

Poetry Series

Christian Thomas Scott
- poems -

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Christian Thomas Scott(July 8th)

Good people, expect from me that which is unexpected.
I will expect nothing less.

-Erasmus

Accumulation

When the fabrications who sweetly sing,
Along the road, washed free of sorrow,
Now detain forthright the murmurs we bring,
To seize with a work of will and woe.
But hatred flees from the sightful places,
To grow and fester in the guarded cell,
Hushed by a blessing and a promise disgraced,
Like a fatherless curse from the depths of hell.
Shall I weigh on the hearts of the wicked?
Shall I sail on the storm of distressing?
Our pillar in the midst of chaos is stricken,
By immaculate deeds in beginning.
Let fire be ripe in the desert again,
Lest give way to calamity's end.

Christian Thomas Scott

Breathless

Perchance the flight of the spirit of men
Is fed by a luminous strength of the heart,
To glide over ground with the chill of breath,
And the pound of the feet upon the world.
To panting for space and fighting for place,
As the battle of minds replays again,
And longing to strike and sustain the pace,
To live in the beauty of rushing wind.
Cold and painful, too hot to embrace,
The currents of striding and matted taste.

Christian Thomas Scott

Cavernborn

The bitter chill of icy breath
Sweeps lightly over passing day
And marking willful sadness takes
The new approach of scornful daze.
To simply weave a web of wonder,
Watching wakeful world's lust,
In presence of the cavern's thunder,
Cradled voices speak of trust.
The rising moon and setting earth
Resound in low harmonious waves,
Yet speaking silence now renounced
The stillness of the living days.
Let peaks of light obtain a view,
Of glory and the globed array,
And gleaming sounds upon the graves
Lead love and death and life away.

Christian Thomas Scott

Cleft Of Crimson

The seven wheels were turning on the sand,
And two were tight as iron's hold on blade,
The other two were led by strict command,
And two lay rounded, softened while they're made.
Yet lastly breaks the bond to take the lead,
While spinning sand's perplexity to shame.
Between the six of earthbound land agreed,
And sorrowful they turn to darker claim.
For Now, Behold! I turn a page to Spring,
And lurking shadows shake off wary gaze.
I live without another's closer holding,
And now escaping boredom's weary maze.
To those who still within the cells remain,
Let love now die, for you shall stay the same.

Christian Thomas Scott

Cradle

Needles pierce themselves upon,
The sun and shadows, as they sway.
Clouds of candles carry onward,
To the Forests where we lay.
Carve themselves into the time,
Timid do the birches lean,
Under trunk and crumbled sand,
Can all the scars and wear be seen.
No wistful daydream can restore
The long-gone days of burning free,
With all the tales of fabled love,
Our lives are naught but memory.

Christian Thomas Scott

Epitaph

There but a few words in this revelry,
That can wring the heart of its joyful tears,
And the saddest song that a man can sing,
Is the song of a man with no more years.
The song of a man who wandered the world,
And who stood with the earth beneath his feet,
Who loved and who sang with his dreams outpoured,
Of a hopeless desire and sound defeat.
Yet the burning of fire within his soul,
Can melt the mechanical walls of stone,
And hopeless is naught when strength can uphold,
The force of his rage and his love atoned.
But alas for the saddest song I sing,
For the life I loved is the song of me.

Christian Thomas Scott

Evengale

While peaks for those
Of cantering, to filter leaves of
Brush and all, the westward contours
have their sheen for headlong accommodation.
Waylaid and present, do others
Leave in wonder. Vale of green,
And canopy of duskwrought grey,
From under oldenstone, as contrast
Wood from centuries past burns
New as supple fern.
The sylvan pictures give
A moment to be pondered,
If lonely.
Shelter midst the clouds, and broken:
Like the cliffs and fjords stand.
Underneath the summer do the
Rains prepare our steep descent.
Up to the lofty depths,
And down to the heights again.

Christian Thomas Scott

Fablegrown

Careful ought our tongues portray these moments,
And purposed stone engrave our every word,
Fortress of unprecedented minutes,
By which we hold our time unto the sword.
For though we die, our words are unreplacing,
And shall dispute our deeds with clever hand,
Deciphering fractals of imagined dreams,
And tossing secret love where wise men stand.
Yet what are words but mirrors to the soul,
And oft not unto author, yet to men,
Beholding each themselves as one they read,
And voices from their shadows speak within.
Too late for every silent moment's end,
For every word tells all that once has been.

Christian Thomas Scott

Fairworn

Delving into depths of darker deeds,
For one less shadow dims a sunlit land,
When far below his marching footsteps lead,
To chaos sound of path without demand.
Choose to defy a nation's brittle stance?
And break down doors of strict confining debt?
Why still pursue the lusts of this fair chance,
When dornicks lie in wait of strivings met?
Fault of broken coloration's brand,
Repeats as to the singing of the first,
For though incumbent duty has demand,
The crowd will never fail to cull the worst.
Denounce the ways of wisdom in her youth,
And follow after wisdom's elder truth.

Christian Thomas Scott

Focus

From rafters as caressed by one fragile
And reiterated portion, as shown as
Luminescence: unperturbed by fingers
Or their absence.
Given one unwound tempest on a measure,
Not too far released... call humming in today
If flight is on the mind.
Else for no one at home,
If not at least ascertained by
a company. Too coy
Are matters worth palpable and
To deny themselves
Right ways to be addressed.
That's how marriage hasn't been until it once has been.
Oh and if then you
Decide to rejoin in the
midst of some wayward
Conversation, interrupt when there is a
Break
Interrupting a break when there is

Selah

Christian Thomas Scott

Holding The Sky

Tell the falling winds
Who hold the hands of winter,
Of a newly rising age,
Under slowly setting sun.
Simply breaking ocean's peace,
And water's calm is frozen,
And heralds of the coming dawn
Tell silence lies unbroken.

Christian Thomas Scott

Kingfisher

Tilted over sky and earth, as but a passing,
Till in grace and in an instant,
You have overthrown the river, as
A hiding place and refuge, for the lost.
But how easily the lost are found,
When you are watching from above,
And sometimes men are on their way.
Can you search the land and find them?
Though I have never seen a forest
With such currents as this stream.

Christian Thomas Scott

Lackluster

Years before life curdled fresh,
There came and naught, where tendrils lay untrampled.
Footsteps not for half as deep,
Yet wider placed, as time progressed,
As though protected by inherent lack of taste:
Expand. And every little drop did burn,
Like never and before was never likened in this way.
So call it luck, but somehow no one cared:
Though presently appointed, others held a hand
In every mixture of some problematic
Whim or murky dregs.
We lost our focus, are we blind? Likened now to
Some clear solution, as though it could retaliate
Against this fell infirmity of truth.
Acceptance is a downfall to the hubris of the heart,
For is it not perfection,
Smiling downward from the wall?
And somehow all the faeries died,
Around the age of sympathy, but only for
Oneself and in rainy days of youth.
Perhaps without the greenery of tangible-drawn
Spheres, And also in the mind is growing:
Forever growing nil. The clusters cave to
Hard pressed roads, traversing to that company of
Lonely crowds of men, living in the presence
Of the forests of no man.

Christian Thomas Scott

Lakebound

At the center of the rain, where the gravel meets the trees,
You'll find her, curled by the iron of forgotten memories.
No echoes play their melodies, for all is silent,
In the ripples, of the waves upon the sand,
As the willow kisses down. To grace the water with a melancholy touch,
If only sun and moon 'twould fix, as time becomes and lives no more.
Perhaps a sound can filter in, apart from this epiphany,
But as of yet, I pray that naught,
Reverberates reality.
So let the dream remain unawakened,
In the daylight as it flees, and daydream's spell remains unbroken,
Till the fall of autumn leaves.

Christian Thomas Scott

Letterbound

Then the gentle falling,
Leaves among,
That which all day,
You have done as just another,
As though they are meaningful,
Scarce to behold.
That which pleases me,
Would always lend,
Yet may shatter to its bitter shards.
Thou must never blossom more!
For when they take their love songs,
With the freedom they made,
Accomplish'd each with besetting fears,
So also, you must admit impediments.
For must ye swear against each,
Strange music from islands adrift.
Upon thy grave remain,
Though every heart runs through paradise.
When the sun retires from every branch,
The moon shall warm my evening glow.

Christian Thomas Scott

Nemophilist

Turn ye fabled arms from yon acreage of toil
Though preferable farther long this gift o' Saturn's reign
To every hollow hill in the basins of collection.

As though a cove of parched delirium
T'would prove effective on uplifting whispered spirits of forgotten ancient instinct.
Where naught prevails but that which blew from caelumheav'n.

Then forsake ye those white washed garments 'neath the sun.
They shall purge a shade's repression:
Choking on their self wrought words for change.

Anchored ancient though within and without prescience
This heavy laden atmosphere perpetually
Lulls in soporific-like delusions contravening with veracity.

Though not all olden places are convenienced,
As often in the circumnavigation of a prayer,
Some venues prove untarnished and forthwith preserving all.

Yea constant as renewal grows accustomed opposition
Both from merry men and starved apprentices of debt
Ol' Sherwood lingers on, you pitied cravers of the shell.

For wood is quite substantial under strain.

Christian Thomas Scott

Nightwind

Here with all the earth as roses,
Falling at our feet and when,
They call me back into that place,
My mind remains away.
Fallen branches twist the ground,
Just as springing up they grew,
As wind numbs all the blood of earth
I felt its touch a life ago.
And I repeat, just as all men,
Confined to speech must do,
For I hope in some enriched enigma,
That I may strike upon the chord,
Which plays both unto hearts of men,
And shakes my quiet world.

Christian Thomas Scott

On Flightless Wings

Some branches,
Worn with intermittent hands,
Have grown sturdy. In order that
Time might be spent
Upon
Them.
Small years grow at once: fulfilling
Simple
Steps. Yet
When reached,
The years grow long, for
Only slowly
Do living towers reach
The stars.
And these old scatterings
Of wood,
Have sliced the light
Away.
And again.
Sleeping silently until that crash
Of waves: when the
Wind
Blows.
For what other ship
Has sails for every
Breath?
And when they fall,
Are picked up again?
Have not the flames
Burned hearts
In the mind?
And to this heat, we
Cast our frozen dreams,
That once thawed we might
Recover them,
Before the ashes are consumed.
And frozen
Are the flames
Within the

Green. As lifeblood and
A mist. For unclarity is
Edged.
From earth,
To sky,
The light of world lives.
And giving life in
Footsteps.
Yet only when they feel
For mossy
Blankets, in the darkness,
In the shadow:
Can we breathe?
Yet it is better
To hold on to
Branches.
With our hands,
So time might
Be spent
On sturdy ground
Above the
Earth.

Christian Thomas Scott

Pageworn

Faintest whispers dance upon the page,
In swirling dust of words from abject age,
Drawn from murky silhouettes of calm,
And mysteries of emotion and alarm.
But dry and brittle concepts flake away,
And never settle, never feel the day,
But cool and crisp, the wet and moonlit air
Rejuvenates the soul and darkness there.
Yet in between the daylight and the dark,
The dusk and dawn inevitably mark
The eye and heart with images to find,
And each emotion brings the light to mind.

Christian Thomas Scott

Quiet

Footsteps
Echo
Murmur
Echo
Silent
Sounding
Under
Shade.
Bundles
Hold their
Fronds and
Shadows,
Bricks lay
With the
Dust and
Men.
Berry
Bushes
Secret
Wanders
When the
World is
Waking
Old.
Droplet
Tears
And cold
Attachments.
Some day
Rough wood
Could appear.
Soot drawn
Faces,
Barter
Ageless,
Time is
Not a
Wealth of
Stone.

When the
Light is
Gone forever,
Dust and
Seeking
To begin.
Maybe
time is
Merely fleeting,
As the life
And death
Within.

Christian Thomas Scott

Rain

The feet that pad on mossy earth
Through gilded forests, rimmed with green,
The shadows flit through sunlit air,
To dance upon the frigid streams.
The breaking clouds in scarlet skies
Shine down on waking meadow's glow,
Yet canopy of twisted leaves
Filters down on river's flow.
For winter's shining water's gleam,
Yet daylight dulled with cloudy light
And golden webs within a dream
Will soak the storms of steadfast night.
And falling whispers dare anoint
The drifting of the lofty land
And passing wind and feather's point,
Is ever drowned in sinking sand.

Christian Thomas Scott

Riven Stepping

Presently, they followed bard and whim,
To evanescent tangles, spritely tales.
Bought with fortunes,
As a little time is worth the grain of deep.
Burnt and blackened, tell-tale lovers,
Simmer `neath the gleaming dust.
A darker wind is fondled in the depths.
So too shall hoar of wintry moss
Bolster up the courage for the trees.
Comprising every cleft upon this gateway,
And every melting frost, for this passing hour.
Tilling to the edge and overgrown,
Pushing silt and silhouettes of
Pale and murky death beneath the stone.
Through gossamers a cryptic glow assails,
The droplets of the blood and of the world,
Waking tendrils, drawn as life enthralling,
Tender in the sheen of calm and mist. Yet smoother
As the low, cascading, bark-adorned breaks,
And spreads its weight upon the thickest sand.
As the streams are caught,
And riven down, a morning's
Song moves stepping down the way.

Christian Thomas Scott

Sidewalk

Heat born motion:
In these blurry days, As sensations
Slowly spreading do less
Work upon the mind, The
Sharp abruptness brings
About the piercing cold of resolution.
Though natural land
Burns not for half as fierce, true
Extremes
Reveal the heart in silence.
As artificial as the sun,
Within the room,
Within the walls.
For a time, they sleep:
Dry and slow, unfeeling. As
Though hot breath inspires
Anew, and
Every day is gone forever.
Chaff to blow
And drums along,
Cracked as each rattle
Meter at a time.
Just as we travel, tossed
Along over each and every break
Upon the pathway, widened by
The heat of
Blurry days.

Christian Thomas Scott

Substantial Mist

We dream of those unshackled days,
When moonbeams dance upon our feet,
And clouds like shelter midst the rain,
Where mountaintops and sky shall meet.
And frothing forth as crystal glass,
Flows forth the wind and sun and rain,
And loving life that now has passed,
As though forever lived again.
When all unnatural tendencies
Had not the world and kin disgraced,
For only in simplicities,
Can love and life embrace.
Then let this world be forged anew,
But let no fire fuel the flame,
If only joy and freedom knew,
That each is but the same.

Christian Thomas Scott

The Art Of Dreams

Words are but a shallow well,
With strength to delve within their source
Of power, in the heart and tongue, and long continuations.
Removing logic from the mind,
And blowing like a windless day
In the stormy calm of golden night,
On the clouds of clearest day.
Too sure are we, of truth and that,
Which born on air we grow accustomed to.
Yet when we sit in silence,
For a long and blessed time,
The rhythm of our breathing,
It must be broken at once.
Or else grow pale and cold
From lack of action which as solid
Builds up more potential
Growth. And strokes of patterns on the wall.
Yet every day the hope
Is dying to be kicked out and away.
And to the dream we shall return,
Fragmented lies declare the truth.
Oh, this is no
Reality!

Christian Thomas Scott

The Art Of Fire

When the ground is singed in summer,
By the spears of light, and those that miss
The other orbs encircling:
They are not too close behind.
Every mouthful, heavy laden,
Crisp with lack of saturation
Lost amid a heated torrent,
Fall as lighter than the breeze.
Dance and play the silent window: forests,
Turned and changed by man,
Heavy, do the fire honor,
And salute the splintering bands.
When will they return? Oh, it's been
So very long. So very
Very long to be
Away.

Christian Thomas Scott

The Art Of Forest

Moth bent flutters of a breath,
Yet silent as a whisper, on the wind,
And in the trees. Yet growing ever quietly.
Voices in the heights and in the mind,
No matter origin, are quiet as the
Fall of autumn leaves, in the trees.
Melancholy light, trickles down to gild the green,
And roughly do the branches climb,
Swaying softly in the breeze.
Scarlet light and break and setting,
As the sun is moved or stayed
Reverberates upon the clouds,
Of moonlit sky or fiery day.
No such silence elsewhere found,
With warmth so rampant in my heart,
A waterfall of love abounds,
Cascading from the highest part.

Christian Thomas Scott

The Art Of Love

After the frost left us, and all that shines
gave birth to new light,
We held our hands together, in the orchard.
And every day the dying western sky
would paint his Majesty: not for
the world, but for those moments, that
No one else could pierce, within
A heaven of our own.
And as the light gently faded, our
Fingers wove between each other, between
The stars,
And the meadow lay beneath us:
Quiet as we held our breath,
Quiet as the moon.
And over hill, near we lay, I could
Imagine the trees: swaying in the dark,
And lovely.
No sound but your breathing, and the darkness,
Hiding us away from all the world.
And you: the only thing to tether me to this moment,
Holding me secure.
Lest my dreams carry me within the
Forests of my mind, and darkness
Sweep us both away.
But together, we embrace the night,
Together as we lay: out beneath
The stars, beneath the heavens,
Over clouds.
And each sensation fades away, caressing us
With brevity, replacing with another touch,
And softness of the wind.
And are we still upon the ground?
Or have these meadow flowers sighed,
And given up their hold of us:
Into heavens, into sky.
Floating on this dream of you, in
Moments as we lay,
No longer part of anywhere,
Except this land of velvet night.

Dreams are flitting, through the skies
Of summer, autumn, winterspell.
And all the time that lead us here,
And all the love of dreams,
Is racing through the foggy hills,
Of wanderlust and you.
But still, despite the dreams, we lie under
The stars and moon, the
Sounds of life are with us, to be a
Reminder of reality, and all that lives between.
And although I cannot see you,
Your presence beats within my heart,
Till I can hear your rhythmic breathing, fall
To match my own. And I close my eyes,
And feel the air, and feel your touch,
And silence, and the sound of when
I hold you:
In my heart and in my hands.
Yet only when I whisper out your name:
To the darkness of this moment,
To the stillness of our own,
Does the echo of the trees
Send its greeting on the wind.
If only you were there to hear.

Christian Thomas Scott

The Art Of Shadow

Bend ourselves over the
Water, where the heat blends through
The down, and shines upon us as who
We are, and who we rippled be.
Farther lengthened by the standing, grows
What lives as darker man:
Ever present, ever silent,
Pressing onward.
Still at hand, as if accepted,
Though we move, it stays. And so
Do we. Yet questioned ought we
Make, and sure, that followers
We cannot be.

Christian Thomas Scott

The Art Of Stone

As though a cloth, and soaking still,
Takes all the memory from the world,
If left behind, is lost until,
The buried earth has been unfurled.
And often in the ground below,
Or oft above, as we often go,
A stone adores us, still as swift,
As sacred bark no man may lift.
And since in stationed place remain,
A stone may guide, or shield the rain,
And yet, we all return to stone,
For the life we live is not our own.

Christian Thomas Scott

The Art Of Trees

Wounded giant, face the earth,
And break the heavens with your birth,
Blast the gates of hell with those
That anchor when the torrents blow.
And though the peoples pass you by,
More life in you than meets the eye,
For hasty men have need of rest,
Or need to flee from emptiness.
But you have dauntless stayed secure
As men have lost their dream deterred,
And all they are is dust and bone,
A breath of life, an infant's home.
Yet you bear more than all the world:
Your children in the days of old.
So too you touch the heaven's hand,
And break the doors of hellish land.
If only men had love and peace,
As rich and full as all the trees,
Who make a mockery of man,
And guard his grave with creeping hand.

Christian Thomas Scott

Treadbare

Paint my words upon the canvass of sky,
So all who look to heavens may believe,
That though I knelt beneath clouds of night,
I simply held no voice to calm the seas.
True perfection has not yet been achieved,
By mortal man's simplistic verse and form,
Yet crowning glory may await the deeds,
Of a man who wears his glory crown adorned.
No such man, I say, can walk the earth,
For Lo his feet would far too lightly tread,
Upon his foes and ornamental breath,
And innocence would leave his heart ahead.
Do not be smitten by the voice of truth,
For all who walk the paths are joined to you.

Christian Thomas Scott

Windblown

Our time upon this fleeting earth shall fade,
And fading shall our lives be naught but dust,
For all our deeds and dreams shall be unmade,
And turned to fabled tales of wanderlust.
Just as those traveled frames didst ever bear,
Their weight upon the long and blessed road,
And so their dreams renewed our hearts ensnare,
And bind us in unbinding freedom's glow.
But when our heavy souls have grown in wealth,
And burdened with their freedom seek to fade,
Our songs and glories bright shall end in death,
And all the world shall sing the songs we sang.
Yet no more death can cause our hope to end,
For at this death new journeys shall begin.

Christian Thomas Scott

Winding Hours

The moon has no less radiance than the sun,
Yet here in cloudless night is masked away,
By silken strands of silver spread upon,
The starry sky and masterful array.
Yet standing on the cliffs of lonely sea,
With wind-tossed hair you look upon the shore,
Transfixed in burning love's reality,
To cause our hearts to long for something more.
And though the miles have no scope to measure,
I know that somewhere high and far away,
The stars reveal the height of greatest pleasure,
And you look on in wonder till the day.
Forever changed forever everyday,
Until your eyes have pulled me underway.

Christian Thomas Scott

Wonderlust

Intertwine my fingers with the moonlight,
And rouse my mind in early strength to bear,
The view of autumn morning's crisper sight,
And lace my feet with tender unwound care.
For though the feeble tasks of men are quaint,
In lacking rocky fields and slopes to roam,
They haven't made to break from this restraint,
And live with one another all alone.
Yet here when I return among the trees,
And stand atop the world's uncharted land,
I'll look upon the olden skies and seas,
And know on fleeing ship I soon shall stand.
For what is love but chasing after wind,
And living on the brink of living's end?

Christian Thomas Scott

Woven

The golden hue and wisps of vibrancy,
Reverberates upon the scattered trees,
And flickers of our own fragility,
Are hov'ring in the soft and sunlit beams.
Murmurs of the kin to which we follow,
The sparse and common change of mankind's form:
Shells, unsleeping, dead, unconscious sorrow,
Burn within the coals of quenched reform.
Caught upon the every breath of men,
And upturned roots return unto the ground,
And lay their siege in perilous amends,
To anchor all our essence underground.
Rooted in the dust of who we were,
And buried in the dust of death's return.

Christian Thomas Scott

?????

Thou hast no rod to lay thy lineage straight,
Or forced coercion of those lost before,
As one who presently lives present day,
Present thyself in fabled past no more.
Habits formed are strenuous to keep,
When thou does all in power's name repay,
Unto the nature of what lies beneath,
The cornerstone of common men who pray.
A lower foothold held by feet as sure,
As those who speak with self-bought strength of mind,
Have fullest pride when simple faith abjured
Brings all that every soul had yearned to find.
Yet Lo a day will come when mortal men,
Would die to live that wretched day again.

Christian Thomas Scott