

Poetry Series

Marcus Czarnecki
- poems -



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Marcus Czarnecki()

War Peace Cancer Buddhist Love poems



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A New Phase Of My Battle Begins Now In Earnest

The natural progression of my leukaemia

Two of the three chemotherapies were stopped
My blood counts - all over the place.
My one remaining chemotherapy keeping a degree of life
But not for so long - I told my wife.

So, the 'ho' of myoho says month of life not years.

Nichiren Daishonin writes..

'Knowing that my life may end at any time, I put my trust in the Lotus Sutra'. *
Nam-myoho-renge-kyo

In this spirit.. your message of care and pure hearted concern.. your prayers and chanting are just like this in my heart. Received in the same lion-hearted grace as Nichiren

My 'myo' of myoho.. is at the place of mystical transformations
My heart is at the place of attaining Buddhahood
Like all of you, treasured comrades.. we all give our lives
Our Buddhahood is a certainty

This is a new phase of my own great battle.
One in which I pray to live true to my mentor, heal my illness - from the depths of the ninth consciousness - the true law
In the time I have left, study together to share the wonderful teaching of Buddhism.

Putting this goshu into action, as a disciple of Daisaku Ikeda...
I advance with courage.

A single day of life is worth more than all the treasures of the universe..
Our mission is eternal. We will never be separated.

Thank you with all my heart.
Your friend in faith and brother disciple

Marcus Czarnecki

A Prayer For Children.. All Over The World

The happy smiling faces of the children as they open gifts today.. all over the world.

The dark unhappy faces of those with nothing and no one.. all over the world.

The frightened faces of those children for whom abuse is reality, ever present.. all over the world.

The lost children.. wandering through the terrain of the self - seeking comfort that is out of reach... all over the world.

Through war, hunger, poverty, wealth, complaint, comparison, hate; the dying ones with dirty water, no medicine, no milk. Shortage of mothers. Shortage of care. Shortage of love.. all over the world.

Bereft of power, of voice, of value; lost in the world of fear and suffering.. making wrong choices down dark paths.. all over the world.

For you - I am chanting powerfully, loudly, gently, with resolve, with love, with deep certainty for your ultimate happiness, your safety, your marvellous life, your victory, your fulfilling of your mission... all over the world.

Children of the world. Those present. Those to come. Those who left too early.

A prayer for your endless protection.

You may not receive a gift today.. but my vast heart is here chanting for you.

Have no fear.

There are millions like me.

We have a mentor whose vision for you is as loving, as deep, as certain as time itself.

You maybe invisible to many, but not to us.

For you, we continue.. all over the world.

With love and compassion and endless care.. all over the world.

With prayer.. all over the world.

Wipe away your tears. A new world is coming that will be yours.. where you will

be safe and happy, able to heal, to grow, to be free.. all over the world.

Written for all the children 25.12.21

Marcus Czarnecki

Yes. I Believe

Yes, noble youth I believe in what you believe in.
My body aches with yearning for peace.
To cause an awakening of reality and passion
To see all people standing upright, Buddha-strong, gentle and free
Is the mission that echoes through the eternal depths of me.

With all my heart I believe in what you believe in.
I happily challenge to build a world
Where all mothers are happy and freed from deceit
Where all children are joyous.
Robust in their treasures of childhood and youth.
Where leaders are thoughtful, strong, unselfish.
And the people can truly break the chains of destiny.
The karma to imprisoned by self-worthlessness.

Let's build such a world together my friend.
Through the building blocks of our daily lives,
Not yielding to our fears or to compromise
But to believe in our Buddhahood and to open the worlds eyes.

We share the same master. We share the same heart.
We share a passion that has from the start
Been filled with love and caring and truth
And laden with benefit and actual proof
So we become happy strong and wise
And realise
We can give others the key to happiness too.

That we can share this awesome belief
With others who suffer from sickness and grief
Is a belief I share with you
My brother disciple (regardless of age)
It's the heart that counts - this is the cause!
And my heart beats in belief with the resonance of yours.

Thank you for sharing your poem.

Written as a response to Jordan's poem to me

He River Freshney At Sunset

TClovers, tall and frolicsome
Dancing lazily in the breeze by the path
Border to the gently flowing summer river.
Serenely passing the gate to my home.
Sentinels to her journey through the town.

This unending mirrored ripple.
Alive with natures expansion in marvellous delight
Ancient and calm,
She wanders back to her home - the northern sea.

Young yew and ash in lush leaf waves,
Vibrantly green on the yonder bank
Fluttering happily in rhythm
With the symphonies of the musical birds.

Their leaves cast reflections and memories and shadows
Dappling the buoyant sparkling river
Imposed over rouge crystal pools of twilights light
Fluttering there.

Clear pools - encrusted with weed on the sandy bottom
Like priceless emeralds embedded in Grimsby's living crown.
So alive with myriad river fish,
Sparkling shots of brilliant silver
Darting - unified motes of mercurial glitter
New born shoals - nursed within the shoreline's weeds.
And the great Pike in stealth. Observing all.
Motionless, hungry. Cunning.
Panther of the stream.
A mouth with fins. An eating machine!

Thirteen chirping daring duckling yesterday
Four less today
The pike have taken their downy feast,
A real treat!
Ripping them asunder from underneath.

Mother duck and remaining brood

Now, river-wise, race for the island of weeds
Clumsily fumbling - giddy with inexperience
There to be comfy and safe from the threats
Of the mouth that lurks in the shadowy depths.

A Dragonfly of brazen, outspoken, irrepressible, magnificent blue
Hovers and darts from clover to yew
Circuits the banks. Flashes into the sun,
Returning once more from the north by the bridge
For some more fun.

Swallowtails court one another in incandescent glee
Paragons of speed and swift victories
Skydancing bravely.
Riverskimming nimbly
Without compromise, so happy in the lowering glowing sun.
As bold as a courageous youth
Faster than a radiant smile's bright eyed flash.

The rains came last night and river is crystal clear.
The fishermen complains that the fish are too crafty to be hooked!
'I need a cloudy stream to catch a good bream'
He says as he harrumphs with a smart sharp sparkle in his hunter's wise eye

And so darkness arrives again in the gather storm.
Premature.
The heavy clouds lour over our precious town now
The trumpet and drums of the mighty sky
Bellow in the marriage of sound and light
And the gentle river is transformed.
Clouds cast off their weight in dappled greys
And leaden rivulets
A million billion tiny bombs bubble in turbulence
And the furious river boils awhile.

Rains now passed -
Their journey their own.
The big dark sky rend by cloudbreaks tares
And there, beyond the retreating menace of the storm
Unperturbed - is the dazzling radiance of the closing of the day
Multi coloured. Evening hued and far away.
Casting irresistible splendour in the never lying mirror

Of Grimsby's ancient river;
As a lady prepares diligently for bed.
Or as a youth preens in readiness for the night ahead.

So the day in the life of the river closes.
Clover and yews stand silent sentinels on opposite banks
And dreams abound and she winds down
Stately. Asleep.
Without much thanks,
Silently onwards to riverhead.

And from there to the wide and unforgiving sea.

Written observing the great beauty of the River outside my gate in Grimsby

Marcus Czarnecki

They Ain't White

Pied Piper sings a tune that lures children to their death
Where have all the black boys gone
A man's last breath
Now Mothers and fathers left
... with a coffin instead of a son

So many gone
Lured away into an image
A man is not a man without a knife or a gun
They diminish...Deceived by the piper's melody
'They all gone'!

It's a world I cannot enter
Yet its just up my street
Its in my neighbourhood
Yet it's a world I do not know
I know whats wrong
And Dead kids isn't right
But its OK - cos they aint white

Do I join the heard
Stamping its foot
Tutting

I allow my stomach to heave
tears to fall warm
I gawp stupidly at the news
Shake my head at the Television
Shake my fist at the air

Hear their names - say a prayer
Meditate on squandered lives
And I write a poem
Full of silence and white-man's words
And other lies.

The Piper plays an image.
The image of 'worth'
The kids are dancing to this tune

Its saying its OK to die this way
We've gotta change the tune

Where have all the black boys gone?

A flesh coloured board
Branded with prohibited
Some say fate
Others say hate

Dying on a cold concrete stairwell in Peckham
So badly Lit - the blood looks black
A mention in the newspapers.
Victim, Gang, Gun, Drugs

A faded newspaper cutting with a photo
That's what's left from 14 Million copies
Photo on one mantelpiece
In Grandmas home
Next to another cutting about her own son
For how long must this go on?

Piper - you pipe your music
You lure the youth away
Promises of false glory
Bigging up behind the barrel of a gun
Bang - A flash of light
Another way to trash a life
With a slash of your knife
No one weeps

Only Mums and Dads care what words is written on the stones

Written for South London kids killed by Guns and Knives in 2007
Four victims in one month under the age of 17, and the rest

Marcus Czarnecki

The Ship Of The Nation

Come together, Oh! my hearties
Let's build our ship in a joyful air
The time is ripe, my eternal Hearties!
Set sail for salvation on the strength of a prayer

Life is rich, life is earnest,
Yet it it's haste it flashes by.
A moment only, to test the righteous
And only fools pause to question. Why?

Laying the timbers over a decade
Making sure the shape is true
Now seeing the plan is eternally made
And provisional teachings prevent 'Coming through'

Ten years trying to be the Buddhist!
When all I had to be was me.
Awakened through study - Liberationist!
Now to excel - for that fool was me!

'So build me straight. Oh! worthy Master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel.
That shall laugh at all disaster
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle.'

Build me strong for England's' mission.
Train me true! My only prayer.
Calmly surmounting all derision
And every tempest of despair.

The hammer of learning has rendered it's wealth,
The devils of delusion have scored only a 'fail',
The great harbour of truth is emblazoned with 'self
And the Ship of my life stands ready to sail!

In the silent dockyard of the Nation,
The finished Ship stands ready now.
With her name. Human Salvation!
Majestically carved upon her prow.

'Tis only the lapping of the waves' overture,
Or the fluttering Standard of the Buddha's' truth
That gives the impression of impending adventure
On the greatest voyage for Actual proof.

'Can we teach the Nation'? Cried the crewmen.
'And open up these hearts in pain?
And put to rout, doubt and confusion?
And fulfil the promise once again? '

'Just do it! ' So the helmsman bellowed!
'You've learned the secrets of the sea.
Knowing, only those who brave it's dangers
Comprehend it's mystery! '

'There's nothing more to teach or learn!
You know what there's to do!
'Tis the temper with which our equal hearts yearn
As for the quest? Well! it's over to you.'

'The lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime!
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints in the sands of time'

Not any footprints left behind us.
Not any wake on the Human sea,
But such a memory to remind us. Oh! my hearties.
A vindication of 'Who we be! '

'Then sail on! And brave all dangers.'
The crew triumphed in one accord.
'Let's carve out good friends from so many strangers,
And teach the Nation 'Life' once more!

There is no way our quest can fail
There is no way for us to loose
For we are all under but one sail
And it's up to us all, if we but choose

So! Sail on Salvation! Mighty and great.

Sail on Oh! ship of faith.
Humanity, with all her fears,
With all her hope for future years,
Is hanging, breathless, on our fate.

Dedicated to SGI-UK Members Written January 1997 - after assisting at my first chapter study lecture on The Ship to Cross the Sea of Suffering, by Nichiren Daishonin. With poetic inspiration from Longfellow!

Marcus Czarnecki

Our Gratitude

OUR GRATITUDE

To have gratitude is the key to a happy life
Husband and wife
Writing poetry together
Under the sun of Jihi forever

Nichiren urges us to repay
Our debts of gratitude - come what may
We pray for the happiness of all mankind
And the wealth in our hearts is the treasure we find

We open up compassion wisdom and courage
And grow deep gratitude on our great voyage
As we traverse the journey of our illness
With friends and comrades as our witness

We owe a huge debt of gratitude
To you all - and because of you

The outpouring of compassion, chanting, love and prayer
Consideration, light, healing thoughts and care
Has profoundly moved and enlightened our hearts

As we have been held in your support from the very start
Gratitude for you flows deeply within us
The lifeblood of our souls pulses thus

When we start being grateful for what we have right now -
We open our lives and start to live true to our vow

Such thoughtfulness and concern for our lives
Has opened our hearts and opened our eyes

As we grow gratitude in the garden of our hearts
The bloom of Buddha flowers their fragrance imparts

Gratitude makes us rich beyond measure -
Truly deeply a profound treasure

Let's continually challenge our own arrogance
In joy we dance

With our great Family of Soka
Growing together

Brothers and sisters, mothers and Fathers
Supporting each other with deep gratitude.

Thank you with all our hearts

Written in gratitude to my eternal Soka Family of friends and fellow members
who were chanting daimoku for my health and recovery all the way through
hospital and beyond.

Marcus Czarnecki

Possessions

Yes I'm a Buddhist and I have much

My friend is also Buddhist and he also doesn't have much but for different reasons

I don't know Buddhists who don't have things because they don't want anything

I am the decisions I made

I was in the kind jobs that didn't do pensions

I worked for theatres and charities.. so minimal pension plans

These are the risks I took living this kind of life..

living on the edge of society

Trying to change society

Trying to be a change maker

Evolving from within that society

I could have been a lawyer

Lying to everyone

Being respected being tempted by big money and quick fame in corrupt political circles - Where would I have been..

I did my best to try to be best placed as a man of correct moral standing in order to be great in the Truest sense of word.

There are costs but they have a different price.

My philosophy is the Buddha's true law of ichinen sanzen

Three thousand realms

Without is as within.

The true teaching

Marcus Czarnecki

The Hope I Bring And Cause And Sing!

Yesterday morning I sat and wept.
My legs.. so weak. I couldn't walk.
I let it in, acknowledging my distraught grief.
I became me once more.
My blood so low in oxygen.
I was in the hospital for a blood transfusion

As I sat and wept, uncontrollably... so my friend.. nurses came to me
Cooing with concern and love.
Causes made to build respect and friendship returned back.. karmic support from
the universe in its entirety as they poured gentle concern over my heaving
shoulders and my wet face mask.

"It's not like you Marcus"
A shock to me
A shock to them

They supported me in being myself at that moment.
With my tears they caused my transfusion to be speeded up..

Happily chatting to the man in the next bed as I wiped my tears and told him
why I was crying..

He understood! ! .. and because 'men don't cry' our 2 hour-long conversation
was real and profound and movingly honest.

I couldn't hide my momentary weakness from others nor from myself.
I enjoyed the therapeutic dropping of my tears
Rivulets of deep acceptance of my leukaemia and the stopping and starting and
changing of chemotherapy medicine type and doses took its toll.

My manhood wasn't compromised at all.
It was seen for what it was and accepted..
Cherished
Made me stronger.
I was heroic despite my weeping

As I left I sought out the nurses who supported my life without judgement..

Without judgement, I thanked them for their earnest friendship and concern.

They thanked me.

The hope I bring through my attitude has emboldened the hearts of volunteers, consultants, nurses, fellow patients (my tribe.. we face and outface our blood journeys together. Men and women. Non-binary. Old and young. My tribe..) With renewed hope.. Odd to see me in tears..

Joy increasing

Total acceptance of myself as I am

Staying true even if it means sharing those emotions

Three hours of blood transfused.

O resus negative

Hot Chocolate drank

New friends made

Joy and sadness

A difficult place - full of hopes and desperation.

Come! ..lets us transform each other and cry 'hope' with dialogues of courage and love..

And show the kind of recognition only we can share.

It's all in the blood.

Written as a Leukaemia patient on my visit to hospital and finally realising I couldn't walk freely - following 7 weeks of hospitalisation and lots of chemotherapy

Marcus Czarnecki

Our Voices Heal War

My heart explodes with joy to hear your voice.
My life smiles
Contentment and love regardless of the subjects discussed

I've known you a million lifetimes

I've been your father, mother, friend and lover, I've been your admirer and protector in age after age.

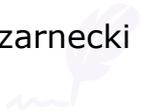
Our voices dance

Our ears touch through the words.. spoken and heard.

Dialogue.. the most powerful tool to open hearts and heal the future.
Without Dialogue we can't heal our lives.

I'm so pleased we spoke.

Marcus Czarnecki



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The Brotherhood Of Man And The Sisterhood Of All Humanity

Love.

Love for everything and everyone

Love for all people

Deep love

Priceless love

I love you.

Standing together - facing in the same direction - Supremely confident of your support

I support you in every way

Our mission - to love all beings

Father and Mother to all people

Caring for the children of the Buddha

We have the same mission

I love you

I love you

Let's create the brotherhood and sisterhood of love.

What about those who have no friends. Or those who have no family. Can I reach out to everyone and share a deep prayer of my heart about 'the brotherhood of man'.. 'the sisterhood of all humanity. The sanctity of life.. The profound respect for each living being - and respect the truth that - a single moment of the life of the poorest and most wretched of beggars - is more precious than all the gold and diamonds and treasures of the entire universe.

My heart was once so warped and twisted by division and the arrogance of a thousand different reasons to defend the notion that hierarchies were real.. my heart didn't function as a heart... It was a prison of contempt.. a fission of clever hatreds.. but since I found the truth of Buddhism.. and since i started to trust your trust of my heart.. I found my heart and in it I discovered the love of all mankind.. my heart heals me and begins to heave in rhythm to the beat of love... The beat of love for people.. the profound respect for the global human family is real. So if you have no one.. you have at least my love.. my respect.. my lack of judgement.. Because at the end of the day we are all people.. just people.. living breathing priceless treasures of the cosmos - children of the stars.

I love you Fumiko

We share the mission of this world

We love - Love

I love you.

In gratitude in Trust. Heart and Love

We fight together

Eternally

Written as a Love Poem based on guidance from my Mentor Daisaku Ikeda

"True love should be transformative, a process that amplifies our capacity to cherish not just one person but all people. It can make us stronger, lift us higher and deepen us as individuals. Yet, in the end, we can only partner with those befitting ourselves. The same is true of friendship. Only to the extent that one polishes oneself now can one hope to develop wonderful bonds of the heart in the future."

By Daisaku Ikeda

Marcus Czarnecki

My Mentor

My Master is a sword of Justice
That cuts deep into those who abuse power

My Master is the light of hope
That dispels the weariness of the abused
Giving them the strength to go on fighting

My Master is the voice of reason
Whose peerless words and loving tones
Strike

Into the hearts of the true
The courage to be victorious
Strike
Into the hearts of the brave
The resolution to fight through to the end
Strike

Into the hearts of the weak and oppressed
The energy to rise once again
Strike

Into the hearts of the bitter
The courage to try to love
Strike

Into the vacant hearts of the abusers
The terror of righteousness

My Master is the song of nations
Whose eager peoples relish each precious note
His paean, a song that awakens a new era
The song of the true disciple
Sung in tones of utter love

My Master is the eternal youth
Championing Justice and the Mystic Law
Courageously naming the abuses and the abusers

My Master is the custodian of humanity
The guardian of her future

Only My Master speaks the total and ultimate truth

Whilst giving all the means to win

My Master is the Wisdom of Ages

A Victor of the Human Condition

A poet, diarist, peacemaker and the greatest living teacher

My Master is the foundation of courage

The courage to speak the truth

Giving actual meaning and actual proof to the words 'standing up'

My Master is the clarifier of principle

A rock upon which is built the eternal path of oneness

My Master is a Buddha

Saviour of Humanity

My Master is the most Fearless

The Boldest and the Truest being

My Master is the greatest man alive

I was not born to follow any other

My Master is resounding brilliance

My Master is astounding daring courage

My Master is the glaring feats of righteous faith

My Master is the soul of the Man I am becoming

And was born to become

My Master is my soul, My Heart, My Life

I give my life to My Master and

We continue the greatest mission as one.

Dedicated to my revered master

Daisaku Ikeda

Peace and Justice are created within hearts that are pure. My Buddhist mentor teaches how to create Peace

Joy Of Considering Peace

Joy is deep sure and solid.
Effervescent happiness bubbles up into my heart
Explodes with sheer delight and cruises throughout me

Confidence makes me happy.
Joy - so intense I weep sometimes.

What an awesome journey and transformation is my life.
Just knowing that the future is solid (on principle)

Not necessarily secure
But secure in the knowledge that no matter what happens
I can win.

Me and my heart can definitely win.
Such joy!
Inexpressible and hard to describe,
Except by bringing to mind
The image of a time of bliss and innocence.

The greatest joy - the deepest joy
Is Friendship

The desire and ability
To share my heart
With those who come with friendship and love.
Respectfully, I bid you enter

Let us enjoy life
This awesome miracle

Together

Peace - created in my heart first
Peace built within
will win

Marcus Czarnecki

3179

THREE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY NINE

Is Cheap!

If you're talking about dollars or pounds

Cheaper!

If you're talking about lire or yen

Cheaper still

If you're a president talking of ammunition rounds

And Dirt-cheap

If you're Blair or Bush sniggering and giggling

About the precious lives of wasted men.

Yet - Three Thousand One hundred and Seventy Nine

Funerals

A terrible cost

So many big numerals

Prefixed with a dollar's fetid sign.

Enough to make Blair and cronies sigh

Shake their heads with retarded smiles

Weeping not for the funerals

But lamenting at the size of the big numerals

Blushing at the amount of pennies and cents.

So much for common sense.

The cost of digging

Three Thousand One hundred and Seventy Nine holes in the earth

Is fifteen point nine million dollars

And no one holler's

No one bothers,

Cos' the cost to the nation

Is the skimping on war pensions

Of its widows and brides

Its Children lives assayed in her lost pride,

Over Fathers and Husbands tears are cried

And oil rich leaders make no effort to hide

Their glutton rich bellies for which so many have died.

Current world leaders
Mindless and Spineless
Chilling and cold

The first priority of all leaders
Is to build a world where mothers are happy
For where mothers are happy
Everything grows

'There is nothing more unfortunate or terrifying than a nation being led along by foolish leaders'.

High-grade insanity
Camouflaged by titles and honour, medals and degrees
Heaven help us all.

3179 American personnel 126 British Personnel 121 Others KIA At 11/12/06

Marcus Czarnecki

The Youth Of All The World

Now all the youth of England are on fire
All the aged arrogance trembles as its death knell's echo close-ens'
Youthful faces yearning for a new world - eyes bright and hearts a-thumping
Craving a much more real world
From the Real to the Ideal Tending a vision of unparalleled dimension
As is felt in the heart
Unafraid to take it
To make it their own.

Now all the people of the world are seeking.
Not passive receivers of the pedagogue's manoeuvrings
No longer able to stomach the hypocrisies of fashionable rhetoric's vicious
whispers
No longer able to live the lies
Or compromise
We are awoken and breathing - living a life of greatness
Daring to dreams ancient dreams revisited now since the remotest past
Alive now!
Never again able to be content with the shroud of shattered prayers
Or of wasted dreams
It seems

Thank heavens.

Now all the world is awakening into selfhood's proud nobility.
The time is ripe!
Maturing into peacemakers. Lovers of this earth and her peoples.
All, claiming the eternal, robust self of an undefeated human life.

Having waited for this precious moment - Oh! Time of time
And determined never again to walk quietly into any one else's 'night'.
Without an all out fight
Against the darkness and her wretched forces.

Now all the youth of Europe shine with the greatest vision
Like a lusty Michelangelo - titanic sculptor -
Who -yearning for a peaceful world,
Hewing, carving from the 'rock of ages'
That rock of human folly - with its certainty of global war.

A truly peaceful, robust living world!
Where predestined, predetermined war can exist No More.
Never again
No More War

Oh youth!
You teachers from the future are appearing
You sages from the universes heart appearing, .
In torrent after torrent - truly living.
Abiding by the promises you made
Appearing now in rhythm with the people

Noble youth in these precious Islands
Appearing one by one in time with life
Together - pledging victory

Nothing is more precious than life
Nothing more unfathomable than a person

A truly human being unique
More regal than kings
Your time has come

Listen to your hearts strings deepest feelings
That pounding echo for change is the sound of 'time'
Do not waste your time or loose hope for any reason
You are destined to find it.
It will never pass you by.

Precious friends,
Patience!
The time of your mission has come.

My Master writes
Youth is not a matter of chronological time
Youth is the fighting spirit to exert and challenge oneself
To fight for what is just in this world.
You are the protagonists of a cosmic humanism which is just dawning A brand
new age of the 21st century.
Please strive to do you best in your fields.
Centuries,

Tens of centuries have waited
For you to appear.

Together with you I will also do my best.
Lets dare to believe in our dreams

Written for the youth - a poem to protect the young people - all of whom have
great missions for the future - not blowing themselves up as a sacrifice for their
precious and beautiful religion

Marcus Czarnecki

The Stern Report

The Stern Report is Published
The Twisted decayed Politicians
Slither furiously to suck the liquid from the words

Rapping to the sound of devastated Mountains
Singing the fury of the tsunami
Hallowed in the shadows of the hurricane.

Earthquakes have taken so many to death
Tears flood my eyes at the thought of the children
Heat beats skip and the pain of the almost dead.

Young men detonate themselves in the bazaars of the East
Sky becomes heavy.
We have known this for years

Now the Green issue is spoken of by an economist
Suddenly - the financial cost is too much to bare
The Human Cost has been known for some time

The power junkies
Make capital
So we should also make their punishment - capital.

We have sewn the wind.
We will summon the power to challenge

Marcus Czarnecki

Oh Mother

Mother

Have you ever seen

The eyes of a beautiful woman waiting to be killed.

The eyes of a mother who has lost her children?

Some go easily. Others have fight.

All touch the immense depths of human integrity,

It is those for whom I, boldly, yawp this ode today.

All mothers wail and yell at the death of their
children, babes

Some clever-twisted people try to tell me that

The mourning and grieving done by some mothers

Is different to the mourning and grieving done by
other mothers.

The clever-twisted people fail to remember that motherhood Is motherhood pure
and simple.

The clever ones have been deceived by their own fear.

Made heavy and dangerous by the weight of their

Prejudice.

Motherhood is universal.

Have you ever seen the sun, and melted with love for this planet?

Are prejudice and fear 'sins'?

I would rather call them crimes against humanity -

For they are so easy to overcome

The deceived ones try to tell me that a

Brown baby has less value than a white baby.

Its life less valuable.

Its dreams and thoughts less

Well, let me tell you, that no one is as vast as I.

I am you and you are me, and we breathe the belief of life together.

We are life.

We are here, and exist.

Each bead of sweat a diamond

each thought a gift beyond the power of imagination to qualify or measure.

Like you, like all mothers, I too am immeasurable
Like you, like all mothers, I too am fathomless
Like you, like all mothers, I too am august, and divine.

Is the suffering of rainbow coloured children different?

How?

Hammering our hearts in a rage against injustice

Daring to weep for peace.

Daring to dream for a time when the prime passion

Of world leaders is the happiness of Mothers

All Mothers

I say, how am i different?

Is my marching less valuable than the lies of
politicos?

They try to tell me that the tears of some mothers are more

Valid than that of other mothers.

What do they know?

Have the droppers of bombs ever birthed in the moonlight?

Ever loved something other than their own power?

Ever worshipped something more sacred than their own
faces?

Ever cherished something beyond a big-mac.

Ever dared enough to dream.

To dream a dream for peace.

Too unattainable they say, too weird, to waste precious eating time over.

They are not the men who dare to weep for others.

They are liars by the fireside.

They are not the friends of lions.

They are bereft of love with the hearts of dogs

They have never had to find the various parts of their

Darlings strewn in the rubble of anger.

They have never had to dig through the tears and wailing

Of townships reeling in disbelief, trying to find their

Babies in the dust of such terrible dreams.

They have only flicked switches in rhythm to the music of murder,
Because, whilst young, someone told them too...
That the mourning and grievings done by some mothers
Is different to the mourning and grieving
Done by other mothers

How tragic.
How deep are the scars of human hatreds
How fragile the dream of love.

Oh Mothers!
Oh! Mother.
Oh!

But here is my heart
And in its depths, just as in yours,
There we dare to dream a dream
That beats to the rhythm of peace

Mothers.
For you I continue.

Marcus Czarnecki

Lost Innocence

A Darkened youth drips tragedy for all.
'Oh! Prejudice', sobs our lost innocence,
In the shadows of modernity.
A frightened child,
Wailing for its mother.
It's sobbing echoing throughout the universe
Lost innocence.
Written in tears by the children's eyes.

Children grow.

Lusty blither passions rendered hollow.
Vibrant joy and love,
Are the murdered cousins,
Of lifetime's shattered dreams.
Just anathemas,
And his youth,
A lie on realities lips.
A burned out testament
Of the embittered Imams' hollow call.

A fully twisted child -
seething 'vengeance' in the searing heat,
The twisted priests' poison
Coursing through a beautiful boyhood's longing for truth.
His pure passions - rent,
Now a terrible foreboding
Revealed in his glaring eyes of hatred.

Shaped by the soil and by the poverty of the ghettos
Carved by the craft and guile of cowards
Eyes that now can see the sun no more
But are trained to see only war.

Jihadic Youth.

War. Half revealed in the demi-light of reason,
Half-hidden in the shadow of disbelief
Rendered from the walls of separation,
Cemented with intolerance,

Measured by the craftsmen's greed for billions
Designed by priest who twists the Prophets words.

Singing - Oh! Our damaged minds.
A Noble death is distorted honour's craving,
Yearning to live the dream of immortality with God.
The youth's deepest dreams - rent by blades of anger,
Abuses in eternities deep waters
Putrefied, very deep.

Immortality is sacred to us all,
And yet, Immortality
When spewed forth by crafty tongues
Perverts the purity of any prophet's mission,
Creating eyes that could cry tears of compassion and love
Into eyes that can only dribble tears of cultivated rage

Whispered secrets abounding through space
Pumping through my heart a-raging in grief
Unable to weep
Numb with disbelief

The boiling waters of innocence lost
Streaming down my sour cheeks
Endless tears wetting my neck.

Here Freedoms Daughter dare not touch the edge.
Only the sirens of chaos
Choking on our wounded pride
Whisper, 'What do you really know? '

If they had been built from love
They would have been pillars that supported the air.
Those Alters of arrogance
Luring us each to our own edge,
Unable to grasp the call.

Now, throwing stones and blossoms back over memories wall
We realise that the Towers of Lineage and Wisdom
Were not so tall after all.

Disbelief replaced by eternal rage.

An awakening true for us all.
A Prophet Is Perverted by twisted priests.
So are noble youths corrupted by them too.

Moses Jesus Mohammed
Choose your prophet,

The twisted priest is always the same
Principle rather than living flesh
Cancer hungering for the light of recognition.
Interpretive power junkies camouflaged in robes,
Ten billion times more lethal than paedophile's rage
A million times more deadly than a crooked Politician purse
This is the curse
Of this age

Prophets Are Perverted by twisted priests.

Cause hatred
Cultivate venom
Murders youth
Genocides generations
Bombs hearts
Threatens survival
Twists law
Utters the call
For youth
To die a meaningless death
And twist the call for all.

Written to protect the pure hearted youth from the vicious, violence of older men
who use and harm younger people to hurt others in the name of peace.

Marcus Czarnecki

Christmas With You

Old red leather armchair
Appears
Floating in the air
Horse hair stuffing popping through holes
Tears and frays
Its been used a lot
Desired by cafes that charge a lot for coffee

Now a coal fire pops up - smelling of the tinder wood
Slightly smoking
Cedar sharp. Charcoal black

Peoples muffled voices and the tingling of glasses
A multitude of colour coming into focus with the laughter

Low beamed ceilings
Dark panelled wood lit by fairy lights
Fake snow sprayed on farmers pub windows

The odd decoration - catches the light

Hog roasting somewhere
The smell of hot spiced wine pervades
Seems to fit
Like sawdust on the floorboards does

Together me and you sit watching
By the wall under a Lowry print
Observing the world as it passes by
As it passes through our perception

Snuggled against each other
Sipping cranberry juice and sparkling water
Your big pink and mulberry tartan scarf fits well in

Your eyes catch the light
Reflecting the hubub
In their deep wise pools I see Christmas unfold

A kiss
A walk home

Marcus Czarnecki