

Poetry Series

Scott Wise
- poems -

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Scott Wise()

2012: The Final Prophecy

Is it true what some scientists say?
That there will come our one final day
That the earth will throw herself away
Because of all our sins since her last birthday

Volcanoes erupting, our lands ablaze
The oceans swallow us, leaving not a trace
Or will it be a meteorite, the one that sneaks through
The Final Prophecy, 2-0-1-2

Scott Wise

Deaths Plan For Me

Death is all around me, I can feel it in the air,
Though I cant see him, I can feel deaths stare.
His certitude, his awareness of my mortality,
Oh I wonder, how I wonder what Death Plans For Me

Will it be quick and painless, or will it hurt a great deal
Will I die in my sleep, or will it be more surreal
My time is sure is come, and I'll wait patiently,
Oh I wonder, how I wonder what Death Plans For Me

Scott Wise

Ghost Hunter, Ghost Hunter

Ghost Hunter, Ghost Hunter what have you found
Maybe someone's lost soul just floating around
With cameras in hand just and hoping to find
The existence of life, beyond yours and mine

Maybe not today, tomorrow or the next,
This questionable subject may be laid to rest
Proof will come one day, just wait and see
For images they pickup, could be you or me

Scott Wise

My Friends Foe

I had a friend and he had a foe
His foe was cancer, a foe we all know
He fought the hardest, he fought to win
He fought with dignity, his enemy within

The mind still there, but the body couldn't last
I lost my dear friend, this August past
He's still sorely missed, but there's one thing I know
He has gone somewhere, where his foe can't go

Scott Wise

Not One Man's Land

Since the beginning of time, what's yours should be mine
And to this day, it's the very same way
Wars being fought, taking our families away
Fatherless or Motherless; how is that okay

Died for country, but died with pride
Died for nothing, now feeling dead inside
Things are out of hand; we need to take a stand
She belongs to all of us; this is NOT One Mans Land

Scott Wise

Ode To Psycho

Norman! Norman! Where have you been?
Are messing around with that tramp again?
Come back to Mother where you belong,
This motels not going to run on its own!

Mother, Mother, What is it now
I need to fetch our guest a towel
I'll be right back as soon as I'm done
Mother and Norman now become one

Curtain drawn back, but its not for a play,
Marion's about to have a bad day
Last thing she saw, much to her dismay
Is a man in a dress and wig of gray

Scott Wise

Serial Killer

Voices in my head are telling me to do it again
What kind of message are they trying to send
I've done their bidding too many times
So others can suffer from my horrible crimes

I could be lurking in the shadows, or I maybe easy to see
Could be you next door neighbor, or even gentry?
When you awake, you'll be unable to move
That's when I'll introduce my TOOLS to you

Scott Wise

The Spring Thing

Spring is here and flowers bloom
Resurrecting from winters tomb
Sounds outside of children playing
Garden hoses start their spraying

Time to open swimming pools
and Dad breaks out his grilling tools
family and friends getting together
Is there any season better?

Scott Wise

Weathermen

Weathermen, what exactly do they do?
Why won't their predictions ever come true?
Rain poured down, buckets from the sky
Left my umbrella at home because I trusted that guy

My advice to all of you
Just say you're guessing and that's all you can do
That's the only way out that I can see
I'm not a weatherman, so you CAN trust me

Scott Wise