

Poetry Series

**Lenny Gazbowski**  
**- poems -**

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# Lenny Gazbowski()

Always loved writing, especially with the thoughts that pop into my head! Often wondered where these thoughts come - is there an infinite production line which sends them out into the Vastness of All That Is, and we attract those thoughts which have a connection with us? Also had great times as a performing poet, had some surreal times when on stage! I never limit myself to a particular subject, I like to roam the A-Z of Life Unfolding!

# Fragrant Castle.

The fumes entwined  
and danced their way  
into my dulled nostrils  
their aroma brought  
new life to my senses  
as I entered a fragrant castle

where dragons bathed me in fire  
and naked angels took me higher  
I became a distant memory  
I went beyond the point of conception  
I became life before birth

a choir sang a perfect melody  
enchanted and haunting  
uplifting and daunting  
they sang silent words  
into my forever and never  
singing divine words into my soul  
telling me I have never been born  
and I have never died

how I rejoiced  
as this harmonious Truth  
bathed my soul  
in endless Love.

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# Headless And Pink!

Headless chickens  
dressed in pink  
challenge the dishes  
in the kitchen sink

soap and water  
bubbles and mayhem  
headless chickens  
send dishes to the slaughter! ! !

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## Lenny Gazbowski - Acrostic.

L eaning towards my  
E go is not recommended  
N ever is if sanity is to prevail  
N ot that I have ever embraced sanity myself  
Y ou will often see me dancing with everyone I don't know

G etting to know me can cause many  
A larming lapses because I can always call on my imaginary  
Z ulu warriors who keep watch on my  
B ack even when the Sun has slipped away  
O ver some romantic horizon  
W here naked lovers laugh and drink iced tea while  
S itting in the middle of a  
K issing choir of blind nuns who  
I nitiate the uneducated atheist passers by.

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# Nasal Haiku

a triggered nose  
aroused by an alien aroma  
abandons its neutrality.

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# Spilt Blood Beckons The Misunderstood.

don't  
feed me your greed  
don't  
need me to be inside

here is where you deceive me  
here is not the promised land

where is my place to be free  
at what point can I claim  
this to be my authentic journey

my spilled blood and my dance  
have always been misunderstood

tell me how can they preach and cook  
the same unchanging corrupted  
and mutilated message

how do they get away with such nonsense

I am looking  
at a winged celestial being  
I am feeling a vision of torture  
I am being led  
to be fed to the dead

preacher man  
he cuts open my soul  
he wants to taste my selfish bread  
wants to baptize my unseeing eyes  
wants to see me in a bottomless pit  
preacher man wants my blood on his hands  
wants me to be his second coming

coming man

my seed has within it  
the sacred tree of life

flesh cutting deep  
into the never world  
soul sees beyond  
this twisted world

as I end it all with the golden knife

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# Wandering Horses Chewing Nonsense!

harm no thing  
but please  
do sing often  
and loud

then in your silence  
embrace What Is

but don't  
create friction  
and don't  
believe the fiction  
which is provided  
by the egoic mind

and please  
forget the search  
for nothing is out there

oh yes  
and do laugh often  
especially when you want to cry!

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