

*Words of an  
Ordinary Man*

VOLUME I

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# *A Cry for Help*



He cursed his mother and ran from the house,  
hid behind the garage with a joint in his mouth.  
Chugging on beer and smoking Marlboro Lights,  
crying in the darkness completely out of sight.

She slammed and locked the door,  
screaming not to listen anymore.  
Placing a blade on her skin,  
she began to cut again and again.

He sat in the alley cold and all alone,  
one number away from dialing the phone.  
A needle in his arm and close to death,  
praying to God beneath his breath.

She sat in the tub pumping her fist,  
as the blood oozed from her wrist.  
Brokenhearted and tired of it all,  
no one to hear her silent call.

He lay across the bed with pill bottle in hand,  
mumbling to himself that no one understands.  
Drifting off to sleep without a will to wake,  
a letter on the table to say that it's too late.

She stood out on the ledge shouting into the night,  
asking for forgiveness and the way into the light.  
When a hand reached out and pulled her back in,  
denying the reaper from claiming his win.

It's never too late if you look for the signs,  
the silent screams and distorted minds.  
Take the time and don't turn away,  
you just may save a life today.

*B'*

# *A Sheep in Darkness*



I have climbed the corporate ladder and slowly fell,  
fought my way back from the gates of hell.  
A man with convictions but committed no crime,  
just living each day and buying my time.  
I have drunk with the rich and ate with the poor,  
beaten the best and thrown through the door.  
Tasted the poison that fills all the graves,  
walked in the darkness that evil craves.  
I have cheated death and witnessed the light,  
prayed on my knees and sinned in the night.  
I have strayed from the flock like a lonely sheep,  
waded the waters that were running too deep.  
I have given my heart just to be hated,  
been underscored and overrated.  
I have burnt the bridge and cast the stone,  
been lost in a crowd but stood alone.  
A man with stolen hopes and broken dreams,  
jaded promises and silent screams.  
Just a sheep without a flock,  
forgotten time on a broken clock.



# *Above and Below*



*Sitting here on this Smoky Mountain ridge  
gazing down at the valley below,  
With the autumn colors atop the trees  
a sight of beauty that all should know.*

*While staring across the skyline  
from the balcony of my suite,  
I am deafened from all the noise  
that echoes from the street.*

*Looking out across the ocean  
while the tides put on a show,  
From this tower of faith and hope  
as sailors follow her glow.*

*Seeking out the sceneries  
from the window of a plane,  
Your life keeps getting smaller  
as the fear shadows your brain.*

*Standing at the gates of heaven  
receiving your wings of gold,  
Watching the spawns of the devil  
as they dwell in the pits down below.*



# *Aged to Perfection*



Birthdays would be fabulous  
if you never had to age,  
Just finish out a chapter  
by adding another page.  
Your skin would never wrinkle  
and the gray would never show,  
The bottom would never drop  
and your sight would never go.  
Just a day filled with sunshine  
that pops in every year,  
Joy and celebration  
not calculated fear.  
A day that's covered in chocolate  
with a side of wings and fries,  
Instead of feeling guilty  
looking at your ass and thighs.  
Your day that's made for toasting  
as you stumble with your friends,  
Never worrying about tomorrow  
or if you need some new depends.  
If we could only stay young forever  
remembering the years before,  
Birthdays would be the bomb  
instead of hoping for just one more.  
(Getting old sucks, but it sure is fun getting there.)

