

Poetry Series

Zen Bojczuk
- poems -

Publication Date:
2007

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Zen Bojczuk()

Zenowy L. Bojczuk

Male. Parents were born in Ukraine.

Started writing poems in 2005.... deleted them all in 2006. Began posting in 2007.

A Rather Spectacular Sunrise

I've seen many a spectacular sunrise
Fishing in cold mountain night
Waiting for something to bite
Just me... a doe and fawn
Waiting for the warm dawn

I've seen many a spectacular sunrise
Before light...walking on the beach
Puzzling over a dream I couldn't reach□
Light ~ as if a promise of better tomorrow
Dawn ~ to wash away my frivolous sorrow

I've seen many a spectacular sunrise
Sun rays still below the horizonrising
Air warmed by faint light seems surprising
Then bright yellow ..a touch of blazing red
Rays that intrude into my eyes and bed

I've seen many a spectacular sunrise
Wondering of my dream as I did arise
Dreamed of sunrise reflected in her eyes
Morning light..as nature lifts her disguise
Assumed cookie cutter day of little surprise

That morning she saw a spectacular sunrise
Particularly cold night had flown slowly by
To move beyond the daze she had to try
Sunrise was quite spectacular that day
After the night her mother passed away

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Attempted Murder

Read in a an email some time ago
Story of a woman I don't know
Sitting there for an hour or more
In a parking lot outside the store

She answered a stranger with dread
Said she was shot in back of the head
Not wanting brains to ooze to the floor
She refused to open her locked car door

Desperately paramedics finally broke in
Their horror quickly turned into a grin
There was something the woman did not know
'Gunshot' - an exploding canister of dough

Wad of biscuit dough hit her from behind
Glob of squishy substance her hands did find
Making a connecting and assuming the worst
When it was only a dough canister burst

As a public service to my blonde PH friend
A bit of advice in a silly poem I hereby send
Not smart leaving dough in a hot car - no doubt
Or you may assume gunshots and brains falling out

Zen Bojczuk

Claire

Hey, this photography is stunning!
That portrait - so stylishly becoming.
Love that play of shadow and light.
These photographs are a sheer delight.

Who is this photographer - Claire Noire?
Wow! Her images I just simply adore!
Not people - feelings caught in time.
Powerful, yet subtle images sublime.

Don't know how to her site I did blunder,
But now... I admire in childlike wonder.
Caught like her images, unable to move.
Of Claire's photography I do so approve.

Enraptured by the style of Creative Claire
She captures moments with poetic flair
And what a breathtaking surprise to see
None of her models ...as lovely as she

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Dreaded Words

Yes, I finally said it.
100% completely true.
Dreaded, avoided words...
'I..... I love you! '

Words finally spoken.
I do not repent!
What I didn't say was
another hidden intent.

Spoken like a drunkard
of constant intoxication.
Spoken like a drug addict
in need of detoxification.

Admitting in that desperate
hope for some needed sleep
Revealing love.. in attempt
to purge my feelings deep

But purging you was just
totally impossible for me.
Maybe not my real plan
- just eliminate jealousy.

Crazy as it seems I was
also happy for you.
Hoped you finally
found your love true.

I was and am your friend
and intend to always be.
Wish you joy and happiness...
even if it is to be without me.

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Empty Drift

Tonight I am feeling empty
Like something good has slipped away
Water through fingers.. something gone
Like something precious was lost today

Maybe just thinking of a half wasted life.
Things left undone. Fluid words not spoken,
and words that should not have been said.
Like part of my sprit has been broken.

One day is usually much like the next.
Once in a while, I have reason to smile,
But not tonight when all is gray or dark.
Just empty.. just quiet.. Drown in denial.

Oblivion, forgiveness, or sweet redemption?
Tonight it seems to matter not... just sleep.
Peaceful sleep. No thoughts. No pain. Drift.
Be still, for still waters run oh so deep.

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Have You Ever

Have you ever read and wondered
if the poem was written for you?

Hoping..
disbelieving
...Knowing.

Poetry...
written within
your very soul -
within your being
...only infinitely more

Poetry...
beckoning,
seducing,
intoxicating,
completely breath taking.

Poetry... or
maybe just the perfect
prelude to a lover's embrace.

...I have.

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Just Another Attempted Homicide

Just watching the evening news
Just another attempted homicide
Another cop injured paying dues
..... within me, no breath inside.

Shit! Its him! Brandon's dad!
Internet, another name! I beg.
No longer faceless. Feel so sad.
Brandon's dad could lose a leg.

If it was still another faceless officer,
would it be close to this much shock?
Know Joe and family ...so now I suffer.
Wonder how much pain we all block?

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Life Jacket

Faceless friend of a friend is he.
Works on an oil rig in the North Sea.
Wears his life jacket as he is told,
knowing its sole purpose is just to hold
his frozen body above the icy waters.
Just one fall beyond safety's borders
and Death counts down the seconds.
Tough jobbut the money beckons.

January 24,2007

Zen Bojczuk

Long Handled Net

Just beyond reach was
the dream she didn't get.
Jokingly I suggested using
a longer handled net.

What would I use if
'net' was just a metaphor?
Heart? Hope? Talent? Faith?
Well.. Not money galore.

Persistence? Sheer will?
Vision? Brilliant schemes?
Seems so long since I
chased elusive dreams.

Where did they go...
my dreams of yesterday?
What the heck
were they anyway!

Materiel possessions..
Cars to fishing gear.
Quest to find
that ultimate beer?

Oh! For my second
million I still thirst.
Guess I can say that,
having given up on the first.

Maybe dreams ascend
to levels much higher.
Friendship and true love
are both a noble desire.

Maybe the dream is
to be a parent great,
save lives, bring peace, or
from college to graduate.

Practice compassion, live
life with passion, gain insight,
right a wrong, have a hit song,
see the smile of a child's delight.

Be content with life fulfilled
or find your fountain of youth?
Be it wealth beyond measure
Or seeking the eternal truth...

To capture dreams a bit beyond,
what better net will you use?
What longer handle net
attributes will we chose?

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Lucky Catch

Once saw a small boy
Hand line a very large fish
Very lucky boy!

With expensive gear
Fisherman cast very far
Not a single fish

'Boy could barely cast'
Remarked the old fisherman
'Just beginners luck'

True about boy's skills.
Could only cast to the fish
Feeding at his feet

Not just gear or skill
To be lucky in fishing:
Fish where the fish are!

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Math

My heart doesn't know math
Knows you're one in a million
...one plus one is one

Zen Bojczuk

Mj

MJ you're a rose bud -
Rare purple black.
New fragrance.
... Ready

Listened to your music
Saw surreal beauty
Felt your spirit.
Captured!

Awaiting the destined bloom
of this rose who will
own the garden.
Music! Fill us!

(Dedicated to Megan Jane Fazakerley, singer/musician/song writer/friend.)

Zen Bojczuk

Needs

College, price of gas,
Work deadlines, mortgage payments,
Loan payments, taxes.

Struggle every day.
No noble quest - just money.
..and what about love?

Love - noblest quest!
Timless need of the ages
Need love most of all

I'll risk the heartache
For a single kiss from you
Need your warm smile

Need tight longing arms
Someone to become my One
Need you most of all

Zen Bojczuk

Now And Then

Many years gone by
Think about you now and then
Your scent still lingers

Never ending Love
That you ended long ago
Miss you now and then

Still remember you
Love persists strong even now
As it did back then

Does true love just leave?
Or do you too sometimes think
of me...now and then?

Zen Bojczuk

Parallel Paths

Travelers on parallel paths.
We stopped and talked
...Compared life's maps
Found consolation in the
validation of knowing
we are not alone.

We traveled over common ground,
carrying both burdens and hopes.
Let me help you with your load.
Thanks for sharing your water.
Wondering where paths will lead,
as we marvel at this unexpected flower.

March 2007

Zen Bojczuk

Pepper

Pepper?

No, American cheese.

Pepper?

No, the Ah-mee-reeee-can cheeeese.

..Pepper?

No, not Pepper Jack or Jalapeno

Plain white American cheese..

The cheese I'm pointing to! ! !

.....Pepper?

'Yes, my husband wants paper between the cheese slices.'

Replies the giggling woman from nowhere.

* Conversation overheard in a Russian market in Philadelphia

Zen Bojczuk

Redneck Metalhead

Answered the survey. I 'm a redneck metalhead!
Touch of emo, punk, and Goth the results said
Evanescence ~ my favorite band. Amy Lee!
Even at work, as windows wallpaper is she

Seen big names: U2, Stones, and The Who
Even one country concert - Yes, its true
Love discovering new talent unknown
Bands from overseas or locally grown

Eclectic in music tastes I most certainly am
Even like Dean Martin - that's not a scam
I've gotten lost in many a mellow love song
But in solid hard rock does my heart belong

Liked some jazz way back in high school
Sultry soft women's voices make me drool
But I preferred bands who belt out a song
To the strong voices do my ears belong

On my guitar I never really learned to play
But a solid guitar riff I still love to this day
..Smoke on the water.. Fire in the sky..
Music entered within and I would just fly

Black Sabbath - first concert I ever did see
On motorcycles friends would often see me
'Born to be Wild' ~ a hit when I heard it live
Concerts moved me ~ made me feel alive

Love black, but tripp pants I don't wear
Know if I did, people would certainly stare
Once a rocker, always a rocker (so I'm told)
I just don't look it..cause I'm over-the-hill old.

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Sepia Tone

Your photograph is now so faded.
Can't restore the colors to bold.
Maybe its better to remember you
in soft sepia tones of old.

Is your hair now dark? Gray?
Reddish? Bleached blonde? Gold?
It's better to remember you
in soft sepia tones of old.

We were once so deeply in love,
But then your smile turned cold.
Much better to remember you
in soft sepia tones of old.

Don't know how or why I lost you.
Were dreams lost or cheaply sold?
So much easier to remember you
in soft sepia tones of old.

Swore you would always love me.
..forever and ever.. I was told.
Who was that girl in frayed photos
in soft sepia tones of old?

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Starred Deeply Into My Eyes

She was so lovely
Starred deeply into my eyes
Asked me to follow

With blurry vision
I watched her swaying silk walk
Followed where she led

A small dim lit room
She wanted eyes to reveal
To see more clearly

But, not with just me.
Its her profession ~ she's my
ophthalmologist

Zen Bojczuk

Synchronicity

We are definitely out of sync.
Rather obvious. Don't you think?
My bumbling actions were a fright.
You move left, as I move right.

There is a rhythm to the Universe.
Even stars move with poetic verse.
But not you and I - that's our plight.
You move left, as I move right.

To hurt you - That would be insane!
Yet all I touched...a wound became.
Even though I try with all my might.
You move left, as I move right.

I always am some moments behind.
Right words.. Right actions I can't find.
So we part.. yet, linger just out of sight.
You move left, as I move right.

Some day ...in perfect step we will be
When you slow dance with me.
Timeless dance in endless delight.
You move to your left, as I move to my right
And we move as one.

Zen Bojczuk

To Hold

Sometimes I want to hold you as a friend
Hold you safe and against the world defend
Sometimes to hold you in a mad love embrace
Feel you skin-on-skin.. feel our hearts race
But mostly I just need to hold you, my dear
...and in so holding.. just keep you so near.

Zen Bojczuk

To The Gym (Haiku)

I am way too fat.
Today I go to the gym,
Right after this cake.

Must lift some weights now.
Need more sugar energy,
One more candy bar.

Gym close to the pub
A few beers will help me through
Dehydration - bad

At the gym three times.
Should be Mister Universe.
Why am I still fat?

Zen Bojczuk

Tying Flies

Enjoy fishing, especially with flies.
Thrills doubled when fish hit my ties.
Cheap vice and tools to save cash,
were somehow all upgraded in a flash.

Hooks that were once just a few,
became huge stockpiles - brand new.
Thread now boxed by dozens of spools,
Still I buy more of the lacking shiny tools.

Scissors.. heck! Must have at least four.
(Tungsten carbide scissors I simply adore)
Thread bobbins of all styles and sizes.
Less switching of thread my mind analyzes.

They love me at the fly fishing store.
I buy obscure surely needed gadgets galore.
This color looks like it may match the hatch
..Maybe I'll add a lighter and darker batch.

Table and then a full spectrum light.
The new rotary vice is pure delight.
Need more reference books.. that I see.
Need a room for tying. Don't you agree?

Furs and colorful feathers by the score,
foam, and synthetic hairs even more.
This makes them float. That makes them sink.
Need much more storage for supplies I think.

Hundreds of flies. Been tying for weeks.
Have flies for oceans, rivers, and creeks.
Only one tiny problem that I can see..
This hobby is sending me into bankruptcy.

Tier Beware! ..as you buy your first vise.
'Keep it simple.' is my sobering advice.
Cost savings plans can become expensive vices,
as you buy more and more supplies and devices.

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. .

Note to future tier's lovers or spouses,
There is no need to mortgage houses.
So, there is no reason to pout or sulk.
Tying supplies are cheap.... in bulk.

January 27,2007...after going to a fly fishing show.

Zen Bojczuk

Unprepared

Found myself totally unprepared.
Memories bursting...flooding!
Muddy mix of joy and sorrow.
Sensory overload.
Honeysuckle!

Memories of a different path
suspended in fragrance.
Turned around.
Retreated.
... Exhaled

Zen Bojczuk

Valentine's Day Memory

and so it starts...

Valentine's Day approaches.

Poems of love. Poems of sorrow.

Words with promises of tomorrow.

Share my memories of a Valentine's Day?

The one remembered most. Well.... Okay.

Happened back when I was still in college.

Dating this girl. In love. I acknowledge.

She asked for a small favor - a minor delay.

Her friend came to a house a few blocks away.

Her friend had something for her...something.

Still wonder... never knew what was the 'thing'.

Anyway.. Giovanna (nice name) was my girl's friend.

Okay... a few minutes at some party I can spend.

'Just need two minutes at the door' my date replied.

Bit strange, but no reason for request to be denied.

and so Giovanna (love the name) appears at the door

Wow! My jaw dropped and eyes cried out for more.

Giovanna - like a super model, with awesome body to match.

Red dress..slit. Legs of magnetic powers. What a catch!

Real designer clothes, heels, and a very wide brimmed hat.

Oh! So hot! ..My girl..so very plain compared to that.

Wait here. Back in a flash....Wait here?

I'm totally confused. This is weird.. unclear.

At the door appears an sweet older Italian lady.

Come on in! Some food? You must be cold, I see.

To catch another glimpse of Geovanna, in I go.

Thank you. Happy Valentine's Day! ..I didn't know.

'Party' with 20 old people... All somber...a hush.

No hearts. No Cupid. No couples in romantic blush.

Then sweet Giovanna comes over and whispers in my ear.

Confusion cleared. Replaced by shock.. bit of fear.
To the woman. 'Didn't connect this day with tears.'
'Must be nice to be remembered after all these years.'

Maybe talking in sympathy... maybe talking in shock.
Not a party, but a memorial at the house on that block.
Valentin's Day Massacre! ...their relatives did die.
Are these people all Mafia? I was scared - can't deny.

My words of sympathy by others must have been heard.
Stay longer! Wine.. a drink? Me thinking...How absurd.
I'm scanning for holsters...but Geovanna - so hot!
Fear melted. Seemed like very nice people. Why not!

Really were warm people, regardless of family tree.
Weeks later, even went to Geovanna's for a real party.
As for luscious Geovanna, on a date we never did go.
Wondered about her family... you just never know.

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