

Poetry Series

Pat Czyz
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Pat Czyz(1996)

. A writer or poet needs inspiration. Many times I simply look out the window or door for my eyes to catch glimpse of inspiration. Other times, I focus on a single ordinary event and use literary techniques to add character and emotion. Thanks for reading and keep poetry alive!



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About A Muse

My muse clad in modest attire
Unveils to my dream her flesh.
For by my lorn I lay dire
In her need, torn and threshed.

What gods to me thee assigned?
From what heaven has poured
Thy grace unto me of mankind?
Speak now lips to my ear, thy word.

In her hands held the scrolls
Waxed with seals, writ with ink
The tellings and tales of mortal souls.
She these stretched for my think.

I rose and stood to hold her arm.
Wandered we two to some hay
Soft and pillowed for us to lay
As she over me pressed warm.

No shame was here disposed
As the swans over us took flight
Without a look of guilt, this sight
Found in nature, two bodies posed.

For this I dared not pray.
Never hoped so sublime
A fate that chosing this day
Our gathering so intime.

For she gave what was unasked-
To descry delight about her brow
Fleeting glimpse forever unmasked.
-A secret other muses will never know.

Pat Czyz

Poznan

Tread this stonepath way and walk
Upon each rock reaching the stony steps.
From whose ancient hands raised thy walls
Wrapped with scripts of roman scrawls?
Lend a listen to clock and bells chime
High over monolith arches masoned by time's
Long pillars decking out the rails and roofs.
Courage to see the dueling goats, hoofs in their fray
Eternally dancing from noon to noon, day to day.
Applaud the lofty spire, treading high toward
Temptation to pierce the passage of clouds
Rays of light, waves of trumpet sound,
This sole citadel, towered, centered and enthused
Poznan's princely home, the ratusz.

Pat Czyz



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A Small Audience

O luminous night, how little I see of thee.
When in joyous shines, the jays dance
Atop clouds, their wings themselves rainbowed
Over the greens and blues that once held their nests-
Flittering now to mornin's tune, sung for all the sky
And chorused with daylight.
What of the owl? how now-
Perched on lowly oak branches
His pale orbs filled with moonlight rays
Seeks his muse, cratered and worn,
This angel of white, lofty and aglow
To whom he cranes his neck and prepares
A song echoed with the shadow of the earth.

□

Pat Czyz



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Moonset

Mid the woodland moonlit flakes halo each tree,
Coat the branches, mummified with sheets of snow.
Gleaning with sparks like little winks, night falls.

Every leaf parted, every green gone:
Summer lush and warm breezes
Faintly dimmed 'till no more.
The birdsong feathers with silence.

The moon coldly nests its craters in the sky:
Cradled on it back, flying without wings.
A pale soul called forth from earthly shadows.
Shine not on this scene.
In the final bend sunlight awaits...now rise.

Pat Czyz



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The Goddess Commands

We shall make them all clay.
Not like the spread fins of fish
Nor the pierced paws of wolves,
But soft, tender tips to feel and touch
Bid the hand to another's clasp.
The human frame will lack cover
That grace the furred and scaled creatures
Prowling plains of snow rock and desert.
For the fragile command care.
Soft spoken their voice will sound
Faint to compare with the songs of whales.
Weak and mortal they walk about the earth.
So delight them with blood flowing underneath
The brief moments of blushing and joy.
Lest they lose their place, remind them shocks
Of the ground, tremble of the sky and death to life.
When they cross worlds, seal their blink
That was every sleep dream and loving stare.
Then decay their colorless cages that once held their hearts.

Pat Czyz

Airling

Gliding in fog
With tender wing beats to brush the air
Flies a single duck
'Gainst scheming clouds
Suspending murky sights
That render no passage
Nor aperture of rest.
I, the organ of light, see
No home, no nest, no sea
On which to brood, to land.
O guest of gusts, witness the wind!
But to fathom a home of feathers then-
To loft solace in that aeire a sky
Gives flight to the very air a void
So writ with flutt'ring defiance
To the creator's quill that venges fall
To the underclouds all land escaped.



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Pat Czyz

The World The Planet The Earth

The world The planet The earth
What are you to me? And I you?
Above was a realm of the cursed.
Gravity affixed them to a surface witness
Bearing the void of unfilled space
And the remiss faintness of star straits
Floating nothing but vain beacons to other worlds
Beyond reach of the vessels earthly anchored, but so
False to youthful eyes so weary after a life.
No more the sun scorches infusing hell flames
Onto the undeserved punished yet surviving.
This here same earth or world! Spirit me
Thy soil soft, thy solid grasp,
The certain all eternal respite.
On the grace of the overarching loam
Calmingly welcome what I am now.
Stretching ever afar in a wandering roam,
Restore that unfinished blink into the dignified
Close of sleep for the other side.

Pat Czyz

Shadow Stay Flat

The feel of falling blindly clutches like a deep plunge into
The dream that lies to my body, lain and locked by the shadow.
Some overarching lids seal any dim starlight there may be;
Likewise the taunting spin of a turret fixes the face of the earth
On an uncaring void, the ion aged and worn witness to
This scheming of space and the preservation of time.
To defy existence, send me angel filled skies!
O rock surfaced earth, let me fall in the fluid air, never still.
Mystify these yet closed eyes with light to afford
Any insight forbidden to the dull waking, mobile planet.
Give me rise to prove that my shadow stayed flat
Lest I prove its vestige.

Pat Czyz



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Meet Me In Mexico

We've toppled that mound
Built atop the stacked mass
Of steel and concrete and glass.
When the heap was added one too many floors
Our dreamt of goal crumbled too.
Big Apples taste better small.
Meet me in Mexico.

Her back aches as the spinal cords
Twist and writhe after hunching and bending
In a Silicon lab as clean as the Holy Ghost.
But her skin pales as an injustice to her long black hair
Matted by a plastic night cap donned in daylight.
Lonely man, I say you take her out there
And bring her to a valley in Mexico.

Grandpa was found lying prone by the base of a snowman
The kids made as his snow machine's engine slowly ran dry.
The troopers told me ice was frozen to his face for the snow
Had frozen over the tears before the stroke. But the dead can't cry.
Grandma's tears will melt away in Mexico.

Before you climb his wall
Remember the line stands on both sides.
Stay in Mexico.

Pat Czyz

The Precedent

There exists a literary precedent.
Homer, the blind bard, gifted the Greeks
Tales of his culture that did not write.
Virgil, the patriot, took to his duty by
Penning an epic for his nation in mythic proportions.
The Bible, whose verses tell of testaments
Of God and man, fire and fury, floods and peace,
Took the human hand by divine decree.
Now, in a language that is not mine, on land
I no longer can claim, I hope to trace the footsteps,
Now washed over by time and ice and waves,
Of the Thules who truly found that new world.
I ought to see a reflection of myself in a pond
When light itself is not masked by prolonged polar nights,
Bedighted with a mask of the walrus, the creature
Whose spirit and countenance had long borne the cold
And shakes of the sea, indeed, much better than can I.
Lands cannot speak, but bestow the equality of survival
Common to the greatest bear and the littlest of fish...and to me.
The fur bears the frigid range when skin cannot.
And the whale provides in the absence of banquets.
To have a home without a house, treasure without gold,
Now here is my ancestors' precedent, the atavistic shoulder.

Pat Czyz

The Golden Game

If these arctic trees could disclose witness
To warn the newcomer seeking fortune
That this laden land's luring richness
Tempts with its gleaming glimmering boon...
Guiding mountains mark the way bound northward;
Rivers rush the foolish ships to the gold rush.
Empty rusted pans ravish the fjord:
The ill fated folly and a dream crushed.
Wise bears always catch the lowly salmon
When their ripples shimmer on the water.
Now flakes sharpen the frozen chilled air drawn
From a vengeful frigid night of winter.
How can this caught game flee its land a captor
When one mountain simply leads to more and moor?

Pat Czyz



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Societal Support

The brightest stars act on screen
-And I view the spectacle.

The hottest singers play the tunes
-And I listen like their faithful.

The smartest scribes with their tomes
-And I leaf the volumes of their wit.

All the promising orators of politics
-And I respond yearly at the polls.

All the greats of history like my teacher said
-And I memorize them like a prayer.

All the crowds and their trends
-And I follow so as to append.

All the inventions the crafty peddle
-And I must test and trial every one.

The lucky few who arise high and mighty
-But not without the pillars holding them.

Pat Czyz

Star Speech

Though the sun sleeps and shadowy
Nightmares haunt the fragile nest,
There are Guardians. But where are they?
Why in hiding must they rest?

Now we must listen... hear it?
There is only silence. But still,
In the midst of the deafening darkness,
I hear the only beauty: Light.

Now we must hear... that's it!
They burn bright, by day or night.
They blaze at many million degree.
Like lions, they, with heated explosion, roar.

They scare away total murkiness
And save us from complete somberness.
Though they be faint and their distance great,
They speak to us through the most stillness and silence.

'We see you.', they say and later tonight,
With open eyes, hear their speech with sight.

Pat Czyz

Galactic Grandeur

Vast beauty stretches high and wide,
Although nearly empty, it sparks wonder:

Splendid galaxies span on every side.
Light years afar, motherly clouds birth young stars.
Rings of forlorn planets form a close bond
As frozen comets shoot out and beyond
Over an ancient Sun bleeding fire
To warm a small gem of sapphire.
Moons remain true to their spheres,
Even when asteroids thrust them like spears.
Light dots gather in spectacular formation;
So clever, they form mythology's imitation.

This boundless space remains hard to measure,
But now we could value this priceless treasure.

Pat Czyz



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Winter Gifts

Winter's splinters freeze the chilled ground
As coldness slicks and crawls around
The tempest winds bearing down hence
Upon a frail residence.

So what? the season is cruel
When legions of frost flakes drool
By the masses to deliver snow
To some on earth below.

...It may be obscure to believe
What ignites on Christmas Eve
...It may be hard to say

That the grandest gift on Christmas Day
Or rather! I meant to declare:
The best of all presents
Is the family presence.

Pat Czyz



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My Smashed Penny

I often go to places,
Not near from my home,
That leave an imprinted mark.
I keep their lasting sight
In the network of memory.
But what keeps memory flaming
Is more than memory alone,
Such as a single coin
Made by the copper content
Crushed with the sign of
That memory I once had.

Pat Czyz



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Closing Colors

At each daily start,
When Dawn drives the peal-pressed cart
Upon the rounded remote rim of sky,
The sight creates a glint-sung hymn:
Like the gleaming red rim of a goblet
Spewing its sweet silted rivulet,
Sprinkled with sun-reigned rays
Onto the solid ruled hue,
So turning it to yellow-pink yew.

All this... when two closing colors crochet
Into blue-bounded day.

Pat Czyz



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A Cliché Theme

Light leaks from a tunnel end
-The darkness is a passing trend.

After the loudest howling storm,
An arching rainbow takes form.

Streams of sorrow-salted tears about the chin
Dissolve into the cheeks of smiles and grins.

Perhaps the longest frozen shroud
Melts upon feeling green life grow.

Perhaps this theme is a bit obvious and cliché,
But nothing bad lasts despite the moment's dismay.

Pat Czyz



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How Winter Warmed Me

Amid the neck nipping flakes,
My chest is cold, even from within.
What torment this season has born!
The wait for summer will find me worn.

Winter has won...
Both my flesh and feelings freeze.
Together with the geese, my hopes flee
In the search for far-off places.

But like the ever rising heat,
Warmth wafts its way to my heart:
Whether it be from wearing a scarf from home,
Holding a another hand and seeing smiles,
Or closely hugging someone special.

Pat Czyz



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Drained Fountain Of Youth

Behold before you the young man.
He is charged with dreams and want.
With heavy shoulders but a raised head,
He too beholds the world and you before him.
Looked up to from his small and tender kind
But down on from his older and expecting kind,
He must go about the world with its demands.
Many times he has been wrongly deceived
And fought for his life- a sad misuse of potential.
Others, his strong hands must last the lull of labor:
Thus his adventurous mind remains sadly still and static.
Untried youth and strength compels him to burden demands.
How many unloved girls and unlived dreams
Must go by with age and pass him only to be returned
'Till he is old with a wrinkled face and worn eyes
That at last see them loved and lived?

Pat Czyz



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A Hydro Odyssey

A morose mountain sleeping in
The East is thus awakened by the
Carmine flame.

It then shines off the pallid snow,
Melting its tears to Spring.
This light carries the Tears
To weeping rivers...
Till they meet their glittering
Ocean home, where it waves
Upon their arrival: once joined again.

Pat Czyz



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Perspective

I've always seen a square screen
Showing off only one concept.
I've looked at it, kept watching it.
Its monolithic face unchanging:
Eternally the same.

How solid and rugged 'one' is!

Then a wise master saw this 'square'
Screen and simply said, 'A square,
It is not. A cube it is. Six ways to see
It, there are. Not one.'

This is the true meaning of perspective.

Pat Czyz



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Make It A New Day.

Why must every day be the same?
Must god and I play this game?
Does fate force me on this track?
Will these burdening thoughts be back?

Depression is an unrepentant litany I pray.
I read its scroll as it decrees all the tyranny.
They order my unmoving mission to mar my mind.

With the same energy, redirect outwardly
The reversal of such intoxicating negativity.
So do the little, overlooked things.
Greet that same face on the bus,
Though the route is always the same.

Pat Czyz



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Tear Stained Haiku

On a dreary day
I see the sky shed tears.
It misses the sun.

Pat Czyz



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The Reign Of Life

Life is merely one moment
That showers itself like rain:
From silk enshrouded clouds, sky sent
Trembling to woven tapestry of terrain.

Drops dressed in deserts' dreams
Are destined to splosh in sapid streams...
Lured by lakes, latched by lush leaves...
Wafting through weighty wisped wreaths.

The rain gains its water glazed goal
As Sun steams its same soul:
Now shall make rain repeat its same role.

Pat Czyz



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Survival

A distant beast bellows with pangs and aches.
He draws nearer and nearer to the prey.
It must be done.
We don't philosophize here.

Crawling ahead on well balanced limbs,
His claws then reach for the victim of circumstance.
He is not judgmental in his choice.
He is judicious in his ways.

The real world is mean.
Its mess is fowl and unclean.
But don't take it personally to heart,
Lest fate be assigned a grudge of mal-intent.

Pat Czyz



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Fuzzy Fellow

I grew as a child without sister or brother.
At times, the days were calm like any other.
This means not that I was alone.
For on an August day, a white fuzzy boy met me.
He was to be my friend for his whole life.
I was to be his for just a part of mine.
We played and walked.
He was a puppy and I a boy.
After long days at school, his deep eyes lit up
As I entered my home to greet him, my pup.
After dinner, we gave him a treat.
He gave me a paw-five. Tail wags too.
His little black lips parted to smile.
His happiness was snowed on him just as
Cheer was frosted forever on his face.
The gentle clangs of his collar tolled like a merry bell.
His little teeth were more like calm icicles than fangs.
The furry body was warm and soft- perfect for hugs.
I'll not forget his pink little kisses.
I'll not forget my Frosty.

Pat Czyz

Dreams Of Life's Closed Eyes

I went to the Promised Land;
There was not an ounce of gold,
Nor was there any wealth of that type.
Indeed, it was only a green plain,
In which lay a water giving blue lake.
Falcons flew above, Lions roamed below;
Together, peaceful harmony was formed.
Nothing aged, nothing died, nothing withered.
No hunger was found: nor any thirst needed.
There was only day, for night never ruled.
Light shone without end, for its Sun never aged.
I, being human, did not understand all of this.
And it was only till I returned;
My heart was cleared and my eyes opened.
But in that other World, they were closed.

Pat Czyz



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The Child

Autumn is a child
Who plays with fire on trees.
Then the burnt leaves fall.

Pat Czyz



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Unsung Heroes

Who took me home on my first day?

It wasn't batman.

Who fed me when I was hungry?

It wasn't superman.

Who protected me while I slept?

It wasn't hulk.

Who played games when I was bored?

It wasn't spiderman.

Who made dinner for me day after day?

It wasn't flash.

Who stayed home with me while I was sick?

It wasn't ironman.

Who helped me study for school?

It wasn't wolverine.

Who made me laugh when I was sad?

It wasn't thor.

Who always loved me for who I was?

It wasn't all the superheroes combined.

Pat Czyz



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What The Night Did

The Day woke up.
From its mountainous crib,
It began its light-shedding journey.
Beaming by rigid rocky walls,
It trekked every land and hall.

The Day became aged and tired.
With its light still shining,
It sought the Fountain.□

Settling upon the waters,
The Day rested in moisture.
Night held the shimmering cup
Up to sleepy Day's mouth.
It drank and drank...
Perhaps a bit too much.

Night placed a blanket on tired Day.
Trapped in the slope of ocean
And unable to repeat its Orient route.
Having bade Day farewell,
Night enshrouded Day
And darkened it fully.

Pat Czyz

Na Zdrowie! (Cheers!)

When the sun sleeps behind the sky
And as time of night flies by,
Wake up and cherish your gold today.
Arise to work. Leave the door. Release a sigh.
And remember to get rich or die tryin'.

When daylight soaks itself upon land,
Return home-it's just another day.
At dinner time, raise the glass,
Focus on its glint of gold
And on the wealth of supper plates.

See all the colors.
Taste the present food.
Touch tomorrow's hand of hope.
This is it. This is all the wealth.
To your heath!

Pat Czyz



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Breathless Wind

The Breathless Wind whispers a secret.
I, who listen with a faithful ear, fret
Not at what I now do hear.
However, I hear nothing...
But this is the key!
I picked it up with a bent knee;
Humility I found when I placed it in the lock.
The door of wisdom's house opened as I gave a knock.
Inside, music was playing fervently.
I looked around for the instrument of such sound.
There was none, there will never be one.
Crestfallen, I faced the lowly living ground
And thought how all was cruel to me.
But when it came, you came.
Your name is Breathless Wind.
You taught me that real wisdom
Is something that falls down from
Silence -not the loud roar of debate, untruth, or war.
You moved my mind as does
The powerful wind to a tall wind mill.
Yet the windmill moves in circles.
Your wind of wisdom breathes on
My sails, and I go forward.

Pat Czyz

The Seasonal Pauper

The prize drawing was yesterday.
I lost. They all can't be winners.
Yet this misfortune does not dwell
Deep within my desiring heart.
Nor is it a mark for which I sigh.
I am not rich with summer and sun.
So you can call me a seasonal pauper
Because I must share what little wealth I have
With very demanding and soul-taxing snow.
It is cold and nipping but it too does not dwell
Atop the unfortunately frozen plants.
It is because of those marks
For which I cry out of joy. Not sigh.
They are the beauty despite what else I see.
For when white wallows of winter melt,
Lush green ground and that heat I felt
Afford me the only wealth I can take to the grave:
A well lived life.

Pat Czyz



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The Arrow And The Olive Branch

From Ocean's Blue to bombs blasting red, □
The enemy bombed 'till we dropped dead.
Ships sunk to rest at the shore floor;
The planes kept at it more and more
Until...flames took their fighting place
And did damage to the leaking fuel...
Fire! Fire! O the flames were more cruel
Than speeding bullets zipping at all alike.
Smoke filled the war trapped lungs, like
Poison vaporizing and shredding delicate tissue.
Flames of the Inferno burned away flesh...
And with it, Hopes of living the calm, fresh
Peaceful Life.

Now we see the war tainted Flame
And the battle scented smoke preserving the same
Ritual Cain once started. The Ritual
That is so common, it has been made usual.
Its tools are the Agile Arrows...
Finding their way, as they always do,
Even if the path they take is narrow:
Piercing the faint-footed Walk of Peace.
But crude and primitive mechanisms never last,
For if they do, the Olive Branch
Would not have grown... but it did!
And from its growth, become unhidden...so pure
The Hopes for a calm and fear- free Future.

Pat Czyz

Conviction

As the mysterious shadow and gate
Widen to reveal an uncertain fate,
I will walk without forming fear.
Courage is now my warrior gear.

While clad in armor, clad in resilience,
The dark will find me and sense
What weapon I have just took.
It will try to seize me with its hardy hook.

The void will not retreat, nor will I.
The tempting tempos of quitting attack
At my back, my hardened steel back.
Bravery is the book I swear by.

The way out is just one step away.
Yet this one thought shall not sway
My most rugged and ardent armor.
I am unbreakable is what I say.

Pat Czyz

At Ease! Or Not!

I see two hungry robins flap their wings.
The first one thought himself a falcon
And takes off rushed like a rocket-thing.
He will soon teach us a lesson.

His ego sought only the biggest fruit.
So he ploughed himself though like a brute.
Urgently looking for those rare prizes
Grown in unmatched sizes.
Let him live his life and search in a hurry!

Now the second one is wise.
I mean, just look at how he flies.
He flaps his wings calmly and softly.
It's a grace seen as relaxed and lofty.
He'll be content with any fruit he finds.
I know that he lives at ease without worry

Pat Czyz



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The Life Guide

Why must you be so serious?

Smile!

If not for yourself, then for us.

Why must you be so uptight?

Relax!

If you do, all will be all right.

Why must your words be defensive?

Laugh!

It's okay to not be pensive.

Why must you wallow in bed?

Get up!

Let life rush to your head.

Why must your days go to waste?

Slow down!

And remember, time cannot be replaced.

Pat Czyz



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The Listener Underground

My house is a foreign home
Because souls find it darksome.
Hoping to hearten my place of dolor,
They divulge old stories of lively color.
They try without purpose.
All must remain morose.

My realm is utterly and solely lorn
Because souls are by silence torn.
Seeking to find friendship there,
They reach out their arms everywhere.
They will indeed toil.
All is compressed by soil.

My household is calm with lull
Because souls find it too peaceful.
Wanting to liven my stillness to comity,
They try to arise with life to amity.
Try and try again as they might.
They are buried under this plight.

Pat Czyz

Bright Specks

Hope is often lost. It is subtle.
If life likens itself to a night sky,
Then it is doomed.

Wait... what are those Bright Specks?
Why is there an enlightened Moon
Prancing up there?

The answer, my friend, is quite bright.
These things, even when shaded by the dark,
Softly say with their Light 'we're here'.

Pat Czyz



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Passing Bliss

In the days of good and old,
The murky air and cold went untold.
The animals meandered the plains-
Free and without worry.
Fruit grew on tree branches.
Food sprung from ranches.
Birds chirped and sang.
All was bliss.

Without words the wind whispered.
The air, now cold and crisper,
Cringes at the hanging leaves.
They shake in the winds.
Some hold on -taut and rigid.
Yet some lose their way:
Falling on the frigid frost.
All bliss is lost.

Pat Czyz



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Wish Beyond All Limits

Long ago, a wish granter was walking around.
He came across four doors and knocked.
Four different faces greeted him.
He granted them four very different wishes.

What is your deepest desire?
-To be rich and wealthy
Beyond all limits.

What is your deepest desire?
-To be strong and powerful
Beyond all limits.

What is your deepest desire?
-To be world renowned and famous
Beyond all limits.

What is your deepest desire?
-To love and be loved
Beyond all limits.

The wish granter smiled.

One was so rich that he
Bought the whole world
And didn't know what else to buy.

One was so strong that his
Heart hardened and he lost
Tenderness and friendship.

One was so famous that
He avoided one crowd only
To be followed by another.

The other one's heart
Was so full of love
That even the worst of days
Weren't so bad at all.

Again, the wish granter smiled.

Pat Czyz

49 Alaska

The great north land
Is sung by every band,
The coast from north to west
Has a grand quest.
It is home to sourdough and gold;
It honors the brave and bold.
Eight stars rest high above
And fresh white snow below.
Together the bears run
Under the midnight sun.
The northern Eagles flew
Over the deep ocean blue
To see this majestic place
And its wondrous grace.

Pat Czyz



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The Door

How can I return home without its grace?
Is there any other way to cross the divide
While not passing through its sealed side?
There it stands: a postern to my place.

After all the seasons and times endured,
How remarkable it is to have my soul lured
Into its tall standing frame: from top to floor.
It opens as if revealing a closed metaphor.

On one side familiarity is nothing but my room.
For when closed, it closes in that which is same.
On the other, discoveries like mysteries loom.
For when opened, it opens new wonders to name.

Pat Czyz



PoemHunter.com

Never Far Away

We tremble through life draining plains.
In terrible trials do we all pain.
Fears, cries, sweat and pleas are proof.
With agony do our arms reach for some hope aloof.
Like stars who tell us darkness will not prevail,
We gaze into their lighted crescent vale
And yearn for that light to flood our dark dearth.
But with arms being so distanced from such hope,
It is never far away enough for our eyes to hold.

Pat Czyz



PoemHunter.com

Sentiments Congealed

As I sit inside,
I see the park wherein I played.
I see the tennis court
-A landmark of summer joy.
Those were the sunny times.

Now I see the trees stand rigidly upright
Like lifted skeletons lacking leafy flesh.
The congealed ground is decayed
By falling snow as if by spreading mold.

If sight be the only sense,
I'd applaud those other hidden torments.
If this life be the only one,
I'd applaud it anyway
-My gratefulness won.

Pat Czyz



PoemHunter.com

Candlelight Ethics

You are surrounded by darkness.
And encompassed by loneliness.
Your weary wax is well-nigh spent.
You are hopeless and tormented.

The light flickered.
'I burn.' said the orange tongue.
'I go.' echoed the smoke.

Then the smoke softly wafts into the void.
But not before the candle gave it its all.

Pat Czyz



PoemHunter.com

The Crestfallen Shroud

Roaming throughout the void sky
With a cold crown above a frigid face,
It stares at life with icy eyes.
Rage. Cold rage.
Descending down green, vivid mountain slopes.
Scraping off summer stained joy.
Screeching the snow fallen curse.
Making all crestfallen.
Oh, there is no escape from
Those long, frosted arms and cold hands.
They will pull that pale white shroud
Upon every green, vivid mountain.

Pat Czyz



PoemHunter.com

Row Away

On gentle waters rests my boat.
Steady is its stance.
Calm is its float.
I've built it.
My own hands have steered it.
I've rowed joy from it year by year.
But even I am not God.
Wood fails with age.
From the ground of its mother tree
To the waters that are its father shoulders
My boat must return.
And I must let go and row away with my heart.

Pat Czyz



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The Golden Fire

The sun has been dubbed golden fire

-And rightly so.

It breathes out dark despair

To sustain its lively flame.

And as fateful morning finds itself

Clutched by relentless sorrow,

The mourning of loss is lighted by a day of gain.

Yet why must this greatness end with night?

Nature sets limits,

But not without purpose:

To balance gratefulness,

So that love may burn and die...

Only to be seen rekindled by a thankful eye.

-Rightly so.

Pat Czyz



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Law Of Rest And Love

Do rivers flow forever?
Shall ships sail incessantly?
Must water be waved wearily?
Will rest be attained?
For though motion moves,
Nothing flows forever.
Rivers shall stop at oceans.
Ships shall find shore.
Water shall wash sand.
Weariness shall turn to rest.
But the restless heart
Will hurt and yearn in delirium...
Unless it loves another hurting heart
With the same ache and yearn.

Pat Czyz



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To The Top

First to relish the misty rain.
First to see the sunrise reign.
First to converse with clouds.
First to transcend lowly ground.

Your regal realms are nothing but skies.
Your lordly stance is by nothing surpassed.
Your posture's so still, yet so content.
Your elegance's immune to tempests' torment.

What treasure it is to save-
What fortune it is to have-
For rocky crowns to be placed
On a world by mountains embraced.

Pat Czyz



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