

Poetry Series

James Mazalic
- poems -

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James Mazalic()

Awareness

What is awareness?

Awareness is the subjective experience of consciousness, occurring in the here and now, determined by our attention, and interpreted by our beliefs.

Do we see what we believe
Or do we believe what we see
This is a matter
of importance to me.
If you see what you can't conceive
Isn't it difficult for you to believe.

I can't believe my eyes you say
I must explain it another way
The struggle between this duality
Will determine our view of reality

If you dare to be more aware
Don't stumble on beliefs, take care
If truth is what you seek to find
You must always keep an open mind.

Share!

James Mazalic

Death

When we die
they lay us deep
friends and family
come to weep
they mourn our loss
our memories keep
deny we're dead
we only sleep

After a while
they stay away
seldom visit
day by day
our only tears
the morning dew
our memories live
with very few

Eventually the few
they also die
others come
they weep and cry
they glance our way
and wonder too
who we were
as strangers do

We come, we live,
we also die
It does no good
to wonder why

James Mazalic

Finally Free

We stood at his grave, and we talked for a while
He'd provided, protected, had kept her in style
But now he was gone, and she was alone
I pictured the sadness, her sitting at home
But what a surprise when she said to me
Don't be so sad, I'm finally free!

She'd married early, a dutiful wife
Given by father to a husband for life
From shadow of father, to ring on her hand
A father's daughter in the shadow of man

A traditional script determined each day
To be the best actor, in a tragic play
Never to know, unable to see
What was within, what she might be

She loved him for sure, and missed he will be
But now that he's gone, she's finally free.

James Mazalic

Fishing From A Barstool

Perched on a bar stool
Statuesque and proud
Her long legs a flashing
Posing for the crowd
Looking for some interest
Some attention going her way
She wanted just another drink
But someone else to pay
Her makeup carefully painted
Rouge upon her cheek
Her dress cut down the side
To provide a little peek
The bait was set
The hook prepared
It was time to wait
She knew if she waited long enough
They'd come knocking at her gate
But time passed and no one came
No one I could see
But to my surprise her luck was good
The fish she caught was me.

James Mazalic

Hopeless Romantic

I'm just a hopeless romantic
This I admit
No matter the adversities
I never quit

Life can be so cruel
It just isn't fair
But when I see romance
I take the dare.

I know the worlds not pretty
Love's hard to find
But I make the world so lovely
I do it in my mind.

James Mazalic

I Searched

I searched within
to find the truth
found wounds unhealed
left from my youth
arrows pierced
a broken heart
some from lover's
poison dart.

From my journey
wisdom take
shed the past
become awake
live in now
accept what is
the future's hope
that's all that is.

So live for now
take your place
find your love
make you case
find contentment
in this space
we only have a while.

James Mazalic

In My Mind

From birth to death
we live in our mind
truth and confusion
closely entwined.

They shape our perceptions
determine our fate
form our beliefs
while reality waits.

Our thoughts,
our feelings
our own self esteem
based on perceptions
on things as they seem.

But the way they seem
is not always true
truth and confusion
is a terrible brew.

Belief can set limits
on what we can be
for what we believe
is all we can see.

James Mazalic

Jacob's Ladder

Jacob saw the world
with all its misery and pain
he called upon his god
and asked him to explain

God took him to his ladder
reaching to the sky
he ordered him to climb the ladder
he never told him why

So Jacob climbed the latter
but much to his dismay
the horror just increased
as he went along his way

With each and every step he took
the further he could see
the world was full of suffering
with pain and misery

I can't go on he cried to god
it's just too much to bear
have faith in me, can't you see
I will take you there.

In time he reached the heavens
and next to god he stood
look down upon the earth
and saw that it was good.

Never be to quick to judge
every thing you see
your point of view has a lot to do
with what the meaning be.

James Mazalic

Love Is Never Enough

Love falls on us in mysterious ways
Sometime in moments
Sometime in days
Whether it's lust, or whether it's true
It all begins with I love you.

But life catches up and the battle begins
Will the relationship last with differences within
Is love enough to bare the pain
Or will it all end in disaster and blame.

Is love really blind, or was it me
The red flags were there, I just couldn't see.

James Mazalic

Oh I Love You

You're the morning sun that warms me
You're the early morning dew.
You're the clouds that form in heaven
in the assure skies of blue.

In a storm, you come my way
hold my hand, turn night to day
in heavy winds or hardest storm
you're always there to keep me warm.

And when I'm lost and can't be found
I find my way, when you're around.
I lose my frown and gain a smile
I love you're here, please stay awhile.

Because life is short, and it will end
The future hides around the bend
Let's sit in pleasure, have some tea
live in wonder, of you and me.

James Mazalic

Older Women

Older women
Bless their souls
Tortured visions
Tortured goals.

They see faded beauty
Where beauty lives
Ignore the booties
That nature gives.

They search for youth
Paint their faces
All in vein
They hide their graces.

Never know
And never see
Men that love them
Men like me.

James Mazalic

Perfection

Perfection

Nobody's perfect
that's what they say
but what are the standards
they change every day

The full bodied women
of old yesteryear
favorites to gaze on
while having a beer.

What is perfection
what does that mean
our taste are all different
and change in between

Is it bad judgment
or stupid mistakes
that makes us imperfect
is that what it takes?

We all make mistakes
that's certainly true
aren't we then perfect
both me and you.

Collect all your foibles
self loathing and shame
accept them as part of
perfection reclaimed.

James Mazalic

Plato's Wall

You think you know reality
But that's not true at all
What might be true, or not be true
Just shadows on the wall

What you believe is what you see
You throw away the rest
But consider what you throw away
I think that might be best.

We journey down our different paths
We learn from what we see
What's right for you, or right for him
Might not be right for me.

Reality is a point of view
That and nothing more
Gravity decides between
The ceiling and the floor

So put yourself in the other's shoes
And try to understand
It might avoid an argument
And wouldn't that be grand.

James Mazalic

The Drama Queen

Never love a drama queen
I know that fact for sure
If you try to change them
You'll find that there's no cure
Every day a problem
Always they complain
Every thing you say or do
It's just an endless train
If there is no problem
They manufacture one
If you try to placate them
Your job is never done
Never love a drama queen
If you do it's you to blame
They'll steal your heart
They'll steal your soul
They'll even steal your name.

James Mazalic

The Me I See

When I see
the faults of others
I look within
I always see
what I hate
and see in others
is what I hate in me.

Things in me
I can't except
I cannot keep
I must deflect
project to you
and you reflect
what I see in me.

If I accept
what I reject
give compassion
give respect
project to you
and you reflect
the me I want to see.

James Mazalic

The Seeker

The Seeker

I am a seeker
I search for the truth
I've had this affliction
Since back in my youth

For decades I've wondered
And questioned the wise
Begged them to teach me
To open my eyes.

But the wise were in conflict
And soon I could see
If the truth could be found
It was all up to me.

So I gathered my thoughts
I thought out my plan
I would travel the earth
In the study of man.

Then one fine day
While under my tree
an Epiphany happened
And then I could see.

The truth isn't out there
The truth is in me.

James Mazalic

The Ugly Child

They led her in with shackles
hands cuffed to her waist
she was no threat, but with regret□
security has its place

She stood there in the jury box
a child's smiling face
her eyes clung to her lawyer
to protect her in this place

Charged with prostitution
and seven times before
but this poor soul was different
not your regular whore

She only charged a dollar
within that darkened park
she felt that was her value
to sin there in the dark

A child of the streets
that was plain to see
but for her childlike smile
as ugly as could be

Someone no one wanted
vomit of the streets
fear was her companion
no relief in sleep

She felt that she was wanted
when she performed her lowly chore
oral copulation, opened every door

Today she found compassion
neglect would be atoned
a social worker took her case
for a while she'll have a home.

Two Monks

Two monks walked
a muddy path
to a mountain stream
waiting there, in great despair
a beautiful fairy queen.

Please help me sirs,
she asked of them
help me across the stream
the waters high
the currents strong
a nightmare of a dream.

The older monk
just grabbed her up
and carried her on his arm
placed her down on the other side
unaware of any harm.

The younger monk
then scolded him
with angry furrowed brows
never touch a woman
reminding him of his vows

The older monk just smiled
as they rambled up the hill
I carried her for a moment
but you will carry her still.

Compassion: The prime directive.

James Mazalic

Voodoo

Voodoo

The voodoo hex
is just a curse
its mystic meaning
quite perverse
the priest her motions
quit conceived
depends on victim
to believe.

But if her victim
denies her power
does not believe
and will not cower
then the hex will
lose its power
and the victim will be free.

If someone says
what is not true
makes you feel
less than you
remember the power
that's deep in you
and let it blow away.

Search within
and you will find
a better you
a better mind
a soul that's good
a soul that's kind
let that be your way.

James Mazalic

We Are Unaware

We exist in a soup of cosmic dust
a dangerous place of destruction and creation
with worlds upon worlds of endless dimensions

Dark matter passes through us without notice
while we ride the earth in it's journey from night to day
and all the while we are unaware.

We journey the long orbital path around the sun,
without a hint that we are moving at great speeds
and all the while we are unaware.

Tethered to the sun, we follow it's orbital path around the center of our galaxy
at speeds that confound human understanding
and all the while we are unaware.

We cling to familiar senses to build a reality that saves us from confronting our
true condition, and all the while we are unaware.

James Mazalic

What To Do

What to Do

What to do, what to do
If not me, why not you
Something surely, must be done
But we know it won't be fun

Black and white, and sometimes gray
Not as clear as night and day
Is it time for us to choose
Not a time to be confused

But choices come with certain terror
If we choose, and we're in error
Take a road and we're mistaken
Miss the road we should have taken

So we choose, we place our bet
Hope our choice won't bring regret
But if it does, and we were wrong
Another choice will come along

James Mazalic

Who Am I

Who am I,
sometimes I wonder,
a sunny day or approaching thunder

A mirror's reflection
is that really me?
When others look, who do they see

What I do or what I say
or what I think, or how I pray
Who I love or who loves me
who I am or want to be

I remember me from years ago
Where is he, I don't know
And when I'm gone and I can't see
What will other say of me

What ever they say
friend or foe
They can't be right
if I don't know.

James Mazalic

You'Re So Much Fun

I want to hold your hand
I want to squeeze you tight
I want to love you honey
with all my might
with your arms around me
it's like a hug from the sun
I want to hang around you honey
Cause you're so much fun

I want to kiss your lips
And set your soul on fire
I want to take you to heaven
Just to hear the choir
I want to make you smile
Till we see the sun

I want to hang around you honey
Cause your so much fun

I want to walk with you
Under moonlit skies
I want to feel your touch
See your loving eyes
I want to feel your love
Till my days are done

I want to hang around you honey
Cause your so much fun

James Mazalic