

Collected Works, Vol. 1
The Collected Works of Nicholas Cottrell

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Introduction

A while back, my poetry won me a statewide award. Ever since, I've been pressured to make a compilation of some of my crap and send it around to be published.

This collection is just a bunch of stuff I threw together, not much thought to it. If you like it, tell me so! My e-mail address is GAFreak@aol.com, write me. I'll write back each and every person by hand, I promise.

Well, on with the show, I suppose.

1. "Spring"

A rose with gentle petals
in the garden grows
amongst the weeds

Love, like the rose
thrives in life's turmoils
like the carefully planted seed

- Nicholas Cottrell

2. "Spiral's End"

Too long have I spent
Explaining what I've meant

Too long have you heard
my ominous words
Whimpering, you cry
on your knees, you die.
-Nicholas Cottrell

3. "Of Teenage Sorrow"

A child's cries in the night awaken the mother, who stumblingly finds her way to the crib. Is it a bottle, or a diaper change? The mother does not know. Inadequacy fills the teenage mother, and blinds her to the child's needs. "Rot in Hell, kid," she mutters, crawling back into a bed where a father should be but wasn't. The child's unrelenting tears force her from her nighttime reverie, and drag her back to the nursery. "Shut up, kid!" she growls drowsily. "Don't you know I have school tomorrow?" But the baby does not know, and her howls fill the night. Lights come on in neighboring apartments, and shouts reach her ears.

"Shut that kid up!"

"Some of us are trying to SLEEP!"

As much as she does not know how to help her tiny child, she remembers how to defend her.

A torrent of curses and insults streams unladylike from her lips, and vanquishes the neighbor's

screams. Breaking into tears at her inadequacy to help her child, she drags herself to her small

refrigerator and withdraws a beer. "I just need more money... I just need more time..." she

mutters, and almost believes herself in her half-drunken state.

In the morning she awakes, seeing that the baby cried itself to sleep.

Kicking over the

beer cans from the previous night, she looked at her alarm clock. Too late to go to school now.

Might as well spend time with the brat to make up for last night.

Dragging out a stroller from beneath half-eaten TV dinners and beer cans, she reflected on

the time when she still loved her child. When Stephen was with her... when she had money to

spend... when life was good. She packed the child into the stroller, and rolled out the door

and down the road to a little park.

Stopping at the pond, she threw stones into the water and watched the ripples rise. She

pondered how easy life would be without her little brat. How easy... and that pond was so deep..

and so dark.... her knuckles whitened around the stroller's handle. So easy...

-Nicholas Cottrell

4. "Nomad"

Across the Earth I stride,
wandering

These sands I'm cursed to ride,
thirsting

Alone I nurture pride,
crawling

And with myself I die,
smiling.

-Nicholas Cottrell

5. "Frat Boys"

Amongst the company of others,
I find myself alone.
These men who act like brothers,
it chills me to the bone.
In salute they raise their beer cans,
(I alone stand without one)
and dub each other "Man"
thinking that getting drunk is fun.

-Nicholas Cottrell

6. "Reflected Waves"

A river flows
beneath my feet
reflection glows
and life seems sweet
I smile at myself and see
the person smiling back
is... not.... me....

-Nicholas Cottrell

7. "Phoenix"

I am impure
for me,
there is no cure
I crawl to light
to try
and fight
the dark within
consumed
by my sin
I see the light
it is so bright
wash over me
and make me be
I become one
my sins are gone
the darkness lost
this light has taught
my life is new
enemies few
I come to terms
my flesh not burn
I look to the sky
and wonder not why
Because I made peace.

-Nicholas Cottrell

8. "My Friend In Misery: An Ode to Missa"

In darkness I shone
Held by Death's bones
Fingers around my throat
Thrown into the acid moat
It ate away my flesh
with darkness and death I meshed
Inside refused to die
because then no one would ask why

On brink I stood and stumbled
around me world did crumble

With friends I went
to you I spoke
My darkness spent
Courage awoke
Inside I live
and to you I give
this little rhyme
in immortal time.

-Nicholas Cottrell

9. "Bleeding"

Can give no more
My flesh is spent
Feel like a whore
To home I went
and ask they did
for more of me
I'm just a kid!
They don't agree.
A man they made
of just a child
To them I've said
"Give me a while"
But time is what
I do not own
that door is shut
freedom, gone.

-Nicholas Cottrell

10. "Observations of Corporations"

Swords locked in a battle of the titans, unknowing people standing beneath continue with their lives. Those that buy and sell us continue the petty squabbles that to us are financial wars. CEOs send their army of lawyers and accountants to do battle on the market, a more bitter field of battle than any foreign soil ever has been. And the foot soldiers of the war go home every day to a wife and two kids who love him only for what he brings in, not for what he is.

-Nicholas Cottrell

11. "Fallen Hero" ***This one is graphically psychotic***

Black trenchcoat flapping in the wind
Dear Lord I know that I have sinned
But I still do my very best
to protect her, and all the rest
from the deepest darkest black
Oh dear God he's coming back
this evil thing that should not be
the responsibility falls to me
from deepest shadows he appears
fills everyone's hearts with fear

Oh my God he has a gun
I'm screaming at them all to run
fast enough is what I'm not
blood is all those bullets bought
filled with rage, I turn around
because now I hear another sound
he raises the gun to come at me
I guess that he cannot see
Everything I care about
Already gone, their lives snuffed out
He is the very worst
he'll kill me, unless I get him first
leaping with a single bound
over the bodies on the ground
I've become a complete wreck
My hands reach out, and break his neck
I won't think about what I've done
After all... I just killed my son.
-Nicholas Cottrell

12. "Singularity"

Above a void I ride, stumbling
and on the ledge I stride, crumbling
inside the hole I fall, screaming
I wish for a quick way back, dreaming
There is no quick way, this I know
The straight and narrow way to go
is the only way back to life
if only I can survive the strife
Kicked in the side, to ground I fall
Stabbed in the back, for help I call
None rush to aid, none come to help
No one loves this discarded whelp

I look up and see a man
hung on a cross, and to me,
he smiles.
I ascend.

-Nicholas Cottrell

13. "Short Views"

Every day is a trial by fire that each man must face to reach the true freedom, the dreams of
the next night that bless a monotone world with a little color. Trapped inside
himself, the
men of the world look to nothing as guidance. A little bud on a little plant gives
freedom to
some, and death to others. Is it worth it? Kids die every day wondering if it is.
Freedom
comes with a price. With a car, you can choose where to go, but you cannot choose
when to die.
Pain gives freedom from reality by making reality so harsh it cannot be faced.
Love gives
freedom from reality by making reality so rosy that it no longer exists.
Greediness lets you
see everything through hundred-dollar-green tinted glasses and everything changes
into a \$.

Music and writing gives freedom by putting your entrapment onto paper and passing it onto other unsuspecting people. And thus the world goes round, the trapping of one man going to another.

-Nicholas Cottrell

If you liked anything you read, write me at GAFreak@aol.com or my home address:

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