

Poetry Series

Frank Papaycik
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

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

Frank Papaycik()

A Lilac Bush Stood In The Door Yard

A Lilac Bush stood in the door yard
The door yard it had guarded many years
A peony or dandy a some thing was planted
In the lilac's realm -The lilac's bloom was
Short lived two - No more than three weeks
It just stood a silent presence in a
Guard Yard just watching silently
There isn't much a Lilac is able to do
Out of bloom stumble bumble shoots
To ten maybe fifteen feet - it doesn't
Even offer shelter or shade - it waits
There Guardian of the Guard Yard of the
Door Yard - even birds seem to shun
Nesting in the Lilac Bush - What's the
Good of lilacs - no shade - no shelter
Two week bloom - useless space waster
Tear it up - put some annuals in its place.

Every body did. Do you know how hard it
To find a Lilac Bush - you don't even know
Where to look - certainly not in lawn trimmed
Clipped weeded schemed gardened Suburbia.
If you want order in your town your street
Your yard your garden - Don't get a Lilac Bush
If compact unity is what you seek -
Don't get a Lilac Bush - if you want to win a
Prize as gardener of the year - don't get a
Lilac Bush - if you want ... - I can't think of
A good reason why any one would want a lilac
Bush - good riddance

Except for one or two or three that mean
So much to me.

Would you like to have a green reminder of what a Heart was shaped like before
Science and Magnetic Imaging
Destroyed the Artistry of Being - then get a Lilac Bush
Every gardening book I've ever read describes
Its Heart Shaped Leaves. It's a secret little know

That's why we're green with envy - We envy any
Thing that is a Matter of The Heart - what else is the
Lilac - but a Shrub of Hearts - the Flowers will come -
Would you like to have a Sacred Grove - a Landmark
That is yours A Lone known only to your Family -
At Baptisms First Communions Confirmations Bar and Bat Mitzvahs
WeddingParties and every other sort of
Family gathering - Get out the camera - Film
Or Digital - Call the kids - It's hard - the littlest one is hiding inside the Lilac
Grove -Call the Cheer Leader Queen - Call the family Stud the BoyMan who just
Turned Seventeen - Call your sibilings - they'll need
The call - Don't bother calling me - when you said Family picture I thought - Lilac
Bush I'm already there Move your ass and take the picture - the Lilac Bush
And Me have things to do -New people we must meet

Every family should -No must - have a sacred
Lilac Bush or else - they are not a Family

There is one more reason - Please like the Lilac Bush
Be patient - The Lilac Bush like some of us - last and last through years and
season - I think that's why I really
Love the Lilac Bush - We never seem to die - but when
The Finland of the Year comes and the Lilac is Brown
Brush remember when

Lilacs last in the dooryard, bloom'd

And know that after March the Lilac
Will return green
Hearted Lilac Flowered

If you do not have a Lilac Bush
You are doomed
Doomed to miss

Ever returning spring
Trinity sure to me
□
□llac blooming perennial
□rooping star in the west
□hought of him I love

What ever else you do - Get a Lilac Bush
I guarantee after the first seven years you'll
Come back and thank me with a Banquet of
Lilac Sprigs - if - in intoxication you can
Spare not the sight - not the memories already
Acquired but the luxury of a fragrance rare
So rarely smelt -Today Tonow - what was once
The Perfume of the April Night now lost
No perfumer can recreate As Lilas vegetal the fragrance
Of divinity - the Gift of the Lilac Flower
The Primal Primordial Pristine gift of the Lilac Bush
In those two three weeks when the Lilac bloom'd
The World gave out a different Aroma

Frank Papaycik

A Mouse Came To Our House One Day.

A mouse came to our house One Day.
She nibbled at the base - She disconcerted us.
She had some friends along with her.
We banished them away.

We took them to the Crows Wood.
We opened - Have-A-Heart.
Her friends seized the moment.
They darted - They were away -She stayed.

She wouldn't leave the trap.
A home to her it seemed.
We took her back - We fixed a house.
Maintained it well she did.

Rarely did we see her - Me more than my Wife.
But Nibbles - as we called her-
Wasn't camera shy.
She vogueed both day and night.

Fish and guests in three days stink.
That's what dear Ben had said.
But Nibbles stayed for seven years.
Our most delightful guest.

She found a place of safe repose.
She honored us her presence.
And then she went away.
Gently into that Good Night.

She waits now at the Bridge.
We know that when She sees Us,
She'll welcome us to home.
Come stay with me - Come rest awhile.
I must repay my Hosts.

Frank Papaycik

Amir Poured Forth A Blessing

Amir poured forth A blessing
On my head
Jube Domine Benedicere

The Capri denims too short
The ankle sox too short
For Thanksgiving weekend

The cold set early this year
The night was mildly harsh
I saw him at the bus stop

Waiting Waiting Waiting
I had no money None
I brought back coffee

He was gone No longer waiting
I circled the Block I found Him
Huddled in a doorway

It's cold I have no money
Would you like some coffee
Yes Thanks It means a lot

I had the last of the Milk
Some Sweet n Low with Me
He took the cup Raised his eyes

My name is ...
I'm Amir We shook hands
Thanks Man This means a lot

I gave him two Pall Malls
He had his own matches
Then he pronounced

God bless you
A cup of coffee
Two cigarettes

O felix culpa that merits
The request for the blessing
Of god upon my head

I dared not look back at Him
I feared seeing identifying Marks
I had to believe Not see

Frank Papaycik

Do Nothing To Destroy The Joy

Do nothing to destroy the joy
That was Yesterday - the day
Of the Birthing of your Manchild

Any destroying or diminution
Can come only from within you
There is only one person who

Can destroy that yesterday
Or any yesterday - You
If you destroy that Yesterday

For You - You may also
Be destroying it - for whom
The day was made - and by whom

The Joy was made - Don't destroy
The Joy of Yester Day for Him
And you - En Joy It Every Day

Frank Papaycik

Does Any One Come To A Court Room

Does any one come to a Court Room
Together - it seems - One-by-One
Court Rooms most certainly are not
Noah's Arc - or de Iris

So many - Two out of Three - So
Young - eighteen to twenty what ever
Then all - The-In-Betweens - They
Seem to have a Some One a long

The eighteens to twenty-what ever
Why a lone -
Machismo of the Body
Machismo of the Soul

Or - I fear - is he simply
A lone - Family - Mother - Father
Siblings - Spouse - Partner - Friend
Friends - Where - If you are - why

Are you letting him go - sitting a lone
Even Christ in the garden had friends
Albeit sleepy - armed They - not He
Not a lone - in his Gethsemane

Even Christ a long the Via Dolorosa
Had Companions - The Women of Jeru
Salem - Don't weep for me - Simon
The syrene - picked up the burden

Even Christ didn't carry his cross a lone
Even at Golgatha - Even at Calvary

Frank Papaycik

Five Minutes Sobbing

Five minutes sobbing
I want my Mommy

Close your eyes
Picture Mother at her
Most beautiful Moment
Think only of that her
Drift - keep your hand
Up - over the cover
Near Mother Dear -
Let her touch you

The sobbing stopped
He said -
Good Night
Not Good Bye

Frank Papaycik

He Stared Me In The Face Cold Hard

He stared me in the face
Cold hard - a stare I'd never
Faced before - I don't need
You - don't want to need you
I must do this on my own

I cried - but bravely- tear lessly
Replied - I know you must
Only you can do it - good luck

And he - but before I could complete
When we meet again and we will
I want to meet you - not because
I need you - I want to meet you

As a Friend - and we are going
To meet - I no longer was pierced
By a stare - I recognized the man
Who once said - For What - to my

I'm sorry
For give me
His kind answer
See above

Frank Papaycik

How Do You Cry Over Losing

How do you cry over losing
SomeOneThing you never lost
How do you decry the going
Over SomeOneThing that never went

You don't

How could SomeOneThing be lost
Or gone - when NoOneElse
Wanted to find or cared if
SomeOneThing - Strayed Stayed.

So sad

Do the NoOneElse know what was lost
When they failed to find - the NeverLost
Do they know what they passed
When the SomeOneThing didn't go to them

I know

As the SomeOneThing keeps the sense of driven
As the SomeOneThing flies toward the target - Torah
As the SomeOneThing approaches the Found
As the SomeOneThing approaches - the WhereGoing

I cry

I cry because I was invited
To join the LastRun
To join to cop the GreatPrice
To help in the WhereGoing

Thank You
Thank You

Triunity required -
Biunity - required
Unity - required

Finality - required

These required

To keep SomeOneThing from being lost

To keep SomeOneThing from going needless

To keep SomeOneThing running safely

To keep SomeOneThing winning the

WorthyPrize

Frank Papaycik

I Dwell In Other Lands

I dwell in other lands
In ways that others wouldn't
The lands - the City down
The street the stop on the El

The city across the river
The places others go
But don't really realize
That dwelt in other lands

So sad with all the world
Around - they miss the Temple
Down the street - places a stop
Away - on the Runs of the Septa

Most of all they miss the place
Called - the Sacred Past
It is - that is - a Foreign Country
They do - do things - differently

Tell me would you buy a pass port
Or get an ATM card and use it
To go to paris new york rome oahu
oshkosh finland station katmandu

You don't speak the language
Of the people - know the food
Or the customs - Of the people
That's an adventure - fun you say

When - I - mention some one
Any one thing from the past
Remote or distant - Don't talk about it
Mention it - It's done over - Finished

Why bother - all the time money
Effort trouble momentary complaints
Visiting those foreign shores where
They do things annoyingly differently

And then eschew the very real -
Foreign Country - known so well
For a while - or a long a time a go
The one Birthed in Grew in Ate in Smelt in

Saw in Heard in Loved in We're Loved in
And as when pointed out - Lived in Died in
In the past - why avoid it - instead
Luxuriate in it - you all ready know it

Forget the Passport - but not the ATM card
Forget the Rossetta Stone and medicines
For diarrhea and travel tickets - All
Necessary Unnecessaries of Foreign Travel

Come with me upon the Grand Tour
Trust me - I'm a certified guide of it
Let us visit the Grandest Foreign Country
Ever known - now being Rediscovered

Discover or rediscover with me as
Your guide or better - go a lone
It's easy - visit the Foreign Country
You know so well - You are It

Visit Your Foreign Country
You'll find it on the Market
Frankford Line - Any Stop
You'll know it - if Fugue Dementia

Strikes - Stop - don't fear it
Then call me - I'm Certified
I'll remind Us - We're really in It
The Foreign Country - The Past

Frank Papaycik

I Was Crying In My Beer Last Night

I was crying in my beer last night,
The suds were rich and thick
More tear than beer foamed the head.
O'Douls doesn't provide much kick

I was decrying the wretched state of man
Not really over any man or men
But really crying over me for me
There is no one else who will

The tears came from catholic woes and words
A cold, cold, heart - A melody
From San Antone - Or South
Of the Border - places where

No one really goes - I think
I've never been to any of them
Place mentioned in them songs.
But I sense the passion of them

Words reflecting mine back on me.
No one ever promised me a rose garden
I never tried to get to Phoenix
I have walked thru a ring of Fire

And I know most sadly, most profoundly
Partner, it's the Parting of the Way ...
But if your ever needing me some day
Oh, I will come ariding right away

Partner
It's
The
Parting of the Way.

Tears
In
Beer

Are very comforting.

Some

One

Should

Sing that Song.

Frank Papaycik

It Was A Saturday - Again

It was a Saturday - Again

Late - hot- that AfterNoon.
A man - but more a Manchild
Than one of twenty years,
Assaulted all the passers-by.

"Seventeen cents, seventeen cents
Goddam, that's all I need.
I need it for a ticket
For a train that going to New York."

This was the city living,
This was the daily busk.
None paid him - attention -
"Attention should have been paid."

I had been feeding Sparrows.
They are a Gift from god.
He watches over Them.
He even told Us so.

If god spends time on sparrows,
How bout some time for men?
God didn't offer him the seventeen,
But, neither, than did I.

I murmured something -
"Sorry, man, " resumed my seat
And tea - nearby.
I almost forgot the man?

Sparrows are persistent.
They can't pass up a crumb.
Food is their addiction,
They get it - when they can.

My common little house sparrow,
My little common friend - returned.
I threw the crumbs - She fed on them
She flew away - a run - again.

Sparrows are god's gift to men.
I had to try to follow -
To see where she had gone,
At first with eyes - then with feet.

And then we met - again.
Still there - thin - heat- beaten,
Still asking for the seventeen.
I proffered him a quarter.

That quarter was my life.
"Join me for Tea or drink.
Sit down with me and rest."
The sparrow never came again.

He came to Me - instead
We talked of ships and shoes,
Not cabbages - not kings.
I didn't know him- well enough - for that.

Did I mention that the day was Hot,
Some 98 degrees?
His shirtless chest was flushed.
His face was morbid red.

His Words were Chaos pouring out,
Could his mind Cosmetic be?
But other things bemused my eyes,
And leisoned in my brain.

I should have told him - Go.
But Sparrows - god and Men
Fall victim to whims that govern Lives.
I didn't tell him - So.

"My apartment's round the corner.

It's cool - the A.C.'s on.
Come up to the apartment
And rest awhile with me."

He rambled on - Seventeen Dollars.
That's what I now owed him.
"I gave it to you to hold for me.
Did you forget that, Dude? "

Rude impertinence,
Such flippancy - from Him.
I did not know respect from dis.
He had Respected me.

I told him that my offer stood.
Come rest awhile with me.
The pills supposed - the liquor smelt -
Was Death too far away?

Ninety-eight degrees is really very hot.
I left - He stayed.
He talked to some homeless soul.
She had finished off my tea.

I watched from 12th and Locust.
Just two Black Men and me -
We talked, "of cabbages and kings."
He walked to me - we did not speak.

Two men - one young- one old
Ambled down the street.
An exchange of names -
Each mumbled something indistinct.

"Are you a hustler? "-
"Is that what You want me to be? "
"Yes." - "I am." - We let it be.
He Slept - Lived - twice that day.

If life were ruled by economy,
Divine or Otherwise,
We never would have met.

He never would have followed me.

It was the one of twice.

I would have slept the Sleep of Peace,
The Peace that is - Eternity,
How rested I would be.
But we have miles to go...

Because of that encounter,
I never slept again.
A mist - a fog - shrouded my brain.
Narcotic - Crack -Cocaine

Could not have addicted more.
We are still walking - side by side
We don't know where we go.
We don't know if we can mend

But "taking up the Fair Ideal"
I cannot throw it down.
Sparrows still need bread.
Men are god's Gift to Men.

Frank Papaycik