

Poetry Series

Reginald Scott
- poems -

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Reginald Scott()

Flames of wisdom surround me

Art Project

Life contemporary but adjacent to meaning
The world and life shaped in the senseless portrait of art
The cries from the whispering winds false and deameaning
Drawing our lives with the false pen of eternity

Reginald Scott

As I Play Chess

That old man sits there
Counting his dirty pennies;
Such expensive luck

Reginald Scott

Bare Feet

I look to the woods
Sensing bigfoot with bare feet
Stomping through my thoughts

Reginald Scott

Bird Of Dreams

A crimson bird in the air with the wings of angels
It flies over the sea and mountains
A mind inspired in a mind; the thought spirals like a....
Tempest of knowledge forgotten in the realm of promise
He flies on toward the sandy desert of nowhere
His feathers bathing in the sun, he bursts into flames;
The dream of absolution is in his forlorn eyes

Reginald Scott

Black Windows

Windows turn into faces as i walk near
Demanding my attention with their slightest gleam
Surfaces whipped clean from frustation and fear
Its demeanor so dark, wicked and mean

Reginald Scott

Broken Heart Consumed

Broken hearts tremble under hands of pain
Rejection and fear it always proclaims
Slowly beating towards its early demise
Wounded and bare until the pain subsides
Darkened from years of uncertainty and hate
No light in the world could ever relate
Loneliness lulling the blackness to sleep
So it could feed another day on the soul of...me

Reginald Scott

Cave Dweller

Come on in, to my filth kept cave
Don't mind the decaying bodies and that head on my stave
Take a seat dear don't mind the dead eyes
I'll fetch you a rock with poison inside
Pick up that coin take a treasure or two
Your thoughts will become hunger and my thoughts will come too
Let the greed come and the darkness impart
As i swallow your body I'll spit out your heart

Reginald Scott

Forgotten Postage Stamp

Forgotten postage stamp

I sent my box away

I released myself from ingratitude about yesterday

That's when I left my box; so lonely and unwanted

I held the key of eternity as I pondered on the time

As I remembered the tedious and complicated postage stamp line;

My forgotten postage stamp I will miss you everyday

Which then I will release you on your joyous send back day

Reginald Scott

Frozen Tundra

Solid ice encase me take this pain away
Trap me in your depths unloved, wash my thoughts astray
Jumping in your untouched beauty unliked and disobeyed
Feeling comfort in your touch so cold and unafraid

Reginald Scott

Government

Greed

Opinionated

Vengeful

Egotistical

Radical

Nationalists

Mourners

Enigmatic

Numbers

Time

Reginald Scott

Guessing Guests

The guessing guests guess numerous things
From the length of my shoes to the price of my ring
He guesses how old i am only by me eyes
She guesses my childhood with a comment not denied
He guesses how old i'll be when i slowly fade away
She guesses the next song my orchestra might play
They guess all about me but they never guessed themselves
That i might have known there names were Sam and Annabelle

Reginald Scott

Haiku - Busy Ponds

Water drips from hands
As children play in small ponds
'watch out for tadpoles'

Reginald Scott

Haiku - Drakes Dragon Teeth

Dark drakes dragon teeth
Drags demons dreams into worlds
Damp, dirty and dense

Reginald Scott

Haiku - Dulcarnon Dog

The dulcarnon dog
Licked my soul with a bare tounge
And it burns like fire

Reginald Scott

Haiku - Efil

The world is unfair
Taking and never giving;
I call her efil

Reginald Scott

Haiku - Encore!

We play the puppets
In a world of silent strings;
Let the play proceed

Reginald Scott

Haiku - Fan #1

My bedroom fan spins
Creating winds of its own;
A mighty vortex

Reginald Scott

Haiku - Injury

Cracked the shards of life
And i chose to step on them
Healed wounds re-opened

Reginald Scott

Haiku - Insight

Darkness consumes minds
If the truth escapes insight;
The fall of mankind

Reginald Scott

Haiku - Mangy Dog

A dog barks at me
His fur mangy and unkempt;
Life tested the weak

Reginald Scott

Haiku - Mind Of A Criminal

Today in the mind of a criminal
Thoughts turn into false smiles
Begging to be tamed

Reginald Scott

Haiku - Mind Reader

The sea speaks to me
As i dive into its thoughts;
It tells me to stay

Reginald Scott

Haiku - Motivation

Small leaves fall slowly
As the breeze carries its weight;
Great thoughts on the wind

Reginald Scott

Haiku - Natural Art

I watch the sunrise
As the stars drift into space;
A painted canvas

Reginald Scott

Haiku - Painters Brush

What if life was like
The stroke of a painters brush
Opening new worlds

Reginald Scott

Haiku - Pickle - Herring

The days of my life
Taunt the thoughts of tommorow;
The pickle - herring

Reginald Scott

Haiku - Silent Fisherman

I always see him
Stepping out from the shadows
waiting for tamed bait

Reginald Scott

Haiku - Town Of Death

Red flowers fall near
A town of decaying death;
Souls six feet under

Reginald Scott

Haiku-Natures Wrath

The old tree roots stir
Detached from its great lifelines;
Natures untamed wrath

Reginald Scott

Heavenly Applause

He looks to the sky and wonders why
The clouds do not break with the might of the gods
His mind breaks free and wants to fly
With the bolt of zeus in heavenly applause

Reginald Scott

Life Application

Our hearts mend together, In the daylight's sun
When the summer comes anew our emotions become one
Listening to you softly your voice the pleasant breeze
As I live for your pleasure my heart cancels need;
Temperatures rise insanely my cold soul set afire
My life is yours to tear apart my thoughts are up for hire

Reginald Scott

Light And Life

Keeping up with the time
Like a timeline
I define
The definition
Of light
And life

Reginald Scott

Lightning And Wind

Lightning and wind strikes their force from asunder
Gradually rising to reach their brethren thunder
But the whims of the world conjugate into rain
And brings hail and sleet succumbed to never ending pain
But the sane is the sun who torches the night
But the moon will soon come and make everything right
O'twas a sight i said as i sat on perch
As i am forever conceded to this everchanging earth
And to that day that will end with the lightning and wind
With the whim of the world to rest and start again

Reginald Scott

Rain

I come in the rain, my heart without trust
Accepting the pain of true mortal lust
The air my companion for it i will plead
As i breath it in my heart cancels need
Looking in puddles spying faces in time
Feeling rain on my skin; it's one of a kind

Reginald Scott

River Full Of You

New couple as old couple but not
This couple which is no couple
As supple as the one before
They turn the light of old anew
From the life of new and old
As old tales are told
And old tales said
Ahead of their time they say
As a systematic period of the day
Of knowing one another as one
Because were never going to be two
As they say i will forever and
Always be the right one for you
As true as the stars might be in the sky
As free as the bluest bird flies
From my eyes i see you as an unparallel
Choice of unchangeable thoughts and eyes
From your eyes i see that heaven has come
To earth in a chariot of light and desire
Because the passion in my heart is being fed
With the lust of fire
But the lust is not all that becomes me too you
As my emotions spread like water to make a
River full of you

Reginald Scott

Shoreline Dreams

My mind the foamy froth reaching its sandy destination
The water flowing like true thoughts from mere evaluations
The waves speaking to me softly non hesistant of motion
Buried treasures in the sea like my thoughts and my emotions
The mind and foamy froth will reach their destination
When the watery foam washes off sandy complications

Reginald Scott

Skyscraper

Freefall from the skyscraper of a mind
I insist to build and define as mine
A structure of absolute power entwined
In a thought of power freefalling in time

Reginald Scott

Speck Of Gold

As i walk near, a daisy sways for my attention
The wind supporting its rythmic dance of nature;
The sunlight details its florid colors and soft textures
Coloring the landscape with a special speck of gold

Reginald Scott

Striving Illusions

I am striving for a thing that's real
The purpose of life is to touch and feel
The thoughts that reside in the depths of minds
Untalented thoughts define the times
Of baited pasts and a sense to steal
The wrongness of right and the right of real
When i fall asleep under the falling clouds
I find my mind that has no bounds
The sky a wound of my present and future
My memories and thoughts providing a suture

Reginald Scott

Summer And Winter

My eyes frozen in the heat of summer
Snowballs of pollen freezing my inner allergies
Frostbite and heatstroke builders of a new world
Life in its absolute; Summer and Winter

Reginald Scott

The Pollen

The spring's storm of pollen
Turned my allergies into monsters that
Prescribes assistance in irritating
My sensitive insight my eye a gaming table
For the feast while the croupier collects
And pays the winning betters there share
Of my patience in hence i cannot avoid
Chatter for more as they degrade my acceptance
Of what the world creates
In the springs storm of pollen

Reginald Scott

The Red Mist

The red mist contaminating; its demeanor deadly
Its thirst for suffering only tamed by death
The source the meaning of pain and darkness
Its seductive attraction deadly, dead, and dark

Reginald Scott

Trapped Winds

The moon cries wolf as i begin to see
Its taunting towards the midnight breeze;
Silently stalking the winds tamed path
Knowing its journey will truly never last

Reginald Scott

Untamed Insanity

The ghost whispering deathly mourning
For its life bound to hatred unborn
Its lonely being the fear it inspires; an object forlorn
Screams taunting the death it has escaped; a thin life torn
Taken from the grip of untamed insanity

Reginald Scott

Wolf Callings

The moon sings trances
To the beasts of pure midnight
-Black and grey werewolves

Reginald Scott

Wooden Helm Minotaur Horn

Wooden helm minotaur horn
Extravagant materials made from thoughts
Fire swords and shields of protection
Always aligned with the wooden perfection

A furry head of fury the minotaur horns
Rule upon its dome of solitude; predestined
Thoughts of insanity upon entering its mind of madness
Its enraged by its weary eyes of contempt and thoughts of sadness

Fighting for the right of the throne
The wooden helm and minotaur horn
Breaks together as one
And the sword cuts down the dome of some
While the shield of protection protects from the horn of insanity;
The wooden helm has prevailed again as the will of humanity

Reginald Scott

Wounded Artist

The wounded artist cries for words
Stabbed by metaphors and simple verbs
Crawling to the verse of an unfinished sketch
Only to find the words unset
Pushed to the limit by untamed passion
He clawed for his dreams with hope everlasting
The wounded artist cried for words
Killed by death unseen or heard

Reginald Scott