that says self aware
'born into a guilty world' is not a valid guilty
why do you wear that mask of pretence?
playin' on your ignorance
your so full of rage
a radical at your age

truth is your just a kid
and behind that front your naked.
Hollow without sense.
making noise without consequence.

Scott Forster

Reflections

You can't confess
all those crosses you carry.
Bearing your soul to a book
hoping for caring words
beggin' sympathy from a look.
Given all you had left
put life into each page, each breathe.
Flowing into the night
trying to bury day light demons
that burden your door.
empty of hope
but holding out for more.
All these unanswered questions.
Ever the cynic
With no where left to fall.
Dreams come to halt
now just morbid stink of despair
carrying all the memories of sweeter air.

Written 25/11/2010.

Scott Forster

Saturday

Yesterday we spoke in a crowded room
it was a strange state
a chance encounter led by fate.
You said you thought you knew me
I said so too
and so was born
something new.
You were open to my answers
I did spill my soul.
a real connection was made
no pretence was betrayed
foundation stones were laid.

You said you live round here
I hope you find me here
I hope you live as sincere
Angie,
I wish you all goodness and light.

(1/5/2011)

Scott Forster

Scatter The Idols.

Deify the deceased Steve Jobs,
while ignoring the working class the corporation robs.
Apple sold products to help kill in Iraq
Kids in china probably made your I-pods,
so scatter the idols you kneel to, your corporate gods.

If you have the cash
your death will be posted around like a nasty rash.
they'll build you a statute, write you a eulogy, you'll be on tv.
But if your just a person off the street like me
, your death will be blanked as t equals prominence.

Crocodile tears for BAE Systems unemployment,
bugger the arms race providers who benefit from bloodshed
while the poorest can't afford the rent and live on the streets instead.

The message of Occupy Wall Street goes ignored.
'your struggles mean nothing to us'
as inequality remains, faith in the system restored.
The papers can dismiss ugly truths,
by focusing on celebrities and political goofs.

it's 10 years on,2761 gone
and the invasion is staying strong.
Bin Laden is dead,
Sadam is long gone
and soldiers fight on.
Do we need any more proof that we've been had
are we supposed to feel safer? supposed to feel glad?

In the tory cuts, they're dying in their hospital beds
no fear, no worry the rich, the old boys club is well fed.

Tahrir Square opened up a vent
there's a lot of anger to spread around
and it's not all spent.

Scott Forster

The Eagle

'Where liberty is, there is my country'

-Benjamin Franklin

The eagle is trapped in a cage
Its wings clipped for many an age
It tries to fly but is struck a violent blow
And the resilient eagle is once more laid low
Men of folly treat it as a game
Those who should know better berate it's honoured name
Such misery such grief
that powers that be without common sense
delight in such wicked mischief
lies have led the good astray
to cast spears and turn all our feet to clay
parting people in conflict like a red sea
wise talk of virtue rapidly flee
replaced by talk of ruler decree
You see
You see
You see
Please understand me
I had came to speak to thee
Let my words awaken ye
Do not lightly bid farewell this omen
Capture and crystalise this moment.

Scott Forster

The Foxes.

Foxes tearing open bin bags on rubbish day.
The revenge of nature against over assured middleclass suburbanites.
I've seen them scurry and run into the bushes, in my walking about at nights.
dazzled and bewildered by taxi high beam lights.

The scavengers rake among the remains of consumerist lifestyles.
In devouring all you own, they swallow up your soul.
You are what you eat.
'This is how you are killing us',
is spread in symbolic patterns across the roads.
Chaos caused, Mankind disrupted for a few minutes.
Not an inch compared to all that has been wrought.

Offered up the sweet and sickly commodified vision of perfection.
Irony as he gags on Foxes mints among the grass. no Roald Dahl's here.
They live off all they can find, the shadow side to you,
You who are led in mind, hopeless and blind, to live beyond our means
indebt ourselves to the bank and boss, for LCD Tv's and Diamondtines.

This illness where I am caught in it's jaws. I am chomped and flayed for your
amusement.
I am wound up and played on repeat, to sell you crap you otherwise wouldn't
think to eat.
We're all victims, don't try and tell yourself you're not.
Road kill time to is is someone else's orders-The Tyranny of the Clock.

We demand so us you shall supply. Cheaper and cheaper means to die!
off the production line, in Ford lickety split shine,
Brand new state of the art fantastic amazing can't- be -seen -dead -without-
one-
Suicide machines! ! !

The Foxes are hiding now. They will hunt you the only way they know how,
through feeding on your cash cows.
Crows peck away at Urban decay refuse sites.
Eyes once and Destroy.
The Whales are trying to talk.

It is company policy, direct from the top.
Step in line watch it Wage slave.
A pokey bag won't save the world, it's a start.
Unless it's rotting on a tree.
Ethical investment is big bucks.
We're all feeling a little green now.....

Scott Forster

The Little Sad Things

All lives have the little sad things
people who you've met and will never see again
beautiful friendships now dead in the water
romances which burn hot and then fade out
that person who hates you with no obvious cause
the cool kid who's all about onesided concern

Scott Forster

The Lonely Child.

Do you remember the lonely child
The one out in the wild
The one they spoke about
Who lived a life without love
All alone in the cold
They threw their stones
Hurled their abuse
Huddled in the corner
No comforting ear
Distance removed
From all of you

Play your games
Tell your tales
Slander names
Always on the outside
Looking inside
Lost in the desert
A pilgrim on a path to oasis
A seeker in search of solace
Feeling like Jude, Hope for the hopeless

The lonely child
Everyone forgets
Who hides behind a face of smiles
Who worries when he falls short
Caught in a storm of change
Pulled by the universal tides

Scott Forster

The Thistle

Jaggy flooer
symbol of oor
Wi yer purple horns
ye give fair warns
bit that's no guid enough
when ye accidentally fae in the stuff!
ye graw oan the hils an in the cities
amang the dirty and cowpat shitties.
Yer a metaphor fer scots spirit
Tough weed, how better can ye get
owre the glens and roonaboos ye caw
'Nemo Me Impune Lacesit'!

Scott Forster

The Universal Embrace

It burns
It burns with urgency
It demand and begs
Satisfaction!
Come sun or snow
Without where would we be
There wouldn't, you see
It can be embraced or denied
Demonized or sanctified,
Dissected and analysed.
Pure or perverted
Obsessed or deserted.
From scabbard drawn
Zoe. zoe. zoe. Spawn!
Lock and key
The future of humanity
Some use as profanity
The Universal embrace
Held as high
In every time and place
With hard vowels
It wakes the bowels of the earth
To each end a new one born
Every rose with it's thorn.

Scott Forster

This Is All Rehearsal, Baby

Confused, this tilted ground gives way
through disgust, through disillusion
these delusions I have given away.
You look at the pages
try to guess the chapters
then it faces a sharp re-write
and your staring over an unfamiliar city walking to a destination out of sight.

A phone call forms the fragments of another era
the pages are torn
I used to have faith a god was listening
the perfect sadness when there is no floor to fall.

Scott Forster

This Is Your Democracy.

Starve the day
I'd ever be tempted to walk their way
This isn't my kind of party
They mouth the words but their hearts say nothing more
Tear into our freedom, liberty is their whore.
They spit on her and rape her till she's sore.
Monopoly on truth- we will speak honestly.
" we must use force for a solution"
Yes there you have there lies
Live on your tv screens, libraries, media scenes, American dreams.
Here we are again, do we ever learn?
This game is a fix, the dice is rigged
Whichever way you turn, you'll be the peasant worm.
The gun in the room is hidden in your argument
9-5 an indebted slave to their compulsory 'rent'.
Pollute the channels of conquest
In the name of all the best, stop them robbing breath from my chest.
Standing in the way.
You can't run your life, don't try to run mine.
Parasitic pyramid, yeah yeah your eyes are blind.
Praise property in the say sentence glorifying its abuses
Hey! don't worry they think you have your uses!
Police won't give the innocent rest, no no peace
Because they're guilty of being from the middle east.
Criminalize vices legislating morality
Hiding behind bleach teeth rhetoric and putrid vanity.
Budget cuts, a whole lotta fuss.24 hour coverage on the BBC
A double bluff plot by the ruling confederacy
Welcome to democracy!
Where your every step is caught on CCTV
Where it's not your right to control your body
Where your someone else's property!
This is your democracy.
This is your kleptocracy.

Scott Forster

Time Grows Weary Under My Feet.

Empires fell, London burned in a year of hell
still she never came
In denial, I hope in vain.
My face blackened with soot
Alone with the drunk and destitute
The bombs blew
Sirens sounded
I waited while the years flew.
My heart hardened by the sights I saw
Every oozing sore, every blood feud, every pointless war.
It was enough to make me lose all trust
And wish this whole creation reduced to dust.
They marched in the name of workers with tools
And killed millions with bureaucratic rules.
Where is my honour for suffering these dusty centuries
Where is my release. where is my peace.
The questions plague, dance and play
My mark of Cain, my awful pain.
I ventured I had wished to look upon Thanatos's stare
For this anguish not a second longer, my soul to bare.
What weight I must carry
Envy almost flows from my throat
Enough for atlas to gloat.
This albatross
This ancient cross - I did not mean to compare....
I did it all myself with arrogance unrepent
My years of wandering, the study of man well spent.
I thought myself a Milton figure
And set my mind on wonders no bigger
Than all but my daily loaf and room
And thus my fate I sealed for blasphemous doom.
My prison without walls,
My travelling alone
This earth my house but not a home.
I vex my thoughts with self pity
When eye for eye, this is my just desert
For what monster could so easily his eyes avert
When that innocent man was whipped and hurt.
A monster is all that I am. If man only knew.

There pound of flesh due with hate anew.
Long and lonely I have travelled this world of blue.
And still I have not in my heart to give in to you.

Scott Forster

To Crash In A Derelict Phase.

From sometime ago.

Unfulfilled promises
It's ironic how we fail to live up
To the hopes we throw up as offerings
Sacrifice on the altar, too many flawed thoughts
I know tonight I will not falter
Friends, I'm not alone.

It's all a tactic
walking to the window
you make your move like the game theorist you are
living with a near sight
you're blinded by confidence in your own light
trust me, I am so far from where I dream.
I'm coming apart at the seam.

Scott Forster

Used To Be, A Story Of Loss

Life is a hard struggle
a war against regret
fight for forgiveness or to forget
somewhere along the way I lost myself
I used to know what life was about
used to be life was about growing up
not growing apart
used to be life was a sunshine dream
not a cold hard knife in the heart
things aren't how their supposed to be
Once I was happy
it was stolen from me
once I was happy
it was stolen from me
Once I was happy
ONCE! ! !
summers at an end
harsh winter's come
hard leaves will fall
and show I'm not that strong at all
weakness wets my eyes
I'm not the man you think I am.

Scott Forster

Victorian Design

Slashing away
see what's left
a hollowed out insides
a carcass in a cradle
aimee lays knickers at knees
a fatal flaw
a determined disease

The passerbys demonstrate no idle want of care
for moonlight shudders set the scene of wintery anxious air
her limp limbs spell out a sympathy our sorrowful society needs to hear
I have heard the owl cry
bloody bathtubs
empty underpasses
shriek in the midnight still
coats only protect us from the weather
not from ourselves

Scott Forster

War Of Some Against Rest

'When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me.'(1 Corinthians 13: 11)

A silent minority suffer at the hands of a ruling few
The democrat remarks " yeah but who's ruling who"?
I'll tell you who
They're ruling people just like me and you
They've got one hand on your wallet another on the trigger
They might change the bars but the cage never gets bigger.
As if it even matters who you vote for
It won't stop the oppression
It won't end the war.
Damned it you do, damned it you don't
The ballot slips in, they win claiming you voted them in
You refuse, sleep in ignore the issue go on with life all the same
They will use your resistance as a battering ram to claim
You haven't got a right to complain.
The suffragettes what did they succeed in winning
The right for women to degrade themselves
thinking they decide more than who will hold the chains
Whose who sell the war games
Whose who mastermind the flames
The hell that burst from the bombs
But it's over the sea, so it allows them to see
Themselves removed from all of that
Living in narrow confined life.
A bubble, on the shelf, ignorant self.
Ignoring all others pains
Dismissing the agony caused by F-16 planes
Lies placed on the tv screen
Tell you war is glory
As children, flesh burnin', scream.
It's irrelevant
Whether you kill a child with a grenade
with their parents dependent on your foreign aid
a bloody pool of poverty, a mess you made.

They'll easy sell a lie will the BBC, CNBC, ITV, NBC

Your only kidding yourself
Wishing for unbiased content
understand there's a name for it all
It's called 'manufacturing consent'.

Soldiers slaughter civilians in the sands of the east
Trumpeted as champions of peace
By the warrior cult.
At the same time as they shoot an innocent man in the head
Plant a gun in his hand and write in reports that's why he's dead.
Rampant corruption, symptomatic of the system
'disappear a family' and only get's noticed when someone missed them.
Every military affair has a racist air
Xenophobic rants dragged out when asked why they're over there.
What's to be expected, when Nazi sympathizers are accepted?
Into our so called 'boys', the power elite's play toys.
They'll tell you it's not like this.
But they don't know what's going on
The training robbed their humanity, fed them up in vanity
Bred them to kill then led them to thrill at the thought of getting caught by an
afghan
So they can feel like a real man.
go home and beat his children
cause he's so messed up from the horror of it all.

Scott Forster

When Your Not Here With Me

when im not with you the rain becomes a river
but doesn't wash my tears away
the sky becomes a gallery with all my pain on display
hardship makes me climb a mountain for a minute of success
failure points the mirror my way
and flaws are picked out in the spotlights
energy becomes a broken drive
and all i was or knew has lived to die
the words i keep so close to me
they whisper in the wind of moments held in your arms
dead for all to see
but the distance floods the chamber like the open sea
and as i flail on the floor
Falling, i see the face of misery
when your not here with me
when your not here with me
when your not here with me.
how is a smile possible
when your a mile off heartache.

the glory of your skin is breathin' in
the glory of your skin is breathin' in
when your here with me.

Scott Forster

You Have A Beautiful Soul

To My One True Love, Gina

your written on my heart
its a bitter kiss when we part
we're better met bitter parted
to be so far away
to be so in need today
if there ever was another way
you write your name on my skin
sleeping by my side
i hear you, feel you -breathing
i would walk in the cold of the night
just to find a place filled with light
to hear your voice.

to listen to you speak those words
your laugh sweet as honey
i love when you find me funny
You give me the hope to dream
And things could never be as bad as they seem
You're my rock in stormy weather
As I will be, my angel
Forever.

No words need spoken
you said them all in the silence
your pretty eyes tell the story
i found solace in your smile
you radiate such light
you are my sun
your the song i sing
my one true love
my everything

without you im a hollow shell
and in hell id rather dwell
than to be without your gentle lips
for a passing second.

any hour im not with you is wasted time
we share stories
im your soulmate and you are mine

Your cute little texts you send
ones that make my day
from my girl and my best friend
I'll parade my pretty poetry around to make you smile
You're the seed from which the fruits of joy grow
You're the thing the dawn chorus birds sing about
Your kind words are all I need to send me on my way
I think of you everyday
No matter what I say
No matter what I do

Your so full of 'the good and the true'
No one else could ever, compare to you
With my last dying breathe I dedicate my life to you
Two bodies with one soul
I was searching to find out your presence makes me whole
Was it heaven you stole?
When I laid with you
I died and was reborn
On that frosty morn

You write me a letter
I study it
And find peace
Id sooth the mountains
Soothe the sea
Just for a chance to see
You find that special thing you love in me
Your so pure
It makes me happy

Id give you it all - ETERNITY
Just to hold you in my arms
Dead to the world
Lost because of your charms
You melt me like a puddle
Babe you're a real life puzzle

I wanna take time to figure you out

I could stare at you all day
Your so lovely
You stand that certain way

No matter what comes my way
You give me the strength to fight to live another day
Connected joined by the bonds of love
Shining like the sun
To wake to the wonder in your face
I lose it all and in my mind I come back to this moment
This place

They say love is humble
Love is gentle
But my love shouts aloud
Your pictures on my wall
Your carried wherever I go
I love you baby more than you will ever know
I know I tell you all the time I just thought id let you know
In this uncertain world I find comfort in having you

Scott Forster

You Know Who You Are

You sit there with laptop in hand
not replying to me
and giving me the silent treatment as you demand.

What the hell have I ever done
for you to throw me to the lions
and mark me out as no one

Abuse me
make me bleed
infect my mind
curse me with troubles

I'd rather be damned than ignored
you're pushing a thin wedge.

Scott Forster

You Took Me Here.

Maybe I'm ugly
but not as much as you
cant take this, cant take this no more
my minds scattered on sheets of paper on the floor
she goes, I know, its true. I'm bland, shes so bored
If it wasnt true I wouldn't find myself always ignored
So indifferent so seeking to be adored
Cant trust you, no not anymore.
Dont trust too much you'll only be let down
but really does she think im the one
or is it false faced when she calls me 'hun'
I'm too broken to even try
I'm too scared to die
I'd live but I fear
Walk these streets but my heart is no longer here
doubt made a cripple outta me
maybe its destiny
for sure its falling badly
bad mistake putting me to the test
I'm too weak, a failure you see
victim of circumstance
why don't i have faith to trust
so many questions
im insecure im not sure
im in love shes so pure
im so neurotic
its erotic
I touch her words it, hurts too much just being here
tie me tight, block the light
I wont wake up or put up much of a fight
missing for 7 days
god is dead god is gay
the world is in disarray
maybe im all out of breath
maybe i dont have the strength
everythings so meaningless
I'm dead and I'm alone in this
these are the times that try
tears they dont know I cry

I find myself off somewhere else asking why
I live in a house but i dont feel at home
she listens to a song
to keep her sane through the night and the unending..rain
shes too far away away from me, im alive only because im in agony
I touch her words it hurts too much just being here
It takes so much to find reason here
this must be the longest year
I need you now
I'd bring you back, if i knew how
show me how.
I crossed a line
please god let me take it back
I cant live without her
shes all I lack

Written 20/7/2008

Scott Forster

You Type Those Words So Methodical

You type those words so methodical,
It's as if what your saying is mythological
And I've come so far since I held those truths in my hand
Like the world didn't worry me yet I was weighed upon so I didn't stand.
I've met and I've fled
those very same things that I once said
There was something so peaceful in 4am dawn
that made those bus rides not seem very long
Summers without concern contrast with the holding of that urn
with the flames that burn
a hole, a hold on memories
No one knows of times I wrote
my pen my only connection to reality
my nature drove me towards insanity.
You sent me a letter today,
said why'd you have to be so far away
I've told you before it's not my fault
I miss your welcome and your sensual assault.
I've wrote words that have fallen on deaf ears
done it for a number of years
that this is less about you and more about me
putting down my humanity.
I guess I've done some things
who's to say? ...

Scott Forster