

Poetry Series

**Frank (Black) Blacharczyk**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2020

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Frank (Black) Blacharczyk()

## Fell In Love, Sort Of

I fell in love was it chance was it a twist of fate  
Looked into her eyes and fell in love  
I fell in love as I saw it  
thought it would be a made for TV movie  
sitting in the audience watching the actors  
wishing I was one of them  
I fell out of love as she saw it  
Love was supposed to be a song a gold record but  
she didn't buy it and fell out of love as she saw it  
Looked into her eyes and I saw a storm  
Holding onto lightning as the thunder got louder and louder  
When human nature collides with artificial love the fantasy melts  
Looked into her eyes and saw disappointment and sadness  
Holding grudges for a reason or no reason sucking it in like a vacuum cleaner  
never cleaning the clogged filter  
My song was a pop song a one hit wonder once it left the charts I was done  
I hear footsteps following me only shadows are dancing  
The unwelcome song starts and stops inside my brain  
And all I can do is dodge my past as the music becomes louder and louder and  
hope for a twist of fate

Frank (Black) Blacharczyk

# Looking Back

I stand on this plot of ground  
thinking about my life  
the good I have done the bad I have done  
the love I have created the hate that I stirred  
My autobiography is filled with happy moments  
painful moments  
The world I see before me is not the same  
neither am I  
God seems so close at times yet at times so far away  
An anxious mind creates restless thoughts sleepless nights  
Time is now...the past is but a memory  
hazy and biased good or bad replayed with a new script  
some scenes better left on the cutting floor  
This world I helped create...helped to create me  
regrets have become my drinking companion  
I stand on this plot of ground breathing in  
and breathing out the life I have lived  
I have seen sadness and joy both can be misguided  
when I was a child I looked to the future  
now that I am old I replay the past  
I have walked on this tightrope swaying side to side  
balancing these frisky emotions never looking down  
having faith the safety net has always been there

Frank (Black) Blacharczyk

# My Name Is David

I gathered five stones for the fight of my life  
only needed one the right one to win  
I was a shepherd anointed to be king  
young and handsome against a Goliath  
arrogant and loud he spoke with so much venom  
in despair everyone ran away as faith hid behind fear  
friends took one look at me and laughed  
had too much pride for my size they ridiculed  
but I had faith no turning back  
a belief I could win evil would not prevail  
looked bad for me man's armour would not fit  
it was like carrying the weight of the world

without hesitation faith as my shield  
death smiles impatiently waiting for anyone someone  
to be released from their earthly costume  
I ran to do battle to be written in blood  
he wore sword spear and javelin a fearful sight  
along the way I picked up five smooth stones  
and put one in my sling always looking up  
meanwhile he clearly spoke with confidence  
of my coming death and dismemberment  
he drew with words a painting a self-portrait  
the results of his handiwork on my body  
I told him my faith will win the day  
that evil will be be-headed he lunged at me  
my stone left my sling and he was silenced  
evil was be-headed by a shepherd, a smooth stone  
and God

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# Nowhere To Run

God wake me up even though my soul sleeps in fear  
I have seen the sun set let me see the sun rise  
he held out hope he had no choice  
a colourful flower growing in a black and white war  
I know a man who prayed for peace  
saw an empty cross an empty tomb  
an empty world emptied of its soul  
spinning out of control knocking on heaven's door  
I know a man who prayed for peace  
and words like a thousand songs played at once  
the sound put him down he found nowhere to run  
I know a man who prayed for peace  
and he saw the rich getting richer  
and the poor complaining but nothing changes  
the same stays the same, the poor in spirit complaining  
nothing changes

I know a man who prayed for peace  
couldn't see it couldn't feel it couldn't hear it  
but a dream nobody could take away  
until this man could pray no more

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# On My Way Home

I can feel Van Gogh's pain  
His need to be loved and yet create chaos  
To chase love away to be left in pain and self-pity  
And I don't know why I am like the way I am  
A painter a canvass with strokes that constantly collide  
Real love comes with a price  
God is not a juke box putting in our gold coins  
Dancing to our favourite tunes  
My fiery imagination lives in fear  
Real love comes with tears  
On the third morning an empty tomb  
recently occupied now angels sitting greeting visitors  
Jacob camped with angels like old friends  
Elijah was touched by an angel not once but twice  
Perhaps I shook hands with an angel my soul knew  
The tomb was empty thank God  
On my way home I wandered away like a child  
but the Shepherd found me and carried me on His shoulders  
like a lamb

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# Orders From The Easy Chair

They anxiously waited in the trenches pacing with God  
Few questions were asked but does God welcome the enemy too  
Impatiently patiently listening for the whistle  
to run the race into eternity or something worse  
Some prayed some said good-bye to the world they knew  
Whether their memories were good or bad it didn't matter  
Breathing here eternity there  
When the whistle blew life changed for so many

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# Runaway Soul

Grieving men walking in darkness  
carrying the boy to his grave with a final march  
The boy's soul was a runaway soul  
buying a one - way ticket leaving in the dead of night  
a mother who can't see the sun shining  
Soon father and son would be together again  
Alone in despair grieving friends  
Their words fall off a cliff  
The sun has risen but not her son  
Miracles don't grow on trees  
It was a day she would never forget  
When a crowd walked by and the Son of Man  
Walked up to the somber men  
Holding her son's soul less body her only son  
Don't cry as he dried her face drowning in tears  
And with an unearthly command  
He bought the boy's runaway soul a return ticket  
It was a day she would never forget  
Miracles don't grow on trees

Frank Black Blacharczyk Luke 7: 11-15

Frank (Black) Blacharczyk

# See You Around

Hold my hand squeeze it tightly  
when it's time and I go let go  
don't say good-bye just say  
see you around if its not here it will be there  
there is no cure for the pain that love leaves behind  
no grave no urn can hold captive a soul  
memories need self-medication to dull the pain  
sometimes I giggle like I'm insane  
sometimes I cry and I don't know why  
through joy and tears seeing what's not there  
but one day the years and tears of self-inflicted guilt  
like a light bulb slowly dimming, will grow weary and wear out  
and I'll see you around for some tea and peace

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# She's My Dream

I see her as I walk in light and darkness  
I see her when I sleep and when I awake  
She fades in and she fades out  
When I find a flower with an alluring scent  
she fades in and she fades out  
When I sit beneath a tree looking at the stillness  
of the rippling pond as the man on the moon eating cheese sipping wine laughing  
at the sun playing tricks with my reflection and swimmers frolicking in the  
distance  
she fades in and she fades out  
A song a lyric takes me away to her  
she invites me to dance as she fades in and  
the song ends she fades out  
When the world around me becomes crazy I get lazy  
she fades in like an angel she's my angel but when too many voices collide with  
my dream she fades out  
She never disappears but plays hide and seek until we meet again

Frank Black Blacharczyk (July 7 2019)

Frank (Black) Blacharczyk

# Sunset Sunrise

Like a leaf we need sun and rain  
The autumn winds bring colour no one can duplicate  
Feasting on a masterpiece painted by God  
The rain ends the growing ends the warm colours  
a frigid memory  
And the falling snow paints the colours black and white  
Sleep sweet dreamer with a coat of many colours  
Sun sets only to see God's mural of the night sky  
Then hope comes alive the sun rises  
From nowhere somewhere a divine wind and rain revives  
Resurrection awakens re-birth hope in the soul  
A sauna created by the excitement of the sun energizes  
A welcome alarm clock to raise the dead and the dreamers  
The day is cloudy and disagreeable full of potholes  
when we are addicted to ourselves  
Like a seed we need sun and rain to have a blooming life

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# The Poet

I am a pretender a jealous guy  
You move inside my head like a queen  
I am your unworthy subject then you whispered my name  
I'm a drifter a poet who's always searching for the right word  
A fallen leaf travelling with the wind here there everywhere  
Your touch knight's me and we play in my fool's paradise  
You squeezed my hand and we flew above the clouds  
Lovers who do the impossible here there everywhere  
in a world that doesn't exist  
I am a pretender a drifter a poet  
a jealous guy who sees a world that doesn't exist

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# The Uninvited

I can bury some regrets easily lost in the rubble  
Some regrets hang on for awhile with time whisper  
Some regrets hidden behind drugs and alcohol won't die  
but return with a sobering slap  
no matter how many times I dig their graves  
or fly 30,000 feet with my head in the clouds  
Some regrets arrive uninvited and unwelcome  
regrets forgiveness flowers stubbornly neglected  
now delivered to a gravestone as a guilt offering  
love lets me see who I am like a flashlight  
searching my heart in the dark  
we are all on the same journey  
hunger and thirst for the same thing  
hug loves a hug...kiss loves a kiss  
hate loves to hate... anger loves to be right  
memories disappear and reappear like regrets  
my hunger my thirst is the same as yours  
love sees no colour no religion love lets me see who I am  
and who you are and who we are on this stage of bad actors

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# Twist Of Fate

We came into this world unwanted  
maybe a mistake seemed like it  
her past became my daily misery

Her story was not a fairytale  
no prince came to the rescue...  
well not right away  
treachery drama and death were her constant  
constant companions fellow actors recycled terror

The Russian revolution starvation two wars  
a son left behind a camp with guards  
a camp liberated but raped  
the handsome prince never arrived with the kiss  
nobody ever knew her identity a different story  
a different answer always hiding behind her words  
restless stormy unforgiving  
friends left before her movie ended

Another world one I had never seen  
showed itself in a moment I can't explain  
a drama going nowhere went somewhere  
the drugs made her speechless  
we had our own private war about to end  
she always played her part well  
never knowing what was true or invented

War is created by men who walk up the stairs  
from hell and put on the skin of man  
they look just like you and me

She never did listen never understood me  
now without interruption my opportunity  
I spoke she would never try to understand  
as I was growing up her eyes got darker  
filled with tears her illness created uncertainty  
I searched for peace escape from my reflection  
We never understood each other  
looking for empathy compassion

sadly it was like waiting for the wall to hug me  
you see after many years age and illness  
she could not win this argument with this enemy  
now I could tell her my story without interruption  
without looking for acceptance  
I wanted her to understand my pain  
when I finished I sat and stared looking  
into her distant troubled eyes restless spirit  
I wanted the wall to hug me tell me it's alright

Shewas gulping for air for life  
each breath was a gasping a gasping  
a gasping a breath holding onto the earth  
she has won before why not now...  
Suddenly she opened her eyes  
and looked into my eyes for a moment  
for a moment time stood still  
a gentle wind caressed the room  
four walls a window closed  
door shut tight no blue sky  
or was there? couldn't tell

She fell into my arms I saw what I saw  
ghostly arms with ancient sleeves  
embraced her and carried her spirit away  
she was no more  
the room filled with unspeakable silence  
and peace  
it was a happy ending freed by the kiss  
of her Prince

And when I die  
not all the oil that is our god our salvation  
or gold that makes our eyes sparkle  
or the bank accounts we love to consume  
and wear as if we deserve it  
can justify our entrance into this unseen world

War is created by men who walk up the  
stairs from hell and put on the skin of man  
they look just like you and me



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# Unlucky In Love

Unforgiven but still in love  
Out of control I caused you harm  
Sorry is just an over used word  
Slipped fell down bruised weak and then I saw God  
I prayed for death only to be pushed back  
to face my sins and then He helped me back up  
When the fog cleared I looked to see the damage done  
All the doors began to shut I knocked and no one answered  
No one believed me that I had changed  
But the past was too soon my heart deflated like a pierced balloon  
unforgiven but still in love  
You tell me it's alright forgotten but nothing changes  
A friendly handshake a tense hug carefully chosen pauses  
But I'm still waiting to change in a heartbeat  
when you call my name like you did before  
a shelter from my storm

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## When We Met (For Patricia)

When we first met the sun was setting  
When our eyes met fate began dealing  
In a convenience store on a corner  
No romantic music no candles on a table for two  
a routine standing in line under annoying lights  
But I reminded myself of an over-sight  
went searching high and low for peace  
Fate did a twist on my life  
When our eyes met  
In a convenience store on a corner  
I can't remember what I came in for  
When our eyes met I ran  
but my legs wouldn't move  
from something I never felt before  
All I wanted was something from  
a convenience store on a corner  
with lights so tiresome trying my patience  
But when our eyes met something hit me  
It was fate twisting my life unravelling my cover  
I stood looking into her eyes you see  
She spoke I know so long ago can't remember  
Even when I looked away our eyes still met  
It was a feeling I never had before  
But in a convenience store on a corner  
What I came in for I don't remember  
But what I left with I never felt before....

Frank Black Blacharczyk Sept 1 2020

Frank (Black) Blacharczyk

# Woke Up This Morning

Woke up this morning  
Welcome to another day in my paradise  
I open my bedroom window and sometimes  
I hear many voices in perfect harmony  
the river singing like a choir of angels  
Looking for angels from morning to sunset  
to steal their wings when they're not looking  
I want to be free like I used to be  
before I came on to this stage feigning so many roles  
Time flies with every breath every thought every moment  
With a kiss he was betrayed all his friends deserted him  
Innocent crucified like a common criminal in his dying breath  
His revenge he forgave us

But I see poetry in your eyes  
I see the blue sky in your eyes  
and I will apologise for who I am  
failure seems to follow me wherever I go  
trips me when I least expect it  
I try to hold on to the right words but it's like grabbing air  
Time flies with every breath every thought every moment  
same old story always in reruns  
Looking for angels from morning to sunset  
to steal their wings when they're not looking  
I want to be free like I used to be  
Woke up this morning  
I hear many voices of a river singing like a choir of angels  
Welcome to another day in my paradise

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