

Poetry Series

Crystal Korzinsky
Chambers
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers(1970)

Urged by English and Creative Writing professors and friends to reach beyond the classroom, Crystal began to find the inner voice to put her thoughts to paper for the purpose of expression and fulfillment. Presently residing in Utah, Crystal has recently been published in a scholarship literary anthology and is in the throws of submitting a children's book to various publishers. Crystal's previous publications have been in Gearhead magazine, and local news letters. blog. Crystal presently resides and studies in Utah.

Writer for

'A' List

Mercy, how heaven holds the hopeful at bay
Granting entrance to warblers with pending invitation.
Though holders are less worthy than most;
The golden aura bathes their sins in blinding
Light, so no sin can be seen through the
Righteousness bestowed by their peers.

The good book, whether the book
Holds interest or water, or drowns in fodder
Is given credence by scribes lounging
In agent stalls, whose members we've read,
Are already in bed with angels of their own.

The rest – pages in pile- bringing lengths
Some ten leagues long, whose denizens
Toil unheard beyond their binding skins
Rising. Falling. Escape. Release.
Long. Want. Hunger. Thirst.
Brand. Burry. Burn. Belong.
Outcast. Survivor. Tormentor. Slave.
Poverty. Gilding. Coward. Brave.

On and on their stories grow a mountain
From which many rivers flow from lakes
That do not mirror heaven; but echo
The earth below, whose characters died
A ghastly demise from the slush pile flow.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

A Simple Thread

How Fate dreams to subdue me.
Her Pale blue green dactyls
Sweeping the sweat of laboring
from her pious brow
Her effort strained against
the forces prevailing to
Construct my end their way.
Oh, Fate - beautiful colossus
Harpy of misery and ruin.
Your eyes gleam ferocity
jealous of talents made mortal
Ruinous of the fleshy beings-
you steal their glory short.
Sheer robes and veils of dreams
mask your true form, Fate.
Deamoness of false hopes and pride.
Gleefully smiting down the wouldbe's
Would without your ruin
Be evermore remembered mythic forms
Will now lay forgotten
to all, and none.
That is the reward you spin, Fate,
how cruel you are.
Cutting Destiny's cord
Letting the days die unwon.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

Aloft

My fingers stretch upward
Each a thousand lengths, capable
of holding nest and kite
My skirt tread-bare and brown
speckled by my shedding coife
Brown and golden, a hint of red within
baring my bark, grey and scored
from the adventurers who challenged
my limbs to hold them
-even for a while.
My gardens no longer tended
-resolute constitution-
Abashed by the forsaken gardeners
abandoned so long ago
They walk past me now -
-all of them.
Noone taking the time to look
up towards the heavens
to reach with the sky
None to climb the regence
of my boughs
Yes, 'too busy, ' that, must do.
As my rings add on,
they are all memory, now.
This must do, to be content.
The gardener's, their time now spent,
with saplings and pageants
of blooms in footbeds
closer to the ground
where kites lay grounded.
No wind to tarry them up to me.
My fingers stretch upward,
my skirt tread-bare and brown.
Mercy. Mercy, Time!
You have forgotten me.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

Bauble Thief

I witnessed a mockingbird one morning,
Warming his cockles in my window's sill,
And when I called his attention
He turned as to fly away,
(Used to being on the run)
He sat a moment more.
I moved no muscle and took barely a breath
As he looked back over his shoulder
To see what I had done.

'Why aren't you chasing me?' he asked.
Being chased had been his plan of fun.
'My feathers are richly soaking up your sun.
I will steal every shiny bauble in your box
and when there is none
I will fly away to another window
and begin my game again.'

'Precisely, ' I told the bird whos'
Raven wings were making shadows
As he stole my morning sun.
'With your want to steal, and
take what is blessed to some, you
do so for the attention, not for the fun.
So off to your hovel of baubles,
you may come and go, and
for each meeting I will leave
a bread crumb for your trouble.'

'But, no gems, no treasure, no chasing
will I give to such a self doting bird.
My window is free to enter
for the morning sun. The sill is yet
large enough for me, and birds
who talk and run.'

Off he went, never seen again;
Once again my sunshine flows liberally
through the mockingbird's vacant pious pirth.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

Blank Canvas

Bringing a penumbra on white

Like trees on winter snow
my shadow lends the nature

Not physical, but seen
my words do not possess

□ like my hands bent and contorted
until inked on the crisp vanilla

Maintaining the purity of thought
the pen's blood - black

□ like its shadow creator
comes forth...

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

Blind Deafness Of The Other

Often I wonder when you will
see how ignorant you are
when you try to push your
way over my will
when you try to demonstrate
your superiority
I oft' wonder how long
it will take for you
to gain a modicum of familiarity -
intelligence
when I feel so strongly to smart you
hoping it would help
knowing it won't
Hating you for being so arrogant
Your own stupidity blinds you
but, that is the point of stupidity
That you are blind to it's effect
except that you think
that you are all knowing
all perceiving
Your eyes are closed to
the brilliance of the minds around you
So little you think of yourself
you follow in the ways of your
predecessor; so little do you awaken
your perceptions
you walk in the the same foggy path
happily, almost taunting the same fate
of marriage set by example before you
that you would lash out and hurt
the friend you have
so that you mold existence
to the misery you only know
to be true
Wake up! I tell you
I yell, hoping your ears
will suddenly burst and allow
the way others see to infect you
to enlighten you

to broaden your horizon
The madness of knowing
that there is nothing I can give you
nothing I can say
nor do
nor think
nor act upon
to infect you to a greater awareness
or caring
of how others are
But then, I suppose
first you'd have to care
...about anything.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

Bloom

It is your eyes that pierce
the magic between us,
though the magic you can't possibly see.
Pitty for me.
The warm breath escaping
your poetically designed nostrils
aflare with fervor for the beauty
in the world around you.
How so like an Eldarborne.
Bold world, your realm upheaves us
in a tantric flurry, if only in my mind
Proud are the ringlets that border the glow
shining forth from your facade
I feel the lines under my fingers when
my eyes are tightly shut.
High brow musters the intangible delectation
sweeping from aspects shorn away
Discovering the square delight
encompassing your lean lips,
letting escape the echo of the resounding
nature of the dietous nature in your idyllic facade
Baroque stillness perpetrates
a listless call deep within your helm,
bourgeoning minions of followers
who would make you their own.
If only they could.
Trapped by the imaginative accessibility
the mind creates when we struggle to find love.
My star is counted within that tapestry,
and the thread is long to be sure,
I hold it tight while I sleep,
breaking the tedium of every day nature.
So like spry youth, and ageless of soul
like the Eldarborne.
In you the world would place their holding,
allowing themselves a requiem of delight,
if only when their eyes are tightly shut.
As would I...

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

Canvas

Imagine my friend
I'd lost the will, to
Save you by and by.
Retouching the paint
Correcting mistakes
I think I have done.
It carries a weight
Not that I hate, but
One I'd not expect.
Out of the shadows
An image - swept in
Colour - protested
All that vexed my way
Of seeing the Paint,
'Offered a new score.
'Consign this again,
Lovely artist friend, '
Putting paint and brush
In hand, I look to
It and then to friend,
And saw but vacant white..

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

Chat Lunaire

Perched on pads, against
azure velvet swaying
with universal song,
firey saphire brilliance
never fades away
into dusty space, cold and empty-
Instead burns through all the
light of Night and Darkness of day -
Holding steadfast against the
curtain of time; Her permanance
holds my gaze forever-
in wake.
in sleep.
I tear at the heavens to pull Her closer.
To have her one more day.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

Escherling

I know what madness is.
When I am up and
You are up but to each other down.
When ceiling walls and
Flooring halls echo the silent shrill.
When planted roots sprig new leaves
Giving fruit and tuber both.
When each measure of your space
Is another minute mine.
When my veranda of parquet
Is your great room paper wall.
When each egress I turn the handle
Ingresses the door behind.
When each step of my feet
Is at once your measured time.
When the shadows of my recesses
Highlight the vaults in yours.
When 'ere we go throughout this night
And each window like the doors.
When escape is eternally bound
I'll pass your ghost and you'll
same shudder when you are sure
You have just passed mine.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

Gauntlet

The gauntlet strikes a noble pose
striking the ground with great repose.

Adorned with gold and amber stones
luring all passers with gem covered bones.

Aye, to pick up such a treat
would leave the owner sitting sweet;

and long after the taste has worn
a debt incruces, that day was born.

Ever more debt will be owed,
until death or decree part the stones

Pillars, ashes at the feet
the Gauntlet looks awfully sweet.

Silken threads whisper in air
Hope, yes Hope does lie there.

A morsel taken from bread trail left
the path less worn, and heavy of breath.

Glimmering hope, the spinner cast
Will bait be taken without

sinking the cast.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

In Passing

Somewhere between the snow
that blankets fields
surrounding vacant sections
we were put;
In the seats they occupy-
the spaces we sit
I heard the song of inspiration.
Not tone deaf, the heart, it did hit.
In this purpose,
In this line,
passes the light of that moment
shown bright on winter snow.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

Inebriated Version 1

Inebriated, I look in the mirror
Wondering how old I am.
Have I lived before? How long ago?
How many times? How well then to now?
Is my face the same or has the mask
I often despise different and changing
Frequently like an actor changing scenes?
Only drunk do I look at the myth
Imitated on silver plane. The legend
I've created-that really isn't there-
Self important. Self loathing.
Empty and bereft. I tell myself
I didn't matter five minutes
Five years or five lifetimes ago-
Though I know it a lie.
In my gut I know why I wonder why
I remain trapped in a form no one knows.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

Inebriated Version 2

Inebriated

Inebriated, I look in the mirror
Wondering how old I am.
Have I lived before? How long ago?
How many times? How well then to now?
Is the mask the same or has it warped
in some way I have yet perceived
Because I know it doesn't fit
how it used to.
I often despise that thing I see
reflected abhorrently back at me-
- different and changing
like an actor changing scenes.
Only drunk do I look at the myth
imitated on silver plane.
Legend I've created-that really isn't there-
Self important, Self loathing,
Empty, bereft; I tell myself
I didn't matter five minutes,
five years or five lifetimes ago-
Though I know it a lie.
Beyond the silver, behind the glass
I remain trapped,
a form no one knows.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

July 2,2006

Clouds shade the fields of eternal sunshine;
Grains of skepticism fall from pillars bending -

Once unwaivering.
Demeter, bring it now!

Bring up the thing that will bare
Fruit of happiness;

Fertilize the fields of my being
That I may reap the rewards-

Know my prayers have been heard.
Ceres, partner of earth, spring the waters

Of hope within me - again.
Travel the earth's paths to which

I have long prayed for; flower the seeds there.
Bring the fragrance to me that I may bask

Forever in it's warmth and delite
Though forever be only a day to you-

I, a whisper in the wind...
we are sisters, and together weep

when a harvest is lost to blight.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

June 29,2006

'Resort to blindness', she said
The ink still black in her mouth.

Turning her shoulder away
her eyes the last to leave

'You can only miss
what you can still see.'

What an irreverent reverie
from a decadent witch.

What an awful hitch-
It is hard to blind the inner mind

when what is missing is all
I want to see.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

Night Goddess

Oh, Moon! the
glass violet scenting

the garden sky.
Wafting beams

supporting ancient houses
sheltering mythic forms

of your ages.
How you hang so

loftily - the perfect
prism, breaking shores of

Crystal light on
marred and shattered ground

hiding the cruelties
best left unseen

Showing the hearts at

full blossom, bleeding

all the while
for your blessing.

Willowing their strings,
chording together

lovers pair
to fawn in revelry

Basking in your mirth
that is their own -

Oh, Moon!

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

Peppered Tongue

Contrary, this mark I make
To write is error, I bid -
Mistake! Keeping on hand a
Feeling, neigh? Give others
A helpful hand to ward Your
Ushers to hurried end.

Wait, to give a lesson, pen.
Dare not an education
Do not give a word to Them.
Nor will, make it, to friend -for
Foe to be. Discernations
Will pretend to care or naught.
Words They bend to bring about
Forever stinging an end.

What was not for them to say
How I in past have dealt - in
breaking. Carving their own self-
pitty. Not allow my end.
To be another. To see
The forest through the day.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

Sea Foam

The spirit swims in
shallow beds made
by torrents of tides
whetting rocks, swirled inland.
Riddled in pools sharded
by years of pounding surf.
Teeming with agents
picking the bones
of poems left in tidal pools
gathered in pockets
Sea foam stinking the shore.
Gurgling glass reflecting the
etherial ocean and glaring fire
warming the combing graves.
While trapped within sharded
pools, thoughts- the stranded fish-
bait the scavengers,
picking the bones of poems
left behind
In the surf.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

Soiled Sheets

This laid new for me.
A moment now gone.

Unblemished by any hand.
Even my own.

Virgin ideas soil the blanketed white.
With the birthblood inkly black.

Staining the perfect into
Inhospitable tennents where nothing virgin rents.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

Taking In The Midnight

When do shades become midnight?

After noises settle and floods

have dried from my feet

an appreciation for a climactic view

goes out of focus as the glass

and my skin meet

startled by the suddenness

pressed closer to the view

pulling back, leaving impressions

as the lights go off and

I am taking in the midnight.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

The Kindly Meal

The Kindly Meal

His small wooden table
on the screened in porch.
With two wooden chairs
Painted green;
Set opposite each other.
The bowls ready for us
with their warm contents
filling the air of tomato
and pasta.

Calmly, his mother's
faceless voice calls us
from the swings,
to dine on ravioli.
To them a regular thing;
to me a regal meal.
Lucky him, living
in the same house for years.
The steps warmed
by his ancient cat.
Mother, mine, married poor;
the wretch gave us children tears
and years of moving here
and there; and lunches
from bologna, Olive loaf,
catsup and cheese.

Their shaded porch cool from
the thick covr'ing trees-
we sit, dining like royalty
in the summer between
K and First; lessons of life
already long began
Before friends sharing ravioli.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

The Necklace (Pearls)

Times placed together
Threaded through air
Beads strung on silken thread
broken
Falling silently to the ground.
Brambled. Abated.
Each segment lost
in its own independent agony,
resonant with every soliloquy
lost
to the tormentable air.
Forever shewn from belonging
Left
formidable, wretched
against thought, still clutching
at formulation.

Forever endless, sky seeded,
Littered with beads
freed
from consistence of thought.
Fall to random marks below.
Winds blow
Mothered by persistence
singing a tale
of tribulation and trial.
Bathing orators
drenching minds to crispness
Transforming dissonance to
pearls
harvested in the minds
Brought to birth from
Harrowed contemplation.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

The Reason

Mine is to see the mist
The fog bending light.
Images vague on other side

Matter not to my sight.
All are same...
here...
there.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

Thistle

There is a veil I can now see,
It blinds my way
To the place
My heart lies in.
Away, asunder, far yonder a breath...
...life to live that which is in me,
Defines me, desires.
To be unchained
From the Antigone of purgatory – quagmire
Of fate. So long low the rhymes
Of song blow. Borne over willows'
Lowly wind.
Say 'nay'. I, yet some twist a tired
Worn thistle upon their wrist.
Savage sweet their melody
Briskly, keen away to
Favoured times of magical
Rhymes to chase vile demons
Away, to places ne'er said
For trouble or dread, I sing
Their names in jest.
Practical oh lively pilgrim, plight doth
Keep thee still. Merry oh weather
Who turned a black feather
To keep it ever still.
Free from the monument
That never speaks; who's name
Is forgotten still.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

Violet

drowned in a pool of violet
the windows pour forth invisible echos
the leaking panes - my decrepit house-
leaking against a flooding ocean.
the fluids mix one in another
the colour is no more diluted.
still violet.
it remains outside
holding the house together -
tape on a house of cards
it does little good to pursue
orange, persimmon or other hues;
for blind are the lanterns
that guide those with-out
soon the lanterns'll drown too,
in a pool of violet hue.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

Water Marks

Where the water marks
Bury our souls in trance
Laying wishes to beds
Sowed in line, never
Given chance, sorrowed
Pockets deeply sewn hold
Our hands burried deep,
Digging for gems and stones,
For coins we can not keep.

Common error of our ways tombed
Burrowed deep from Apollo's way
Next to ocean wells.
Levies lay shallow, show' our bones
Expose our souls with salted eyes
And brittle stars in the night sky shown.
Swollen hearts and listless sails
To gleam as white in midnight sun
Gleaming just under the waters mark.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers

We And I

Can you see it
The door - there
Partially ajar -
set in the wet
grey wall.
Climbers lain from fall
Their bones -
a warning call.
Heavy Ivy surrounding
the casement -
damp of heavy air.
Crispness lay -
beyond it
-the visage byond the door.
I can see it
through the sliver baring
the secret
beyond its ghostly frame.
I wouldn't bother - were I you
You can't open it further.
It will not sway -
the hinges illusory
It does not open more -
push we might, wedging
our fingers through.
We are stuck to this side -
only Beauty made it through.
We and I held hostage
the key never known
The secret kept silent
that beauty calling home.
'Come. Aren't I beautiful? '
'Aren't I all you've wanted still? '
Hedges and fountains beckon
Urns flaunt their virgin fill.
The door, it does not open
Though kept
from being shut
The knocker heeds

no secrets
its mouth
forever mute
the hinges will not open
the dreams
beyond the door-
are one way reachable.
The secret -
I know, no more.

Crystal Korzinsky Chambers