Poetry Series

Denis Kucharski

- poems -

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Denis Kucharski (November 17,1976)

Having written thousands of poems, dozens of short stories and three novels, Denis Kucharski grew up and was educated in Northeastern Ohio. His primary influences include Herman Hesse, Robert McGovern, Albert Camus, Fyodor Dostoevsky and the philosophy of Nietszche.

My blog is located at http: //www.djklaw.blogspot.com

Works:

Three novels, published on the Internet as:

'The Generation X'ers'

'Educating Luther'

'Confessions of a Hermit'

1000 Poems

I wonder what it's like
To write a 1000 poems

Does Tennyson whisper in your ear?
Does Dylan Thomas have a beer with you?

Or perhaps you hear nothing
The sound of emptiness
Is its own reward

You get the benefit
Of expunging those emotions
A thousand times over

And maybe in that moment
You feel the eternal ripeness
Of a peaceful second.

Denis Kucharski

A Ballad From Lonely Mr. Smith

I used to be a lover-
as in I knew love.
But as the rain fell-
the earth cracked;
along with my exposed heart
Years it spent bleeding,
then scarring
Now grown numb.
Petrified, I think.

Love is now a theory
Something of an intellectual meat
Trying to remember what it
was, I knew of love.

I can utter a thousand
definitions, explanations, of love
But it still eludes me

A dead heart can do that
Or rather do nothing (to be more precise)

Myself a robot
As the world is unfamiliar to me
I am a stranger
A drifter
Lonely in a crowd

Why can't I find
peace within-love?
Perhaps it is communal
My mind finds it
repugnant

But in being so, I feel repugnant
to myself.

Stealing the short hours of life
wasted on self, but loss of that self
is the fruit of my sacrifices
Can one only gain self by giving it away?
It's been so long I can hardly remember

Without love
One is empty, a shell

I'm a computer
Who's self-aware
of his own lack of corporeality.

As you stand and politely smile
Never noticing me crying out for your love.

It would have saved me.

Denis Kucharski

A Big Steaming Pile of Poetry

Opening the newest poetry anthology
Upon my eyes lie there
A steaming pile of poetry
Uttered through self-important pens
And pretentious glances
The remains jackals
Wouldn't dare feast upon.

And there we are
Left with nothing
Found with nothing
And nothing to say.

In a self-consuming
World of woe
I have become
King of the Beggars.

In opening that book
I found in the table of contents
My own name,
And realized
I sat comfortably
Amongst the best of them.
'Better
Best
Bested.'

Denis Kucharski

A Breathless Sunbeam

A breathless sunbeam
Uttered in the moonlight
A symphony of pain
Had found its harmony
Closing the mahongany doors
Of defeat
An antiqued memory
Of a fool's prior days
Became
Becoming
Become.

Denis Kucharski

A Christmas Ornament

I pulled the old Christmas ornament
gingerly from the mouse-devoured box
It had a wind-up lever
the kind which played music
brought from the past
memories of childhood
of a now long dead mother
playing the same tune for me
frozen in time
the little brown bear
upon a rocking horse
and me, awaiting Christmas mo(u) rning
expectant, jubilant,
presently in a house
that long ago was the same
But now, forever changed
'Why do those whom we love have to die'
A tear, falling from my eye
embarrassed, I went outside
and sobbed violently
then went back in, standing tall
and held in a Christmas
and a time
Now long past
and which only survives
inside my memory.

Denis Kucharski

A Continuity of Space And Time

There's a continuity of space and time
A relative relativity
That holds us together
While we ride upon a stream of lightening
Einstein knew that song
And he played it
When Mozart came to frolic
In this bucolic meadow.

Denis Kucharski

A Dedication

A dedication
To that monument
A prayer
For the isolated truth
A hope
For that which has been lost
A glimmer
Of the faithfully departed.

Denis Kucharski

A Dirge For Icarus

Flying upon waxen wings-
Pride induced
The world apathetically
Dismissing-
His tumble to the watery dirge below

To be like
To be a
God
Having choked on swollen pride
Plummeting to the very depths
The tide rolls in to tell the tale
of Icarus damned
By self, pride-
the harshest idol
Man hath known.

Denis Kucharski

A Funny Clown

The drunk clown
wears a painted smile
broken by stubble
smashing a beer
down
on the dimly-lit mahogany
bar-top
the neon signs lulls in the insects
stuck to the trap

swallowing down the pain
ensuing numbness
upon the happy-tortured soul.

The mask-cracked
An unfunny laugh.

Denis Kucharski

A Ginsbergian Relinquishment

A Ginsbergian relinquishment
In beat-rittled moments
of dharma-like ecstasies
Upon sullen mountaintops
You found this supermarket in California
and with Walt Whitman,
carried yourself through the tender endearments
Of an America that was not quite yet
Ready for you.

Denis Kucharski

A Holding Hand

Maybe the world needs
A great touch of compassion
A holding hand
When everyone is broken in pain.
Laying down these clanging swords
Resting together but for a moment
A safety net, an open hand
Where 'righter' hands forget to lend.
A little love where the tenderness left
A little openess to heal the fragmentation.
It's about time.
We can all take so much
Before in that furious pain
We all drown each other
In a sea of frenzy
Before helping each one
Just drift for awhile
And let calmer waters prevail
Instead of each
Trying to make the bigger splash.
We might all just coast together
And save each other
Hand in hand.
Peacefully.

Denis Kucharski

A Literary Boil

A literary boil
Lanced and pussed
Oozing through the remainder
Of this scarred earth
And the cup runneth over
Sun shining through
The light's day.

Denis Kucharski

A Little Japanese Haiku

A little Japanese haiku
All bent out of shape
Poor little haiku.

Denis Kucharski

A Little Security

A little security wouldn't hurt
It might even make sense
But it slipped by
Much like youth
Hiding behind the cracks
Of long distant's Fate.

Denis Kucharski

A Momentary Glory

A momentary glory
A spectacular vision
You've finally arrived
And filled my world
With wonder
With awestruck appreciation
Because I never thought
That I would truly find you.

Denis Kucharski

A New Challenge Has Dawned

A new challenge has dawned
This educational time is over
And now the mustard must be cut
But I've no experience
I've paid for the past with each moment
And look to build something
A sandcastle on the beach
An ephemeral sculpture
Contained in protean jewels.
My bedrock has been washed away
My mother now gone three years
An orphan made to stand
Upon this windswept beach alone
Wondering when the certainty will come
That has always been denied
And how security
Is merely an illusion
Much like the hope
Of a universe
Endeared to our plight
Or the welcome bosom
Of something better afterward.
It took me years to grieve through that process
I wouldn't let him go lightly
But now I've found
Gentle comfort within myself
And a detached joy
That comes from knowing
At the end of this long journey
A quiet rest awaits
A dreamless sleep
Much akin
To before conceived existence
We all have previously known.
I humbly stand before the precipice
Of a new life that awaits
As before,
I really don't know if I'll rise to the challenge
Or fall down trying
Only Patience can tell.

Denis Kucharski

A New Ipod

A new Ipod
Hoping to make up
For that what was lost
Which might never be found
In the soul of one's heart
Broken
Unmended
Unhealed.

Denis Kucharski

A Poem of Friendship

Thanking you, for all the given deeds
And heartfelt cares we both adore

Thanking you, for having courage
To enter into the dialogue of ages

Cutting the distance between two souls
And compassionate glances between you and I

Thanking you, for mirthful smiles
And endearing nuances

Thanking you for timid laughs
When humor fell flat

Thanking you for your blessed soul
And having basked in the radiance of it

Thanking you, along with the angels of heaven
For having blown the trumpet of grace upon me

Thanking you, for who you are, who you will be
And the God-given gift that is you

Thanking you, for having met eyes with me,
For having impacted my life so deeply

Thanking you, for the greatness of your being
The very shadow of your existence illuminates this Earth

Thanking you, for your brilliance
It has shined through my intellect

Thanking you, for your attention
By acknowledging me you have given me life

Thanking you, for having let me touch your heart
And trusting me with your soul to care

Thanking you, my beloved friend,
You sweetly adorn
The hearth of my life
With your loving kindness.

Denis Kucharski

A Postcard from the License Bureau

I got a postcard from the license bureau
'Patricia Kucharski, your driver's license is expired.'
(That was my mother)
She died three years ago
But still gets official mail
If only the bureaucracy could have made her immortal
I wanted to renew it for her
If only to bring her back
Perhaps 'they' know what nature did not.
I suppose she won't be driving anymore
One last piece of mail
That legitimizes her presence
But one step closer
To also being gone.
I hope she keeps getting a bit more.

Denis Kucharski

A Self-Imposed Hermitage

A self-imposed hermitage
In atheistic splendor
My existential devotional
My prayer's to secular glories
To that which might yet come
If we only dream a little wider
And hope a little louder
Then maybe freedom might come
Amidst the turmoil
Of giving up some lesser dreams.

Denis Kucharski

A Stale Turn of Phrase

A stale turn of phrase
like sushi
lie dead in my mouth.
Rotting,
a filthy corpse
Decomposing my consciousness
And rotting my dissolved brain.

Denis Kucharski

A Sullen Haze

A sullen haze
A reminder at dusk
The pinprick
Of a sting
The chant
Of a silen moan
A maelstrom
Whipped
Through the whirlwind
And left me breathless
Looking into your sunbeam.

Denis Kucharski

A Tempered Moment

A tempered moment
Of intemperate glance
The vineyards
Wine rolling through
Unspoken delights
Contained in this rose's curse.

Denis Kucharski

A Thundercrack

A thundercrack
His eyes close
The birth of death
Begun.

Denis Kucharski

A Voiceless Winter

A voiceless writer
A sky without stars
A pain without end
A toil without gain
All of these are reprehensible
To the Muse.

Or rather the ending
Of a summer day of
Unrequited love
Spent in mournful
Silence of the years
Slowly having passed
Gently by

Or dewdrops from the rain
Nestled amidst snowflakes
In individual spaces
Of microcosmic fantasy
Redeemed. We are all
Redeemed.

Denis Kucharski

Adam And Eve Had No Idea

Adam and Eve
Had no idea
That they weren't wearing Abercrombie
Or that Little Johnny Go Shop
Stole their innocence
While they were busy bathing
In the river of inequity
Knowledge of self-sent within.
Eroding the boundaries
Of better reason's edge
And making night
Of this great light.

Denis Kucharski

Addled

Addled, raddled, and battled
Angst held its wake
Upon my countenance
And threatened the very core
Of my humble soul's embrace
And shook me to the marrow
Leaving me no choice
But dread, dread, and dread.
The pain crushing
All the better parts of me
Despite Fate's good fortune
I, left with this disease
Which spared no one
Especially me.
Who coldly and defiantly
Shakes his fist
Fights to the last dawn
Determined
To overcome it
Before it overcomes me.
I am the last of my kind.

Denis Kucharski

Alcohol

Alcohol
Rubbed its way
Through your better moments
And found an abandoned light
Hid amongst the darkness
Nestling its way into the crevasse
Of passion's tender touch
The monster made sleeping
The kingdom now found
I reach across the ages
And find you now
In tender embrace.

Denis Kucharski

An Empty Street At Dusk

Mulling down an empty street at dusk
The bitter cold throbbing through
Ashen stones on frozen cobbles
And the sound of icen bells
Tolling for a wasteland
The animals, burrowing the lands
Scavenging on the trashen remains
Of frolicked days and business afternoons
Remainders of a sun-kissed dawn
Hearing echoes of shallow laughter
Made in ephermal jest
Waltzing down the lanes,
The silence screaming a gentle hue
Of peace, alone, unperturbed
Silence before creation dawned
But with the sun, cometh life
And the break of morning, astirs
The milky dew pierced by inevitable clangings
Of shattering consciences in the wake
And silence pierced
This bubble in time collapsed.

Denis Kucharski

An Enlightened Chapter

I don't know if this makes any sense
But I love you
Desperately, and with complete abandon
You were and are
My world
And the day I met you
Is a yesterday
But the time I've loved you
Has been forever.
You are
An enlightened chapter
In my life, the story of which
You still continue to write
With your love
With your grace
And with your beauty.
I see your smile
I hold you in my heart
And treasure you as no other
You are, to me
A vision of illuminating grace.
My angel
Splendor of heaven sent.

Denis Kucharski

An Exercise

It's an exercise
An exercise in futility
The way these paths
Intersect and cross
And make confused
Clearer notions
Of crisp resolve
And determination's grasp.

Denis Kucharski

An Imbalance

There was an imbalance
A choppy rough at sea
A distant turning
Away from the greater truth
Somehow, something
Became just disheveled
Untempered, unannealed.
And better judgment got lost in the mix
And we, left the inheritors
Of a broken willow
A snapped branch.

Denis Kucharski

An In Between Time

I'm in
An in between time
And nevertheless
These creaky old bones
Grind on
Into oblivion
Not quite sure
What this all means
Or where I'm going
When here I am
And where I've been
Not even seem
Clear anymore

Denis Kucharski

Another Day Ticks By

Another day trickles through the hourglass
The hands of time have their due
And in the meanwhile
We look to each second
Savoring the future
Of a past that never came.
We look to the heavens
While sinking into the abyss
And pray for watchful glances
Of love's paramour.
We taste the moment
Before it turns to salt
And contain the residue
Of our heart's content.

Denis Kucharski

Another Photograph of You

Another photograph of you
It's been ages since we've met
You fell behind the chasm
Left in the crevasse of time.

Cancer stole you away
Along with my dreams
Of a better tomorrow.

We never knew what the future could hold.

Denis Kucharski

Anxiety Got The Best Of Me

Anxiety got the best of me
And made short work of my dreams
And stole my treasure
Taking this moment and whisking it away
What do we do
When hope becomes terminal
And the future no promised reward?
We look to the heavens and our eyes are seared
We stare down below and taste a mouthful of dirt.
Wishing we might find
Something to hold onto
Something to make sense
And a little luxe for this moment.

Denis Kucharski

Anxiously Awaiting

There I was, my darling
Anxiously awaiting your presence
Holding my breath
For what seemed an eternity
Like a splash of sundew
You arrived on my countenance
And filled my world
With joy and love
The summer solstice
Begun.

Denis Kucharski

Are You A Prostitute?

Are you a prostitute?
Who pays your bills?
Is it a green eyed beast
With shareholder tentacles?
That unseen mower
Of human souls?

I look to the Left-and see homelessness
I look to the Right-and see the devil in a suit
I look to the Center-and find nothing
I look above-and feel the stoney silence

Where do I turn
In this strange abyss?
Which direction have things gone?
And why can't I find my bearing?

As a child
I thought my parents knew the answers
The moment I realized they didn't
My world shattered
The angst settled in
And never left home.

It's a cold day here in Kansas
When there's no balloon
To take you back to Oz.

Denis Kucharski

Are You A True Man?

Are you a true man?
Do you grunt
Scratchle
Or burp?
Has your fried chicken
And your porno
Gotten the best of you?
Do you discard your saliva
And lick your chops
And berate Oprah
While sniffing scratches
And engaging
In sporting commissions
Making ends meet
Until you make your end?
Have you got lockjaw
And did the rusty nail
Find its way
Into your coffin?
I watch you groan tonight
And grunt, tiger-like
Before the almighty altar of dispair
As you feel yourself vibrating
Your way into nothingness
Testosterone having had its due.

Denis Kucharski

Are You Comfortable?

Are you comfortable
Sitting there in your nicotinic glory
Immersed in alcohol-induced tremors
In your air-conditioned Nihilism?
Do you feel comforable tonight
Munching on McDonald's
Taking Tylenol
And praying for all that anxiety
To just go away.

Denis Kucharski

Attendance

Attending church
I hear the sounds of hope
And see angelic prayers
Uttered in sincere abandon
Yet somehow that faith has abandoned me
And I just can't find it again
If I could believe I would
If I could return to that safer place
In a moment I'd resign myself.
Instead I am condemned
A prisoner of my own 'truth'
Left alone
To lick my wounds
And recognize
That there's no hope for tomorrow
That today is all we have
Yet I'm okay with that
I can accept a dreamless sleep
After a life long spent
In heavy toil
It to me is a comfort
Knowing that this moment is so precious
And no one can take that away from me
Not God, not Death
Only Despair
And I chase him away
With love, with hope
And most of all,
With art.

Denis Kucharski

Beethoven Went Deaf

Beethoven went deaf
And Dali went mad
And no one ever found
The end of their rainbow
Or where the shamrocks
Exuded better luck
Or how the arrows
Of Fate might make sense
When the absurd
Falls like stardust
Upon this empty praire
And reminds us
That we too
Are all too mortal.

Denis Kucharski

Beethoven's Lament

In the farthest reaches
Of love's embrace
We found bitter connection
In a world of fragmentary loss
And held in the better part
Of a world now gone mad
You were the greater light
Of despair's defeat
And a pain of shadows
Made in your wake
I hold you close
And savor you
As you digested
The better part of me
I don't miss you
You never thought of me
We never knew each other
I take my last breath
This bitter comedy
Has found its end.

Denis Kucharski

Behind Fiery Lines of Pretense

Behind fiery lines of pretense
Lie vast oceans of woe
Nestled in between
A gulf of dread
And tucked between
Hope and better promises
Truth lies hidden.
Waiting for us
To unwrap it.

Denis Kucharski

Being A Nice Guy Gets You Shot

Being a nice guy gets you shot
Just ask Jesus
Gandhi,
Or Martin Luther King Jr.
We detest those who slap
Love in our faces
And bite down on those
Who offer their lips
For kissing.
We swallow swords
Instead of peace
And find ourselves
Digesting
The better part of ourselves
And it happens every day
The next genocide is tomorrow
The Tribe demands it
Xenophobic
Zylophones
Playing hymns
Upon the bones.

Denis Kucharski

Bottled Up Inside

Bottled up inside
There's a volcano
And eruption
Of emotional upheaval
Just waiting to blow
Beneath this quiet surface
When all seems still

Nature dawns it's beckoned face.

Denis Kucharski

Buying Time

Today I've been working very hard, toiling to buy time
So that we might spend it together.
I've been desperately searching, scratching
At the earth of life, filing, scraping
A meager den and furrow
So that we might nourish each other
And nature has given few things freely
As Adam's curse scratches back at us
The dirt doth freely humor find
In our humble hearts.
Oh my love, how I long to be
Nestled with you in our simple home
Made deep and rich with love.
And our nest of comfort and joy
Beckons for our return.
At the end of the weary day.
Tediousness has no patience.
Nor the mundane.
The two titans of the common.
My love, you are the flow—
The essence of the ages find meaning
In your sweet lips and your blessed
Forever one wonderous soul.
And so our bodies may be divided-
Distance has its due
There shall never be a crevice
Between me and you—
Our hearts are one forever.
For all eternity.

Denis Kucharski

Caffeinated Aspirations

Caffeinated aspirations
nicotine addled musings
of an espresso throttled mind
made perfectly nervous
by virtue of a plant's resin
My addled brain diffused
In wide-eyed wonder
The makings and markings
of a side-stepped universe
The vast expanse
The lights, the stars, the openess
All made within.

Denis Kucharski

Campbell Soup Youth

My youth in a can
Is getting moldy
On hold
It's starting to
slip out of my grasp...
forever

Denis Kucharski

Cigarettes Were Crying Out

Cigarettes were crying out from their ashtrays
Calling me to rescue them
From their unjust reward
Snuffing out my willpower
Breaking and bending my better judgment
Forcing me to live
In this moment but stealing the next
I am left with nothing but this very second
Inhaled, exhaled
But never exhaulted.

Denis Kucharski

Coffee With Nixon

I forgive you
For you are a part of us.
We are you.

Just a dirtier part
Exposed, more manifest
Something tucked away

It's alright
History won't remember
The fouler marks

The greatest judgment you face
Comes from within
You were condemned from the beginning

If only we had the heart to know
That which you already did
And were so afraid
That we might come to know it, too.

Denis Kucharski

Cold Hearted One

You are the devil
You are the dark one
How can this be
That I am near
The heart of darkness?

I want you to care
I can't make you love me.

So now I'll go away
Not for your sake
But for mine.

I am excising you
From my life, from my heart
Because I just can't take it anymore

And when you die
I dare not speak
Or utter

The depravity of your name.

Denis Kucharski

Cosmic Seabreeze

I felt against my face
A cosmic seabreeze
A gentle reminder
Of stars that have passed
Of moons that have defaulted
And galaxies of love
Left unrequited.
I looked to the planets
And found another world
Containing its own
Measure of grace, beauty
And love
Beyond the farthest reaches
Of my own desolate imagination.
And with humility,
I closed my eyes
Let the wind sear my cheeks
Cut to the bone
And in humble resignation
Grieving
For a world of sorrows
I regret
Never having contemplated
Or felt sympathy for.
It was my measure
Of belated solidarity.

Denis Kucharski

Creative Musterings

creative musterings
of chinese spices
and egg rolled trances
waiting for that wasabi
to gingerly clear away
the bitter taste of my palate
that never knew
how an appetizer
could be so empty
as $3.00 wanton soup
but the sushi was so satisfying
its raw reality
filling the alleys and gateways
of pleasure induced trance
forgetting that it's noon
and i'm not at work
working on a good time
a momentary respite
from time's embrace.

Denis Kucharski

Dali Had So Many Ideas

Dali had so many ideas
He was a real thinking machine
Velasquez's moustache
Held below those fiery eyes
His father never really approved
Of the imagination that proved
To be a tidal wave
And washed clean the previous boundaries
Of thought's greater grasp
And he and Miro, Man Ray
And a few other scoundrels
Found themselves
Recreating surreal notions
Of Dada like perceptions
Giant scissors chopping up the world
The chance encounter
Of a sewing machine
And a screwball.

Denis Kucharski

Damn The Sails!

Damn the sails! And those onward bounded ships of lore!
Travel on, good fellow, into that eternal night of blissful wonder.

Hear not the callings of the few and imaginativeless!
Harken not to your younger days of timid recreation.

Pray to the gods for deliverance from your oppression!
Head straight to the valley of freedom
Beyond the ridge of rueful despair
Toward the summit of lofty thoughts
Wafting up from the heavens inside your soul.

Remember well the stories of fairies
Of the pixies and talking dragons.

Damn the sales and those pirates too
For having sent you to this empirical land
Where even giants find themselves endangered

Let not the hours and tiny details of time
Repress your fundamental essence

Head forth into something grander, deeper,
Exhausting your soul in poetic entrance
Sail down, beyond the peaks and valleys of woe

Sail high, above the murky waters of mediocrity
Sail through the dense fog and the repressive stench
That was bred into your corn-flesh.

Denis Kucharski

Dear Mr. Gupta

Dear Mr. Gupta
You've told me
Of Gita like evenings
Where Krishna
Arjuna
And Parveet
Meet
And discuss the implications
Of Ganesha's feet
We look to the promise
Of what compassion might bring
And pray for enlightened moments
That only the Buddha might know

Denis Kucharski

December 2006

December,2006
The last one we'll ever see
Because this time is ephemeral
Nature transitory
And little Johnny Go Shop
Never stopped
To realize it never mattered.

Denis Kucharski

Depression

Depression made this mind
Ground grindingly to a halt
The gears locked
Rusted in bellworn treads
This tender heart
Crushed and frozen
Waiting for the thawing
Of this icy age.

Denis Kucharski

Deuxieme Langues

A barrier of words
notions, language potions
come between these two
eager hearts
by the Tower of Babel's curse.

Denis Kucharski

Did I Mention I Turned Thirty?

Did I mention I turned thirty?
And do thirty more remain?
Where has this time dissolved
And what coastal region finds us
Combing the sundewed beaches
Treading along bellworn paths
Waiting for that light to shine
And make heaven
In this darker place.

Denis Kucharski

Dinner Date With Deep Blue

Deep Blue and I
Over a tiny dinner
Before a game of chess
I had quiche
He had some oil.
I fed him some butter
And he smoked,
Threw a tantrum
And blew his lid.
I guess we won't
Be playing chess tonight.

Denis Kucharski

Dire Fate's End

Dire Fate's end
Chopping through that ribbon
Cut through time
And forged in steel
The beginning, end and middle
Of my life's course
Some ribbons longer
Other shorter
There I go
Coasting along a sunbeam
And finding myself
On the other side of hope.
Waiting for that tender day to come.

Denis Kucharski

Ditch Witch

Turn from me
You wretched, defiled one
with your soulless promises
and hollow smiles
while your shell kisses my lips
plague my memory no more
you cursed creature from below
consumer of purity and hope
mother of lies
I shun the moment we met
drawing me to the fathomless deep
Below God's goodness
to your dwelling place of filth
and stink.
of demon-adorned depravity
where I was only barely able to
escape from;

Take your lies and go
away from my memory
forever.

Denis Kucharski

Do You Got Blu Ray?

Hey
Do you got Blu Ray?
Why not?
What's wrong with you?
Obsessed with your DVDs?
Or your 8 Tracks
'Records'
And other accountrements?

Silly viewer
Get Blu Ray
It will save your soul
Like a digital Jesus.

Denis Kucharski

Do You Suppose Artists Know Better?

Do you suppose artists know better
That squirrels in their limbs
Can only carry so many nuts
Or that pride
Has even its limits
Or that my unholy car
Won't always work
Or that the Joneses
Sometimes can't be kept up with
Or that cells
Sometimes turn into cancer
Even when we do nothing
And that exercise
Won't stop the erosion
Of these rice-papered joints.

Denis Kucharski

Do You Suppose Santa Knew?

Do you suppose Santa knew
That alarm systems
And the speed of light
Never might contemplate
The humble reach
Of his imaginary existence?
Or whether reindeer
Might combust
When pondering
The speed of their own might?
Or whether elves
Might ponder
The implications
Of two honeybees
Away from their nests
In the dark of winter?
Or whether poor children
Might eat Santa's cookies
Piss him off
And cause an end
To this whole shebang?
Perhaps it's better left
To singing carolers
And queer reindeer
Dressed like women
Attending drag parties
And smoking crack
With Little Johnny Go Shop
And Ronny Rat Burner.
In their Maytag boxes
Roasting chestnuts
And burning Abercrombie clothes
For warmth
Waiting for Juan Valdez
And Godot
To bring coffee
Maybe a little meaning
And some Yuletide
Whatever that is
For Christmas to come
And a little more love
Beyond this Nintendo's promised grasp.

Denis Kucharski

Do You Think They Might Write Lovesongs?

Do you think they might write lovesongs
About how cruel fate had twisted us
Bent our malleable fires
And annealled our tender hearts
Shaping them into something stronger
And helping us to last our way through
The turgid defeats of time?
In a corporal trance
I look to the heart of your mystery
And hold you in my heart
Until we all become one.

Denis Kucharski

Does A Poem Exist?

Does a poem exist
If no one dares to read it?
Or whether it lays tucked in your heart
Away from the clamoring throngs
Of critics and naysayers?

I do believe it still exists
Because it has a foundation
Rooted in hope
Affixed in pride
And anchored in love.

It is because of these things
A gentle poem is born
And takes its place
Among the celestial heavens
Where there it resides
Until all are one

Denis Kucharski

Driving Down Existential Paths

Along uncertain ways and valleys
In through existential highways
And multiple bi ways
Heading along in the uncertain rain
Wondering when the storms will come in again
Dawning suns and morning dusks
Playing along on ecstatic murmurings
Resolving to scale the heights of sublimity
Only to fall once again to human levels
Observing the path of the subdued life
Inside a tempestuous heart
Lay a fiery inferno of emotion
Never shown, never exhausted, never drained
Only to expel and manically rise again
In abstract voices and uncertain cries
The soul begs for mercy and redemption
Of a life spent in quiet, soil toil
And inward glances not easily spent
Looking down this gravel road
The mind transversing a freeway
Life is an uncomfortable flower
Begging from the sound of the Lotus
Enlightenment a book, a travel, a journey away
when shall one know the righteous way?
In uncertain times uncertain travels beckon
Forces with which one dare not reckon
The heart an insatiable lust
That creative power doth not crush
Harnessing the coats and funeral pyres of time
Wondering when the reaper might call
With unfurled, unbounded cries of heavenly recompense
The banner, the song, burst forth till skull hath cracked
Snakes, recoiling, slithering in bounded leathery coils
A protean metaphor of symbolic abstractions
Of crimson-eviled eyes bursting, gushing forth
A vomit of emotions in colorful hazes
The head in dazes
The mind in cognitive phases
The writers of old clamoring their celestial cries
Singing out to heavenly glories cloaked above
In analogical, imaginative glances
Throwing stones at clay houses
Protocols of broken down bureaucratic propriety
The artists made their advance
The earthly places shaking from the murmur
Of androids with humanly souls
As the concentric cosmos
Relativistically swirls beyond normal consciousness
And Buddha, Krishna, and Jesus shake hands
Dissolving into one another in pluralistic embraces
And the fountain of life is tasted by the multitudes
Drinking of the cup, the blood of life

Come straight from the eternal Ganges
In the holy sea of Jerusalem-Rome
Historical breakdowns and metaphysical enclosures
Wrapped in riddles and shrouded in acknowledged mysteries
All are one,
All are one,
All are one,
Amen.
The trinity of the explosion of the creation of the world,
The cherubim, the seraphim, and meditative glances
Of godly manifestations
Of the modes of the One God
Relationally relating to human subjects
In eternal oneness, unity, and love
Love is the root of existence
Love the foundation of being itself
Love related to love related to love

Denis Kucharski

Electric Juice Machine #6

A fragmented reality
of surrealistic completion
Hides by the obscure palate
Masking the heart-felt remorse
embedded in the heart.

Denis Kucharski

Elmo Gets Emo

Emo met Elmo
And the two went to Phillips
Where they emotionally
Emoted
Several emanating
Emotive
Emotions.

Denis Kucharski

Fear

Fear
That which refuses
To allow us to live
To breathe
To know
Wrapped in a world
Of dogmatic entrance
God help us all
Save us from God
Because we've all become
God's madmen.

Denis Kucharski

For J.S. Bach

You were a torrent
Filling the world with art
With children
With love
God
Man
Nature
All still resound
Because of the marvel
That was you.
I sit here,
listening
to the Goldberg Variations
And reach out to you
Across oceans of time
To greet and welcome you
To the present of this bountiful shore
And have you know
That you have lived on
And that you are one of us
And we,
So surely,
Don't deserve you.

Denis Kucharski

For Salieri

I was jealous of you.
From the moment
I heard your splendid voice.
Or encountered the workings
Of your lofty mind.

Much grander on the summits
Of sublimity.

Heights I would never know
Or fathom
And so I had the choice
To love you or hate you.
By choosing the former
I avoided the latter

Way to true loss
Avoiding damnation
From the beatific vision
Of your precious presence
And most of all-

Love.

Denis Kucharski

For Walt Disney

There you were
imagining a future
no one could touch
a vision of grander scale
because you dared to dream;

And we, left the inheritors
of your lofty legacy
benefactors of your beauty
You dared to make a world
Which we dare not even dream.

And with humble thanks
we look to your creation
holding on to childhood
long after time forgot
Courage was the center of your soul.

With a smile
a brief glance at your kingdom
I feel the magic,
hold the truth
and hope to perservere
in your precious dream.
I, me, Mickey and our children
So greatly thank you.

Denis Kucharski

Garbled Freedom

Garbled freedom
Tongue twisted diversions
A bug in the maelstrom
A tidal wave of defeat
All mashed together
In this addiction's curse.

Denis Kucharski

Gas Prices

We'll never have an electric car...
We went to the moon
Walked in space
Cured polio
And decrypted our DNA
But gas was too intoxicating
And we've been getting drunk
For 100 years
We should colonize the moon
And drill for oil
Perhaps that would be easier
Than merely making an electric car
Oh well, gotta go
Time to vote
For Bush III!

Denis Kucharski

Glimpses

I saw glimpses of the future
Little nothings, held within the hourglass of time
I awoke to the smell of nothing
Caught between my sight and the mind's eye

Where has the moment gone
When we were in the same world
Looking into each other's eyes

Wondering when a better day might come.

Denis Kucharski

He Consistently Wrote Poems

He consistently wrote poems
All through the years
A literary avalanche
A forward dedication
It held him
And his interest
And nurtured him
Through his darker musings
Reminding him
That he was not alone
And that his voice
Did have a meaning
And that sense
Could be made
Of all of this
Or at least the promise
Of it hoping so
Could be.

Denis Kucharski

He Has A Low IQ, Mildred

He has a low IQ, Mildred
Farmer Fred said
Don't expect much
To come from that dim bulb
Or have higher expectations
From his lowly brain.
He'll be your child forever
And preserve your youth
In his poor retarded brain.

Denis Kucharski

He Marilyned His Manson

He Marilyned his Manson
And with gothic intrigue
Tried to decipher
A cryptic glance
And in holding
The cornerstone of paradox
He, like Iggy
Built a glam rock empire
That confounded us all.

Denis Kucharski

He Played A Villain

He played a villain
So you don't have to.
He played a villain
So there's someone to blame
He played a villain
Until the truth came home
And spoiled all the conveniences
That the lies did bring.

Denis Kucharski

Heading Down the Pathways of Time

Struggling down the pathways of distance
Strolling down the lanes of meaningful ways
Praying to the creatures of inspiration
To whisper their divinities in my ear

What was it I heard?
The gentle waftings of the spirit
Crying to me from the heavens?

I pray that God in his glory has blessed
This uncertain soul with love
And joy and happiness may abound
But in pain, redemption and love

Denis Kucharski

Health Care Protesters

Support da troops!
You can take my guns...
When you pry them from my cold dead fingers!

Keep your government hands
Off my Medicare

As I lose another job
Worry about gay marriage
And my kids die from the flu
Without health care

I'd rather be dead
Than red

Too bad I'm just retarded.

Denis Kucharski

Here Come the Mice

Here come the mice
The ones utterly immune
To little D-Con death.

And like skeletons
Grim reapers
They remind me
All our interests divest
Each other in mutually allay.

Those little creatures
Mirrors
Of the existential dread
Held too close within.

I grieve for them
As I do for the others
They've evolved
And become
Utterly unrecognizable to me.

Denis Kucharski

Here You Go, Beethoven

Here you go, Beethoven
With your wispy hair
And dramatic flair
Worlds abounded
In your heart's countenance.
A torrent of passion
Slammed through your chest
And made bitter wind
Of far less nobler hearts.
Of this world
We were not yet ready
To fully comprehend
The depth of your mystery.
And in that quiet world
Greater thoughts did lie
The solitary genius
Knew no bounds
But mortality itself
And that, shall remain
For your Immortal Beloved.
The ages sing to you
And leave their noble depths
To you.
We, the inheritors
Of your lofty legacy.
Oh, how we so
Didn't deserve you.

Denis Kucharski

He's Gone Now

He's gone now
We never felt him go
A little part of that remains
So cruel that he might be taken from us
Our strange gift
So wistfully stolen
In that poor night

We never knew what we had
Until it flew away.

Denis Kucharski

His Story Is Over

His story is over
The book is closed
The final chapter written
And underwhelming life
Waiting for better things to come
The old book has grown musty
Locked away in an archive
Remembrance of things past.

Denis Kucharski

Hoodwinked

Hoodwinked, bamboozled and bewildered
I lay atop the smoky hillside.
Unaware of what lie ahead.
And in fiercer moments
I held my head in grief
And shouted in joy
And with resignation cried
Because the answers
Were with me all along
And I, in searching for them
Found nothing in between.

Denis Kucharski

How Are You Sleeping Tonight, My Darling?

How are you sleeping tonight, my darling?
Have angels in their heavens found you rest?
And has peace and greater joy embraced you?
I think of you on this lonely night
And remember you with such love and affection
You are everything to me
I treasure your smile
Your gentle laughter
And think of you fondly
Wishing I could be there to hold you
And have you with me, always.
You are my all
And from my distance
I place a gentle kiss
Upon your tender cheek
And savor you in that moment
For you, to me
Are more real than real
And my love for you
Still all the more so.
Goodnight, my darling angel.

Denis Kucharski

How Did This Happen?

How did this happen
I've found myself
Washed up on this empty beach
A discarded clamshell
A stranded jellyfish
Waiting for the tide
To roll back in
And carry me to freedom.

Denis Kucharski

How Strange

How strange
That aliens look like emaciated Ewoks
Or that Chewbacca is a throwback
To the swingin' 60's.

Our time is even more weird
We wake up
Get up
Bailout
And wait for the bow to break

While CEOs and their parachutes
Come tumbling down after.

Denis Kucharski

I Can Feel It

I can feel it
Here we go again
My mind, slowing down
Grinding to a painful halt.
The headache, the agony
The hours of suffering
Upon me to endure
And nothingness
A blank page
The chalice empty
An arid desert of the mind
Nothing left, nothing to share
You have caught me at zero.

Denis Kucharski

I Can't Believe It's Not Butter

I can't believe it's not butter
And there's no margarine left
Just a little Oleo
To butter up the margins
And leave better sense alone
It's not too heart smart
To leave a butter bud
Where the oil should be.

Denis Kucharski

I Can't Capture in Pictures

I can't capture in pictures
What you were to me.

I can't remember in song
The way your touch felt

I see the video
And hear the ghost

Of a time that has befallen me
Never to be again.

Denis Kucharski

I Dashed Off A Poem

I dashed off a poem
and then a few lines of smiles
in the precious moment
when time fades and all begins
made now into stardust
collapsed hopes like black holes
engulfing the regions
deep inside our hearts
Screaming into the night
Tearing through the wildnerness
A silent cry of hope
For a past that forgot us.
And a present that could never catch up.
And with these thoughts I retired
for the evening
awaiting the dawn of a new day
made ever the same.

Denis Kucharski

I Don't Know How You Think I Couldn't Love You

I don't know how you think I couldn't love you
But with that same smile
That seem vision of perfection
That same self-conscious glance
That pierces my better judgment
And renders me ineffectual
Before your greater charms
You have reduced this tower to rubble
And made me weak
With your feminine stare
I remain your willing slave
Because love
Has deemed it so.

Denis Kucharski

I Don't Know If It Matters

I don't know if it matters
That I had breakfast
Or dinner, or that I skipped lunch
When there are insects
Trapped in spiderwebs
And people receiving chemo
When Insurgents are murdering
The very best of us
And we make honeycombs
Of disappointment, regret
And strange despair.

Denis Kucharski

I Don't Suppose Anyone Will Notice

I don't suppose anyone will notice
When I slip into that cruel night
And when icicles
Drip their away into nonexistence
No one is there
To catch their remains
As it pours through the fingertips
Of unfair existence.

Denis Kucharski

I Don't Suppose It's So

I don't suppose it's so
That any of this could make sense
Or that what we thought mattered
Really ever did
And while we look to the stars
The heavens come crashing below
And find ourselves
Alone, despairing
In this mishappen land of dreams.

Denis Kucharski

I Felt Death Looming

I felt death looming
and with poetry
I raged against it.

Denis Kucharski

I Find It Strange

I find it strange
that beyond objective reality
and sensual existence
lies the subjective pieces
of thoughts, like tentacles
reaching into ordinary existence
and how thoughts can kill
and memories smash the present
hammering home
chemical connections, firings
deep into the marrow of our existence.
It all never seemed so real.

Denis Kucharski

I Found Those Words Within Myself

I found those words within myself
And knew not what they meant
Or what might one day become
Of this humble earth and ready steed.

Denis Kucharski

I Found You In Prose

I found you in prose
Hidden behind poetry
You lie there
Awaiting my return
I waiting for you
Buried beneath the ages
You came to me
And found my light
Across the dark expanse
Of this cold night
And I held you there
Close to my heart
And uttered prayers for you
In thankful praise
Of your glorious splendor
You are, to me
An angel
And I bless you
With all the clamorings of heaven
And all the quaking of hell
You are here
You are mine
And I shall love you
Forever more.

Denis Kucharski

I Had Another Cigarette

I had another cigarette
Hoping it might make a difference
Instead I feel worse
More guilt-ridden
More self-consumed
I've been reaching rock bottom
Only this time
I've no further way to climb.
So here I'll stew
In my own remorse
And choke on my regret
Because it's the only thing
I've been left to taste.

Denis Kucharski

I Had Bigger Plans

I had bigger plans
Life sure forgot
And money and money and money
Just kept holding me down.
In my own mind
Wrestling
With that which lie beyond me
And never found
Sweeter taste
In time's fleeting moment past.
The bitter berries
Of berry's bitter taste.
Made more real by the moment
I had found it here.

Denis Kucharski

I Hear Those Voices

I hear those voices
Calling to me from the past
Reaching out hands to grab
Pulling me to the present
Tear my conciousness
Away from this tender moment

Denis Kucharski

I Heard My Father Screaming

I heard my father screaming
Rattling the walls
Of this tender home
Frustrated
At brats, children, brats
Who couldn't contain themselves
Who dared to exclaim
That they couldn't understand
What it was all about
Or why it mattered
Perhaps it didn't.
I, the gooey product
Of a moment's weakness
And never having been born
Into true meaning
And meandering through life
That never truly embraced me
Perhaps it was never quite ready
For this sort of mistake.
I, mis taking life
For something entirely more significant.

Denis Kucharski

I Hope It's Not True

I hope it's not true
That at your core
Rests an emptiness
A blank spot
Where love used to be.

Denis Kucharski

I Knew A Guy

I knew a guy
Who knew a guy
Who knew another guy
Until we found ole' Mr. Bacon
Cooking his way to stardom
Like Dom Delouise
In a tophat
Or ole' Abe Lincoln
Sayin' his Gettsyburgh Address.

Denis Kucharski

I Lost My Christmas Cheer

I lost my Christmas cheer
When mother died.
It ended when her heart stopped
And her skin yellowed
The ending of my happiness
And the beginning of the darkness.

With no children, no respite from pain
I look to my inflammed knees
My tortured soul
And wonder where the joy went.

It went by the wayside
When my faith in Christ died
And I lost hope
That life might bring goodness.

I felt the pain of the body
As the cancer ate away the soul
And left me with nothing
Except this outer shell.

I stand on the precipice of nothing
In this wintry place
Waiting for a summer
Which hasn't found its place.

Denis Kucharski

I Lost My Job Today

I lost my job today
Have you lost yours?
Oh, good!
Let's walk
Through homeless alleys
And up toward kitchens
Lowered halls of soup
And feast, like maggots
On the refuse of another's guilt
And lower ourselves
Into the perilous caverns
Of hope's descent.
The 'man'
Having made a mockery
Of us all.

Denis Kucharski

I Miss That

I miss that
The closeness
You once held me to

I miss that
The embrace
That was your love

I miss that
The tenderness
That was your devotion

I miss that
The joy
That came from being near to you

I miss that
The emotion
You once were willing
Just to share with me

And now
I am left with nothing.

Denis Kucharski

I Never Met

I never met a steak
I didn't like
Or a lobster
That couldn't play my tune
Or a bottle of wine
Except for Boone's
Which didn't make an afternoon
All a little better
But these cigarettes
They have haunted me much too long
And steal my better judgment
They've made fools
Of all of us.

Denis Kucharski

I Never Thought It Would Come To This

I never thought it would come to this
30 years old and no new surprises
Still the same problems
A career path careening
Toward success
And happiness
A vapid tempestuousness
Still remains
In this broken soul
I have no more answers
Than when I started
Except this time
I'm a little greyer
A little wiser
And a little bolder.

Denis Kucharski

'I Often Don't Make Sense'

I often don't make sense
like when I drive a hundred miles
to save two cents a gallon

Or when I begin to count
The endless sea of stars
Just smirking back at me

And during the election time
When I pray for the best
But expect the worst

And worst of all
When I think of you
And only your grave looks back at me

Denis Kucharski

I Read HuffPo Today

I read Huffpo today
Lots of great articles
Great minds
Each one ignored
Silly 'radicals'-

Single payer
equal rights for gays
Peace...

How dare they!
The corporate maw cannot stand
Such insolence!

Put some young blood here
Smear a little there
Make the bankers' rounds

We must sacrifice this nation
Before the altar
of Goldman-Sachs
Big Pharma
And Wal-Street-Mart.

'Don't you want to be rich someday!
Everybody can be Andrew Carnegie
I mean Bill Gates, nevermind.'

Tiger Woods was in my basement
Studying Scientology with Tom Cruise
And hoping that Joe Lieberman
Wouldn't turn out the lights
Before the football game ended.

This country is going to the Browns.

Denis Kucharski

I Saw That

I saw that
You
Sneaking a few
Pieces of candy
From the bulk food bin
Thinking I couldn't see you
Thumbing the butterscotch
And feeling the fragrance
Of time's sweet embrace.

Denis Kucharski

I Spent Some Time Hunting

I spent some time hunting
And found myself, near a deer
That little wonder, staring back at me
And with its tepid gaze
I held up my rifle
Took aim
About to pull the trigger
I felt that little creature's heartbeat
And became one with it
I felt the otherness of its soul
And putting my rifle down
A tear in my eye
I let that tender little creature
Make its way to freedom
Leaving it to another
To let it lie.

Denis Kucharski

I Started Watching Television Again

I started watching television again
Because I forgot to read
At first it wasn't too bad
Something of a Home Improvement

But eventually, I forgot my Friends
I lost all my Cheers
And I just wanted to take Wings
And go to a Different World

Where I might take things slowly
And begin to realize
That sometimes Eight is Enough

Denis Kucharski

I Take Arthritis Medicine

I take arthritis medicine
Because my joints
Like my soul
Are old, creaky and disjointed
They crack upon each movement
And swell with passionate song.
The 'medicine' weakens my system
To give healing a better chance.

Sensitivity has its curse
I feel the harsh nuances
Of each cold breath
Wrought by the sunshine
And plagued in
Through defeat
And hold onto the present
Because each breathless moment
Soon may find me gone.
I know not when my time will come
But when it does
I, too, will clench my hand
Raise it to the skies
And curse that dreaded second
When my end will have its due.

In the meantime
These old creaky joints
Will clamor their way to the heavens
In youthful defiance
For a life I was never sent.
Youth had just passed me by.

Denis Kucharski

I Took A Picture

I took a picture
To preserve that moment
When hope found a place
And the ending found a beginning

I looked toward a vision
An embrace of reality
That left me groggy
Confused, befuddled, and bamboozled.

I want my moment back
I want my peace back
And most of all,
I want my hope back.

Denis Kucharski

I Turned Inward

In a world of brutal violence
Of the hangman's noose tightening
And curses amidst prejudicial stares
And through that incompassioned stance
I turned inward
Afraid, unwilling
To reach out to world
That refused to care
A world that hated love
And kindness, and gentle Fate
Just absolutely refused.
I pray for a greater love
That just never knew this world
And find it hard to believe
That these complex bodies
Could harbor such empty souls.
And so I turn within
Create my own world
And hope that death won't touch it
But it did my Mom
And soon it will me
These mortal cells shall crumble
Just like a broken board
Sitting out too long
Under the bellworn sun.

Denis Kucharski

I Wanted To Be An Artist

I wanted to be an artist
And reshape the world in a new way
I wanted to change the planet
And make its axis rotate
In a new direction
I wanted to be an artist
So I might exist
In a world, where it seems
No one every really does.

Denis Kucharski

I Wanted To Matter

I wanted to matter
So much, in fact
But somehow I just never felt
Like I really did
If only I could be
The blip on a little radar screen
Then someone might take notice
And make me feel real.
I am so tired
Of this all so transparent skin.
A little man in a big-boy suit
Not sure what to do next.

Denis Kucharski

I Was Present

I was present
When my mother died
And when Mozart
Took his last breath
And when Beethoven
Shook his fist to heaven
And with a thunderclap
His soul ascended into heaven.
I was present
At the death of hope
And the resurrection
Of despair.
I was present
When you found life
Amidst this crumbling darkness
And I waited for you there
Beyond the future tense
When all souls become one
Then too, shall we meet again.
Until that day comes, dear Mother
I wait for you
In glorious anticipation
Of the moment we shall meet again.

Denis Kucharski

I Was There

I was there
When they crucified Christ
And slaughtered Gandhi
And ate Martin Luther
And King Jr., too.

I sat by
As they voted for nothing
And left those to rot
Whom they entrusted

I stood idly by
As they made their way
Through the abyss
And took away all that was good
In the name of 'freedom'
In the name of righteousness

Swallowed down with a bitter pill
We call pragmatism
I call surrender
But I never amounted to anything

Because I dared to dream.

Denis Kucharski

I Watched You Sleeping, My Love

I watched you sleeping the other day, my love.
Knowing that you are my precious life.

My sweet and tender love,
I gingerly stroked your hair, gently kissing your
warm cheeks and golden back.

Thanking God again and again
For the joy that is life with you.
My sweet and tender love.

Denis Kucharski

I Wonder If Angels

I wonder if angels
Can dance upon the hilltops
Of pins
Or whether devils
Can consume
Ice creamed cones
Of bitter delight
When roasting in the icy furnace
Of this heart's content.
Or whether heaven
Is big enough for wide men
Whose pride
Swells beyond the farthest reaches
Of hubris's malaise.
Or whether roasting dewdrops
Can find themselves
A place in heaven
When they are utterly made
Just to dissolve
Ephemeral and protean
Are our souls
Awaiting the limelight
Which just had become
So painfully sour.

Denis Kucharski

I Wonder If It Will Matter…

I wonder if it will matter
Whether I went to school
Or whether I had children
And if those children might care
About their own
Or whether I turned down the heat
To cause an upswing
In my condition
Or whether there will be 'progress'
Along my journey's way
I pray for good tidings
That Fate won't steal
What I've worked to build
But I know
There can be no promises
Mom didn't have them
Cancer stole her thunder
I just hope I can take cover
When the storm rolls in.

Denis Kucharski

I Wonder If Mozart Could Make Music Like That

I wonder if Mozart could make music like that
Or juggle with words
Like Shakespeare's consorts.
Brahma and Bhakti
Bustle and Bue
We never knew what hit us.

Denis Kucharski

I Wonder If They'll Write Poems

I wonder if they'll write poems
About me when I'm gone
Or whether the churchbells
Will ring in consolation
That this soul had passed
Or whether ships
Finding their way in the night
Will feel the wave
Of my soul's passing
Or whether schoolchildren
Will hang their heads
When my soul departs
From this indifferent earth
And all that is left
Is stardust.

Denis Kucharski

I Wonder If You'll Come By Tonight

I wonder if you'll come by tonight
And light up this dark home
With your love and your splendor
My little angel
Splendor of heaven sent.

Denis Kucharski

I Wonder What Mark Twain Would Say

I wonder what Mark Twain would say
If he could see this very moment
And make hash of the Ipods
High school musicals
And chewing tobacco
On NASCAR tracks
And empty beer bottles
Composed of plastic
And sitting in dumpsters
Another transitory moment consumed
And the great American Dream
Just made into pie
Filled with hogwash
And the white picket fences
Lie beyond poor Tom's touch
And whirlwinds and maelstroms
Consumed the better part of us.
I bet he would wait for Whitman
And travel into that strange night
Hand in hand
Anxiously awaiting
The arrival
Of meaning's embrace
And for the ending
Of this folly's curse.

Denis Kucharski

I Wonder What Old Bukowski Would Think

I wonder what old Bukowski would think
Of me writing about him like this
Would he pat me on the back
Or give me a gruff reply?
Would he ash in my coffee cup
Or offer me a gin and tonic?
Might he smash my chapbook
Or offer me some sage advice?
Poor old Bukowski is gone now
And I guess I'll never know
Other than hearing the sound
Of his self-conscious laughter
With an embarrassed smile
We're still friends
Despite whatever I've said.

Denis Kucharski

I Wonder What This Year Will Hold

I wonder what this year will hold
And wait Fate's await
This humble soul
Reaching out into the sunlight
And recoiling
From the uncertain touch
Of gentle Uncertainty's reminder.

Denis Kucharski

I Wonder Why The Trolls Seem Happy

I wonder why the trolls seem happy.
They are always smiling
Even after sitting in a box
For one whole year, waiting until Christmas
And sometimes sporting beards
Made of mold and worse stuff.
Yet there they are, never disappointed.
Seemingly unaware
Of the fact that the universe
is decomposing more and more
Every year.

Denis Kucharski

I Would Like To Make The Mozart Of It

I would like to make the Mozart of it
And to have Berlioz
Play windchimes at my funeral
And for Beethoven to clang the churbells
While Edison construes my demise
And Ford, ole' Henry, thinks of a better way
For me to ramp my way up Rachmaninoff's steps.

Denis Kucharski

I Wrote Poems

I wrote poems
While guys were ground into hamburger
Mistakedly dying
Because of an error, an omission
A deletion somewhere
In the chain of DNA's command.

I wrote poems
While a little boy in Baghdad
Got his arms and legs blown off
Due to a minor foresight.

I wrote poems
While rotting medicine
Expired on storage shelves
In the accursed name
Of cost-effectiveness.

I wrote poems
While young men
Raped by cancer, diabetes, or pain
Go homeless
Because God forbid
Should we have 'socialized' medicine.

I wrote poems
Composed of blood
Bathed in tears
And nevertheless
Merely words
words
words.

And no little gush of love
Could be big enough
To fill all these hollow, hardened hearts.

Denis Kucharski

I'd Like The Freedom

I'd like the freedom
To wake whenever I wanted
Or to make straw houses
Out of shattered pieces of clay
Or to dance around the moon
When the sun is fully lit
And walk down the pathways
Stardust gleaming under my feet
I'd like to save the oceans
Swallow the ozone
And bring peace to the world
But I can't even stop the snooze
From pressing my buttons
And the workday awaits
I'll save my better thoughts
For workday daydreams
While the world just keeps grinding on
And I, you, and we
Try to make sense of it all.

Denis Kucharski

I'd Like To Be An Expert Some Day

I'd like to be an expert someday
And weigh the facts
Measure the knowledge
And hold in the truth
While letting it breathe
Across that field
Across that ocean
And into the dust
To make Adam anew.

Denis Kucharski

If Only I Were Clever

If only I were clever
I would look to the whirlwind
And flip it the bird

If only I were clever
I would hold my breath tight
Until my lungs exploded

If only I were clever
I would dance upon moonbeams
Until the sun came crashing down.

If only I were clever
I would stop loving you
And think only of myself.

Denis Kucharski

If You Could See Me From Heaven

If you could see me from heaven
Would you rejoice
At my successes?
Would you taste my devotion
And remember it fondly?
Would you embrace my grief
And turn it to consolation?
Would you share my darker moments
And bring serenity to my despair?
Alas
The heavens
Ever quiet
And I'll never know
Because in that terrible silence
The only sound
Is that of doubt
Which pushes the possibility away
And reminds me
That one day too
I shall be stardust.

Denis Kucharski

I'll Be Long Forgotten

I'll be long forgotten
And you will too
Not even the angels
Will remember our footsteps
A word was never mentioned
St. Peter never missed us
But we did
We missed ourselves
And our greater glory
Controlled by fear
Consumed by flesh
And utterly unaware
That this is all we had
And we squandered it
On tomorrow.
The moment never had a voice.

Denis Kucharski

I'm A Lawyer By Day

I'm a lawyer by day
Poet by night
And the two are,
What I once thought
So far removed
But in fact
I'm merely Janus
A two-sided dog
with god on his mind
Hoping to make some silver
Out of this strange lining.

Denis Kucharski

I'm A Robot Man

I'm a robot man
With electonic arms
And bionic legs
And a million dollar smile
Transfixed
Gleeming my way to freedom
Above this mortal flesh's demand.

Denis Kucharski

I'm Like A Trans Fat

I'm like a trans fat
Never quite comfortable
Wherever you put me
And never sure of my form
Or what place to sit
In your home, in your hearth
Or in your heart.

Denis Kucharski

I'm Negative

I'm Negative.
Are you negative too?
They have a place for us
(You'd rather not be there)
Keep up the illusion
Put on that happy smile
It's Christmas time
A momentary reprieve
From the reality of
Of I don't know what
But it isn't Christmas

It's never Christmas
In Darfur.

Denis Kucharski

I'm No Chef

I'm no chef
I have rarely cooked
Anything of substance
And wish I could
Be the gourmet's delight
Of your life
As you are to me.
My darling sweet angel.

Denis Kucharski

I'm Not Sure What Any Of This Means

I'm not sure what any of this means
Or where the chance occurence
Of a pair of scissors and a sewing machine
Might find reconciliation
In the absurd
Or in Surreal, Dada-like fashion
All because we wish it so
And it utterly refused
To make any sense to us
Kind of like violence
Or days when we
Forget to return our library books
And we all pay a fine
Despite our best intentions
Because we've all checked out
And no one wants to make a proper deposit.

Denis Kucharski

I'm Not Sure What Direction

I'm not sure what direction
This lowly life will turn
Or what remainder
Will begin
When the product of this equation
Becomes a formula.
I've sat, calculating for hours
Figures which make no sense
And it all is just a little absurd
Ruminating in a park
On cold alabaster's Fate.

Denis Kucharski

I'm Not Sure What Happened

I'm not sure what happened
Between there and here
Somehow something was lost
Or perhaps gained-
I can't tell the difference
Anymore

All I know is
I'm still 30
Many years older
More or less obstinate
Strangely independent
Arrogantly humble
Lost in thoughts
Found in dreams
And wishing I could make a difference
But still not sure how
Between the past and future
Somehow the present is always lost
And I,
One year older
None (?) the wiser
And still hoping for the best.

Denis Kucharski

I'm Not Sure Where It Came From

I'm not sure where it came from
This strange disease
This unease of our senses
That holds us captive
And reminds us
Of our morbidity.

Whatever it is
It holds us tight
Tingles our senses
And gives us a glimmer
Of what is yet to come.

Denis Kucharski

I'm Not Sure Why

I'm not sure why
I should think
I am any better
Than a fool at the barstool
Or a hermit in his enclave
When I am left wounded
Just like the rest of them
Broken, unsure, and aware
That things aren't what they should be
That somehow the honeybee
Never could find its home
Or that the rainbow
Truly ever had an ending
Or that happiness
Might find an oasis
In my tumultuous heart
When so many storms
Had just kept rolling through.

Denis Kucharski

I'm Proud of You

I'm proud of you
Despite your failings
You've conquered
Your own defeat
You've lifted yourself
Through the rubble
And made for yourself
A new, reborn existence
And I see your smile
I look through your weary eyes
And yet I still see the pain
Wondering what lies behind
Your wall of fear
Your puddle of doubt
Your army of grief.

I look back at you
And find a love
That has never abandoned you.

You are, to me
Still my angel.
And I still love you
Nonetheless

Denis Kucharski

I'm So Sorry

Dear Mom:

I am so sorry.
Despite my best efforts
Poetry can't bring you back.
I tried. Fought as I might
I swung my sword
Until my arm melted
And time
left me there,
ridiculous.

I love you nonetheless
And from my defeated perch
Holding you
in my heart
with solidarity
For your loss.

Love,
Denis

Denis Kucharski

I'm Sorry, Mom

I'm sorry, Mom
For the times when I mistreated you
For the times when your love
Was met with indifference
Or when your pain
Was suffered in solitude
Because my perception
Remaind too inwardly aimed.

And now, I, an older man
But still your boy
Love you, ask for your forgiveness
And pray for your tender soul
As it cascades across the heavens.
And hoping to meet with you again
In some far more gentle place.

Denis Kucharski

I'm Still Writing Poems

All these years
And I'm still writing poems
Still taking photographs
Of a life crushing through
Anxiety, depression, and despair
And with the same wide-eyed
Sense of wonder
I cling to the present,
Hold my breath for the future
And exhale my hopes
Through the past
And pray for the beginning
Of joy's end
And wish
For better lives for all of us
Even for Satan
Who suffers in his own way too.

Denis Kucharski

In A Rush of Inspiration

In a rush of inspiration
The verbiage fell from my lips
And found there home
In a fool's scribblings
Revealed here
Before this secular palate.

Denis Kucharski

In America

In America
There is no respite for the legions
Of fans who dare not reprise
The role of their youth
Or the gentle moanings
Of older folks made naked
By virtue of their own exposure
And stripped away virtue
And better intentions never prevail
When we dare hold our breaths
For yet one minute too long
And there we remain
Transparent, caught, captured
In a time of our own making
The prison of the self made within.

Denis Kucharski

In Anopposite Dreams

In anopposite dreams
You floated through my memory
Projecting yourself
through the marrow of my soul.
And found there a place of your own.
To refresh, to renew, to make a home.
And in these greater moments
I hold you close, a tear in my eye
Of greater love and joy
Finally found and held.

Denis Kucharski

In Between

In between
This, that, and the other thing
We went to the moon
Travelled around the sun
And found ourselves
Demoted on Pluto
Spinning around Saturn's rings
And floating on Jupiter's air
But still never having enough gas
To return to Earth
And so I remain
A space traveller
No place to call my own
No sullen pillow
In which to find rest.
And with these things
I accept, I admire
And I grant
Myself the freedom
To be me.

Denis Kucharski

In Dribs and Drabs

In dribs and drabs
The percolating coffee
Ran through the strainer
And into the pourous noxiousness
Caught in the hands of time
Left there in a pile of mold

I started my new job at the Mart today
My doctorate fulfilled
Not quite sure how
Or fully why
Things have come to this

Somehow I thought of another thing
Another life, another place
But my life has run through the strainer
In gentle dribs and drabs
One percolated moment
Following another

Until this carafe is gently filled
And I am fully lulled
Into a more restful state
Until all are one.

Denis Kucharski

In Memory of a Certain Bukowski

Bukowski,
You old drunken, ulcer rittled sop.
You've made a mockery of us all
In your tender humanity, your debaucherous
Presence, revealing greater truths
The likes of which we refuse to acknowledge
Within the nether regions of our souls.
I thank and curse you all in the same moment
And with humble thanks
I cast a prayer onto your grave.
Onward fellow traveller.
'And may flights of angels carry thee to thy rest.'

Denis Kucharski

In That Dull Vacuousness

In that dull vacuousness
I found
Bitter truths
And unspoken glories
Gentle reminders
Of a time presently past
And utter moments
Of fleeting joy
And exhuberant
Exhaultation.
The searing second
Of pain's folly
Wafting through
The nether regions
Of my soul's despair.

Denis Kucharski

In The Movies

In the movies
Each moment is preserved
We see a glaring focus
Of the triflings we fail to notice
And those glances are savored
Impinging upon our consciousness
Readymade art like items
Rauschenberg would be glad
For us to taste
Each second moment
Here we go
The movies have set us free.

Denis Kucharski

Inklings of Doubt

Inklings of doubt
As to the remainder
Of what comes
When hope has drifted away
And despair
Replacing the ruin
Of that which formerly
Made so much sense.

Denis Kucharski

Is This What Hell Is Like?

Is this what hell is like?
I have been here so long
Muskets, muskrats, musketeers
Bosch-inspired clamorings
Feet protruding from the jaws
of green, foul, sulfur-stenched beasts
No, a closer place
A snowy enclave
Soaked in the rain
Feet drenched
Teeth stinging
Left with nothing
My intestines burst
a hail of blood from the lips
Me, myself, nor I
Nor the government
Nor corporate America
Could save this meaningless soul.

Denis Kucharski

Is This What Nothing Means?

Is this what nothing means?
That the bellworn truths
Of fate's encumbered grasp
Might wrench and sallow
Through the bulk
Of despair's embrace
God save us all
We've become so lost
And never knew
What really mattered.

Denis Kucharski

It Came From You

All the nastiness
The panic spells
The intolerance
The self-loathing
Utter judgment
You taught me
To make me a monster
Just like you.

Denis Kucharski

It Couldn't Get Any Darker

It couldn't get any darker
The light has already gone
There's no way
To even light a match
The void has swallowed up
Hopes of redemption
And left me with nothing
I've reached the bottom pit
Of hell
I've been here longer than expected
I've been here all along
Only this time I've realized it.
And that makes it
All the more painful.

Denis Kucharski

It Just Doesn't Matter

It just doesn't matter
When this or that
Or that or this
Will happen for you
Or for me, rather
Because we've found
A sameness in the second
And that one dollar is just the same
As another two.
And one more victory
Is just another defeat.
And nothing makes it meaningful
Unless we say it is so.

Denis Kucharski

It Made Me Uncomfortable

It made me uncomfortable
The way you crushed my joy
With your cruel indifference
And smashed my dreams.

In final despair
You left me waiting.

Denis Kucharski

It May Not Seem Like It's True

It may not seem like it's true
But I miss you
It may not seem like it's true
But I can't live without you
It may not seem like it's true
But I am dying to be with you again
It may not seem like it's true
Because I've had to hide myself from you
It may not seem like it's true
But I'd do anything to have you
It may not seem like it's true
But I am begging you
Simply begging you
To come back to me
Take me back in
Return me to the light of your presence
And enrapture me with your warm glow
I've been out in the cold too long
And I've no feeling left
Hurray
Before there's nothing left of me
To hold on to.

Denis Kucharski

It Only Takes

It only takes an hour or two a day
To total freedom
Infomercial anxiety
Caused by bitter freedom
Independent notions
Of ab-exercised ecstasy
Induced by pangs
Of guilt-rittled fear
Coming along
When we refused to know better.
I took my antibiotic
Swallowed down this cold
And never felt any better.

Denis Kucharski

It Sort Of Lies Beyond All Reason

It sort of lies beyond all reason
What that Fate did tell
And where dewdrops and angels
Have found loftier places
To hang their hats and hopes
And where I look around
To make sense of the nothingness
And find within myself
A universe of light, darkness,
And grey beginnings.
That moment is now.

Denis Kucharski

It Takes Awhile To Run Out of Gas

It takes awhile to run out of gas
Even if we spend our days
Drifting on social networking sites
Playing videogames
Thumbing texts
And dwindling away our dreams
In this ethereal moment.

Denis Kucharski

It Took Me Three Months

It took me three months
To write all these poems
To compose all these sonnets
In inelegic trance.

It took me three months
To find all these words
To forget all these feelings
And to remind myself

It took me three months
To feel the unravelling
Of this heart's core.

You've left me in a worser place.

Denis Kucharski

It Wasn't Without Much Struggle

It wasn't without much struggle
That poetry found me
And rescued me
From a torrent of pain
And avalanche of despair
And a thunderclap of dread.
And I held my dear friend
The Muse
And clenched his fingers
As I wrestled against that stormy sea
Begging to drag me
To the darkened heavens below.
In the meanwhile
I palpated angst
And stayed the sword
Which swung toward my throat
And cloaked myself
In lyrical rhythms
Holding me fast
Against the whirlwind
And kept me
Against all odds
Alive, breathing
And ever aware.
And so I remain
Bitter poem's servant
For there can be
No other choice.

Denis Kucharski

It Would Take the Discipline of A Titan

It would take the discipline of a Titan
To undo this debacle.

When the corporations
The profit-mongers
And other interests

Have more than their fair share
And the little ones
Stand under foot

Waiting for some hope and change
Instead of being only left

With pocket change.

Denis Kucharski

It's A Bit Disconcerting

It's a bit disconcerting
How hot dogs
Always fall over the edge
And how reason always fails
To make any sense to the wicked
Or how Christmas remains ironic
And schizophrenics and schizoids
Never ever have tea together
And how cats can clean themselves
But refuse to flush the toilet
Or how sometimes caffeine
Can lift you up, drag you down
Or leave you just frozen
Not sure where to go next
And by the time you remember it
The moment is already gone.

Denis Kucharski

It's All Going To Begin One Day

It's all going to begin one day
I'm going to make it
Sure, only then
Then the skies will be a little brighter
And the joy will be all that much richer
And everything will just make sense
Like's it's supposed to
When I grew up
But now this little boy's all grows up!
And looks around
Takes it all in
And doesn't even know where to begin
Enough tears can't express it all.
That time is now.

Denis Kucharski

It's Been A Struggle

It's been a struggle
To make it through
These rough days.

It's been a struggle
To capture hope
When I'm filled with dread.

It's been a struggle
To stay afloat
When the whole world is sinking.

Yet somehow,
Someway
Through each day
I find myself
In a precious place.

Denis Kucharski

It's Been Awhile

It's been awhile
My fair poem
How I've missed you
And all you represent
Somehow
We moved away from one another
But I, never too far
Held you close
And remembered you in my heart.

Denis Kucharski

It's Been Twenty Years

It's been twenty years today
Since my father died
And he remains
Nothing more than a reminder
The transcription of DNA's curse
Coursing through these
Y-like passageways
And in a shallow grave
My poor mother lies
Cancer took her
And the better part of me
I'm not sure where
In between hope and despair
The marrow of my soul
Had become lost
Dead now
Waiting for the remainder
To join it in one
Contracted and furrowed
Brow of woe.
Now awaits
This existential comedy
And dread the only player
Which won in the end.
With each moment
I dig my own grave
And soon shall lie in it.
Joining my defeated heroes
I'm already halfway there.

Denis Kucharski

It's Christmas Time

It's Christmas time
And there are no empty bottles
No children playing by the fire
Far fewer presents
Under this tree
Somehow this child
Has become an old man
And youth never found its place
Here amongst the winterland blues.

Denis Kucharski

It's Cold Out There

It's cold out there
Even the bugs are frozen
And the homeless men shiver
While sports stars open their windows
Because the heat was too encumbering
The neighborhood melted
We all dissolved
And sat in our Nihilistic glory
While the insane ones
Plucked out their eyes
Drove themselves mad
And the earth quaked.

Denis Kucharski

It's Disturbing

It's disturbing
How little the fanfare

When a firefly
Descends into the inferno

Or when a voice
Becomes eternally quiet

Because so few
Dared to give a split.

Denis Kucharski

It's Encouraging

It's encouraging
To see schoolchildren
Still laughing
And playing hopscotch
When we know
That in Iraq
Everybody's killing everybody
And nothing makes sense
And that cold, indifferent cells
Turn to cancer in a moment's notice
And transform this world of smiles
To this unholy planet of pain.
Ignorance is a better bliss
We've only grown
Ripened to rot
And make way
For more fertile seeds
That in time will make their own way
Coasting past this galaxy
Into oblivion
The strange dance of life
Just keeps going on
Despite our opinions of it
And the heavens fail to crackle
At the dissolution
Of our sunbeam.

Denis Kucharski

It's Fatiguing, Really

It's fatiguing, really
The way that days
Drift into hours
And how stomachs
Really can't hold that much
Or how traffic
Piles into you
And how work
Pummels your soul
And leaves you left
With only a few morsels
After the main meal
Has already been consumed.

Denis Kucharski

It's Hard To Believe

It's hard to believe
that you can exist
when you are such a vision of beauty
such a taste of perfection
such a morsel of the divine.
You are, in a world full of emptiness
A sign of contradiction-a vision of love,
depth, and intensity of passion.
You are a full vessel
of love, kindness, and peace.
You are, to me
an angel.

Denis Kucharski

It's Hard To Write Poems

It's hard to write poems
When you've nothing left to give
And your insides are withered
And your soul has run dry
Like a leper
You've found no distillment
In your heart's content
There you lie
Broken and open
With nothing left to give
Not even your art.

Denis Kucharski

It's Heartbreaking, Really

It's heartbreaking, really
The way that old faces collapse
And decrepit cars fall from the sky
And teeth grow loose with time.
How you lose those you love
And find yourself that very age
Where time has forgotten you
And you yourself become an anachronism
The world waiting to weep
And this tree has not yet fallen
And nothing to hold on to
When the castle walls
All keep tumbling down.
We look to a brighter age.
One past man's content
And hope to find something of value
Hidden behind meaning's grasp.
Time has made fools of us all
And madmen
Digging our nails into the cold crevasse
We slide our way down the walls
Into oblivion's moat
Cascading into darkness.

Denis Kucharski

It's Just Not Flowing Today

It's just not flowing today
More like molasses
Waiting to cruise on by
Instead there's just a dallup.

Thanksgiving is here again
Oh yeah
Time for slaughtered birds
And butchered spirits.

Then we have Christmas
Humbug I say
A time for us to bask
In our own naivete.

Denis Kucharski

It's No Longer Christmas

It's no longer Christmas
That time has passed
Years ago
When you had your last.

It's no longer Christmas
The sky has gone sour
That time has now become
All but a memory

It's no longer Christmas
And Santa is dead
He took his last chemo
And went to bed.

Denis Kucharski

It's Snowing

It's snowing outside
The gentle mist falls upon us
The gradual awakening
Of the winter wonder's delight
Here I am
Nestled in this room
Comfortably perched
In my humble abode
And looking out
Toward the mystery
Remembering my youth
And wondering
What drizzling rains ahead.

Denis Kucharski

It's Sort of Absurd

It's sort of absurd
How poor Beethoven
Was left with nothing
And how wrong it was
That he couldn't even have been spared
By a cruel and merciless Fate
He overcame all of that
But not without some help
By Will
Which he alone possessed
And Genius, which
Possessed him.
But the real credit lies
In him.
God rest him
That man of ages.
He's twice the man
Than I.

Denis Kucharski

It's Surprising

It's surprising
The way it happened
That now I'm all grown up
And no further growth
Was what I thought
Could be made
I'm in a rut
Stuck
Left here
To age in my bones
And feel the denial
Of progress's wake.

Denis Kucharski

It's Time To Make Things Happen

It's time to make things happen
To stir the dead from their sleep
To turn over the axis
And launch the lunar poles
To steam our way
Chugging like trains
Through the cosmos
Piercing the downy veil
Of our lost yesteryear.

Denis Kucharski

It's Too Expensive

It's too expensive
Not to smell the roses
Or drink that cup of coffee
Or eat that last doughnut
When we don't know whether
Tomorrow will be our final moment
Or whether poetry will leave us
And we have not the time nor the hour
To squander it on nothing
When all we have is now
And it's already starting
To waive goodbye.

Denis Kucharski

I've Individualized

I've individualized
My brand new Camaro
And altered the face
Of my Ipodian dreams
And made fertile mush
Of my future
With overspent dreams
And present tense nightmares
My three headed Visa
Turned this better judgment to stone.

Denis Kucharski

Jabba The Hut Goes to Weight Watchers

Jabba, tired of always being the butt of jokes
And having grown weary
of eating live specimens
Decided to join Weight Watchers.

Then he went on Oprah, bouncing up and down
Bellowing in his gruff voice, how proud of himself he was
And how now he could wear a bikini.

'So how did you do it? ' Asked Oprah.
Then, without losing a beat
Jabba grabbed Oprah
and swallowed her, whole.

Sometimes the best of us
Can lose our composure.

Denis Kucharski

Johnny Go Shop At New Year's

Johnny Go Shop
Spent New Year's
Drinking himself into oblivion
Burning down the halls
Of his Maytag Box
Torching his student loans
Smacking his Abercrombie
And gift exchanging his way
Into utter freedom
Promised by materialism's devotions.
May this be the most spent year of them all
And may bankruptcy finds its way
Into bliss
The narrow alley and gateway
Promised by our Visa cards.

Denis Kucharski

Johnny Go Shop Meets Captain Skunkula

Johnny Go Shop meets Captain Skunkula
That foul, toilet-papered sop
Who drinks sewer water
And wets his pants with impunity
Poor little Johnny Go Shop
Handed Captain Skunkula some Abercrombie
And found his Fitch
And then shit his pants.

Denis Kucharski

Kerouac Jazz

Kerouac
That old canuck
Blew the words across the page
Like Ole' Duke Ellington
With Shakespeare's grasp
Making words alight
And sounds with sense
He brought jazz
To our everyday mendacity
And opened up a world
We had only known so dimly.
Trumpet us to freedom
Blessed faith bringer.

Denis Kucharski

King Tut Wrote Me A Letter

King Tut wrote me a letter the other day
Reminding me
That one day,
I too
would be
made irrelevant.

Denis Kucharski

Little Cornelius Wets His Pants

Little Cornelius Wets His Pants
And then he puts them
In the snow
And calls his friend
Little Johnny Go Shop
And Ronny Rat-Burner
To come bring him
Some canned pork and beans
And some old rice
Leftover catnip
From the chinese restaurant's remains.
Little Cornelius Wets His Pants
Couldn't have been happier.

Denis Kucharski

Little Johnny Go Shop Buys Abercrombie

Poor Little Johnny Go Shop
Couldn't afford
Not to have Abercrombie
So he spent and he spent
And he spent and he spent
Until that little frat boy
Couldn't afford a home.

So from his Maytag Box
He spotted a white tee shirt in the dumpster
And took out his Sharpie
And made himself
Some Abercrombie & Fitch
And along came Ronny Rat-Burner
Ratcabob in hand
And traded poor Little Johnny Go Shop
For his high fashion t-shirt
And some crack.
Now Little Johnny Go Shop
Couldn't have been happier.
God bless his little materialistic heart.

Denis Kucharski

Little Johnny Go Shop Goes Homeless

Poor little Johnny Go Shop
Made homeless
Living in a Maytag box
The biggest one in the alley
Right next to Ronny Rat-Burner
The guy with a predilection
For Whirlpool boxes and crack.
Poor Johnny's credit card
bit his hand
And his Nintendo
Accosted his better judgment
And cost him his home.
He still has his Wii
But no electric plug
Only dead rats
Which he can burn for warmth.
A rat ca bob
His only 'joy' stick.
Poor Little Johnny Go Shop!

Denis Kucharski

Little Johnny Go Shop Hates It

Little Johnny Go Shop
hates it when people are too smart for their own good.
It really chaps his ass
And bakes his noodle
When people diss his myspace page
Or don't get his videogame references
And especially
When they don't appreciate
His new Abercrombe shirt
The one he sold his mother for
(it had buttons with magic beans)
And now he won't look cool
Damnit
At the frat party
And he won't get chics
And he's become
Like those sills little fugs
In the Borat video
Who just want to belch in your ear
And steal all of your Pamela Anderson videos.
The next thing you know
They are crowding your Maytag Box
Wii!
Bowing down before the holy trinity
Of the Playstation's
3.

Denis Kucharski

Little Johnny Go Shop Joined the Big Hair Band

Little Johnny Go Shop joined the big hair band
And became a crack addict
So he could have a crack addicted Christmas
While little Ronny Rat Burner
Smoked pot
And got high
Little Johnny Go Shop
Chased his tail
Drank eggnog
And threw up all over Santa
Silly little Johnny Go Shop!

Denis Kucharski

Little Red Riding Hood Smokes Crack

Little Red Riding Hood
Smoked crack all day
And found herself
Consumed by the Wolves
Pimps, pushers, and pills
This little user
Had become an abuser
And now she found herself
Crying all the way home.

Over the river and through the woods
To AA meetings she goes
Right near the funny farm
Where she laughed until
White powder fell from her nose.

Denis Kucharski

Lonely Teacher

Lonely teacher
Weaver of spell
Teach me to grieve
For I have never found
A peace that lasted
Or a moment that wanted
To find a better one.

Denis Kucharski

Looking Through A Sewer Grate

Looking through a sewer grate
Watching ants, floating on
Decomposing leaves
Sojourning down the water
Living in the land of sewage
Unaware of the beautiful filth
Of which they are the kings
And we their mere servants.

Denis Kucharski

Made Alone

Made alone
By virtue of better brains
William James Sidis
Sat alone in his garret
A mind unfolded
No one else could share the secret
Of a man with twice the mind
Another species, made another creature
The likes of which the world has never seen
Nor may ever see again.

Denis Kucharski

Misunderstandings Of Religious Differences

Spoken in truth
You heard a lie

Uttered in joy
You created despair

Partaken in intentioned communion
You made it the center of fraction

Where there was hope
You brought guilt

And where there was peace
You found the way to war

For all these things and a million more
You are responsible, with all the heavy
And foul misdeeds on your soul
For these the world was exploded
And for these the Earth never began

For you had taken the fertile soil
And ground your salt into it.

For these misdeeds fallen man suffers
At your despised and crafty hands

For give you, forgive us all
We must, for you reside

In the deepest heart of each of us
And for these things the heart remains broken

For now and for all seeming eternity
Until the coming of the second.

Denis Kucharski

Morrissey was on TV Today

Morrissey was on TV today
He looked good
Age had been kind
That same sensitive soul
Resting in the shadows of my youth
That music from the heart
Which my heart had long forgotten.

Denis Kucharski

Mr. Edison

Mr. Edison
Was quite the productive machine
Little sleep
More labor
Fueled by existential visions
Of efficient love
And deaf notions
Of cataclysmic bliss
I see you through time
Noble invention bringer
And wish you the stars
A nobler seat in heaven
And envision my dream for you.
Just as you made it real for me
Your vision
Was larger than deafness could restrict.

Denis Kucharski

Mr. McCain Said Another 100 Years

Mr. McCain said another 100 years
I'm afraid we won't have that long
Old people are too busy withering
Veterans are obsessed
With starving after their tenures
And we don't have the cash
Nor the will
Nor the faith
To consider this folly
Another minute longer
Because our hearts
Simply cannot afford
Another minute
When forever
Stares us straight in the eye.

Denis Kucharski

Mr. Obama

Dear Mr. Obama:
You brought us so much hope
A promise
That the future
May just hold
Something for the rest of us.
And now, in this broken moment
We look to you
And hope you can hold
The atlas of the world
Upon your humble shoulders.

I have an expectation, a wish
That you follow through
With your goodness
As you have always done
And may your passed mother,
And mine,
look down from the heavens
And grant us the fortitude
To persevere in our dreams.

We stand at the threshold of hope
And you have helped us cross it.
We look to you for guidance
Help carry us across the waters of doubt
Into the promised land.

I know you're no Jesus
But now we all need
A tangible savior
And you're the only one
Who has made us feel this close.

Denis Kucharski

Musings From A Barstool

Gray smoke
Two rednecks playing pool;
laughing, ticking

Two large-breasted, slender-necked
White rounded shoulders

groups of thirsty men
drinking to hide a
deeper, more primal thirst

Bartenders professionally
objectively providing their 'product'
As I sit and watch-
alone on a stool
above the valley
of hungry eyes
and thirsty lips
the human zoo
swooning to the
fuel
social custom the
thin divider between
the expression of more
primal urges
as to everyone pretends
not to notice
their bodies doing
all the thinking

Denis Kucharski

My Grandfather Melted Away

My grandfather melted away
And resolved himself into a dew.
That mountain of a man
Now left asunder
A titan falling
And quaking the earth below
He was my hero
Now vanquished
By time
By smoke
And by Mr. Parkinson.
Now perhaps, I wish
He holds a greater light
Above the stars
And illuminates
My life from ages to come
My devoted Y-linked friend
And I, the inheritor
Of his devotion's past.

Denis Kucharski

My Horse Escaped

Rider, my red dragon pony
Broke through his stable
And found himself amongst
Ravenous wolves, ferocious jackals
And in the den of publishers
Who promptly ripped him to shreds
Left the leathered carcas
For poets to chew on
And my better hope
Dashed, gnarled
And left to swallow.

Denis Kucharski

My Last Day of Work

It was my last day of work
It had to come to an end
That comfortable job
Now long gone
And with it so many memories
My apprenticeship
And now, I
Here in my place
Looking to tomorrow
Trying to find for myself
Something of meaning
Something that matters

When I was a kid
I thought the answers would find me
And now I've realized
I'm no closer
To meaning than I was before
Except I'm just a little older now

I hope I can hold onto tomorrow
Before the present
Slips into eternity.

Denis Kucharski

My Mind Is Warmed Up Now

My mind is warmed up now
Ready to go
Full speed at zero
Rockets ahead
Into that broken place
Where depression has found its folly
And made us all
Madmen.

Denis Kucharski

My Novel

grown fat, the languor
dryly withers as it
marathons toward an
indistinct reality
of rhetorical absurdity
and transcendental laughs.

Denis Kucharski

My Novel of Truth

My novel of truth
Containing
Unspoken commands
Hopes, dreams, expectations
Of a life I never found
And glory I had let
Just pass me by.
The ages rolled through
my thunder
And clapped the marrow
Of my heart's content
And I was left there,
exposed and broken
Because I never would become
The man I thought I could be.

Denis Kucharski

My Poem To God

How I wish I could have comforted you,
My dear Lord, upon the cross
But instead, I will take upon a million sufferings
To prove my love for you,
And gladly suffer a thousand blows and stings
If they will increase my devotion to you,
My precious and beloved God
You have shown me the way to love
You are love, and dwell within it.
And I shall spend infinite lifetimes
Loving and praising you
I will be your hands, your lips, your eyes, and your feet.
And all the world shall know
Of your great and bountiful love.
For your love is the fabric of our being
Nous raison d'etre
Each moment in your love
Stops time and makes the present eternal
Just as you are, my perfect God
Take my life, my heart, and my hope-I offer all of them to you.

Denis Kucharski

My Psycho Lipid Profile

My psycho lipid profile
Showing different readings
2.0,3.6
And which way to the butter aisle?
How many wheat germ biscuits
Or how much snodgrass juice
Will it take to keep these arterial sections
Clean of any debris?
And what price advocadoes?
Is there pizza in aisle 6?
Which way to the pacaderms
And who let Mickey Mouse
Out of his cage?
Ask little Johnny Go Shop
He may have an idea or two
And we might find another
Reason to make this abandon
And juxtapose a variety of reasons
Why we might put off today
What we need to do tomorrow.

Denis Kucharski

My Star Wasn't Bright Enough

My star wasn't bright enough
To shine through your darkness
Or to quiver the mountains
Of the dread you held within
And with your nothingness
You collapsed time
And digested
The better part of me.
And now, what's left
Is to myself
Made utterly unrecognizable.

Denis Kucharski

My Tenant's Didn't Pay Again

My tenants didn't pay again
It seems they've spent their last remains
And left me with nothing
I hope they don't find out
That's what they'll have two
When we're both made homeless
Because us and little Johnny Go Shop
Couldn't afford
Another Wii
And I don't mean we!

Denis Kucharski

My Trip to Las Vegas

I saw the lights
I felt the fame
I knew what it was like
When they called out my name.

I felt the sun
I knelt to the moon
I walked through that fire

When you said no one could go through.

Denis Kucharski

Negativity Had Its Sway

Negativity had its sway
First on my grandfather
In lost ethnic dreams
And then in my own pere
Who's anger consumed a generation
Now in me
Pessimism has had its due
And left me, alone
To wallow in my own filth
Genetics laughing all the way
As I slide down evolution's ladder
And fracture my skull
On reality'svpavement.

Denis Kucharski

New Year's Eve

It's New Year's Eve, Mom
And you are still spending it
Utterly alone, cold
Six feet under ground
Another year I can't rescue you
Another year we miss you
And another year our hearts break
Because a cell's division
Stubbornly refused
To make room for you
And because the heavens
In cold indifference
Left you to perish
Along with our better selves
Like a hero you raged against that night
If only I could be hero enough
To accept your passing
In the meanwhile
I'll hold you close
Despite your distance
And stubbornly refuse
To let you go.

Denis Kucharski

New York

Bright nights
City lights
The world's microcosm
of nuclear creation
Excitement, enthusiasm,
sweaty-palmed-potentiality

Rich and poor-no middle class
a forced Darwinian terrarium
while for-clad dames stroll past
an insane homeless man urinating on
a tree in front of my
favorite little Indian restaurant

Intellectuals floating above the rock of
reality upon creative lily-pads
of the fat of the land

Physical life but spiritually ill
The lonely herds shuffle through
the serpentine gates

Stars live apart from the soiled stage
wearning money garments in green glasses

The passive-aggressive love for
this fickle-gentle-giant

invoking an incomparable love
potential-born and humanity achieved
in timeless essence

Denis Kucharski

Nicotine

A parched sundrop
A bitter taste of defeat
Scarred within
You released the maelstrom
Decrepit fate's dawn
Locked in cold enclaves
I tasted you
And you submerged me
Drowning in my own sorrow
You found me there
Alone, crushed, defeated
The chink in my armor
You so wretchedly exposed
And ended me.

Denis Kucharski

Nimble Little Words

Nimble little words
Danced and pounced
Across the page
Making mincemeat
Of tartared hearts
And playfully expressing
That which words could not.
And we, left the inheritors
Of hieroglyphic fantasy
Wondering when
All of this could make
sense
And why all of it
Is just so deliciously terrible.

Denis Kucharski

No Time Is Ever Carved In Stone

No time is ever carved in stone
little nuances
of shaded remembrances
slip their way
through the cracks and pores
of memory's forges
And lie there
ready for us to partake
In slivers
And morsels
of joy,
pain
and
Love.
As Dickens said
'I'm not going to tell this story
The way it happened
But rather
The way I remember it.'

Denis Kucharski

Nobler Pursuits Have Left Me There

Nobler pursuits had left me there
Under the crestfallen moon
Beneath the jealous stars
In sprinting to the finish
My heart collapsed
It could never beat slow enough
To finish a race
Which had never even begun.

Denis Kucharski

None of This Seems Real

None of this seems real
Like we are merely figments
Of some kind of stranger imagination
Or that the sun
Is really composed of cheese
Or that gingerbread men
Are made of plastic
And we bite them
And break our teeth
While little fruitcups on tv
Look so delicious
But are cardboard creations
Designed to tantillize us
With lies
And how money
So much an idea
Can cause children to starve
For lack of it
And wars are fought
Because of antiquated notions
Of what comes before
This, that, and the other thing
And we never found humanity
Between our two souls.

Denis Kucharski

Not the Change I Hoped For

Not the change I hoped for
Something a little less hollow
Maybe a lead
Maybe a leader
Maybe a movement
Beyond a simple vision.

Denis Kucharski

Odin Found His Moment

Odin found his moment
That noble Nordic god
Looking at his sword
Emblazoned hearts
Looking for the meaning
Behind the mendacity.

Denis Kucharski

Of Failure

Of failure
You've been following me all behind
Running down the paths of time
A wind coursing through canals of ages
Taking this bent tree
And stiffening it to broken
An old warlord in later years
Blinded by hubris
Now blinded by reality
Left in the wake of time
Before the sun
Dare begin to shine.
And to this earth
Remade and begun.

Denis Kucharski

Old Home Videos

Old home videos
Attempts to capture the essence
of a passing moment
and of a life now long gone
ages ago, it seems.

My now empty house
filled with faces
of people long gone
a grandmother, a mother
once so vibrant now but memories

Strangers to life in a video
holding onto that which time could not
How my heart aches with misery
at the loss of my loved ones.

Longing for a past now gone
I have but memories to clench
holding onto a past that forgot me
and left me stranded in time.

Denis Kucharski

Old Photographs

With these old photographs
Each resilient hue
I feel the crushing weight of memories
Baring down on my chest
My breath sears my lungs
My eyes dim

And wallowed tears of pain
Cascade like raindrops
Across the broken window's edge

A mountain of pain
An avalanche of despair
Have become what's left of me.

Denis Kucharski

Open Canopies

Open canopies
Unearthed terrain
Blinded nightingales
And lonely mockingbirds

Sawmilled loans
Unheveled bridges
And tender hearts
Left much too exposed.

Denis Kucharski

Over Cragged Peaks

Over cragged peaks
And through the Borgo Pass
We find ourselves in Transylvania
Home of the Dracul
Order of the Dragon
And where that accursed creature lies
Because he dared to drink
Mortal blood making him immortal
And now we're all condemned
Because he has shown us
That even mortality has its grasp.

Denis Kucharski

Over The Plank

Taking that next big step
Over the plank
Into the darker waters
Beyond the reaches
Of my family's past
And experience's wake
I sink to the bottom of time
And hold my breath
To swim my way back to freedom
And a new life
I've molted
Become another creature
Hold me fast
Because I'm going to fly away
All new experiences
For this granite-bolded soul.

Denis Kucharski

Parade of The Charlatans aka March of the Republicans

I watched as they gathered together
In a communal 'No'
Beating their feathers
So everyone could see
How loyal they were
To their corporate paymasters.

An 'intelligent' argument
The pretense of a concern
Bought and paid for
By the green goblin
Which seems to rule
and unite them all.

Denis Kucharski

Picasso

The man, the monument,
The monster.
The gushing forth of creation
The ejaculated tremorings
Of a human volcano
Who swept up history in his path
And the future in his brush
He made forever a giant
This little brown man from Spain
In his youthful glory a titan
In old age a shriveled flower-
No, rather, the seasonable shrinking
Of an artist merely moulting
And but for the clamorings of death
There might he have burst forth
Yet another creation
The likes of which would quake this Earth
And tear the human temple asunder
With his vision, with his glory, and his grace.

Denis Kucharski

Picking Up The Pieces

Picking up the pieces
of a Dr. Faustus's remains
The devils had their due
The earth did quiver
The bowels of hell opened
And from their abode did wander
The foul and lechorous deeds
Of that learned professor
Did the Devil know
And Christopher Marlowe and I
Old chums from then
Left to pick up the pieces.

Denis Kucharski

Poems Don't Pay The Bills

Poems don't pay the bills
So I have to work
As a lawyer

As a poet
I grapple with meaning
And hope to parse
The sunset into tomorrow

I look for joy
Amidst the darkness
And pray for greater truth

To lift its arms and hold me
And wish
That each day
Might find meaning in the moment.

And until poetry pays the bills
I'll nevertheless
Keep writing it
Because it matters.

Denis Kucharski

Poetry Might Make A Difference

Poetry might make a difference
If we ever could
But somehow we got lost
Amongst all this supposed meaning
And never found what it took
To sing and smell and taste
Bitter, sweet, rhythmic words
Cascading their way
Through our consciousness.

Denis Kucharski

Poof! Goes The Magic Economy

Poof goes the magic economy
Where toadstools and fairies
Smoke dollar bills
In trade and cap barrels
While fat cat CEOs
Bailout with their golden chutes
The taxpayer will foot the bill!
Not to worry,
GM
And its rickety products
Are here to stay.
And never mind homeowners
Such a cliche

Our father, who Wal-Mart in Heaven
Target be thy name.
The Toys R' Us Come
Starbucks will be done
On Earth, as a Mall in Heaven.
Give us this day
Our Panera Bread
And give us our Wendy's
As we forgive those
Who eat at McDonald's
And lead us not
Into Chrysler
But deliver us from GM

For thine is the Republicans
Democrats
The two party system
Never to be broken.

Transfixed upon this cross of gold.

Denis Kucharski

Postmodern Poetry's Manifesto

Poetry should never be judged
Objectively, at least.
It exists as the one last bastion of freedom
For the soul.
In a world of certification,
Detail, nonsense, and other soul-binding propaganda,
Poetry is the last type of soulful expression
That we can retain.
The day poets are licensed,
Homogenized, and pasteurized,
Is the same day of the Apocalypse.
The angels will plummet from the heavens
And the devils below will consume this earth.

Denis Kucharski

Reflections Upon Mortality

Wondering when my choppy tide will roll in
Rolling upon waves of uncertain stroll
Slapping up against authorative forces
Eroding the giant walls of judgmental nuances

A life lived, in humble sublimity
Only hungering for meaning and divinity
The swirling cosmos abounds
Hiding tiny pieces of corporeal stardust

Entering into the ages
The eternal breath of God
Spread out and in
Back to the distant realm

Quietly my gentle tide comes in
Shyly making its way
To the gateways of heaven
Praying to endure their forever

Denis Kucharski

Restless

I'm allergic to the present moment
The present is itchy
And I'm feeling scratchy
The taste of the future delicious
In its uncertainty
An awareness
A longing
A hope
For something promised
Not yet received
Waiting for that day
May it come soon.

Denis Kucharski

Restless Part II

There can be no calm
When death dwells within you
And you look for that next moment
Which just swallowed the first

It's difficult to live in this shadow
This land of cellar dwellers
Where you know not where you are
Or where you are going.

Denis Kucharski

Rich In Defeat

Rich in defeat
You were my despair.

Denis Kucharski

Richard Fenyman

The mind of an all but mediocre
Genius
The howl of the imagination
Made life incarnate
In formulas, in expressions, in scientific
There I see your childlike smile,
A greater sense of wonder on a leathered face
You taught us to think twice and then again
About what lies on the surface beneath
A magic man playing his mambo
Dancing with Shroddinger’s kittens
You were catnip for the soul.

Denis Kucharski

Rosewater Bellbottoms

Rosewater bellbottoms
And spring water lillies
Jub jub trees
And fairy-tailed monsters
Meandering along
This well worn path
Down through marshlands of despair
And to time-honored notions
Past the lock of imagination's curse
I found you there
Resting amongst the trees
A nymph like creature
Unadorned in splendor
Enraptured in delight
You made your way
To the better part of me
And found yourself a home.

Denis Kucharski

Ruminating In A Park

Ruminating in a park
Cold, neo-classical, inviting
Alabaster-marbled statues
Abounding in luster, tinged avec rust
Technology encroaching on classical machinations

Neptune boldly thrust from quivering sea
With beard, curled and flowing-his serious demeanor fixed
Clutching, buoying a noble maiden

Pit herself against self-slaughter and lost
For a love unrequited;
Her porcelain frame betraying her once youthful luster

His patriarchal eyes and trenchant glance
But afterthoughts for her morbid trance

Sitting on this still cold marble
A reminder of a mythical life lost
Not fiction-there's the rub
Behind the myth a better truth lies.

As Neptune carries the far maiden to her rest
We still alive to be merry; left to jest

But for an instant in Neptune's soul
In his arms rest a victim.
Of all the angry gods and their misdeeds their passions
Betray,

All the tumultuous oceans of pain
The fire-ravaged nightmared city of Aeneasis's home;
Of Dido's self-inflicted slight;
Of thundered brows and blazoned pupils crashing lightening to awaken the marrow of the soul itself;
Of venom inching up an awakened mind's leg, seconds remaining of life;
Of epic battles, wars, and peace fought out and for;
Of orgiastic struggles in sweat-soaked passionated summited cries;
Of drunken fury at the raging of the gods and rallying against;
Of mother's breast torn away and plucked asunder;
Of salt poured and rubbed into the once fertile ground;
Of barren minds and empty hearts;
Retarded aspirations;
Of leaving and rallying against this mortal coil;
The quicksand of time
Doth have its lot.

The marble, passionately astute, remains frozen
Reflectively indifferent
And waits for another wave
To pass by slowly

And Neptune, his sinewed, chiseled arms
Never seeing the last
Of this fragile lot
A figment of fragmented subjective truth
In his mythical brain

Descending back into the icy depths
A mountain of darkened mist above
Receding into the land of dreams
Where unrequited lovers plunge
And descend into the darkened depths
Where mythical dreams sleep

All objective moments abound
In Neptune's timeless glance
A reminder of the memory of a god
The only true symbol of immortality

Throughout man's four seasons
These mythical incantations dance
Beyond the scope of disreality
An existential metaphysicality

As Neptune embraces broken souls
Carrying them in oceanic mythical depths
Laying them to rest in the bowels of the sea,
Into the aquatic, blackened heavens below.

Denis Kucharski

Sagrada Familia

I left my heart
In the Sagrada Familia
Along with Gaudi's dream
Now toppled by Fate's cruel measure.
And in Nietzsche's scrolls
The Death of God begun
A bitter tragedy
Of Fallen Man's race.
And hoping to one day return
And find a resurrected place.

Denis Kucharski

Salvador

Salvador Dali was a genius
Whether self-styled or not
He couldn't stop
(He was quite the thinking machine)
I'd rather hold onto words
But in self-strangulation
And Freud looking on
Little ants over one's mouth
Devouring ice cream on a mountaintop.
Miro made a mess
and Picasso left cubed
While Franco and his friends
sat in a bird's nest
perched atop their banal heights
And looked to quash
Better hearts and minds
Which one was a revolution?

Denis Kucharski

Santa Was Disappointed

Santa was disappointed
With Little Johnny Go Shop
Because that little boy
Was a naughty little chimp.
He ate all the mittens
And drank all the beer
And drowned all the kittens
It was our worst fear!
He stole all the rats
Out of Ronny Rat-Burns lair
And peed in his Maytag box
It was too much to bear!
That little fool
The best we could do
Was dropp him off at the zoo.
So now Little Johnny
Spends his days
Flinging feces
At smiling old women.
It is his own
Absurd kind of play.

Denis Kucharski

She Sharpened Her Teeth

In an elegant business suit
Adorned in pearls
With perfectly manicured hair
She condescended to me
And with a snarl
Shred me to pieces.

Denis Kucharski

Shine

Here we go,
That little schizotypical man
Flashing through sunbeams
Piercing our enlightened hearts
And finding greater peace within
Because he took that path
Beyond his own choice
Despite the obstacles many
And demanded of himself
That which his father could not
And now he has become
Another species, another creature
Kind of like Lizst himself.

Denis Kucharski

Slam Poetry

I went to the poetry slam!
And my tender little haikus
And sensitive little free verses
Got beat up, bullied, and bull-worn
By a gaggle of slam poems
Which pile-drived me
And sent me and little Johnny Go Shop
Straight home to Momma.

Denis Kucharski

Smashed

There I lie, there I remain
crushed
between the brutal fingers
of mediocrity, despair
and tediousness.

Greatness never had a voice
or a home in me.

Another ashen star
a mute crying out in the wilderness

I am nothing
filled with nothing
and left with nothing.

A humble voice
caught in the infinity
of mere numbers.

Denis Kucharski

Smoking Is Good For You!

Smoking is good for you
Said Old Msr. Marlborough
And he proudly stood
Upon that mountained peak
With leathered joy
And brimming expectation
He coughed his way
Into oblivion.

Denis Kucharski

Smoking My Way To Oblivion

Smoking my way to oblivion
The only way to be
Dropping down the anxiety
Ratcheting pain
Down one more notch
I never thought I'd be here
And I don't know where I'm going
At this tender age of 30
I'm already a weary traveller
I've not now the strength
To carry myself to freedom.
And so, the only thing I can do
Is smoke my way to oblivion.

Denis Kucharski

So Many Of Them Sound The Same

So many of them sound the same
The old art maiden said
Ashing her cigarette
On the canvas of my mind
And bluntly reminding me
Of what I have lost
Or rather, have never had.

Denis Kucharski

Some People Go Their Entire Lives

Some people go their entire lives
Their heads buried in the sand
Unaware of commoner truths
Stacked in a flat-earth package
And chewing on the cud
Of last-year's notions
Digested
Absorbed
Shitted out.
Stillborn
We are botched abortions
Sleeping in our own decrepit earth.
Freedom never knew us
Because we wouldn't let him in.

Denis Kucharski

Somehow, I Guessed For More

Somehow, I guessed for more
Exactly what I don't know
But somewhere, in time
My young aspirations
And kinder dreams
Made loftier more adult thoughts.
And with a thirteenth age
I realized
The mass of confusion and doubt
Hidden in older hearts
And knew
That angst
Could never have true escape
And that I,
Caught in the hands of time
Torn apart
By existential curse
Anxiety
Has made a laughingstock
Of all of us.

Denis Kucharski

Sometimes I Get A Little Freaked Out

Sometimes I get a little freaked out
Pondering the implications
Ramifications
Formulations
Of two dead bees
Huddled together
In a frozen nest
And no queen to be found.

Denis Kucharski

Sometimes I Get Discouraged

Sometimes I get discouraged
When I see mangled children
And tattered lives
Torn apart
By international indiscretions
Built on a miscreants wake
And now, here we are
Left alone
Unsure of how to proceed
Now that the door has opened
And we've all been sucked into the vortex.

Denis Kucharski

Sometimes I'm Vaguely Inspired

Sometimes I'm vaguely inspired
To write strange poems
Thoughts of little nothings
Whispers from the moment
Unsure of what comes next
I lie awake at midnight
And feel the presence
Of the silence
And the future
Which awaits me ahead.

Denis Kucharski

Sometimes My Teeth Chatter

Sometimes my teeth chatter
With dread
For each moment
More perilous than the next
And there can be no respite
When Mom died from cancer
An angel slayed in her prime
Why should I deserve any better?
If life can do that to her
I can expect no less
And so existence is rendered
Utterly meaningless
And full contemptible
I chatter my teeth
So my teeth don't chatter me.

Denis Kucharski

Somewhere On a Server Farm

Somewhere on a server farm
Lies rows and rooms
full of computers
awaiting the input
and output
of broken hearts and dreams
networking into web
connected thoughts and feelings
expanding beyond the farthest reaches
of the humble heart's abode
and into far away galaxies
nebulae of hopes
black holes of dreams
sunburst stars of joy
and dense planets of doubt
through Saturn's rings
and Neptune's foils
The milky galaxy
condensed in this gleaming heart
held in love and born in joy
Reaching across the universe.

Denis Kucharski

Stephen Glass

Stephen Glass
That wonderous little worker
Chiming his way through our imaginations
And bringing different parts of ourselves
Utterly to life
And seeing within his weakness
How we are no but little better
And unsure of what it means
To engage in such chicanery.

Denis Kucharski

Stream

My mom's dead and I can't believe it because I thought she would never die and if it could happen to her then why not me, too, and who knows,30 is already here and I have arthritis and who doesn't have something anymore but it makes you wonder if you have bad genetics or if its something in the water or what because who needs this kind of shit in life especially when life is already hard enough and you never feel confident about what you are doing or if you do then you might have gotten it wrong anyway and I just hope that the mice don't eat my new suit and then I'll end up back at square one again and who knows what tomorrow brings and why does none of this make sense when we can think but God is all too silent and I can't even hear the sound of God's love in this world because Mom is gone and she died a horrible death that I can never forgive God for and so I sit and stew and never feel right about it but what can I do because I am powerless before the Big Guy above and I am just trying to make it through each day without falling through the gaps of this crazy existence we call modern life and I guess the only answer now is that there is none so I will just go lie down and get some sleep and pray for some strong unconsciousness, a taste of my own nirvana.

Denis Kucharski

Stream of Consciousness or Unrequited Lover Who Can't Sleep

Listening-as whispers echoes in my mind
behind closed doors of perception.

Sinking deeply, semi-consciously down
The fire of cleansing purgation comes
of eternal peace
The dove's tiny wings aflutter
All my senses scream silently, joyfully.

The beauty of the human form
eyes, deep green, elegant chin
fluted neck.

Stream of consciousness?
follow this tune!

birth. genetics. culture. moo cow.
I like the cow. It is a splendid beast.
A symbol of man's dependance
upon nature.

Her beauty-I'm intoxicated
sociobiology-Ha.
Something deeper?
ask the mystic instead.

You wouldn't of understood anyway
I have evolved
although you may contend
(sillily enough) I've mutated.

Denis Kucharski

Sunday Morning

I saw you on that Sunday morning
And it was only we who existed
No one else in this world
But you, I, 'us'
My little angel from heaven
My vision of greater joy
My hope for the love
I had always wanted to find
Here you are
A beatific vision
A touch of perfect truth.

Denis Kucharski

Suspension of Disbelief

Suspension of disbelief
It's all we can do
To keep this game going
Despite our best intentions
This world is insane
And so are we
And nothing makes sense
When there's no sensemaker
To cut through the cloth
And keep this weave together.

Denis Kucharski

Taking That Next Big Step

Taking that next big step
Into the wild unknown
A whole universe awaits
Unsure of what tomorrow brings
Or what I shall bring tomorrow...
Where has the time gone?
And to what end will be this purpose?
Life remains one big, uncharted course
And I'm on a new path for the very first time
In an eternity
One day I'll look back on this
And thank myself I went down this path
Never really knowing
What direction I might find myself
We shall see what goes of it
And until that fateful day
I'll drink in the richness of the present
Intoxicated with joy
And feel the rapture of the moment
Because that is all I know I have.

Denis Kucharski

Tea With T.S. Eliot

T.S. Eliot came for dinner
We had tea amongst the Wasteland
In that realm beyond thunderdome
And chatted politely
About Joyce, James, and Ulysses
And how Hemingway was much to dramatic
And how Plath would have found it so funny
That we were here, in postmodern bliss
Sipping herbal tea and discussing nothing.

Denis Kucharski

Teabagged at the Tea Party

I got teabagged at the tea party
Sean Hannity dipped me a taste
of Rush Limbaugh's snow cone

No new taxes
Taxed enough already
Send my job
South to Hell
No unions for us!

Fox News
Outwitted us all
While we had a beer with our congressman
(He's that kind of guy)
He can't read
But you don't need to be a genius
To be a NASCAR politician.

Denis Kucharski

Teddy Roosevelt And Louis Comfort Tiffany

Teddy Roosevelt stopped by
Smashing poor Louis's craft
ESTJ to the rescue
And bitter ENFP's dismay.

Denis Kucharski

Thanksgiving Day

Thanksgiving Day
Memories of ancestors passed
collections of the present
Rendered from the future
The fleshy traces
of DNA codes
written languages of beauty
embedded in our souls forever
And yet those forgotten ones
Holding on to us in the present
Us, the thankful inheritors
of their beautiful legacy
Whether ill or better deserved
Nevertheless ever present
And we too, shall find ourselves
Amongst the written book of our ancestors
Another chapter closed
That remainder handed down
Upon and through the ages
For another Thanksgiving Day.

Denis Kucharski

That Christmas Tree

That little, fake, plastic Christmas tree
(the one you see over there)
Has survived one death,
two divorces, chemotherapy treatments
radiation,
arthritis,
asthma,
two car accidents
Four presidents
Three Popes
and a countless number
of desperate thoughts
depressed states
And even more joyful moments
The pictures in their albums
Yellowing, the memories dissolving
Here is that Christmas tree.
Ready to go on another year
I wish my heart were utterly composed
Of fake, plastic, Christmas trees.

Denis Kucharski

That Little Bag of Potato Chips

That little bag of potato chips
Greasy
Crunchy
All ready
For a.75 lunch
Because I'm broke
I've munched on through
To the other side
Of expense's cost

Denis Kucharski

That Little Immigrant

That little immigrant
From his peasant village
In that grey, steely winter
Made his way
Through Ellis' gate
And found himself a new life
Made a new one
In Babel-speak
He crafted a future
And I, four generations later
The inheritor of his legacy
Still here, amazed
At the strength of his character
The blazen will
That made this life here
And thanking him
For making the effort
He still lives
Through me
Today

Denis Kucharski

That Little Monkey

You see that little monkey over there?
I think he's a squirrel monkey,
But I can never remember the name
of these sorts of things.
And this monkey is mean
He stared at me
With his little green eyes
And threw dung at me
And called me a 'human'
And poked me until I threw
Old copies of Microsoft Windows at him.
He withdrew, lit a cigarette
Coughed, and then set my car on fire.

I hate that little monkey.

Denis Kucharski

That Little Prodigy

That little prodigy
Was able to creatively express
Words and notes
Musical creations
Which we dare not ponder
Or rather even contemplate
Because those lofty notions
We abandoned by older hearts
This little rummager
Of broken heart's content.

Denis Kucharski

That Makes No Sense

That makes no sense
It rarely does
Just a pile of gibberish
A quivering mound of rubbish
Waiting to exhale
Itself from those seeping wounds

I hold my heart to the arrow
And the bow draws back
Cupid caught in the crossfire
Waiting for the missiles
To find themselves home.

Denis Kucharski

That Was The General Practice

That was the general practice
To slice off the hands and digits
Of thieves
And to mutilate the reminders
Of our humanity
Because we are real
But make others less so
In our self-judgment's compulsion.
We've made ourselves
Less than zero.

Denis Kucharski

The Anemic Heart

My bleeding heart
liberally left
me anemic
terribly unready
For a world immune
to cruel indifference
brutality
and college football.

Denis Kucharski

The Arthritic Notions

The arthritic notions
Of cranky related relief
And capsaicin powders
Sprinkled upon these worn joints
To lube them into freedom
Swirling on through
The rusty mire
So I can have my taste of youth
Dissolved at 30
My life, my stress, my anxiety
Sits at twice that
And I the divided remains
Of a past I have never chosen.

Denis Kucharski

The Ashen Remainder

I found I'm left
With the ashen remainder
Of a life run amok.
Broken joints
Fallen hair
Aged lines
Have taken youth's place
All in the span
Of three long years
Since mother has gone.

Denis Kucharski

The Awakening

It burst forth
from soot and ash
a phoenix
from the rubble

Bubbling up
from deep below
The earth
howled open

An awakened dragon
The hibernation over
Set to bark at the moon.

Denis Kucharski

The Beats Came To Dinner

The Beats came to dinner
With righteous indignation
And self-important stare.
And tossed my decrepid fixings
Into toppled-man's revolt
And held in all manner of disgust
In self-loathing's grasp
Finished off my wine
Burrowed my car
And then nestled into my den
And took a university's seat
Waiting there, withered.
For I to clean up the mess.
Me, the bellworn inheritor
Of a poor man's legacy.

Denis Kucharski

The Beautiful Idiot

The beautiful idiot
Standing on Times Square
Masses of suits passing by
Stopped to embrace the fallen,
Homeless rogue
Capitalism couldn't help
But forget.

Little did he know
It was Christ
In disguise.

Denis Kucharski

The Big City

I went to the big city today
greatly afraid
of traffic, smokestacks,
homelessmen urinating on trees
smog
noise
I hate to parallel park
And the decks cost $12.00
Even if you only park for one hour.
On that corner, last week,
one guy was shot waiting for the bus
And there's no sign of him
Or happened there now
The City forgot him.
And so many people walking around
always walking around
in suits, so perfect
But the wind makes their hair
crazy
and mocks them,
We're all a little ridiculous,
even when wearing a suit
It's so hard
to tailor life
That just can't be bound.
And the City doesn't care
It's cruelly indifferent
Not even the buildings
In all their strength
Can digest the smog
And are stained, and left
sooted by it.
And no one to hold their breath
When the blind man
Escaped the gallows.

Denis Kucharski

The Computer

The sacred cow
Defecates upon the digital idol
Its number crunched.

Denis Kucharski

The Cure

Looking for a cure
To this restlessness
This incessant
Inner turmoil
That nags at my soul
And leaves me atwitch
In the wind
Waiting for the end
While never beginning
Never enough

Denis Kucharski

The Day I Become A Rich Man

I'd like to have financial freedom
The power to decide
When to go and when to come
And how those days might be spent
But nevertheless
There are limits
And only so much can be paid for
When you've nothing left to buy
And the grim reaper still comes
Even after you've had the freedom
To sleep in, eat your yogurt
And consume your last steak
Whether I work a job or not
I'm still a slave
To mortality
And I'm not entirely sure
Which exit to get off on
Or which way to turn
After the day is done
And even when that banquet day is here
Might I still look around
Fatigued from the battle
Only to find
There's nothing left from here on out
And I struggled through for nothing
The process was the end
And then I'll have found mine.

Denis Kucharski

The Day The Facists Came

An onslaught
a holy terror
crushed under sandals
bombs raining hell

Spain, cubists,
artists,
left asunder
by closed hearts
and devastated minds

The demonic ones
the certain ones
the irrepressible desire
to trample
to mash

Artists, broken spirits
snuffed out lights
in a great darkness
Catalonia
Left a wasteland

The indifferent cruelty
of Franco's reign
36 years
of impure blood
letting

Garcia Lorca,
that tender heart,
left a rotting corpse
Condemned for being human

We live in a world
where God quietly cries
by the torture of man to man
Not even the earth
Can absorb all the blood.

Savages, masses of savages
Tearing each other apart
Like rabid wolves
Carnivorous dogs
Ripping apart carrion.

God save us all
We've devoured ourselves.

Freedom never truly
Had a voice.

Denis Kucharski

The Doctorate Just Wasn't What I Thought It Would Be

The doctorate just isn't
What I thought it would be
And nor am I
Somehow meaning
Jumped past that tense
And left me there
Wallowing in my own remainder
And wondering
What could have become
Of me
Had I found hope
And held onto it
Just a little tighter
And life
Could have just become a little closer.
It feels like nothing matters.

Denis Kucharski

The Earth Stood Still

The Earth stood still
The day you were born
And fallen redwoods
Shook the earth
While your soul quickened
And the heavens
Designed in folly
Rearranged themselves
For your arrival
While the planets aligned
You made your way
Across the universe
Into a quieter time
Where peace and truth lie
I found you there
Amongst the nestled heroes
Hiding behind the pretense
Of cruelty's gaze
I built you a world of love
You promptly smashed
And left me
To pick up the pieces.

Denis Kucharski

The End All Be All

The end all be all
Of all beginning's end
Has found us at zero
With nothing left to give.

Denis Kucharski

The End of Art?

The end of art?
In his noble brow
He did quest
Time, nor technology
Nor the weight of the present
Could be crushed by that pursuit.

Art is the soul of man.

Denis Kucharski

The Execution of Ms. Tucker

Bashful, anonymous
blood-hungry primitives
gather for the show

a modern Coliseum
exacting revenge
in Hammarabic simplicity

Blood! We demand it!
Eye for eye, tooth for tooth
The man-god judges

Hiding behind the crowd
his sins are hidden

execution not the punishment
the foreknowledge of it
the torture

As the 'state'
futility exacts its revenge
to satiate the blood-lust

justice without mercy
is damnation
The sentenced dies
for imposed ideology

But after the act
The anticlimactic stillness
Nothing healed. Now what?
What has been done?
is this all there is?

Somehow, nothing is healed
The hangover begins
the cycle continues
I shall never drink again
Or so one thinks

Oh, how quickly Friday comes
Promises forgotten, broken
As are we.

Denis Kucharski

The Gospel of Wealth

'We'll all be rich someday'
If only we thought hard enough
or tried some new mental trick
or believed hard enough
in ourselves
that somehow positive thinking
could make gold appear
between our fingers
and at the end
of this pot of gold
found near the rainbow.

Denis Kucharski

The Greater Beings

The greater beings
Eminent men
Make wider visions
In wide-eyed wonder
Of wonderous undertakings
And I, wondering
If I might become one of those men
Who dared
Like Promethius
To bring fire from the heavens.

Denis Kucharski

The Happiness Machine

I took my despair
My anger, my rage
And fed it
Into the Happiness Machine (patent pending) .

Like discarded table scraps
Indifferently it digested
The solid contents of my passion.
And 'processing'
Spewing forth
Stale pleasures
Perfectly composed
Terribly uniform
And somehow fit
For ready-made consumption.

Denis Kucharski

The Illiterate Poet

The illiterate poet
wrote his passionate ballad
A mute-singing his Homeric song

Denis Kucharski

The Interconnected Man

The interconnected man
In his careful web of lies
Spins his tail
His yarn
Into a complex fortress
Beyond that
Which even the eye can see.
He is a vagabond
A wanderer
In this broken land of dreams.

Denis Kucharski

The Internet

The Internet
2.0,3.0
I feel like a zero
The second division
Of a first multiplied effect
Add to that a billion
Divided by one
And harness the power
Of a mind collected
One.

Denis Kucharski

The Kind Of Life I Wanted

The kind of life I wanted
Love, belonging
To be intimately known
And understood, indeed loved
Despite my imperfections
Despite my disbelief
I wanted to be loved through all that
Even if the heavens commanded otherwise
But it has never found me
This, that, or the other thing
Just kept getting in the way.

Denis Kucharski

The Meaning of Strange Existence

What does this strange existence
All mean? Searching for the meaning
Of meaning in itself
Obscured by perceptions
Mindful trivialities
And whorish reason
Give me a reason for the season
A flush of truth
In the obfuscations
Of glaring reality.

Denis Kucharski

The Mice Left

The mice, along with Elvis
Have left the building
And I, standing alone
In this empty room
Wondering where the challenge went
When the little D-Con pellets
Did their due and left me
With more existential
questions.

Nietzsche laughed
And Hesse waived
While Buddha smiled
Upon my empty face
The day the mice left town.

Denis Kucharski

The Monasterium

I, a mere man
Spent time there
In the monasterium
a myth
a magisterium
a man
Found in solitary's
confinement
The breath
of inner ages.

Denis Kucharski

The Mood Made Short Work Of Me

The mood made short work of me
Jostling me through the mountains
Up through the riverdales
Beyond that which made any sense
And left me, alone, there
In the swamp of nothingness
Left to fester in my own remorse.

Denis Kucharski

The Mouse Made the Masquerade

The mouse made a masquerade
After biting my hand
When I was trying to feed it
Little pellets of D-Con death
and it ran into the potato infested corner
of my pantry
Next to the sticky traps
In between the spoiled tomatoes
and rotten avocadoes
And taunted me with its hubris

I wish I had a cat.
But I can't get one
Because I am allergic
And sometimes the remedy
Is worse than the cure
And in my case
I still have a couple of spoiled tomatoes
and rotten avocadoes.

Denis Kucharski

The One Thing I'll Never Have

The one thing I'll never have
It somehow utterly refuses
To yield to my desire
No strength of will
No greater hope
Can bring that
Which can only be freely given
By another
And the other
Just can't do it.

Denis Kucharski

The Path Runs Red

The path runs red
Through this river of blood
And we, the inheritors
Of a lost past
A genetic legacy
Which dare not even know
Of what it had in store for it.

Denis Kucharski

The Pizza Delivery Boy Part II

The pizza delivery boy
committed sapuku
Ritual suicide
Because he utterly failed
To ponder the implications
Of a pepperoni
And a mushroom
Fallen upon the wrong man's lips.
Wrong order served.

Denis Kucharski

The Punk Pizza Delivery Boy

There he goes
27 years old
in his jalopy.
He used to write poems,
little epigrams,
Sometimes a political tract.
His radio has become an ipod,
playing punk tunes
Free
In his own little kingdom
His hermitage of steel and rubber.
Coasting along marginalized lines
Self-imposed
To attain greater freedom.

Denis Kucharski

The Rabble In The Pit

I'm a member
Of the rabble in the pit
A thug like creature
Holding NASCAR notions
Of wrestling's demise
And me and the cable guy
Make artificial jokes
About rednecked yokals
Who refuse to acknowledge
Diversity's dawn
I hold in the smoke
Of a burning future
Swallowing time
And we, its belched out remains
Of composed dust
We wax poetic
Before Budweiser bottles
And country music's twang
And Hee-Haw ourselves
Into oblivion.
I wonder if we ever really mattered.
I dare not ask Beethoven
I'm afraid of his answer
We never knew the other
Could have ever existed.
Coming from our own
Two corroaded planets.

Denis Kucharski

The Redneck Love Song

Reagan and Bush II
Certainly had their way with us
Now that we've all become serfs
Entranced in our own filth
Singing a lovesong
For 'family values'
Buy American
And wait to become fodder
For Mr. Cheney's
Insane obsessions
The war industry commends us
'Thank you, come again'
While they start another scandal
Send another poor boy
Off to die
While their wallets grow fat
Letter to you rednecks-
Why don't you vote for the Republicans yet again
You aren't completely impoverished yet
God forbid
Should we have a 'liberal' president
Feed our starving masses
While we smother ourselves in patriotism
And choke on our flags
Let's let gas get so high
That there is a worldwide economic depression
And people around the world starve
Better this than so called 'socialism'
The free market is our god
God help us
Because we are too retarded to help ourselves
Long live Bush III!

Denis Kucharski

The Silly Turkey

The funny turkey
Paces in the dust at night.
The silly turkey!

Denis Kucharski

The Snow Came Down At Midnight

The snow came down at midnight
Through Kilamanjaro and by this rustic path
We found ourselves caved in
By an avalanche of despair
And bittered, ripened trust
And made for ourselves a bonfire of deceit
Sparked and scented
By your cruel indifference
And left the remainder
To shiver, chill and thaw
Leaving such remains
That no rescuers might ever find
Nor ever want to
We were cursed from the beginning
Fate has had its turn.
And you invited him in.

Denis Kucharski

The Strength Of These Emotions

The strength of these emotions
Like a whirlwind
Or a storm at sea
Crushing the sails
Of smaller men
And carrying smaller dreams
Into the darkened depths below.

Denis Kucharski

The Tanks Came Rolling In That Day

The tanks came rolling in that day
Crunching skulls like mellons
And leaving widows in their wake
Torching villages
With their despair
And leaving this earth asunder
Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust
We've all become
God's madmen.

Denis Kucharski

The Turning

There's been a turning
Things have moved around
And made themselves anew
Or older, I'm not sure which one
And here I am, supposedly
A big boy now
Feeling like a child
With five o' clock shadow
And not sure what to make
Of tomorrow
Now that Mom's gone
My youth is behind me
And I, still filled
With all the same confusion
As life just keeps moving on
And I'm not sure
If I've been left behind

Denis Kucharski

The Urge

I'm feeling it again
the urge, the longing
that incessant restlessness...
an impatience
If only I could drown the world
in a creative flood
rebirth the sun
the stars,
turn the cosmos inside out
I would, and then I would matter.

How stale, flat, and lifeless
meeting mere survival needs
so nothing; so filled in mediocrity
A yawn, boredom tolls
Is this all there is?

I feel the emptiness, the staleness
of a life spent toiling
for nothing
and in a hundred years
Will it matter?

I don't even feel like trying
Either a god or a beggar I'll be.
Somewhere in between
Can never be good enough.

Denis Kucharski

The Utterly Unreal Notion

The utterly unreal notion
Left in pineapples' dense
forests rippled through
affectation's wane
And dewdropp prisons
Caught in steely cages
Before lunch had begun
And the waffles
Were burnt by the toaster
Along an abandoned road's edge.

Denis Kucharski

The Vegetarian Cow

The rotund cow
plods and pokes upon pedestals
of ivory marbled white permeance
as the grinders turn and toil
the meat to meet.

Denis Kucharski

The Winter

The winter
Brought me understandings
Of what the bitter cold
Held in its heart
And wondered
How it might be
That nature
Could find itself so undaunted
And wondering
What tomorrow might bring.

Denis Kucharski

The Wordless Poet

The wordless poet,
His verse doth not rhyme

Of meter, none can be found
His passions-know not the ground

Of syntax, the words betray
The meaning of his mind's foray

But his passions, as the oceans dwell
His tumultuous heart doth swell

The fire of ages, the heart burns
A place of drama, movement churns

His life of tribute to 'les beaux arts'
The anxious dance took him far

What the artist lacked in abundance-grace
Passion came and took its place.

Denis Kucharski

There Aren't Enough Dollars

There aren't enough dollars
To go around
When we desire
To reach the finish line
Of a goal that keeps moving
And won't let us target
The middle way
We reached for the heavens
And tumbled down to hell
All because the stretching
Left us on rocky ground
The chair slipped
We lost our leverage
And now we are at the bottom
Dwellers bottom found.

Denis Kucharski

There We Were

There we were
Caught at nothing
Between nowhere and here
Is where this train ended.

I'm not sure when it began
Or where it will end
Only the cost of the ticket
Has far surpassed
The value of the ride.

But my ticket's already been paid
The train has already started
And I have not the wherewithal
To call it quits

Besides, maybe above the horizon
Or tucked behind those hills
Lies a better day, a sparkling dawn
Just waiting
For better measures
To improve our humble lots.

Denis Kucharski

There's Still Some Left

There's still some left
Hidden in there
Not sure where it came from
I thought it was buried
Under my ipod
Below the deck
Of yesterday's scraps
A newspaper
An old article
Covering my beginnings
Enveloping the present
And vacuuming the future.

Denis Kucharski

These Playful Little Words

These playful little words
Dancing around like moonbeams
Flitting their way through my entracements
And flickering ashes
Into my consciousness' eyes.

Denis Kucharski

These Years

These years
Move like flowers
Blowing in the wind
Catching a whistle
Smelling a sunbeam
Caught in a gentle rain
While hope trickles down
Like economic flounder
I still remember you.

Denis Kucharski

They Hanged Sadam Hussein

They hanged old Sadam today
That mass murderer
We all knew he deserved it.
Yet somehow
Society's own brutality
'Capitally' punished
I'm not sure
How now
We're any better
When we kill too
And that kangaroo court
Taught us all
The most moral lesson of war
Is simply never to lose
And history is written
By the winning side
And no one is really any better
Or more moral
When we all bark
Up the same damn tree.
You think society would have evolved
Or perhaps things might make sense
But this world of chaotic violence
A chimp bludgeoning the other
Just keeps going on
Even in this terribly 'modern' day and age.

Denis Kucharski

They Have Starbucks At the Truckstop Now

They have Starbucks at the truckstop now
Right near the Dale Earnhardt memorabilia
Alongside the CB radios
And other accoutrements
Of working class life.
We've all become a little more bourgeois
Even if of the petty sort;
The Flynn effect still in full
The dance of the classes
Turning up the tune.

Denis Kucharski

They Made Him Into A Show

They made him into a show
A kind of prodigious amusement
That little boy who could
Entertain older minds
With his wit, with his music
And with his inspid charm.
That little boy has grown
And set his sights on heaven
To quake the gods
From their comfortable abodes
And wake up the divine within.

Denis Kucharski

They'll Save My Brain

When I'm gone
They'll save my brain
And chop it into smaller pieces
And examine what went wrong
And how this dare not happen again
And how such a shame
Has become of so much talent
Wasted, squandered, and tossed aside
Because anxiety
Stole the better part of me.
And I,
Weakened, alone, trembling
Dare not conquer it
For it had conquered me.
And no one even noticed
It's like it never happened.
So many stories like this
Fill the chapters of time
Enough to make a book
Tossed into the bonfire
Of vanity, vainglory
And cast
Into the Wasteland
Where T.S. Elliot and I
Have tea, discuss nothing
And hope for better musings
Which seemed to just pass us by.

Denis Kucharski

This Child Has Grown

This child has grown
And found himself
Meandering
In the land of zombies
Mummified remains
Of hope's remainder
And lurched through
The cold, marbled pillars
Of an ancient gallery
And found there
Nothing, nomen, and no remainder
No vestiges
Of humanity's consent
All of us, confused, dazed
And made aware
That no one got it right
And even fewer
No what is going on.
Such was my entrance
Into the gallery of adulthood.

Denis Kucharski

This Day Will Never End

This day will never end
Just a continuum
That remains perpetual
The time machine has been cranked
Twisted in the opposite direction
A teradactyl passes by
My window
And yet the narrower time
Has its end in nothing
This never ending workday world
Swallowing up 2/3
Of my better time
If only I could harness
The better part of time
And make it eternal
Then one day I might find myself
Contained in ecstatic bliss.

Denis Kucharski

This Is It

This is it
I'm a big boy now
Looking to the future
And finding it has arrived
I've become
My own self
The moment is real
And here I am.

Denis Kucharski

This Isn't What I Expected?

This isn't what I expected
Nor what I had hoped for
You left me there, alone
Pondering the musings
Of a life long lost
And never really fulfilled
You told lies
Where truth should have remained
And here I am
Alone again
Lost in this confusing land of dreams
Love never found its proper place.

Denis Kucharski

Those Egg Rolls Are Burned

'Those egg rolls are burned'
I said to my little Chinese friend
He returned them to the kitchen
Brought me some sushi
Rubbery as it was
I turned my stomach
Moved my mouth upside down
Found a butter knife
Some wonton noodles
And a chef's knife
And fabricated my own dinner
Using the leftover remains
Of yesterday's sushi
Some still strange cuisine
Left beyond
Poor Mr. Lee's curse.

Denis Kucharski

Those Poems Drove Him Mad

Those poems drove him mad
And he worked so hard
To bring Promethius's fire
To this incestual galley below.
He held within his bosom
A torrent of emotions
A landslide of pain
And wanted to free this decrepit earth
From unseemely ties
Which bound and broken
Came crashing this dream below.

Denis Kucharski

To Hemmingway

From that fine madness springs
Lofty level-headed impressions
Manufactured in states manic
Then barren spirits fall
Deeper in the mire
To compose, to create, to conspire!
Times of mind compressed
Of depression sent
A bland mind is truly mad
Unease the source of dis-ease
Enlightened empathy
Of sensitive tantillations
Of inspired muse,
Rocking down the bows of yesteryear

Onward young poet
Onward to that solitude
And in that place may madness never creep.

Denis Kucharski

To Lord Byron

Each age sings to your brilliance
Your own star burnt itself out so fiercely
Young writers, regarding your work
Their eyes and hearts burning,
Afire from the passion
Your nimble pen hath stroked

To know the pain and mastery
Of a heart lived and consumed
Manic and depressive
Highs and lows our dear Lord Byron knew

Riding through the field of your lands
A noble king on his steed
Flowing hair in curling abandon
Proud chin and imperially slim
Dark hair and brazen eyes

Crazed with emotions and outstanding thoughts
Those peasant only saw the man of regal
The man of madness
And consumed that poetry in lukewarm fashion
Compared to the molten pots of fire
Which forged the steel of his craft
Emotion melting intellectual musings
Forming, branding, iron-edged words

Throughout the ages you ride through our dreams
Along your knightly, imperial champion
Reminding all of us of our mortality
And that in the end, to suffer is to learn
To live is to create
To strive is to be fully alive
And to have faith is the support

Poetry hath never known a greater voice
Than this lived poet
Of written genius and inspiration

Denis Kucharski

To My Dead Mother The Night Before My Thirtieth Birthday

It’s my birthday today, Mom.
I wish you were here to share it with me.
I miss your bright eyes
Your expectant smile
Your look of anticipation
As you watched whether or not the gift you made
Or the cake you baked with the candle placed atop
Pleased me.
Or how you would cherish the story of my birth
Remembering what a joy it was
For you to have your firstborn
And how you would stay up with me the night before
And when the hour of my birth was upon us,
You would happily retell the story
Of my, what was, to you, a glorious birth.
How you made me feel so special
Like the light of heaven was cast upon me
And how worthy I felt because I was your son.
You, the light of my world, now gone
Buried beneath the ground nearly three years ago.
As I write this, it’s the night before, Mom
And I wish you were here to share it with me.
Oh how I miss you
And with tears in my eyes, blocking my site
I miss you so
I feel an emptiness
The darkness all around
The silence of a world hushed
By the loss of a mother’s love.

Oh how I would storm the heavens to get you back
I would give my own life to have yours returned
I would believe in God again, and even follow Him
If it meant regaining you.
You were everything to me
And your loss cannot be spoken of in words
It remains outside all realm of decency
The pains you suffered, the hell you endured
Before you went beyond this Earth.

And like an angel, you comforted us
You held us in your heart
Even when you were on your dying bed.
If I could only be half the person you were
Then my life would be a success.

The day you left this Earth
Was the day my happiness ended.

And I, for the remainder of my life
Spent trying to regain the splendor
Of the earlier days of the love I once knew

Now lost, and I fear the worst—
That beyond this world lies nothing-
Nothing but the black void of annialation
And I will never see your sweet face again
I'm already in hell
That each day only grows more sore
Misery has become a constant companion.

"Everyone looses a parent. Such is the nature of things."
Yes, words spoken by a coward, a defeated schoolboy
Words of a grocery clerk, sent to collect a bill.
I refuse that entire grim order—
I refuse to succumb to that dreaded command
And with contempt I file my objection to the heavens
And order that God, that dastardly scoundrel
Be placed on trial for his misdeeds
And sentenced to death
For his vile crimes

I would loose my mother from the chains of death
Steal her away from the bowels of hell
And return her to her rightful place amongst the living

Mom, I love you
I thank you for your gift to me
Of blessed life
Forgive me for the times I hurt you
For the times when I took you for granted
My love for you could never be doubted.

I think of you on this day, that which happened 30 years ago.
You gave me the gift of a life I must now spend
Horribly alone without you.
Sitting on the chair of an empty room.
By myself in this windswept house
You had once called home.

Denis Kucharski

To My Future Wife

My darling, you are
My salvation
The better part of me.

Here you've found
A broken hero
Yet with your love
You've resurrected hope
And made things better
With the joy that is you
And with the light of your presence
Your love has filled the remainder
Made vacant by pain and time.
You, that tender and gentle soul
I never thought I would find
Instead you have found me
And despite my imperfections
Have greeted me in love.

And I swear to you, my beloved
That my devotion to you
Will remain unwaivering
And my affection for you
Only grows stronger with each day.
You are the meaning amidst my loss
Truly a gift to me
From heaven sent.
You are the angel I never thought
I would know
The center of my world.

I love you with all my heart
A heart which you have restored
With the perfection that is you.
I only hope, my love
That I can be for you
What you have been to me
And that I can bring you
A lifetime of happiness and joy
As you have already done for me.
Your love has righted so many wrongs
And restored my faith.
You are, to me, everything
And each pulse of my heart
Beats only for you
My precious and tender love.
Oh how I look forward to that day
When we are wed
And I can look to you
And call you my own
When I can place my hands
Upon you

And know
That inside of you
Another grows
And waits to find its being
In a home of love, of joy
And of faith.

That good things can come
For those who dare to trust again.
Every time I look into your sweet eyes
I see the face of my soulmate
My everything, my precious love.

What a joy you are to me!
And each day I love you more.
I have found you and will never let you go
I love you more than I love life itself
With a love that goes beyond all reason
And finds itself heaven sent
For that is what you are to me
Proof that life matters
And that perhaps
This absurd comedy
Has a happy ending.

My darling
I put my hand in yours
And hold you, support you,
And treasure you.
It is my dream
To spend each waking moment
Building up your life
And letting you know
That you truly matter.
And even during my sleeping hours
I dream of you
And pray for you
That I can be
Everything you have ever needed
Wanted
And have now found.
May God watch over you, my love
And guide and protect you
When I am no longer on this earth
To care for you.
And may my life
Be a legacy of love to you
For you
And with you.

Denis Kucharski

TomKat Stopped By

TomKat stopped by
Along with Wacko Jacko
Bennifer
And some other strange combinations.
They asked to use the restroom
(Paparazzi were hiding in theirs)
I said, 'yes' (why not?)
Poor hybrids
Such terrible things done
To perfectly respectible
names, places,
oh hell...
I don't even know what they are talking about anymore.
No one really does.
And it really doesn't matter.
We all forgot why it mattered
So long ago
And because
There's just nothing else to do
And why worry
About whether there's a God or not
Or whether we can cure cancer
When there are more pressing concerns
And the gossip rags
Never got rich
On cancer
Maybe on AIDS
But never on hunger.
Perhaps because we're all
Just too hungry
To help others truly eat.

Denis Kucharski

Tongues of Fire

I've walked over coals
To receive this abandon.

I've swallowed lies
To speak these tongues of fire.

I've embraced despair
To release this bitter hope.

I've tasted defeat
To find victory in this nothingness.

I've read a thousand books
To write these few poems.

And still I'm no closer
Than I was yesterday.

Denis Kucharski

Unity In Buddha's Providence

The words pouring upon the page
Tidal waves of consciousness sprung
Gushing through icy fields
In clamorous splendor
Of poetic prose

Lightly dusted from the mind
Then engraved in the consciousness
Uttered from the silence of the heart
In awe, at the joy of existence
The wonder of being

The totality of nature itself embodied
Sent in ecstatic waves of bliss
Engulfing my soul
Embracing my heart

Forever in these things wrapped
Eternally one, united in love

The brahma reaches out in smiling muse
The fates divided wrapped in unity
The Godhead united in love, mutuality
Eternally, love everlasting

Living beyond the grains of time
Defying the bittersweet hands of time
Achieving immortality in the unison
Of love remains. Forever.

Amen to all these things
To poet in joyful praise of the gods
And the splendors of the heavens
To rapturous revolutions of mindfulness
And the human ascent for the spiritual

Dynamically, overwhelmingly,
In gusts of radical totality
Enormity of being itself.

In the quit stillness of solitude
The movement of the cosmos
Manifests itself.

A smile of laughter and humility.

Denis Kucharski

Unsure

Unsure of what will come next
Awaiting the yesteryear
Holding on to this moment
Breathing deeply in
And exhaling through
This aware consciousness
Reaching fast
Into the ages
We've pulled through
This ocean of tears
And found ourselves
On the other side of tomorrow

Denis Kucharski

Upon My One Year Anniversary of Not Smoking

On the occasion of my failure to smoke
Nearly a year since that dreaded habit passed.
And with it a part of myself
Hygienically unfrozen
Cryogenically decrypted.
I look toward space
To find that space between.
And with these things I look homeward
To a place within the farthest reaches of my heart.
Missing one smoke, I remembered the loss of my love
Missing another, I remembered the present loss of another
And in foregoing the next, I remember a future without
That which I had once clung so tightly
And yet had dissolved through the tiny hands
Of time never frozen
I walk, a drifter, alone among the badlands
Drifting in an ancient land of filth
Inhaling smog, belching smoke, and crying
For loftier impressions
Set upon the hell-stoked covers
Of the lids of my eyes
Made infernal within.

Denis Kucharski

Upon The Collected Workings

Upon the collected workings
beyond poor Mozart's brain
There lie a vast untapped resource
A fountain of lust
A wellspring of joy
Contained within
Trapped Salieri's heart.

Denis Kucharski

Values

Values
Added contexts
Layer upon layer of shallow mooded sails
Wafting slowly to the brink of my consciousness
Ebbing and flowing as the tumultuous sea.
Carrying itself like the river outward.
We go along with it.

Denis Kucharski

Waiting For That Day

I'm still waiting for that day
When things get a little easier
When life will spread itself
Across the waters
And an oasis of joy
Cascades through the mountains
And better things
Are here for all of us.

Denis Kucharski

Waiting For That Mystical Time

There I was, waiting
For that mystical time
When things started to dance
And the mundane
Dissolved itself to profanity
And the enriched moment
Became that strong taste
My senses and heart
Dared never have known.
It flowed through me
Like a bitter wind
And seared my soul
Awakening it
From terrible slumber
And commanding me
To live
To live
To life.

Denis Kucharski

Wandering What My Fate Will Be

An unlikely devotional
for a life strangely spent
hoping for loftier heights
and thinking upon promises never kept
by those who were ill equipped
To make them.

Praying that my character might become
embolded by love
by hope
and by joy
I look to the heavens above
and the nether regions below
And wonder what my fate will be.

Denis Kucharski

We Lived A Different Kind Of Life

We lived a different kind of life
One a little bit beyond the pale
Never quite encapsulated in words
Beyond convention's reach
We found a gentle niche
Left untrammelled by Man
Outside judgment's reach
We held each other
In a hearth of love
And tender devotion.
It was cancer that broke that bond
And left me now,
Frightened and alone
Eyes wide open
Heart exposed
Freezing in the wilderness
Waiting for the elements
To render me utterly
elemental.
Another soul ground up
By time's cruel devise.

Denis Kucharski

We Ran Around the Moon

We ran around the moon together
And cut through swaths of time
To find each other across the distance
And in love
We made our way to the heavens
Hand in hand
Finally found
And never lost again.

Denis Kucharski

We Went to Wal Mart

We went to Wal Mart
To buy something of a tonic
Walking past the NASCAR posters
The shampoo bottles
Finger nail polish
And wrestling posters
Everything was the same
So terribly common
I felt another nothing
My sanitized soul
Left quiet
In an America
That had long lost its soul.

Denis Kucharski

We Were Born So Different

It's hard to believe
We came from the same mother
We are so different
Even a junebug
Could tell the difference
At once we were close
But the years, jealousy and
Supposed 'deceit' tore us apart.
If we weren't family
Would we have been friends?
Either way it's hard to tell anymore
Because you refuse to notice.
I still love you
Even though we are so
Seemingly unrelated
From another galaxy
You whipped me into the stratosphere
With your cold indifference
With your harsh invective
And your utter cruelty.
You remind me of our father
Only in this piercing dagger
There lies more dreaded reason
And all the more sharpness of mind
To help those barbs dig themselves
So much deeper
But it doesn't matter anymore
We can't even recognize each other
We've become
An entirely different species.
And I am beginning to doubt
I ever really knew you.
But now, even
I guess I'll never really know.

Denis Kucharski

We'll Meet At Disney World

We'll meet at Disney World
Finding ourselves among the pirates
or buried within Dr. Nemo's starship
Hiding behind the cover
of childlike hopes and dreams
In the spring of palms
In Denver, Colorado
Or Europa
Near a Titan Moon
Either way
There you remain with me
our love the utmost joy
Splendor of heaven sent.

Denis Kucharski

We're Not Like The Rest Of Them

We're not like the rest of them
That's for sure
Something just a bit different
Made wayward but not sure when
Has fallen off the mark
Or perhaps gotten
Strangely too close
Unable to hear
The gentle hum
Of life's vibration
Bounded in a cage
Of self's clamoring-yell
The inward analysis
Devouring its prey.

Denis Kucharski

What Do We Do When We Are Rich?

What do we do when we are rich?
When money grows on trees
And we don't have to struggle
Or worry about how to scratch anymore?

Then where might our worries lie?
Under what pile of existential dust
Will my discontent find itself?

And how much are the quarters
The cost of time having gone by?
If I were to become Bill Gates

Would I find, looking inward
There's nothing left
When worry has been called home?

Denis Kucharski

What Happened at that Moment

What happened at that moment
When Jim Morrison
Came to dinner
Holding his bottle of rum
And making us wonder
When our time might come.

Denis Kucharski

What Happened?

What happened
Between you and I
That things might come to this
And we, left alone
Amidst the burning stacks
Of love's lost
We could find no
Better hope.

Denis Kucharski

What Have They Done To Dr. Albert Ellis?

Poor Dr. Albert Ellis
You built them a kingdom
And in your (g) -olden age
They cast you from it
Fully expelled
From the comfort of that bosom
You had made them a world
They have now inherited
Before you have even passed.
Refusing to give up
Still spry at 95
They were never quite big enough
To conquer you.
My heart goes out to you
Oh Father of the Right Mind
You made us free
And for it we banished you.

Denis Kucharski

What Seemed Real

What seemed real
Was but an illusion
A false registry
Of what was meant to be
You left me there
Alone
At the top of that mountain
And I, grasping
For that which could never be found.
We found an end in the beginning
Made true that particular day.

Denis Kucharski

What Would Nietzsche say?

What would Nietzsche say?
About your spending
Or about your drinking
You underman, you failed over
And over
To free yourself
From this confounded
Confusion's nest
And made for yourself
A clay idol
Of despair.

Denis Kucharski

What's The Matter With You?

What's the matter with you?
Why this torrent of emotion?
This tidal waive of despair?
Who made you the monster?
And why couldn't you have been born
A scientist
A farmer
A tractor salesman?
Instead you were made an artist
And for that you suffer
The marriage of divine minds
Which refuse to last
And hold onto that which
Couldn't be expressed
In more conventional ways.
You've become the most blessed cursed
Soldier of Fate's Fortune
This world has ever known.

Denis Kucharski

When Death Has Swallowed You

When death has swallowed you
And shivered you to the core
And left rot where life had grown
In humble defiance you shake your hand to heaven
Cursing devils
Which existed in only your own mind.
Your life has become a mockery
Of your own ridiculousness
And there you remain
Wrapped in your own hell
A tomb of your own making
And now left to fallow there
Because you remained too sensitive
Your skin never quite thick enough
To withstand the impervious arrows
Punched through by fate and embellished
By time.

Denis Kucharski

When Republicans Rule The Roost

When Republicans rule the roost
They'll have poets for dinner
Atheists for lunch
And our souls for breakfast

We'll be left with our 'values'
Our family will be working
While we dittohead ourselves
Into oblivion

And learn that creativity never had a voice
In a time when we looked backward
And could see nothing
Because we never really existed
And we never will.

Another hour served
Another hour worked
Paid in humble homage
To the god of self-reliance

And no activist judges
Will push us around
And we'll be righteously aware
Of how the Right
Has the might

And when we're living in
Our anachronistic paradise
We can look to the Taliban
A Christenized version of ourselves
And see how we've all become
God's madmen.

Denis Kucharski

Where Did That Time Go?

Where did that time go?
Where never ending moment
Now made a distant memory.
You now live
In a farther world
Beyond the taste of smell
And touch's real embrace.
You are, now, to me
A ghost, a figure
As unrecognizable as joy
And left in humble parting
I climb to the heavens
To find you in Poseidon's chair
Smiling vaguely
How I miss you
I can never bring you home.
You've crossed away from this world
And now I, alone
Left to embrace the darkness
I pray for you each day
That you find relief
In your further place
And wish for you
The life you never had
Us both denied
Of happier tidings
Cancer just took you away.
And I can never get you back.

Denis Kucharski

Where the Schizoid Creature Lies

Where the schizoid creature lies
In self-entranced abandon
Left in narrow caverns
Beyond the reaches
Of hope's testamentary capacity
There a bitter truth lies-
That in another only rot can be found
And within, a pure spring
An encapsulated heaven
A hermitage
To find the divine.

Denis Kucharski

Winter

In the Spring,
Teeming with meaning
I drank from the cup of divine gladness
Of a life already in bursting bloom
Of the nuanced shadings of bliss
Unfolding in the puzzle of the cosmos
Smiled upon by the fruitful gods of
Glorious creation.

In the Summer,
I learned what it meant
To taste of eternal life
To rejoice in the full sails
Of the winds of life
In full and unbridled gush
To contain the lightening
In my chest and overflow
With joy and wonder
For this new and uncharted wilderness
Of life, love, and authentic existence.

In the Fall,
I learned to witness
The speeding of time, the restlessness
Of the age, of the spirit
Of the time and trouble spent in
Meditative silences
Knowing the calming of the summer wind
In more lusterous sights
And to have cruised the ocean of myth
In gleeful splendor

In Winter,
I learned to feel the bitter taste
Of colden death upon my lips
And to wallow
In the depths of the mire
To be forgotten
Soul sniffed out in raging silence
And to feel the end of all beginnings
Quicken and anneal
The very marrow of my blood
Freezing my soulful life to a block
Of forgotten time
Till all are met in judgment.

Denis Kucharski

Working Class Man In A White Collar Suit

Working class man
In a white collar suit
Not sure which world
Will have him
Or what direction
He can lie his head
Or whether his collar
Is blue or red
Or whether he fits
Into the right stereotype
When he's just pink all over
And has no proper place
To call a home.

Denis Kucharski

Would The World Stop?

Would the world stop
If I didn't get out of bed this morning
Or if my car broke down
Or if I clocked in late
Or, I dare say, didn't go to work at all?
Or if I didn't take a breath
Or if I never existed?
Then what?
Somehow it was like this
Before I was here
And it will be later
A puff in the whirlwind
A bug in the maelstrom.
I thought about getting out of bed.
Grabbed the newspaper to smash a fly.
The obituary section found me.
And here I was, trying to swat a few flies.
Forgetting, that John C. Doe,76,
Wasn't with us this morning.
And damnit I couldn't tell the difference.
I looked a little further down.
And there was my obituary.
And no one else noticed, either.

I think I'll stay in bed.

Denis Kucharski

Writings From A Lost American

Held captive by the machine
The corporation-its human 'product' ion

Flesh to steel
Blood to oil
Word to email
life converted to paper currency

The bottom line is god
The necessary sacrifice has been made
death the reward of a job well done
It's cost effective

That's the bottom line
If you don't want your family
to starve.

The money god-its necessary sacrifice
been made-paid-weighed

The American 'Dream'

Denis Kucharski

WWCND? What Would Chuck Norris Do?

Would he karate chop my neck
Or break through a pile of bricks
Maybe smash my misconceptions
With a sumo smash
A roundhouse kick
To my indignant brain.

Denis Kucharski

WWNS-What Would Nietzsche Say?

WWNS?
Grow some balls
Have some will
For if you don't
What will happen
Will be
What you won't like
And won't need

History is made
By those with balls
By those with the will

To make their freedom known.

Denis Kucharski

You Are My Light

In this sea of pain
You are my light, my joy.
In this tide of the morose
You are a stronger nestle.
You are the light to my darkness
The sweetness to my bitterness
My tender dream
Amidst the chaos of nightmare's sweep.
I've never known a love like this
Where were you
Hiding all these years?
And now that I've found you
I shall never let you go.
And with the ages
I make my way to you.
You are my life, my hope
And my guide
My angel
From heaven sent.

Denis Kucharski

You Came To See Me (Despite the Twelfth Hour)

My darling, my Love
After many hours,
Spent
Yet you came to me
Through that dark night
You arrived.
A perfect vision of love.
My heart burst with joy
Upon hearing your voice
My eyes made wide
By the beauty of your presence
My hands melted
By the tender touch of your embrace.
You are, and remain
My sweet love,
My soulmate
And my life.
My love for you remains beyond words
My friendship with you knows no limits

You have, quite simply, saved my life.

Denis Kucharski

You Carved a Wooden Idol

You carved a wooden idol of our love
And then tossed that little idol into the sea.

Denis Kucharski

You Caught Me

You caught me
(or found me, rather)
In the full yoke of my despair
And with a burdened heart
You cast me over the edge
Of this ship's delight
And there I sunk
To the darkened heavens below
Deeper, emptier, and even more alone
And wallowed there
Until the end of time.

Denis Kucharski

You Never Think You Can Live Through It

You never think you can live through it
But it lives through you
And somehow
Life, despite itself
Just keeps going on.
You think that you'll collapse
Under the weight of it all
Yet your heart still beats
And your brain keeps ticking
A lesser self you become
But nevertheless
There you are
Alive
Despite it all
Despite yourself
And despite time.

Denis Kucharski

You Smashed The Crucible

You smashed the crucible
With the heat of your fiery abandon
And left there smelted love
Leeching itself
Into the accursed earth
With the profane
You wrenched yourself from hell
And consumed
The better part of me.
I hope you're happy now
At what you've done
You've plucked the wings
Of this fallen angel
And left him there
To become a man.
Oh look at what
A woman has done!

Denis Kucharski

You Think So?

You think so?
So do I
I don't know what you mean
Whatever
Either way, we are both confused
By the sound of nether thoughts
Far reaching examples
Of loftier heights
We've together travelled
Far beyond the hopes of tomorrow
Lay the dreams of today.

Denis Kucharski

You Were Quiet Today

You were quiet today
Like no one else was
You found yourself a sunflower
And nurtured it to completion

You kissed the stars
Which smoldered you
And made yourself a monument
To man's incessant curse

You found beauty
Were nothing did lie
You unloosed the shackles
Of hatred's bondage

You lifted me to heaven
Upon your lowly back
And made me a beggar
In glory's greatest parade

You conjured the sunshine
Amidst the darkness
And made a better place for me
Because of your moonbeam.

Denis Kucharski

Your Soul Was Too Big For Us

Your soul was too big for us
Your pride the reversal
Of fate's encumbered grasp.
An avalanche of pain
Glacially chopping
Through the marrow
Of your heart's content.
You were the beginning
Of our comfort's end
In your genius
You left us all behind.
And no one could comfort you.
You, you titan of men.
You were everything
And we were nothing
And in your aloneness
You built a world
For all of us to savor
But we never tasted you
And you, left there, stale
Created a world
We could only fathom
Sitting upon your ivory cask.

Denis Kucharski

You're So Darn Witty

You're so darn witty
With you little smirk.
Aren't you a genius
Aren't you a prig.

Look at your humor
As we bask in your glory
Was, is, and ever shall be
Such is the nature of your wit.

I feel so underwhelmed.

Denis Kucharski

You've Bottom Rocked

You've bottom rocked
Fallen down
Nowhere further
Down to turn
And wondering
What sense this made
Or what alleys you might take
Because the mechanisms
The copings
Have failed
And now there's an upward turn
That you must
Make.

Denis Kucharski