

JOSHUA SCOTT

SHORT STORIES

YOUR EVERY DESIRE: A slivered moon runs its fingers through your hair. Too fast, too soon, these moments fade into thin air. I am a tailor by trade, a man of design. These colored clothes that I've made are sewn to inspire your every desire. I reach for you like a flower for the rain. When I have you, I have nothing else to gain. I am a soldier by trade, protecting this land, your eyes, your body, your face. I have no calling higher than your every desire. The night is deep, the featherbed, the whippoorwill. From dreams I leap into your dreams with animal skill. I am a poet by trade with a handful of words. Every sound that I've made intends to inspire your every desire. **WALKING A STRAIGHT LINE:** I do what I please. I walk in the shade of suburban trees. I covet no man. Those in the dark will not understand. I am walking a straight line. I am taking a straight line out for a walk. I am walking a straight line. I am taking a straight line around the block. I am painting the sky so that my birds have places to fly. I am writing a song so that my words have a place to belong. I beat on this drum to make a sound, to make the rain come. I scatter my jewels into a galley of strangers and fools. I am walking a straight line...I am blind to the past. I let go of things that will not last. I am true to myself so that I am never anyone else. I am walking a straight line. **DON'T LET ME GO:** I walk a fine line between your love and the open road. I feel it all the time, this tendency to run hot and cold. I'll never be your middle man. I'm counting on you to understand. Don't let me go. We're just the outlines of something else here going on. We are the skylines up against that broken dawn. And if I'm living in between what I say and what I mean, don't let me go. **EVERYTHING WILL CHANGE:** I can see her still in an ancient place, across the years, the youthful face. A mother and her only child, I miss her more than once in a while. Then the road took a sudden twist. I was baptized by a young girl's kiss, spent years in revolving doors, chasing ghosts and drinking rain, hoping everything would change. I wandered through museum halls staring at those sacred walls in search of things I could not see like a blind man in a gallery. All across the wide expanse dreamers looking for a second chance. I was innocent, I was guilty too. I was lost when a voice inside my brain whispered, "Everything will change." There's a place the wind blows through the shattered souls of girls I knew who dragged their hearts like tattered clowns in search of love that would not drown. And now my hair is spun with grey like the sky on a winter's day. How I got from there to here in a hundred years I could not explain, except to say everything will change. And when I stumbled on this place, I caught my breath when I saw your face. It's as if I came home to a place I'd never known. I'm deep inside an irony, a prisoner with a master key. And if you look for me, I'll be with the one I love walking in the rain, fearing everything will change. **DOWN FROM THE CROSS:** I know you're sad. I know you suffer, up so high in that cold thin air. Down on the street we ask each other what in the world you're doing up there. My little bleeder, my little girl lost, when will you ever come down from the cross? They hang around like your disciples, hanging on your every word. They kiss your feet, you sign their bibles as you predict the end of the world. My little bleeder, my little girl lost, when will you ever come down from the cross? Around the world nothing but trouble. You never know what comes next. My little girl, she's seeing double. She's just a child. She's too complex. My little bleeder, my little girl lost, when will you ever come down from the cross?

YOUR EVERY DESIRE

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runs its fingers through your hair
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these moments fade into thin air
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a man of design
these colored clothes that I've made
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your eyes\your body\your face
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WALKING A STRAIGHT LINE

I do what I please
I walk in the shade of historic trees
I covet no man
those in the dark will not understand
I am walking a straight line
I am taking a straight line out for a walk
I am walking a straight line
I am taking a straight line around the block
I am painting the sky
so that my birds have places to fly
I am writing a song
so that my words have a place to belong
I beat on this drum
to make a sound
to make the rain come
I scatter my jewels
into a galley of strangers and fools
I am blind to the past
I let go of things
that will not last
I am true to myself
so that I am never
anyone else
I am walking a straight line

DON'T LET ME GO

I walk a fine line
between your love and the open road
I feel it all the time
this tendency to run hot & cold
I'll never be a middle man
I'm counting on you to understand
don't let me go
We're just the outlines
of something else here going on
we are the skylines
up against that broken dawn
and if I'm living in between
what I say and what I mean
don't let me go

EVERYTHING WILL CHANGE

I can see her still
in an ancient place
across the years, the youthful face
a mother and her only child
I miss her more than once in a while
then the road took a sudden twist
I was baptized by a young girl's kiss
spent years in revolving doors
chasing ghosts and drinking rain
hoping everything would change
I wandered through museum halls
staring at those sacred walls
in search of things I could not see
like a blind man in a gallery
all across the wide expanse
a dreamer looking for a second chance
I was innocent, I was guilty too
I was lost when a voice inside my brain
whispered "everything will change"
There's a place the wind blows through
the shattered souls of girls I knew
who dragged their hearts like tattered clowns
in search of love that would not drown
now my hair is spun with grey
like the sky on a winter's day
how I got from there to here
in a hundred years I could not explain
except to say everything will change
And when I stumbled on this place
I caught my breath when I saw your face
it's as if I came home to a place I'd never known
I'm deep inside an irony
a prisoner with a master key
if you look for me, I'll be with the one I love
walking in the rain fearing everything will change

DOWN FROM THE CROSS

I know you're sad
I know you suffer
up so high
in that cold thin air
down on the street
we ask each other
what in the world
you're doing up there
my little bleeder
my little girl lost
when will you ever come
down from the cross?
They hang around
like your disciples
hanging on
your every word
they kiss your feet
you sign their bibles
as you predict
the end of the world
Around the world
nothing but trouble
you never know
what comes next
my little girl
is seeing double
she's just a child
she's too complex

HOW COME?

How come the night is wounded with stars?
how come you're as far away as you are?
how come I see your ghost
no matter what door I close
or where I run?
how come?
How come you still matter to me?
how come you won't set my soul free?
how come I grow old
while the love I used to know
stays so young?
how come?
these are the questions
a child asking why
these are the questions
that have no reply
How come love is so unforgiving?
how come the dead just keep on living?
how come I see your ghost
no matter what door I close
or where I run?
how come?

LIVING IN A DREAM

Traffic winds and slows to a crawl
I pull the night in tight
like a black starry shawl
if you were by my side
you wouldn't ask me why
I'm living in a dream
People stop and say
look, a man made of tin
marooned and forsaken
hopelessly rusted within
but I'm waiting for my best friend
I'm afraid until then
I'll be living in a dream
I keep my feet on the ground
and my head in a cloud
I'm the tallest man in the world
alone in a crowd
till something awakens me
I guess I'll always be
living in a dream

IN MY MIND

You were shuffling down Heartbreak Avenue
it seemed that you were only passing through
and before I could object
you kissed me on the neck
an exquisite little crime
in my mind

You were beautiful and lonesome when we met
your eyes were green or blue then (I forget)
they followed me in dreams
through sidewalk city scenes
that seemed to shine
in my mind

climbing the steps of the city
where no one could find us
down to the ocean
a torment of trees
the story I told
the sun turning gold

I was aiming all my floodlights
on the past
at all the wasted moments
I amassed
but the world I live in now
was built on that somehow
and I feel fine
in my mind

EVERY MAN IS AN ISLAND

I was born undefined
underneath a neon sign
that read "Every Man Is An Island"

And so it was
I roamed the world
and wore my innocence
like a pearl
unaware that
every man is an island
Every man is patrolled
by the woman in his soul
despite the fact
every man is an island
every man is confined
by the borders of his mind

take my word
every man is an island
all I saw was sand
in anybody's eyes
all I saw was
water on all sides
still I built these wings
that I may fly home

Weak love
more or less
magnifies
loneliness
lets me know
every man is an island
True love at its best
gives a man
a place to rest
and I forget
every man is an island

STILL SINGING

Wide awake in the middle of a dream
nothing here is what it seems
the crowd has scattered
and the stage is bare
someone is there
still singing

Lightning struck me when I was young
now I like the taste of rain on my tongue
feel like a winner with a losing hand
and here I am
still singing

I can almost see
the skyline of a promised land
I can almost feel my hand
in my father's hand

There's a woman in a citadel
I've never met her but I know her well
she wrote the music that fills my mind
and after all this time
she's still singing