

Poetry Series

Paige Scott
- poems -

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Paige Scott()

I have loved poetry ever since I was little. I wrote my first poem when I was 8 or 9 and have never stopped since then. I hope to have a volume of poetry published one day, and if it isn't too ambitious to be reality, to be published before I graduate high school.

One of my favorite poets is Emily Dickinson, and I sometimes try to combine her style with my own. I hope that can be seen in my work. You should notice also, that I love using the simile as well as the metaphore.

A Ballad In The Dark

Thick, and still, and dark was the room,
Black as the hidden side of the moon;
And I felt a mystery like I held a rune;
And a wind chime played, a whisper- a croon-
Tinkle tink tik-tik tink-ling...

The smell of lilacs pervaded the air,
Sweet, and light, and faint, but there;
And a musty scent of dust gave its share,
And smooth and tense, a puff— a flare—
Tinkle tink tik-tik- tink-ling...

An ornate brass chest left all alone,
It whispered, and beckoned, and gave a groan;
And it called to me, in a tongue unknown;
And it sang to me, a song— a moan—
Tinkle tink tik-tik tink-ling...

A black velvet ribbon was binding it fast,
It was soft, and strange, and meant to last;
And it tied up the secret obscurely vast;
And pulled me closer, a riddle— a past—
Tinkle tink tik-tik tink-ling...

"I'm coming, " said I with trembling and fear,
And I fought at my dread, and slowly drew near;
And I heard a vague laugh rasping close to my ear;
And I opened the chest, dead silence— a tear—
Tinkle tink tik-tik tink-ling...
Tinkle tink tik-tik tink-ling.

Paige Scott

A Rhyme Of Simple Praise

How beautiful is creation
On this warm, sunny day.
How grand to see God' creatures
His own sweet words obey!

Every whisper of a breeze
Exhales its praise to Him.
And every bird that care-free sings,
Sings its own animal hymns!

And why can't we, beholding this,
Just pause and do the same? !
Come! Let us praise the Lord—
Sing our Father's holy Name!

Paige Scott

A Thing Of Beauty

Keats once claimed that beauty
Shall always be a joy.
But how—I ask—can this, then, be—
When beauty often fades?

What, then, is the source of beauty?
Shall that e'er fade away?
If no more beauty we can see—
Does that joy go away?

I say that beauty lies in the soul—
Not always in the face.
When – with joy—a heart is full
Can beauty ever fade?

Paige Scott

Do You Remember Love?

Do you remember love?
It was so long ago;
Yet I remember dearest one,
And I want you to know.

I remember what it felt like
To be consumed with you—
And I remember when we were
Together—stuck like glue.

It's been too long now, O my love,
But I remember yet.
I remember when we were best friends,
And never will forget.

And one day, sweet, should you decide
You wish to try again,
I will be here, with open arms—
Just as they were back then.

Paige Scott

Drifting

I look at clouds of gray and white
And yearn to float away.
It would be nice to sit on one,
For all the livelong day.

And slowly I would drift away—
The way that all clouds do—
And slowly watch the world go by
Quickly—that's what the world must do.

They take no time to sit and stare—
They move too fast for me.
So they may run —the livelong day—
I drift and float contentedly.

Paige Scott

Grey

I like it when the days are grey—
But not quite black and white—
When rain descends to wash away
The darkness and the light.

When all is simply there—that's all—
Just existing, never moving—
Just watching grey rain fall
By grey window of my choosing.

But never show me black and white—
That's my world without you—
If all is grey, in grayish light
I know just what to do.

Never come, O black and white—
Let me ne'er be alone—
Let me keep grey—without the fright
That you and I are done.

Paige Scott

His Masterpiece

*** One of my Christian themed poems.***

The Potter took a lump of clay and shaped it with His hands.
And when `twas finished all did say "Tis lovelier than all."
It was all smooth and beautiful, and really very perfect—
And all admired the Potter's work, from the greatest to the small.

Then one day a Scoffer brought a lump of clay to Him.
He bid Him craft a piece as fine as the work He formed before.
The Potter examined this lump of clay, and found that it was dry.
The Scoffer laughed and said "You cannot craft one as before! "

But the Potter took this lump of clay, though dry and hard it was,
And then took up a chisel, and carved a figure in the clay.
The Potter took the sculpture and held it before all,
And all did see that He had made a Masterpiece that day.

The Scoffer went away to sulk; the "Enemy" had won!
He made that sinful mass of clay into a piece of art.
The Potter was so full of joy—His work was a new creature.
Not only did He change the shape—He also changed the Heart!

Paige Scott

In The Back Of My Mind

- Once more, a challenge from my sister. She gave me the title and said 'Write something. I know you can do it.' With her around, I'll probably never get writers' block! ! ! -

In the back of my mind, though I'm smiling,
There is always that "something" there—
Lurching silently, clawing violently—
In the back of my mind it's there.

Still I'm happy, but always trip back
To a corner so far in my mind—
Subtly speaking, terribly creeping—
It poises, in the dark, in my mind.

I lie down to sleep, but then it flashes
Pictures, of "something" before my eyes—
Boldly flashing, sounds a-crashing—
Each time I that close my eyes.

Some people see them and let me tell
Them things I see in my mind.
And I lay my burden on a friend
Who is loving, and good, and kind.

Paige Scott

Into The Mist

One of my Christian themed poems. Allegory.

Strolling down a sylvan path,
I gazed into the fog.
'Twas thick and grey—I could not see
The trail wound through the bog.

I paused a moment—in my thoughts—
Inside I blankly peered.
But what might lie beyond the mist
Was unknown to me, I feared.

I wondered at what mystery
Was shrouded by the shrubs—
I pondered what dark danger
Might swoop silent from above.

The earth was damp and smelled so fresh—
I could have stayed right there.
But I felt told to go explore
Those secrets in the air.

But still I waited silently—
And wished I had a Guide.
For I was surely frightened
Of what things the mist might hide.

I lingered longer than I should;
But then I heard a voice.
'Twas simply a Father of a man
Who inquired of my choice.

“What do you here, my child? ”
He asked— but knowingly—
“Why go you not still on this path
I trimmed for you, so lovingly? ”

I replied with shame upon my face,

"I go along Life's Way—
But then there came the thickest fog—
That is why I delay."

He asked again, "What do you here?
And why have you delayed?
The path I trimmed is just for you—
Pray, tell why you have stayed."

I answered thus, "I am afraid!
This shadow of doubt blocks my way.
I know not what may lie beyond—
For a Guide I wish and pray! "

He looked at me so tenderly
And then He took my hand.
"Child, " said He, "I will be your Guide.
I will lead you from where you stand."

"Together, " said He, "We will go through the mist.
We shall brave this great Unknown.
I know what lies behind this cloud—
My plan you will be shown."

This path of life He paved for me.
Then the Father led me through!
So when you too meet a dark mist—
He will do the same for you!

Paige Scott

Monotony

The reeds in the lake sway to and fro—
And likewise do the leaves.
The same bird chirps and flies away...
Just as they always do.

The voice I heard in the morning
I hear again just now.
That same old voice spoke yesterday...
Just as it always does.

That same old flower bloomed this year—
I think it is a lily.
That same beetle crept past the windowsill...
Just as it usually does.

That same old sun rose this morning—
It rose like that last year.
Clouds drifted through the same blue sky...
Just as they always do.

Yet the reeds in the lake swayed a different way
Than they did yesterday.
The same bird chirped a unique tune...
Almost as they did before.

The voice said something different—
And in a different way.
That voice spoke different yesterday...
Not quite as it has before.

That same old flower bloomed this year—
I think it is a lily—
Yet different is the beauty from last year's...
No, not as it was before.

And yes, again the sun rose—
But its radiance was renewed!
And the clouds were shaped anew...
Different than before.

So I have found monotony—
And it yielded variety.
I uniqueness in the same...
Different from the same before.

Paige Scott

Moving Fast

It seems that time is moving fast—
Last hour is now in the past—
And nothing ever seems to last—
So be—right now—your very best—

Paige Scott

On The Melting Of Snow In Spring

As I glanced at the last of the snow melting away,
I noticed the bright spring day;
As snow melts away, better days it brings—
Where spring sun shines, and the sparrow sings!

Paige Scott

Sunset

An angel set the sky ablaze
With an orb of crimson fire—
The smoke that rose was a purple haze
That spread o'er the flaming sky.

Then black was the night, like ashes
Remaining after so long a kindling.
And here and there in tender dashes
Were ember-stars, pale and cold-appearing.

I saw a new angel glide down
And set the moon, like a candle, in the air—
The moonbeams, like a mother's gown,
I cling to in my memory.

And the warmth of the fire that burned the night
Warmed the hearts of those like me.
And the moonlight lit our hearts with a light
That can only be named as joy.

Paige Scott

Sunshine One Day

The sun shone down through the window—
I thought I saw you there.
But it was just a memory
The light put out with care.

You see, I took a glance and saw
The light—or was it your smile? —
And drifted into reveries, and
Was there for quite a while.

Paige Scott

The Blood Of Thousands

Thousands upon thousands are slain
Each year, are killed in cruel, cold blood.
Thousands cry out, but to no avail—
They are attacked with cruelest hate.

They scream and shout!
But do we care? No! and we never will!
Let's murder some more! Kill more from inside!
It doesn't hurt us in the least!

They're as dead as dead can ever get—
They'll not trouble us again.
They are gone and now you can rejoice!
Take pride in your murder of innocent blood!

Who are these thousands killed every year?
The infants in your womb!
Murderess! ! Fiend! Heartless animal!
You don't deserve motherhood!

Abort them. Go ahead. At least they're in a better place,
A place you'll never go! At least it's over, and they
Didn't have to deal with you, selfish pig!
I hope that guilt tears you apart the way you did to them!

This is abortion.
This is evil.
This is.....
Murder!

Paige Scott

The Charmer

Softly the rhythm beats, pulses and beats;
Quietly the music notes fly.
Like a charmer it's magical melodies
Mesmerize— enchant—lead away.
Softly.... quietly.... peacefully....dream—
Quietly the music notes fly.

Paige Scott

The China Cup

A dainty cup and saucer grew upon a stem.
And pretty little ruffles adorned the both of them.
The China set was yellow and gently washed by rain—
Of course by April showers the cup is filled again.
China cup or Daffodil— which one I cannot tell—
But 'tis first blossom of the spring –and that I know right well!

Paige Scott

The Christian Does Not Fear Thee, Death

The Christian does not fear thee, Death,
Nor does he dread the grave;
For thou art just a means of wealth
That one day he shall have.

The Christian knows the grave to be
A portal to the skies—
'Tis just a door to Heaven, where
He shall meet the Savior's eyes.

Paige Scott

The Light

-I was up late, and my sister challenged me to write a poem. I told her I could not possibly do so on a whim, without any 'inspiration, ' but she persisted. She said, 'Call it 'The Light'.' So here is my poem- written on a whim, very quickly done. Hope it turned out alright! ! -

One day I thought I saw a light—
But scarcely could I tell—
I only caught it in its flight—
As it flew o'er the dell.

You see, it had been dreary—dark—
So long since last I'd seen—
I only thought—for it seemed stark—
That it was a light-beam.

Then "quick! " thought I—
"Surely follow; seek where it doth lead—
But it lead into the sky!
Yet still I follow—for I have found the need.

Paige Scott

The Parting

I remember the look on his dear face as he told me "I love you."
I can see myself, heartbroken, saying that I loved him too.

□

I remember that I held his hand while he whispered "Goodbye, dear."
I remember that I said "Don't leave, " and bedewed his face with tears.

I remember that he kissed my hands before he closed his eyes.
I looked up after he left me, for he left me for the skies.

I remember sitting by the bed, while he was dead and cold.
I remember feeling suddenly that I was strained and old.

I remember touching the dear, cold face, beholding the way he'd been.
I said out loud that I loved him—as much as I loved him then.

The funeral day then came around; and there I said goodbye.
I kissed his head; said, "I love you." Yet, I did not even cry.

I knew I'd see him again someday, when I joined him in the air.
I know he's happier with the Lord; and one day, I'll meet him there.

Paige Scott

The Star

Through the sky, an arrow flew—
The head was all aglow—
The others sat—like sparkled dew or pebbles—
In the nighted river's flow.

Paige Scott

The Treasure Box

I have a treasure, dear friend of mine.
I have cherished it long, you know.
Really, it's a part of me;
I am ready to share it though.

It isn't very beautiful—
In fact, it's rather plain.
But I give you possession—
Don't take it with disdain.

I put it in a little box and
Locked it with a key.
But now I give them both to you.
Do keep them safe for me.

The treasure box, within its walls,
Holds something fervent and true.
Though precious as I think it to be,
It's not fit for one royal as you.

I know it mustn't seem like much,
But I give it, full of care.
And I don't expect one in return.
I wouldn't even dare.

So now this pitiful thing is yours.
I give it to you this day.
And for your lifetime, it is yours
To keep safe for always.

Paige Scott

Twilight Rain

**And NO, this has nothing to do with the dumb vampire movies! **

The sky is a faded purple-gray,
The wind gusts through the trees—
And I hear the neighbor's wind chimes—
Hear the haunted tinkling cease.

A bird cries in the distance,
And the lawn shines strangely blue—
Lit by the gleam of the raindrops—
That magic inverted dew.

I see the droplets as they fall—
I hear each micro-splash—
And pause to watch for lightning bolts—
And wait for cymbal crash—

The magic of a twilight rain
Is beautiful indeed!
And I could watch forever—
And pay all else no heed—

Paige Scott