

*Words of an
Ordinary Man*

Volume 2

Donnie Joe Cameron

A Cheating Bullet



I perched myself on a steady limb,
Smith & Wesson and a bottle of Jim.
My thoughts are foggy and not quite clear,
but this heart of mine has brought me here.
Waiting for the moment to even the score,
and eliminate the path to my back door.
I could smell his cologne as I laid in bed,
as I loaded that cheating bullet in my head.
Nestled in the tree on this cloudy night,
staring in the darkness for a flickering light.
Beads of rage are beginning to drip,
and with every shot I tighten my grip.
The porch light flickers as I take aim,
adding my move in this cheating game.
Tainted love in a shadow of lust,
broken vows and betrayal of trust.
A shot rings out with a deafening sound,
as the shadow falls onto the ground.
Laughing out loud as I heard a scream,
while violently shaking from a dream.
For in my darkness was a neon sign,
that mirrored a shadow and face of mine.

—DJC



A Crying Shame



He warmed his hands above the stove
as a roach crawled across the floor,
Holes in his jeans and rips in his shirt
and nothing to eat like the day before.
The snow is piling up out on the street
with the temperature at five above,
His mother is stretched out on the couch
drunk again and showing her love.
Without hesitation he covers her up
with a tablecloth stained with beer,
He whispers softly, "I love you, Mother"
as he fights back all of his tears.
Beginning his journey in the blinding snow
watching cars as they pass him by,
He thinks to himself it's a crying shame
but won't allow his heart to let him cry.
With his stomach aching and feeling weak
he huddles beneath a tree for a rest,
They find him frozen two days later
no coat, gloves, or boots and barely dressed.



A Day for Tears



With her camera in hand
she sits in the crowd,
Feeling worried and sad
but mostly just proud.
As her daughter is called
and walks across the stage,
She knows in her heart
that she must turn the page.
She has tried to hold on
as she grew through the years,
Always knowing one day
that she'd have to face her fears.
For just a brief moment
she found herself lost in time,
Baking cookies in the kitchen
with her daughter of nine.
Between all the tears and pictures
she visited all of her joys,
Like nights they spent together
talking about all the boys.
Just shopping and hanging out
with nothing better to do,
A mother and daughter together
with a heart built for two.
Her trip down memory lane
was a little too hard to bear,
But when reality showed back up
she wished it wasn't there.

She grabbed her daughter by the hand
and whispered in her ear,
“You will always be my little girl.
I just wanted to make that clear.”

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