Poetry Series

Richard Wlodarski
- poems -

PoemHunter.com

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Richard Wlodarski(Febuary 23,1952)

Richard Wlodarski deftly blends spirituality with current events to paint a starkly disturbing, yet surprisingly optimistic, view of the world.

Writing poetry is used as a therapeutic tool to transcend his grief. He inspires us to look for the light in even the most desperate situations.

Wlodarski draws on his unique understanding of the link between the conscious and subconscious mind. Hence, his spiritual poetry hits you in both the gut and the heart.

Wlodarski is working every day on his magnum opus, The Kerouac Venture. Consisting of 14 books (thus far) , it's a labour of love about the spirituality of Jack Kerouac. Each book consists of poems that are delving deeper and deeper into Kerouac's psyche.

The first book, Kerouac In Spirit, is now available on Amazon. It's very dear to Wlodarski's heart because he worked closely with his mentor Daniel Brick in keeping Kerouac's spirit alive. Brick provides very insightful commentary on several of the poems. That process is an invaluable addition to this very unique book of poetry.

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Kerouac Lives - 493

The words are lost...
In songs once found...

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Kerouac Lives - 492

I see the bunny
Hopping so madly
On trail lovely...
Leaving me...lonely

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Kerouac Lives - 491

The death of night...
The birth of day...
Such hope...for now

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Kerouac Lives - 490

I'm so tired
Of the cold bars...
Such heated talks
Of dreaded walks

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Kerouac Lives - 489

I may be a drunk
But I'm hung over
To oblivion

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Kerouac Lives - 488

To compress my life's work
Like slightly condensed milk
Is to so miss out
On all mine essence

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Grunt

Grunt no more
As I soar
To the top
Of mountain

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Kerouac Lives - 487

To live from beat
Of my soul's heart...
Heavenly bliss

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Kerouac Lives - 486

God is my word
Throughout my works
Devil be gone
Angels...alive

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Kerouac Lives - 485

I am a traveler...
The road's been so broken...
The forks knifing in heart...
Dessert...deserting me

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Kerouac Lives - 484

I need to know
How I so missed
Having you then...
And in my life

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Kerouac Lives - 483

Words and songs...
My soul's life...

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Stillborn

The words are not lost...
There...in memory
Waiting...for rebirth

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Sacred Space - Inspired By M.J. Lemon

Climbing now to...
Top of mountain
Seeing...life...death
Sacred chanting...
Meditating...
Mt. Tamalpais

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Kerouac Lives - 482

To have just...
This one night...
Of such peace...

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Kerouac Lives - 481

To forfeit only word
For the world to just see...
PREJUDICE...
Then and now

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Kerouac Lives - 480

To write just one word
For the world to see... LOVE

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Kerouac Lives - 479

Shaved part of me...
Now looking weak
Beard was insane
To theirs and mine pain

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Kerouac Lives - 478

The pubescents
Adolescents
Adult's descents...
Today's recents

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Kerouac Lives - 477

Winter's death...
Left me cold

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Kerouac Lives - 476

Don't wanna play no more...
Youth is so sorely missed

Richard Wlodarski

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Kerouac Lives - 475

Life's just not the same
Since you went away
You were such a saint
Me...devilish grunt

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Kerouac Lives - 474

Dead to my good friends
Dead to family
Dead to legacy

Richard Wlodarski

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Sapping Energy - Inspired By Maple Syrup By M.J. Lemon

Sap in The White House
Sapping energy
From our free trade
Let's sugarcoat him
With maple syrup

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Kerouac Lives - 473

Now that I'm dead...
Am I so gone
From lost years...
Not to be found?

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Kerouac Lives - 472

Never got to tell you
How much I had loved you...
Now it's forever late
Because...we've been buried

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Kerouac Lives - 471

Dying is such a bitch
Wish I'd known ‘bout my ditch

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Kerouac Lives - 470

They wouldn't just let me die
I was too goddamn famous

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Kerouac Lives - 469

The black dog's biting now...
Ginsberg's howling at moon
Big Sur's keeping me sane...
The world is so insane

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Kerouac Lives - 468

In the darkness...
The Light now shines

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Kerouac Lives - 467

All that was love...
Is just lost now

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Kerouac Lives - 466

All the words...
All the songs...
All the booze...
All the drugs...
Led to such...
Early death

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Kerouac Lives - 465

Judge me for
Whom I've been...
A writer...
Of my soul

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Kerouac Lives - 464

Taste my blood
Blood of life
That of God
As We Live

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Kerouac Lives - 463

At end of bleak night
I'm nowhere in sight
Of those who backbite

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Kerouac Lives - 462

To sit now
Just within
The circle
And Taste Life

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Kerouac Lives - 461

Words are lost
On such night
Of lonesome
Fools like me

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Kerouac Lives - 460

Ancient
My words
Ancient
My thoughts
Ancient
Feelings
Ancient
This world...
Once more

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Kerouac Lives - 459

Such a death
Has killed me
Song of life
Stroked my heart...
I awoke

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Kerouac Lives - 458

Notes of music
Mellowing now
Songs of life

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Kerouac Lives - 457

Can't write
For crap
Just now...
Cognac's gone
Daughter's lost
Friends no more...
Surviving

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Kerouac Lives - 456

Deathly words spurt out...
Bloodied for this night

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Kerouac Lives -455

The night's transgressed
Into such day
My vampire
Is hiding out

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Kerouac Lives - 454

Words hanging on such...
Overdue tears

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Kerouac Lives - 453

Write me
To end
Of time

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Beauty

As if...
Beauty
In all
Its glory
Was just born

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Kerouac Lives - 452

Razor-sharp
Metaphors
Falling on
Eager eyes
Poem dream
Lulling me
To Heaven

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Kerouac Lives - 451

My words are so lost now
On this generation
And future generations
But heart and soul has seized them

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Kerouac Lives - 450

Can't find my pen...
Today's so gone
In yesterday's
Forgotten words

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Kerouac Lives - 449

I can't remember
The night of such love
When your life was born
And I was so torn

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Ghost On The Page

Ink leaking from my pen
Onto such ghostly page
Spilling into poem...
His spirit... in my heart

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Kerouac Lives - 448

I cried for you...
Senorita
Mexicana

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Kerouac Lives - 447

How ghostly
This life past
This life now...
Nearing death

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Kerouac Lives - 446

Was Kerouac just
Pissing away life? ...

I Think Not...Never!

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The Longest Memory

Memories fading now
Of such good days gone by
But the Great Memory
Of the life of Jesus
Will never ever die

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Kerouac Lives - 445

Sometimes I just write
What comes to my mind
Come to think of it
It is all the time

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Kerouac Lives - 444

Howlin' wolf cries out
In the mid of night
Can't see his cursed face
But know who he is

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Kerouac Lives - 443

I'll suck this night
With my poetry
But in puberty
I was out-of-sight

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Kerouac Lives - 442

Do they hear me
When I am speaking...
Do I need to write
The words just spoken?

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Kerouac Lives - 441

The poetry of my life
Written and spoken in blood

The ink had dried when I had died

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Kerouac Lives - 440

One damned last drop
Of alcohol
To sole the soul
Rotting my life

Richard Wlodarski

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Kerouac Lives - 439

Not quite dead
In this now
Yesterday
Was just then
Tomorrow
Is just now
For sorrow...

I borrow...
Such lost time

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Kerouac Lives - 438

Death without booze...
Life in the snooze

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Kerouac Lives - 437

The night alone...
Dog without...bone

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Kerouac Lives - 436

My crap sits alone
In my cognac's home

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Kerouac Lives - 435

I'm just so drained
On deserted
Road to great fame

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Kerouac Lives - 434

To top off this night
I'll clink this glass
Cheers to you, friend
Your night is still young

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Kerouac Lives - 433

My sudden death...
Such great remorse
For my daughter...
From lonesome grave...

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Kerouac Lives - 432

I spill the ink...
My blood just flows...
And forms the words

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Kerouac Lives - 431

Pay it forward
On the lonesome...
When life seems gone...

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Kerouac Lives - 430

All the armies
Of goddamned world...
Command God...Now
To instill...PEACE

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Kerouac Lives - 429

All killer drugs...
Forsaken world...
Bridge evil gap

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Kerouac Lives - 428

The war had killed
Joie de vivre...
Writers were torn...
And now...reborn

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Kerouac Lives - 427

To sit next to
Someone famous
Absorb their vibes...
Wish no longer

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Kerouac Lives - 426

Politics...
Full of bunk...
No wonder...
I don't vote

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Kerouac Lives - 425

These pesty hiccups
Have somehow transposed
What I had once thought
Now...forever lost

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Kerouac Lives - 424

This night's been bluesy
Waiting for the jazz
To move me sleazy
Now I'm just queasy

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Kerouac Lives - 423

Jazz and blues beating
To rhythm of heart
Words flowing in mind
Booking date for soul

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Senseless Hatred

Let the deaf man speak
So the mute woman
Can hear message

Let the blind child play
So the sightless toughies
Never die far-too-young

Let the heartless adults
Taste their enemy's strength
And eat victor's spoils

Let's all pray to One God
To hear words of love
And forgive words of hate

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Kerouac Lives - 422

Howling wolf awakened me
In the middle of the night
Wolfing down my soulless heart
Satan feeding his damned soul

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Kerouac Lives - 421

Wherever the road leads
I shall not follow now...
Waiting for fork in road
For better tomorrow

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Kerouac Lives - 420

How many sexual
Bodies I envisioned
On the road to such hell

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Kerouac Lives - 419

God, I'm not that old
Bones make me feel
But mind challenges age
And youth springs eternal

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Kerouac Lives - 418

To once have touched your soul
In just this short lifetime
After all those lifetimes
I consider myself
Blessed in this One God's plan

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Kerouac Lives - 417

All the moon's glories...
Facing my wolf
In nightmare's grasp
As dreams unfold
On days when just
I see talents
Greater than mine

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Singing & Fishing With Friends

Four Strong Winds blowing At The First Fall Of Snow
Willy's singing Art's strumming Rick's drumming
Bad Moon Rising for Riders On The Storm
Friends and family listening socializing

On Cold December Night
Love Is In The Air
Willy Crying his heart out
For thirty years love with Tina

Tina stood by her man
Through her bad times...so strong
Through his good times...forgiving
They always let their love flow

The French River's frozen over now
The fish are sleeping dreaming of you
I'll Break It To Them Gently
That you're in The Great Gig In The Sky

Come on now, John and Lenny
Tina daughter family
Let's go Fishin' In The Dark
And Shine A Light for his soul

Richard Wlodarski December 2024

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Kerouac Lives - 416

The night is so lost
On forgotten stars
Howling at the moon

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Kerouac Lives - 415

Crying every night
Just wanting to see you
To talk to you, daughter
Whom I had somehow lost

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Kerouac Lives - 414

He was so sensitive
Saw heard touched... beyond life

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Of One God's Family

To be your brother
To be your sister
To be your father
To be your mother
To have no colour

I wish
Neither black nor white
Nor yellow nor brown
Not even in-between

To be your flesh and blood
Of One God's family
Eyes to see no hatred in life
Ears to hear less crying
Nose smelling no taste for evil
Our hands touching His very presence
Never ever having to taste victims' blood

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Our hearts stop for a moment of silence
To forgive the monsters of One God's Children
Perpetrating crimes against humanity

We are your good neighbours
Loving and hating you
Simultaneously
Loving your humanity
Your soul's solidarity
Hating uniformity

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Kerouac Lives - 413

All my friends
Deserting me...
Evidently
In such parched times

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Kerouac Lives - 412

Friends we were back then...
Moving forward now
From when we were lost...
And now we are found.

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Kerouac Lives - 411

Your featured eyes
Leading me now
To the mirror
Of your lost soul

Richard Wlodarski

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A Poem Is Made - Inspired By A Music Is Made By Bharati Nayak

A poem is made
So eloquently
Warming reader's heart
Firing sluggish mind

Richard Wlodarski

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Poetry - For Unwritten Soul

It's illness
Contagious
Spreading through
Body soul
Every cell
Every bone
Infected
Heart and mind
Emboldened
By Spirit...
Poetry

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Kerouac Lives - 410

What you're reading now...
Is author a friend?
Has his life ended
And yours just begun?

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Kerouac Lives - 409

Death-covered clouds
Obscuring now
Such innocence
Of youth lost then

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Kerouac Lives - 408

Who am I...
A poet...
Musician...
Dead author...
I'm just me!

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Kerouac Lives - 407

Where have all my friends gone?
Long time in the making
Where have all my friends gone?
Too soon in the dying
Where have all my friends gone?
So very long ago

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Like None Other

What is a true mother nowadays
In a culture of such violence
In which Christians are killing Muslims
Jews are killing Palestinians
Russians are killing Ukrainians?

What is a true mother nowadays
In a climate so very dismal
In which gray is blurred by black and white
Those sworn to protect are murdering
Innocent brothers and sisters?

What is a true mother nowadays
In which Pro-Life is killing living
Tearing babies away from parents
Locking them in cages...criminals?
Such living in a democracy?

What is a true mother nowadays?
A human being with good morals
One who knows meaning of good and bad
One who sacrifices her own life
So that children may somehow prosper

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Kerouac Lives - 406

One life
To live
If not...
Damn it...
Let it go

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Kerouac Lives - 405

House is dark
So gloomy...
I'm lonely
Without you

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Lonesome Road Of Time - Inspired By M.J. Lemon

The road that is made of time...life's real journey - M.J. Lemon

The youth of yesterday
Filled with so many dreams
And twisted forks in road
Leading to stunned today

The fall's scattering leaves
Blowing in the cold wind
Colourful reminders
The autumn of my life

The winter's bitter frost
Flaring up arthritis
Peaceful warm fireplace
Soothing body and soul

The greenery of spring
Resurrecting dead life
Body and soul refreshing
Awaken spirit within

Lonesome road made of time
Coming close to an end
But life's truest journey
Has only just begun

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Kerouac Lives - 404

Come into
My still mind...
Heart's open

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Kerouac Lives - 403

Morning light
Cracks my brain

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Kerouac Lives - 402

To kiss the moon tonight
Shining stars in the sky
Bloodline painting poems
As Van Gogh dies tonight

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Kerouac Lives - 401

All the life
Is rising
This morning
After then
Listening
To mourning

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Kerouac Lives - 400

Full moon bloom
Taste my mind
To write now
From my heart

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Kerouac Lives - 399

Blanket of snow
Melting...mellow

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Kerouac Lives - 398

Nothing's quite the same
Like the other day
Yesterday is gone
And today is lost

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Kerouac Lives - 397

All the love
In the world
Couldn't forgive
What I had done
To my such lost
Loving daughter

And now that I've died
Can you forgive me?

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Kerouac Lives - 396

In such heightened depths
Of lonesome despair
I cried my heart out
Only to hear
The angels sing
My Gerard's cry

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Kerouac Lives - 395

Jerk far too long
Lost in lonesome
Fought tooth and nail
To remain just sane

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Kerouac Lives - 394

Down Mexico way
Such senorita
Tore my heart apart
On her damned border

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Kerouac Lives - 393

Losing religion
My God is not dead
Satan's killing me
God's protecting me

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For Him/For Her

For Him

Running around
Like some chicken
Without a head
Not quite ready for Turkey Day
You've somehow lost the chicken balls
And now you're stewing in Duck Soup

For Her

Circling around
Like lioness
Strength power grace
Epitome
Of great courage
Symbol of hope
Protector of life

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Kerouac Lives - 392

I had died just then
When you were reborn

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Kerouac Lives - 391

Here by my side
Your spirit is felt

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Kerouac Lives - 390

Missing the beat
Notes are all wrong
Musicians...gone
Poets are DEAD!

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Kerouac Lives - 389

So goddamn scared
Of my life's bad
Satan in stride
Jesus on back

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Kerouac Lives - 388

Fire on mountain
Hell revisited
Angels protecting
From Satan's outcry

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Kerouac Lives - 387

Tonight's stars
Hiding out
My Ginsberg
Howling wolf

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Kerouac Lives - 386

How come some of my friends
Don't like such poetry?
Not even my lost stuff!
How ‘bout my newfound soul?

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Kerouac Lives - 385

Tequila's not my mix
On road to Mexico
I've abandoned my France
No land of such romance
America cries out now
Canada has died out

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Kerouac Lives - 384

I had left too early
But I had compacted
Such tragic life on the road
Into this lonesome lifetime

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Kerouac Lives - 383

Teach me, My God
About Such Love
Satan's grasp now
Evilly strong

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Kerouac Lives - 382

When all is lost
On frigid night
No friends for warmth
No enemies...

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Kerouac Lives - 381

Curse this night
Of losers
Wannabees
Lost in time
That wasn't
There for fame

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Kerouac Lives - 380

All I've said before
Doesn't matter now
‘cause I'm six feet under
And you think you're smarter

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Kerouac Lives - 379

I'm not so special
You've made me idol
Jesus in cradle
Christ, I don't fable

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Kerouac Lives - 378

All the damned
Weathered days
Crazy nights
To just survive
Kept me alive

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Kerouac Lives - 377

Such dreary dark skies
Painted from the heart
Stolen from artists
Poets of such life

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Kerouac Lives - 376

Have I not
Suffered such
That Satan
Just gave up?

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Kerouac Lives - 375

Let the spirits
Be now forewarned
As I trespass
On this threshold

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Kerouac Lives - 374

There's just this one thing
I don't understand...
Please me, My Lord

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Poem Hunter's Glitch

The glitch is a bitch
To Canada's Rich
Rich loves writing poetry
Reading now some from Turkey
But Rich's bitch is in the glitch
That's putting him in a stitch
He's missing his friends here
In his homeland so dear
So, no offence to Turkey
Let Canada just be free

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Kerouac Lives - 373

I speak through One God
That knows All That's Good

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Kerouac Lives - 372

What if...through just thoughts
Words would embellish...
Love...eternal peace...
My words for then's youth

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Kerouac Lives - 371

Never thought so advanced
Then...death enveloped me

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Kerouac Lives - 370

What the hell...
Shut my mouth
‘bout such crap?
I think not!

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Kerouac Lives - 369

Such friends in my life...
Those that care a lot
About my welfare
And then those that are...
What I am about

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Kerouac Lives - 368

Am I ready to die
Now that love's deserted
On such a path to nowhere?
With power of God: Think Not!

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Kerouac Lives - 367

Wrote You a letter
‘Bout my struggling love...
Answered with Such Love...
'Not ready to die! '

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Kerouac Lives - 366

In the absence
Of such must love
I prayed to You
And You answered

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Kerouac Lives - 365

What a gone homer
For Jack's round tripper

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Wake Up, America

Wake up, America
Beware of false prophets
They come in guise of sheep
But are such vicious wolves

Such damn cold-eyed views
Of reality...
Peddling promises
They can never keep

Wake up, America
You were once so strong
Defending the weak
At your own expense

Wake up, America
Before candles burn out
And the haunting darkness
Sets the skies on fire

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Kerouac Lives - 364

I will write
My damn will
When willing...
Not willing
Much longer

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 363

Was I what?
I just was
‘Cause it was
What it was

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Murder By Heart And Pen - Inspired By Reconciliation By Nassy Fesharaki

The brain and pen
Can now pierce
Coldest of hearts
Meditate now
On love and peace
Open your heart
To just One God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Passive Resistance

I just blossom
Not from the fruit
Apple ripened
Fallen to ground

I just do right
May not have strength
May not be young
May get lemons

But I do and act right
When I do and act wrong
The apple is sour
The lemon is bitter

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 362

We were once...
Such lovers...
Days gone by...
Come today...
Yesterday...
Now...they're gone

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 361

Damned that night
No full moon
No bright stars
In my life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 360

Never stopped loving me
Even when soul had died
Spirit had so triumphed
I'm alive...though I'm dead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 359

When the night is long
And I don't know now
How I can survive
The full moon kills me
Stars resurrect life
And then there's this...Earth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 358

A stark black night
No potent moon
No starving wolves
No stars in sight
To brighten mood

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 357

Sleep's a goner
On a loaner
For such long night
That makes me cry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 356

Send in the wolves
Full moon's theirs now
Going to sleep
To count the sheep

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 355

Songs of the night
Have lost me now
Wolves are now sheep
Clothed in fear

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 354

Dark in me tonight
The full moon shadows
This night's shining stars
All is lost in fate

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 353

Is war necessary?
How many must now die!
I think...one's too many

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives Series

Passionately
I so endure
Because writing
Is all I have

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 352

What the hell happened last night?
Stars didn't shine in the sky
Full moon was lost on the wolves
Like Van Gogh... heart was broken

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Rocket Man - For Kevin Familia

Worldly poet Kevin
Is studying God's space...
Rocket engineering
Out of this world, Rocket Man!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 351

Messed up at those damn bars
Scores of selfish blockheads
Bartenders stinging me
For damned eternity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 350

Wolves sheepishly stalking
The lost virgin lambs...

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 349

Sorry, you self-righteous
Goddamn son of a bitch
Resting on your laurels
In your pest-infested
Damned and lost lonely soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 348

Read me your lost thoughts
Confused as they are
My mind searching now
For such truth once found

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Healing Mother Earth

Living life now
To the fullest
Is the healing
Of this planet

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Classic Lettuce - Inspired By Romaine By Aldo Kraas

Richard wishes
To go to Rome
To change his name...
Classic Romaine

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 347

Is there such a light...
The Holy Spirit
Protecting lost me
From insanity?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 346

The night's not dark
Until it's lost
In the damness
Of my soul-less

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 345

So penniless...
All my damned life...
But screw money...
Passioned my life!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 344

So damn scared
When writing
On soul-less
Lonely nights

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 343

Touch me when I'm lost
In the twilight zone
See me my soul's eyes
And let's cry this night
As our lost souls
Experience God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 342

Bull has lost his way
In damned yesterday...
Tomorrow is found...
Along brighter way

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hearing Aid

My hearing aid
Needs to hear
That she is now
So much louder
Than quiet mind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 341

Night in its shadow
Welcomes the lost light
Forgotten somehow
Now just yesterday

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 340

Is it just
The beatniks
Or my beat
That makes me?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 339

Night shadows
The daylight
And sunlight
Scares me such
So I sleep
And then reap

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 338

Just short of drained
Killer drugs-deranged
So damn scared this night...
Shadow waits for light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 337

Will God ever
Forgive damned me
For love never
Given to you?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 336

Never meant to be
Just a father...
Deserted you...
Belittled me...

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 335

Never called to say: I Love You
You were my precious life and blood
All these years I cried so hard
So many damned heart attacks

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

With Love

With love...all is...
Now...possible

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 334

It's so late
For this date
Yet, I'm young
Can't just die

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 333

If I could see you just once more...
I would hug you so today's more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 332

If only I could touch
The warmth of dying love
To just now once again
Dry your lonely tears

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 331

Shades of dark grey
In blackness now
No moon no stars
Howling wolf dies

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Gerard's Welcoming

Angels shedding tears
Of such great pain and joy
For Gerard's suffering
And welcoming him Home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 330

Moving fast forward
Yet so damn backward
Light's fading too fast
Blinding my progress

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 329

Spirit's fading this cold night
Soul's waiting on other side
Satan's devils stealing heart
God's angels on my doorstep

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 328

The barflies glued to honeys
Stinging loneliness this night
Sweetness of morning's bright light
Kissing my shredded life away

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 327

Damness of wretched night
The pen is drying ink
Poems draining spirit
As stars shine on so bright

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Querida Amiga (Beloved Friend)

Querida Amiga (Beloved Friend)

Patron saint of the arts...missing you
Compassionate soul to our home
Endearing Indira
Songstress of starry night
Singing songs from your heart
Querida Amiga
Junction's ray of sunshine
Shining light on the arts
Community's not the same
Without Indira's artsy scene

Richard Wlodarski August 15,2024

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 326

All the night long
Without sunlight
Makes angels cry...
I wanna die

Richard Wlodarski

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Kerouac Lives - 325

We've left in nowhere...
Lost...in lost freedom
Such democracy...
New autocracy

Richard Wlodarski

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Kerouac Lives - 324

Music's dead tonight
Lost in loneliness
Of the poet's heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 323

I'm left just...
Damned alone
Night killing
The sunlight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ukraine Prayer

Infinite wisdom
Of The Creator
Compassionate heart
Of Almighty God
Let Presence be known
In war-torn Ukraine

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 322

Just the lost chords
In songs once loved
Sweet melodies
Etched on my mind

Richard Wlodarski

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Kerouac Lives - 321

My life has been death...
Pulled into such crap
That Satan has wrapped
And Jesus has cut

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 320

To see when not heard
Understood from herd
Knowing not the nerd...
Longing to be heard

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 319

The wretchedness of...
All that was once lost
Has etched in my soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Supreme Hope - Inspired By In Life In Dark Times Adversity Will Come By Terence George Craddock

To face adversity
Without trace of fear
With only love in heart
Forgiveness as virtue

To breathe in love of God
Breathe out hate of Satan
To be at peace with Self
Letting hope reign supreme

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 318

Too much on the road
Not enough in heart...
Such deserted path

Richard Wlodarski

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Kerouac Lives - 317

The death of me came
When my heart had lost
Its now-dying soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 316

Poets musicians
Scrambling for my soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 315

I'm so goddamn lost...
In drug-crazed freedom...
God can save me...now!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 314

I'm listening to the now
And they just can't understand
The words flowing from my heart
To our such kindred souls

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 313

My heart just couldn't
Catch up with my mind...
And then...all was gone

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 312

Last call is bullshit
The bar's throwing out
Goddamn customers
Paying owner's bills

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 311

In the darkness of night
There is such a spirit
That awakens me so
As to see life is great

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 310

We grew up so deceived
By the messed-up Christians

Buddhists by my God's side

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Ending - Inspired By An Incomplete Song By D.N. Rebb

Bravely, but awkwardly
He opens the front door
To bistro and her heart
Smiles galore abound...

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Shades Of Violet - Inspired By Blue And Grey By Sandra Feldman

May the grey be dispersed
And be replaced with purple
Shades of violet to give
Strength wisdom and such great peace

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 309

Whatever has been freed
Is now and always...FREE
You can't enslave the slaves...
They've been in God's Eyes...FREE

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 308

Why order damn pizza
When chicken balls are fried?
Why fry the goddamn fish
When oysters are now free?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 307

Just so damn exhausted
With evil history
I'm now spilling the wine
Of my bloodied Jesus

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 306

How ‘bout we give a damn
For those valiant soldiers
Who fought for such freedom
Enabling this life!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No Frills

Little girl
Sunshine face
So beaming
Eyes bulging
Lips smiling
So wanting
The cherries
Tasting them
In her mind
Stomach waits
Never full
So hungry
Her father
Whisks daughter
Away now
To poor side
Of aisles

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 305

I'm tired of this death
Life in such a vacuum
The dirt spilling over
From such a filthy hell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 304

Somewhat dead tonight
The moon's not so bright
Stars have lost their light
This wasn't my might

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 303

I you we
Us damned three
Trinity
In some hell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 302

Death is everywhere
The past seems concealed
The present so messed up
Future's nowhere in sight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 301

Winter wind blowing
Freezing tired bones
Worn out from close death...
Feeling summer...there

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 300

Witnessing you
Just this moment
Before you shrieked
Sent some shivers
Down spineless back

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 299

The full moon
Reflects life
Of darker
Side of me...
Howling wolf

Morning sun
Beckons me
To wake up
To true self
Then...I die

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 298

Where's the light this night
When Van Gogh cries such
That moon and stars not?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 297

The moon's not so full
The stars not so bright
Friends left me this night...
I feel so cold...

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 296

Sang my heart out
On precious nights
For my daughter
For my brother...
Wasn't enough.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 295

Lost for such right words
Thinkin'...no love now
Majestic full moon
Stars shining a light
Angels singing love...
And...I am depressed?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 294

All the night's words
So folded now
Into such tight
Clean envelope

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 293

Poets on the run
Into this night born
Like those Christians slain
And Muslims thus blamed...
I cried in nightmares

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 292

Words of innocence
Pure from troubled heart
Soiled...history
To be damn scolded

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 291

I can't mess with words
Body and soul...pure

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 290

Just a shot of cognac
Last one for this cold night
Can't see fullness of moon
No brightest stars in sight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 289

Can we dance with wolves
On night of full moon
With stars crystal bright
Ginsberg hiding out...
So rhetorical!
Metaphysical?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 288

So much nonsense talk
Happening this night
Politics running
Amok in the heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 287

Alcohol and drugs
Making my head spin
Loveless ladies laugh
As lone wolves howl

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 286

Bar's closed for the night
Bouncer had his fun
Black-eyed reminder
Made me much stronger

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 285

In depths of night
Coffee so strong
Wakes me up now
To words then lost

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 284

No tears tonight
When moon is so full
The stars are so bright
Snyder in my heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 283

These unspoken words
Written on torn page
Ripped from broken heart
Bleed into damn ink

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 282

The night is damn cold
The moon is not warm
Like the sun of day
Blanket is too tight...
I feel no warmth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 281

I was just waiting
For music to start
Buzzin' in my head
So damn deadening

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 280

Slave of the damned...
Evil's delight
Fighting to death...
Seeing The Light!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 279

I'm so screwed up
Pen's got no ink
Brain's not in sync
Time to sleep now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 278

Parents Quebecois
My damn origin
Et puis encore...

Richard Wlodarski

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Kerouac Lives - 277

I see in your eyes
What I had once lost...
And now... I just cry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 276

Just thinkin'
About you
On this night
Of such mourn...
Wakens my soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 275

Poetry is dead...
Poets are alive...
We resurrect now...
And forever more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 274

To feel from...
From your lost heart...
Express those words...
Not just in now...
Eternity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 273

When night is young
I can see stars
A moon so full
The sky so bright...
Van Gogh's crying

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 272

Such a luxury...
To touch...your essence

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 271

They're not poets...
No words from heart
Where is their soul?
You want me to...
Compromise me?
I'd rather go
To goddamned hell!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 270

I feel death
She's so damn close
Why won't she just
Let me go now?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 269

Is she such
A beast of
Damned burden
That devils
Now avert?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 268

To be served
Such liquor
Or liqueur
Or unlike booze
In time of snooze...
Resurrection
Of my damned soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Healing Poetry

Blood rushing through me
Tainted with poison
Yet...passion heals
Words cry out for love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 267

I was just
A pauper
You were less
Thought you stole
My damn heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 266

If not for
Written words
From my heart...
Death surpassed me
So long ago

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 265

All my words... Just a rhyme...
Lost in time

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 264

All that's my life...so damn blue
In reality of truth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 263

Pigs becoming bacon
Sheep so goddamn slaughtered
Christ, Jesus where am I?

Richard Wlodarski

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Kerouac Lives - 262

All my world is a war
Trying to survive peace

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 261

Jazz me all night long
The night is so blue
Music's death of me

Poetry survives!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 260

Met my share of
Green-eyed ladies
In the black night
Looking for white
Cried out for light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 259

Finally tired of him
She had now cougared for me
The shark had sensed no damn blood
And wailed to distant shores

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 258

Sitting in private booths
Not so goddamn private
I hear every word
Uttered from foul mouths

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Light's Mind

When will evil mind
Move out of darkness
And towards The Light? ...
Embrace The Light...Live!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 257

My life has been such death
From moment I was born...
Flashes of my pre-lives
Adding to the damn scorn

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 256

All that's been life now...
Death has just outscored

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 255

To sit so damn still
Listening to crap
All goddamn night long
Knowing he had scored
Feels so lonely

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 254

All that's life in me
Cries out to just you
You were my mentor
When you had then died
My life had stood still

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 253

Remember me
When life has died
My life had died
So long ago

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 252

I can't sleep day or night
Dreams are always nightmares
Doves transforming to hawks
Make my life for such prey

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 251

I cried when I lost you
Mine own pure flesh and blood
Daughter of my lost road
Sacrifice was too much

Richard Wlodarski

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Kerouac Lives - 250

Such words that I write now
Knowing that life's so short
I cut to damn ribbons!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 249

All the nights have gone
Missing from my life
Since I lost Gerard
And my sweetest you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 248

All the nights so...
So goddamn long
In days so damn still...
Tortured to wake up

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 247

Can't write words I don't know
From a heart that's so cold
Such great warmth from your heart
Had been missing...my life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 246

I was so screwed back then
All the booze all the drugs
Not knowing days from nights

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Truth Never Lies

Truth is buried
Lies surfacing
Fear mounting
War once again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 245

I cried far too long
My life so shortened
By such misery
Few had known my fate

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 244

Was I such a shit back then?
In a life I don't when...

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 243

I'm so goddamn dead now
Can no longer see stars
The full moon is resting
Van Gogh has gone to sleep...
My star is still rising

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Blood Of Artistes - Inspired By Persistence Of Time By Leeann Azzopardi

Like Dali you paint such
Feelings of loneliness
On canvas of your soul
Like Neruda's haunting
Your spirit absorbs his
Feelings of such great love
Inked in blood of artistes

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Photographic Subconscious - Inspired By From A Lens To A Memory By Jayne Louise Davies

How precious...
Memories
Recorded
Then and now
Deep within
Subconscious..
Surfacing...
Photographs...
Reminders
Of great lives

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 242

Am I Canadian?
Or just American?
Am I Parisian...
Not even Quebecois?
But my blood is pure French
I write from my lifeblood...
Will I die in Gypsy's End?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 241

To test my will
When I'm not still
Is such a curse
Against my God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 240

Am I blue...
When love's lost
When night's gone
No full moon
No stars now...
On this night
Van Gogh died?

Richard Wlodarski

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Kerouac Lives - 239

Sometimes...I'm just me
The way I wannabe
Other times...I'm a fake
Not out of my damn sake

Richard Wlodarski

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Kerouac Lives - 238

Only love suffers
In the goddamned end

Richard Wlodarski

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Kerouac Lives - 237

Deadened by such dumbness
Darkened in morning's sun
Mourning birth of new day
And my celebrity

Richard Wlodarski

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Kerouac Lives - 236

To be so alone
In music's passion
Tears of such pain
And such damn great joy

Richard Wlodarski

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We...The War Mongers

We...The War Mongers

'Torn democracy'!
Torn communism!
Torn socialism!
Torn damned religion!
Torn all that is good!
And still, we survive! !

Not so goddamn torn! ! !

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 235

In the lost darkness...
Do I see found light?
I write in that light...
Found from such darkness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 234

Light permeates darkness
Angels surrounding me
Death beckons...but God waits
My last breath...just for Him

Richard Wlodarski

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Kerouac Lives - 233

The death of mortal coil
Was when I had first been born

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 232

I'm at war with my mind…
Thoughts are somewhat lost now…
Booze and drugs have killed me…
Waiting to meet Maker

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 231

Maybe...it's just... the Nazis
Maybe...it's just...KKK
Maybe...it's just...Al Quaeda
Maybe...it's just...Hezbollah
Maybe...it's just...the Christians
Maybe...it's just...Israelis
Maybe...Palestinians
Mind and body paralyzed…
At war with bloody Satan…
Only God Forgives sinners

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 230

All life is goddamn good
Somehow...I lost my way?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 229

Once children
Of such wars
Killed us all…
I triumphed

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 228

These lost words written
In such damn language
Never unspoken
Written in spoken

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 227

We were once so young…
Optimism...then…
Now...our lives...drained

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is A Thorny Rose - Inspired By An Illogical Poem Made Logical By Leeann Azzopardi

So damn in love with you
And stupidly knowing
That it's been the wrong choice
What was once so rosey
Is now thornfully sad
I now choose to move on
May roses blossom for you
As I remove thorn from side

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 226

Not all said
And damn wrote
Was quite true
Lives were lost
Portraying
Such false truths

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 225

Life's just stalling death…
Feeling in my bones
Heart telling me now…
My time is up soon

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Leafs Fans Beleafing

Leafs falling from Heaven
To make Bruins redden
With David's mentoring
Goliath is falling
Samsonov's goaltending
Has Delilah blushing
Matthews Domi Bertuzzi
Making Bruins quite dizzy
The rookie Matthew Knies
Is lightning in the skies
McMann's melting the ice
With his fire and spice
Nylander the movie star
On par and shooting for the stars
John Tavares the captain
Superstar and gentleman
Mark Giordano
Defense on the go
The defenseman Morgan Rielly
Swift-skating Leafs to victory
Robertson on the roll
Is Leafs ace in the hole
Mitch Marner is the maestro
And Auston Matthews his bro
Together with the whole team
They will make The Leafs' fans beam

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

We...The War Mongers - Inspired By Who Are The War Mongers By Chan Mongol

'Torn democracy'!
Torn communism!
Torn socialism!
Torn damned religion!
Torn all that is good!
And still...we survive! !

Not so goddamn torn! ! !

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Leafs Number Fourteen (To The Tune Of Mambo Number 5)

Ladies and gentlemen, this is The Leafs number fourteen
One, two, three, four, five, everybody on the ice
So come on, let's ride to The Stanley Cup around the corner
The Leafs say they want some spunk and juice
But we really don't wanna bust like for 56 years
We must stay deep because talk is cheap
We like Matthews, Bertuzzi and Tie's son Max Domi
And as they continue, you know they're getting better
So what can we do, we really beg you Lord
To us it's winning, it's just like sport, anything flies
It's all good, let us dump The Bruins, set in the trumpet

A little bit of Nylander in their life, a little bit of Matthew Knies by his side
A little bit of Matthews is all we need, a little bit of Marner is what we see
A little bit of Tavares in the sun, a little bit of McMann all night long
A little bit of Samsonov here he is
A little bit of him makes him your man

PoemHunter.com

The Leafs number fourteen

Jump up and down and move it all around
Shake your head to the sound, put your hand on the ground
Take one step left and one step right
One to the front and one to the side
Clap your hands once and clap your hands twice
And if it looks like this, then you are doing it right

A little bit of Nylander in their life, a little bit of Matthew Knies by his side
A little bit of Matthews is all we need, a little bit of Marner is what we see
A little bit of Tavares in the sun, a little bit of McMann all night long
A little bit of Samsonov here he is
A little bit of him makes him your man

Trumpet, the trumpet
The Leafs number fourteen

A little bit of Edmunson in their life, a little bit of Timothy by his side

A little bit of Benoit is all we need, a little bit of Rielly is what we see
A little bit of Robertson in the sun, a little bit of Calle all night long
A little bit of Joseph Woll here he is
A little bit of him makes him your man

I do all to fall in love with a team like you
‘Cause you can't run and you can't hide
The Leafs are gonna touch the sky
The Leafs number fourteen

Richard Wlodarski

Kerouac Lives - 224

I had killed you back then
For such goddamn passion
Writing versus daughter
Can you forgive me? ...please

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 223

I lost you so long ago
Didn't believe you were mine
Mine own god-loving daughter
Satan won that goddamn war

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 222

No words need be spoken
For such harm done to you
All the words I've written
Are My Apology

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 221

When blood stops flowing
Through my tortured veins
When my heart just STOPS
When my life has died…
I Reach Out To You

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 220

Damned...if I speak my mind
Damned...if I write too much
Damned...all to goddamn hell…
No goddamn snowball's chance…
But I write ‘til I die!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 219

The cops have risen now…
Death of democracy
Hippies with love battle
Protesting goddamn war

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 218

Work until you die…
If it's your passion…
Otherwise...you're dead!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 217

Never one to follow rules
I bent them all to damned hell
‘til hell's darkness burst to light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 216

Almost gave up on writing
Nothing was a goddamn write
The pen lettering the word
Ran out of my damned blood's ink

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 215

Lost in such lonesome night
No damn full moon for wolves
No goddamn starry nights
No campfire tonight
No bodies for my warmth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 214

Dead beat poets have risen
While I'm still in my grave

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 213

There are no words spoken
In life so full of rage
All the godly saints cry
And Jesus forgiving

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 212

All the dead soldiers…
I speak for them now…
Why did you start war?
We wanted such peace! ! ! …!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 211

Send me to this war…
When peace stands no chance…
I'll kill no one…
But will bite bullet!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Found In Time - Inspired By A Trickle Of Thoughts - 58 By Rose Marie Juan-Austin

I welcome you
The Grim Reaper
But only when
I have written
A word or two
That shall somehow
Be remembered

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Welcoming Pain

Without some pain
We would never
Ever ever...
Welcome such joy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Beautiful Soul Of General God - Inspired By General Israel By Chan Mongol

I have heard...
Definition
Of a hero!
Citing an example:
The hero is in so-called Heaven!
Hero has followers;
He has Christians Muslims
He has Hindus Buddhists
He has Taoists Confucians
He has Indigenous
Ethnic religionists
He has Sikhs Spiritists
He has Jews Jains!
All cherishing humankind;
God lovers got some heart!
The beautiful soul of General God;
Still loving ALL PEOPLE!

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Kerouac Lives - 210

The words…
To you…
To mind…
To heart…
To soul…
Then...death…
Captured?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 209

Their sexuality
Was never part of me…
Their such great damn passion
Of words from heart and soul…
Had enveloped me so!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Power Of Suggestion - 11

Today sun brightens day
Perfumed fragrance fills air
Angels sing in harmony
And I am acknowledging

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 208

I tried so goddamn hard
To write from heart and soul…
Widely misunderstood…
My soul is lost on you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 207

All the words are lost now…
The moon no longer full…
Where have all the stars gone
On this night of such doom?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 206

My memory of you…
Such sacred words from you…
You seeing the angels
Throughout such tortured life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Power Of Suggestion - 10

Such raindrops like tears
Heavenly reminder
Pain is necessary
And just temporary...
I am celebrating

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 205

Such sleeping poets
Lying on death beds
Throats so goddamn parched
Mouths cannot utter
Words of such lost life…
Angels intervene

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 204

How goddamn rude…
Some such witches
Some such devils
Some such weasels
Some such halfwits
Some such blockheads
Some such buffoons
Some such dullards
Some such cretins
Some such morons
Some such clodpoles
Some such sapheads
On nights that suck…
The life of me…
I'd rather die!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Power Of Suggestion - 9

When the Black Dog bites
The White Dove now flies
Peace is within me
My heart is now free
Of such turmoil

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love's Crying Out

Love cries out tonight
Lurking in shadows
Of the lost full moon
And Van Gogh's dark skies

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Power Of Suggestion - 8

When rain clouds fall
From such dark skies
Meditation
On sunny skies
Shall prevail

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Power Of Suggestion - 7

When sun rises
I awaken
To celebrate
Birth of new day
With poetry
From tender heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 203

I ain't just nobody now
When lions are at my throat
Faithful pen lights this dark night
Merciful lamb fighting life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Power Of Suggestion - 6

Such is this day
And every day
In every way
Tasting God's Love
From His Heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Power Of Suggestion - 5

On awesome day
And every day
In every way
Feeling God's Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 202

All life doesn't suck…
When I have a buck
I am out of luck…
When I have mucked life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Power Of Suggestion - 4

On such a day
And every day
In every way
Smelling fragrance
Perfumed essence

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 201

To just...touch your soul…

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 200

The night's so goddamn cold
Without your beauty's warmth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 199

Poets thrown to death
Lions at their throat
The Colosseum
Hears ghosts' whispers
In Christians' killings
As jester devils
Laugh with their master

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tender Is The Heart - Inspired By Solitude Tanka By Leeann Azzopardi

Reigning in loneliness
As the rain falls this day
Such dismal day punctures
A hole in tender heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 198

This damn passion
Of such writing
Is killing me…
Nights far too long…
Can't see the light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 197

The road is long…
Damned to be strong
Must persevere
In times severe

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Power Of Suggestion - 3

On this fine day
And every day
In every way
I am hearing
God's symphony
And responding
With poetry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 196

So goddamn disheartened…
Can't pay the goddamn bill…
Life's thrown me the three strikes…
Home runs lost in my life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Mighty Pen - Inspired By I Write - 38 By Dr Dillip K Swain

May your pen cut
Through the denseness
And the harshness
And always fight
Through to the end

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 195

Ladies of the dark nights
Your hearts so damn broken
In your lost moms and dads…
In your cries...tragic death

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives -194

Lost in the essence
Of cursed yesterday…
Doomed to this today…
Traversing...so lost

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 193

What can I do
To make you so
Feel less bored? …
I'm goddamn lost!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 192

To non-lovers of poetry...
Is music in your goddamn soul?
Have you heard call of wild
In your so damn tamed soul?

All Songs Are Poetry!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 191

I'm eating your goddamned dust
Whiskey Tango Foxtrot…
Can I dessert you in desert
When I'm such damn anemiac?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 190

Could have I died
Little longer?
Yeah...just maybe
But...too crazy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 189

All the night's long
Too goddamn long
On such night
When love died

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 188

All the music
The poetry
Such great magic
And symmetry…
Not quite enough
For love for you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Power Of Suggestion - 2

On this great day
And every day
In every way
I am now seeing
Better and better
Experiencing
One God's Creation

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 187

Rose to dynamic heights
Took me to my Cloud Nine
Saw my brother Gerard
Serving The Creator

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 186

I was so lost way back then
Francois to Anglais...not easy
Learning...into damn mastery
Surpassing the bar...with my scars

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 185

Gliding through this wondrous night
So damn free...just like a bird
Eagle in this game of life
Flying to eternity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 184

Die me out this bitter night
The moon has lost its lustre
Wolves are fearing the lost sheep
The sky is so goddamn black

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Power Of Suggestion - 1

Today in every way
I am experiencing
Excellent health

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Recurring Nightmare

When you look into their eyes
Do you see the holocaust
Tears of family and friends?
Do you hear piercing screams
Shattering quiet of night
As evil penetrates camp?
Do you feel fear and rage
As Hitler and his gestapo
Vainly in vain wipe out your own?

When you look into their eyes
Do you see new holocaust
Tears of their families and friends?
Do you hear night's terror
Nightmares of children and wives
As your armies terrorize?
Do you feel such renewed rage
As Hitler and new terrorists
Vainly in vain wipe out their own?

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Kerouac Lives - 183

Couldn't dress in doomed morning
The sun blinding memory
Of last night's goddamn disgust

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 182

You and me in misery
Traversing such destiny
Old soul died way too damn young
Young soul hitting a home run

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Death Of War

In the end
Life is dead
Dead is life
Will it now
Forever
To just end

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 181

Twisted coffee in the night
Cognac has lost the damn fight
Words fighting for the tough truth
Now forged on imprinted minds

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 180

Words spitting out from my mind
The drizzle cannot be stopped
The damned dam has been broken
River overflowing now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 179

Found way to see The White Light…
Fought my way through the darkness
The Black Dog kept on biting
The White Dove then protecting

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 178

Died so many damned times…
Reincarnation's dead!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Earnest Writing

Cuba, your heart mingles with mine
Your moon and stars like Hemingway's
Shine brightly on this lonely night
Earnestly I write with Ernest

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 177

I've never been understood…
My life's such a mystery
Shrouded in Gerard's spirit…

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 176

Love is...all...that will...ever be

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 176

Can you possibly forgive me
For my damn lost paternity?
I had fathered such genius
And you had suffered so damn much!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 175

Love is...all...that was

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 175

Last night was…
My last night

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 174

Love is...all...that is

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 174

Just 2 words:
Forgive me!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 173

Love is...joy...of...seeing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 173

Thought I had died too young
But you've kept me alive
Through such damn soulful work…
My spirit is beating

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 172

Love is...joy...of losing...lost love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 172

Words and music
Of such damned life
I've left for you…
To think upon…

I'm listening
From The Beyond…
And I'm happy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soaking In Cuban Sun

Lying on Cuban beach
Thinking of sands of time
The such sunny days of
What seems like yesterday
Starry nights of today

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 171

Love is...joy...of losing...adultery

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 171

Messed up way back then
With some damn music
Poetry of heart
But gave all I had
To my soul's writing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 170

Love is...joy...of losing...claustrophobia

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 170

My nights so damn lost
Without warm bodies
Surrounding me now
In what is twilight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cuban-Inspired Writing

Hemingway's full moon rising
Cuban cigars and stars lit
Inspired writing starting
On warmest of Cuban nights

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 169

Love is...joy...of losing...phobias

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 169

Words written in mind
Traversing the road
From elsewhere to somewhere…
Finally on the page

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Jealous Envy

With jealousy
One moves backwards
With positive envy
One can now move forwards

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hemingway At My Door

Cuba's sun now rising
Hemingway at my door
Shared visions of writing
Inspired by full moon

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Earnestly Hemingway

The Cuban moon's lost now
All the stars have trailed
My goddamn travails
My soul's trailblazing
Hasn't been lost on Heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sensing Cuba

Cuba, let me feel you
Let my eyes see your sun's face
Let my hands touch sands of time
Let my ears hear surf...
Too nosy for your success

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 168

Love is...joy...of losing...bigotry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 168

Wanting to so wake up
But I felt deathly cold
Damn cobwebs in my head
Feeding me to lions

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 167

Love is...joy...of losing...hypocrisy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 167

My life's damn worth
Buried in booze
Long time in snooze…
Never woke up

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 166

Love is...joy...of losing...terror

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 166

Somehow I messed up
The moon never full
No stars in night's sky
Devils ‘round corner

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 165

Love is...joy...of losing...drugs

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 165

Brandy has been drained
From my damned lost soul
Gentleman Jack now
Visiting Heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 164

Love is...joy...of losing...robbing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 164

Cries and whispers
Smudging the night
Such lonely pain
Has killed my life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Death Of Jealousy

If one would only now
Replace such jealousy
With positive envy...
The sun would shine all day
The stars would shine all night

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No Sleeping In Cuba

No time to sleep in Cuba
The full moon and stars rise now
Dancing to rhythm of life
Sun might as well hibernate

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hemingsway

Let the sun rise bleach the sands
Of Cuban beaches everywhere
While I watch full moon and stars
And read and write now Hemingsway

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 163

Love is...joy...of losing...jealousy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 163

In the event
I don't make it…
I'll shout from
My goddamn grave

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hibernating In Cuba

Maid's working overtime
I'm sleeping way too long
Moon and stars have vanished
Sun's waiting for my rise

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 162

Love is...joy...of losing...gluttony

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 162

I see my Gerard
In the puffy clouds
His smile's a frown…
I'm such a damn clown

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cabbing In Cuba

Cabbing in snazzy Chevrolet
A damn eternity away
From freezing cold of Canada
Basking on beaches of Cuba

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 161

Love is...joy...of losing...filth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 161

I feel your pain
My soul is lost too
I pray to One God
That there is no Hell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cuban Cars

Vintage cars from fifties and sixties
Cruising the Varadero strip
Bleach-white tourists standing gawking
Remembering the good ole days

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 160

Love is...joy...of losing...guilt

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 160

All the light is lost
In birth of new day
Black clouds threatening…
Such depression now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 159

Love is...joy...of losing...sin

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 159

All my damned life's been…
Such an illusion!
Reality now
Finally set in!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cuba's Resting

Sun rising on Cuban beach
Senoritas not in sight
Tourists still bedding the night
My life slowly drifting by

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 158

What the hell's money
In such dismal day
When clouds have obscured
All that was so new?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cuban Nights

Sandals tossed and waiting...
Shoes so new shoes so tight
Ready to dance this night...
With thoughts of Hemingway

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 157

All the morning's sun
Lost on me sleeping
Wastin' precious day
Sucking night away

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 158

Love is...joy...of losing...fatalism

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cuban Moon

Such is the night
A Cuban moon
Waiting sunrise
For fulfilled life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 157

Love is...joy...of losing...pessimism

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 156

I'm so damn goddamn dead
On night that was ahead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cuban Dreaming

Sound sleep with such dreams...
Seeing the full moon
As I'm transported
To Cuban heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 156

Love is...joy...of losing...worry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 155

When life's been so dead
Can't now get ahead
Lost sight of new road
Can't find tomorrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Of Cuban Mind

Sun rising
And setting
Now finding...
There's no time...
Cuban mind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 155

Love is...joy...of losing...stress

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 154

In the night when can't fight
All the pain and distress
For all the lost sorrow…
And nothing is left for
My such damned tomorrow…
I'll cry my heart out

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kindred Spirit

Lying on the beach
Feeling sands of time
Witnessing history
As her pure Cuban blood
Courses through my rich veins
And touches our souls

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 154

Love is...joy...of losing...anxiety

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 153

We, such lost souls in the night…
Searchin' for the full moon's light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 153

Love is...joy...of losing...killing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 152

Can't quite feel my heart
Pulse been so goddamn dead
Since night you went ahead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cuba's Heart And Soul

I lie and wait
For sun to shine
On Cuban shores
For eyes to see
Such happiness
And misery
For heart to
Feel such
Cuban soul

I watch touch feel
Cuba's heart and soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 152

Love is...joy...of losing...evil

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 151

All the night's a stage
Starry skies ablaze
Van Gogh rising now
Full moon...the night's star

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 151

Love is...joy...of losing...prejudice

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 150

The night's been blistered
By the howling wolf
Heavenly stars fading
My dretched life dying

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 150

Love is...joy...of losing...strikes

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 149

We, the words, in One God
Try to speak to masses
Fall on such damned deafened
We can no longer speak

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 149

Love is...joy...of losing...nightmares

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 148

Thought I was gonna die…
Dark angels in the sky
Me...now in embryo…
Where have I been before?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 148

Love is...joy...of losing...hatred

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 147

My heart...lost in fright
Waiting for full moon
And Van Gogh's bright stars
Cries out to Heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

And Yet...Life Is Beautiful

A New Year is upon us
Full of goddamn anxiety
Putin killing Ukrainians
Reigniting communism
Israel murdering innocence
Resurrecting damned persecution
Dictators threatening nuclear war
On the fastest track to Armageddon
Evangelists lost in apocalypse
Pledging allegiance to unholy war

And yet...life is beautiful
And so very very precious

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 147

Love is...joy...of losing...fear

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 146

The ink's been so warmed
To touch your soul's soul
Yet, my heart's imprisoned
In the depths of such hell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 146

Love is...joy...of winning

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 145

Lost in depths of night
Words failing me now
My devilish heart
Needs my God's comfort
(The ink has been warmed)

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 145

Love is...joy...of feeling

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 144

My hand is swollen
From the words of love
I've written for you
You who stole my heart…
I was so blinded

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 144

Love is...joy...of touching

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 143

The dogs are damn now
Shitting in forest
Pigs playing in mud
Cows chewing their cud
Sheep...without shepherd! ! !

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 143

Love is...joy...of smelling

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 142

I laughed when you died…
Thought you were so greater?
Greater than One God? …
Rest In Peace, Satan!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 142

Love is...joy...of tasting

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 141

Such hypocrites
Now espousing
Biblical truth? …
Satan's laughing!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 141

Love is...joy...of hearing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 140

Friends...we were not
Companionship
So damn needed…
Was never there
(Not your damn fault!)

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 140

Love is...joy...of seeing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 139

Did you clean your nose?
It's hay fever now…
I've sneezed you out of
Friendship long ago

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Rightful Actions -For Mahatma Gandhi

I just act now
Not from the fruit
Apple ripened
Fallen to ground
I just do right
May not have strength
May not be young
May get lemons
But I do and act right
When I do and act wrong
The apple is sour
The lemon is bitter

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 139

Love is...joy...of publishing...many books

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 138

Damn, were we once friends
From a time before
When the lonesome past
Brought us together? …
Damn...God only knows!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 138

Love is...joy...of publishing...two books

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 137

How to revisit
A life so ended
In such mystery…

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 137

Love is...joy...of publishing...a book

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 136

The night's so damn younger
Than days filled with anger

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 136

Love is...joy...of doing...something

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 135

Life so far ahead
Deathened just damn now…
To goddamn late to cry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 135

Love is...joy...of creating

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 134

When Gerard had died
My life had staled
Paleness led to…
Such bigger picture

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 134

Love is...joy...of painting

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 133

Words in conversation
Spoken so intensely
Ignored damn immensely…
Listeners...ignorant

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 133

Love is...joy...of drawing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 132

When my life had ended
I had seen Gerard's face

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 132

Love is...joy...of singing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 131

When the night's full moon
And sky's starry skies
Call out for Van Gogh
I'll sleep airtight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 131

Love is...joy...of dancing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 130

Almost made pact with devil
Had wanted fame so damn much
Jesus came to my rescue
Sent Satan right back to hell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 130

Love is...joy...of learning

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 129

My summer is in autumn
When inhaling leaves of green
Walt Whitman cries out for more
Kerouac evens the score

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 129

Love is...joy...of teaching

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 128

Dealt some cards to Satan
Others to my Jesus
My poker face had won

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 128

Love is... joy...of reading

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 127

Nightmares through the day
Night was spent writing
About my days' dreams
And now I can't sleep

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 127

Love is...joy...of writing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 126

Stayed up such damn long nights
Writing by light of moon
Waiting for morning sun
To brighten dismal days

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cafe Liberte

I love my espresso
Black with no damn sugar
I love my Blue Mountain
With cream and some sugar
I love coconut cream
Pie in the mighty sky

I love my Mother Earth
And will cry when she dies
Until then I shall live
Every single day
As if it were my last

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 126

Love is...joy...of music

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 125

Hellish to live
In light of day
The full moon's light
Brightens my night

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 125

Love is...joy...of life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 124

The drugs fueled
Creative jets
To such great heights…

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 124

Love is...joy...of God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 123

Them then damn critics
Trying so damn hard
To chop my words off
Thank God higher brain
Had so prevailed

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 123

Love is...Cloud 9...all day long

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 122

All life's been dead
‘til I met God
Through saint Gerard

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Rhythmic Love

From the rhythm
Of her warm heart
Love is crafted
Into poems
For all God's Souls

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 122

Love is...home-baked

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 121

Speak to me now
Words not empty
My heart's too cold
Needs your soul's warmth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 121

Love is...walking...in another's shoes

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 120

All my life's been dead…
Then I went ahead
On road less traversed…
And I smashed them so…

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 119

Stars have dimmed now
No moon in sight
Wolves are sleeping
Sheep are roaming

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 118

I'm so goddamn lost
Road's found me nowhere
Somehow I'm still alive
But I feel death now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 118

Love is...bicycle

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 117

Death cries out in night…
Ev'ry word solemn
In words never spoken
Before it's too damn late

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 117

Love is...wind...in your hair

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 116

No bugs in my life
Buzzards had so died
Their lives long ago

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 116

Love is...fresh...breeze

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 115

Cry me the moon
The wolf is lost
On dismal night
The stars have dimmed

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 114

Even in death
I wish to write…
I've found a way…
Through trusted friend

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 113

All the autumn light
Lost in winter's sight
Springs up in day's sun
Brightening my life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 113

Love is...merry-go-round

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Notoriety

I forgot how to be lonely
My friends having deserted me
Their fame before our friendship
Leading to notoriety

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 111

We sang into
The depths of night
When dreams surfaced
Nightmares had died
All life was born

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 110

Lost dreamers of night…
Nightmares catching up…
Dream life's far too short

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 109

The lonely wolf
Cries out to me
On moonless night
Tearful skies
Van Gogh so cries
Dreams now...I sleep

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Forgiveness...Always

We must learn to forgive
Ourselves and others...
Move on with our lives

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 108

This night...so damn lonely
The moon's nowhere in sight
The stars now abandoned
My goddamn lifeless star

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 108

Love is...a park...full of children

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 107

To the beat of drum
Of some other kind
When poets had died…
I had felt alive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 107

Love is...hopscotch...with friends

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 106

Pilots lost in jets
So damn westward bound
Losing consciousness…
May God help us All

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 105

All the world's children
So sacrificing
Such lost innocence
‘til their parents die

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 105

Love is...seeing...glory

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 104

We were children
Of parents' war…
Hitler had stung…
And we had stunk…
Paying the price
Until we die

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 104

Love is...hockey...in summer

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 103

Now...convince
The people…
They're ready…
For return
Of The Ace
The Man Jack…
Kerouac

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Biggest Of Lies

Lying to ourselves
Is the biggest of lies
Surely leading us all
To a premature death

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 103

Love is...sunny...all day long

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 102

Sensors in
Wilderness…
Wise owls
Howling wolves
Lonesome sheep
Such full moon
Keeping me
So alive…
Night...so young

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 102

Love is...1+1...equals 3

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 101

Within those damn seven minutes
Can you tell me ‘bout my life's dearth
All the sins I committed
All that my life was so worth?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

We Are All One God's Children

We are all One God's Children
When I look at just you
I do not see colour
I do not see your creed
Don't see your religion
I do not see your race

We are all One God's Children
When I listen to just you
I don't hear your accent
I don't hear broken words
Don't hear lost syllables
I don't hear hatred speech

We are all One God's Children
When I'm speaking to just you
I'm looking into your eyes
To see mirror of your soul
And I see such a great love
As to make God's angels cry

We are all One God's Children
When I am sensing just you
With your warm and feeling heart
My heart is so comforted
Knowing that we are just one
One family in God's Soul

We are all One God's children
When I am touching just you
I am embracing God's Love
I see His Love in your kind eyes
I hear His Words in your speech
I feel His Heart in your deeds

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 101

Love is... spelling...correctly

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 100

The night is forever young
Satan's damned perpetrators
Helplessly stealing my heart…
Jesus always by my side

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 100

Love is...coloring...beyond the lines

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 99

All angels in Heaven above
Singing my song of love for you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 99

Love is...black sky...suddenly sunny

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 98

Never stopped loving you
From day I had lost you
My heart cries out for you
Angels sending to you…

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 98

Love is...clouds...bursting

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 97

I ain't no damn nobody…
You want me as somebody

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 97

Love is...crying...with joy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 96

Dead in such lonely bed
The sun's calling for me
Obscured by such dark clouds
Lie in despondency

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 96

Love is...smiling...when saddened

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 95

Having left a night of by-gone
The bedroom was so damn lonely
Her body in so quite a mind
Of the greatest fantasy kind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 95

Love is...Christmas...every day

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 94

We had lost each other
In the days of sad old
When we had been so bold…
Life was so different

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 94

Love is...immersing...in clouds

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 93

Last night left me so dead
Words scattered on the page
Had made no goddamn sense…
I had persevered…
And left my goddamn mark!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 93

Love is...camping...with friends

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 92

The poets have stopped writing
The would-be singers are now
Just singing karaoke
The dancers are just walking
The moon has lost its damn glow
My sky has dimmed starry skies
The night has abandoned me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 92

Love is...milking...a cow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 91

I'm so damn dead just now
The women have all gone
My friends deserting me
And the night is still young

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 91

Love is...seeing...without blinders

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 90

The knights had died
That lonesome night
When queens had ruled
Bishops triumphed
Glass Bead Game died
And Hesse survived

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 90

Love is...one with...others' colour

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 89

I'm dying just now
Listening to you
To dreams unfulfilled
Promises not kept…
Gonna die without you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 89

Love is...one with...others' religion

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 88

Big Sur cries out for me
Full moon beckoning wolves
Starry sky welcoming
Van Gogh's creativity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 88

Love is...one with...others' creed

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 87

All my words were lost that night
When I had seen you just now
You had stolen my cold heart
All the warmth in Heaven now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 87

Love is...one with...nature

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 86

We were angels
Of One God's night
So glorified
In such Heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 86

Love is...camping...in God's country

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 85

Where was the goddamn light
When moon had quartered out
The stars had petered out
Van Gogh was not in sight?

I was in the goddamn write
On that night out of sight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 85

Love is...jukebox playing...all night long

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 84

The night had exhausted me
Full moon wolf staring through me
The stars painting Van Gogh sky
Duvet-covered bed waiting

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 84

Love is...barbecues...in winter

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 83

Gentle touch of his spirit
Guiding me in this scorched life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 83

Love is...flying kites...in winter

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 82

Robbins left Thompson
Laughin' in Hell's Angels
Screamin' for Kerouac
To make a damn comeback
Hemingway came to rescue
In this damn bullshit bullfight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 82

Love is...karaoke...without fear

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 81

My pen's ink dream…
To make you scream…
Died...reachin' dream

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 81

Love is...sailing...with gentle wind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 80

All my life's a dream
Unfolded in stream
Flowing slowly now
Majestically

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 80

Love is...climbing the mountain...reaching the peak

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 79

The goddamn chess players
So entranced in their game
Leave life by the damn side
Wondering what went wrong

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 79

Love is...smiling...through frowning

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 78

Goddamn French cognac
Not quite damn enough
For Jack Kerouac

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 78

Love is...giving...100%

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 77

Words never forgotten…
Lost in damn translation

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 77

Love is...a notch above...like

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 76

I am lost in the lost
Shepherded in the frost

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 76

Love is...listening...to what's not being heard

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 75

In army of dreamers
I had led the screamers
Of the damn protesters

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 75

Love is...poetry...always resonating

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 74

Couldn't care less for roads traversed
Always taking road less traveled

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 74

Love is...writing...always

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 73

The cretins are all gone
I've so damn scared them off...
What the hell had I said
To make this damn nightmare?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 73

Love is...music...always playing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 72

Kerouac Lives - 72

All my life I've been screaming
All they heard was my dreaming

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 72

Love is...sun bursting through...dark clouds

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 71

I feel my hell
Satan at my door
Praying for salvation
To restore my damned soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 71

Love is...flowers...in bloom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 70

I am not quite dead
In purgatory
I can see Satan
But feel Jesus

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 70

Love is...halloween...good witches

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 69

In the midst of nightmares
Gerard then appears
Darkness turns into light
I can now see My God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 69

Love is...halloween...good scary

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 68

I died when he died
My parents had died
Life was a nightmare
Then...he made me dream

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 68

Love is...winter...jolly snowman

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 67

When he was in grave
My parents had died
Me? ...he is not dead
Can't be...he's my blood

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 67

Love is...winter...throwing snowballs

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 66

Nature craves for my soul
Mind and body so dead
Scream out for the AHEAD
Praying it's not too late

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 66

Love is...autumn...leaves falling...into colour

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 65

Paris is waiting
For my great romance
But my damn lifeblood
Sucked out by her stench

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 65

Love is...spring...bursting into life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 64

Time to sound out
The best of life
Obscured by my
Thirst for knowledge

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 64

Love is...summer...without rain

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 63

Ain't the damn beer
Nor the French cognac
Not the damn drugs
That messed me up…
Died too goddamn young
To really find out

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 62

I can't eat
Nutrition's
Not my meow
Praying now
For the chow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 62

Love is...a baby's smile

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 61

I'm not the kinda guy
That throws damn lies around
I'm no goddamn hypocrite…
You may find holes in my shoe

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 61

Love is...flying...in a balloon

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 60

Dead! ...as the beat
Of drummers' dead…
Thinking they're ahead…
Jazzed up in the end

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 60

Love is...a perfect strike

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 59

There's no music now
The jazz greats are dead
But I'm listening
From Heaven Above

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 59

Love is...all aces

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 58

My music was buried
In the words I carried
On the road to freedom
From a life of damn strife

I confess...nothing compared to…

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 58

Love is...on par

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 57

Kerouac Lives - 57

Won't you let loose
Your coattails?
You're tripping now
Over tales!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 57

Love is...flying...like an eagle

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 56

Not barred from this one
But bar was empty
Vacant stare from bartender
Proved I was still damn sounder
Still...goddamn fight had ensued

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 56

Love is...writing...with limitless ink

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 55

Can't believe cover-up…
He had killed damn bastard...
Needed me to hide self…
His dark one and my kind…
It killed my family

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 55

Love is...a hugely successful...book launch

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 54

I will write until I'm dead
And then...beyond the damn grave!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 54

Love is...a mini vacation...in brotherly love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 53

Your death had killed me...
Damn...initially!
Your spirit revived me…
My life's worth is for you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 53

Love is...getting an unexpected raise

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 52

Remy Martin for you and me
No cognac? we'll have brandy
Now toasting to connoisseur
Of American Literature

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 52

Love is...being offered a seat

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 51

I will die into life...
The road has so killed me...
Resurrected new life
Of a dying poet

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 51

Love is...no rain...on a cloudy day

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 50

His face impales me
Paralysis at door
Is this road to damned death? ...
Or new road less traveled?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 50

Love is...hearing God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 49

Momma please come hold me…
I've buried my daughter…
Didn't think she was mine...
Burnt out on the damn road…

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 49

Love is…a perfect game

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 48

Patience is now dead
Friends now head-to-head
Screaming ‘til they're ahead
Their dying came instead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 48

Love is...a hole in one

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 47

This life's been so dead
With no friends around…
And when they're around
Do they make me sound?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 47

Love is...hitting...3 straight aces

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 46

My life's dead in day
Damn superficial
Where's crocodile
Biting off their balls?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 46

Love is...listening...to street musicians

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 45

Cried all damn night long
Therapy for soul
Tears on the page
Now inked in God's heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 45

Love is...giving your sandwich...to the homeless

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 44

Night's alive for me
Deadbeats not in sight
Life comes from the moon
And stars in Heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 44

Love is...experiencing...The White Light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 43

My brothers and I
Howling at the moon
To see if there's life
There...and on this earth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 43

Love is...karaoke...all night long

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 42

I was never a Jack
Couldn't get Kerouac
‘til so much older
When became bolder…
Turned into acer

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 42

Love is...walking in the rain...with no umbrella

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 41

We couldn't sing the last night
Because the stars were not out
The moon had lost its full bloom
We were in a state of doom
And death came calling too soon

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is -41

Love is...dancing...in the rain

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 40

Morning comes too early
For this damned night owl
Writing hard all night long

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 40

Love is...sunshine...all year long

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 39

This is life…
Then we die!
Make the best
Of the worst…
Not too late!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 39

Love is...experiencing...a new culture

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 38

Jesus is my life
In this saddened Earth
When black clouds threaten
To pour acid rain
On the downtrodden
In the quietness
I hear His whispers
Then I cry my heart out
And peace comes over me
The day is filled with love
Nightmares then become dreams…
Life is not what it seems

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 38

Love is...newborn...child in mother's arms

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 37

To sing song out of tune
On night that's kinda doomed
All my life's so damn soon
Waited half-baked for...BOOM!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 37

Love is...Christmas...all year long

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 36

Had fun just long enough
To know that it's now gone

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 36

Love is...swimming in the deep end...when life's shallow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 35

All the words in my heart
Are not just quite enough
To show my love for you
I'll bury my heart
Sing the words from my grave
Remind you of my love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 35

Love is...writing poetry...without a pen

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 34

Can you find me home
When night's gone too long
Women are asleep
Men are jerking off
Washroom closed for night

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 34

Love is...friends...that are like family

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 33

When I try to speak...
Do they hear me?
Not just the damn words...
Meaning in-between?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 33

Love is...family...no matter what

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 32

Maybe I just wasn't
Meant to be in this life
Fighting for the lost cause
Death took me long ago

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 32

Love is...The Maple Leafs...winning The Stanley Cup

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 31

Kerouac Lives - 31

Should I cry because…
Because I'm alone
And I'm not with you?
Can't believe you're gone!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 31

Love is...sailing...in the breeze

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 30

So goddamn alone…
Even with people
Talking and drinking
Celebrating now
I'm rejoicing then…
When I was happy
Time of innocence
When life so mattered...
Death wasn't the scorn

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 30

Love is...rowing...without a paddle

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac - 29

To throw the right brain
A damn fast curve ball
It didn't see it
Coming ‘round corner
Thus, so goddamn shocked
It left brain so cold
To warm up for love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 29

Love is...driving in traffic...flying home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac - 28

If death arrived…
You weren't prepared…
Was life worth it? …
You made it count?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 28

Love is...lost sheep...found by...lonesome wolf

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac - 27

In just now
This moment
Yesterday
Tomorrow
Are long lost…
Life begins

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 27

Love is...war of the roses...without the thorns

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 26

When we think too much
The moment is lost
And life just drags on

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 26

Love is...fightin' Satan...in Christ's name

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 25

To just kill time
Is such a waste
Take a moment
To just reflect
In reflection
Focus on now
Now...do something

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 25

Love is...eating ice cream...on winter's walk

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 24

There were them dreaded
Such goddamn rascals
Who stirred up trouble
For us damn poets
We saw through it all
And saved such disgrace

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 24

Love is...a summer patio...in winter

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 23

Never seen
Anything
Like this then
Nor since then
That don't mean
I am gone...I'm Alive!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 23

Love is...war...dying into peace

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 22

Love is...war...never existing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 21

My true friends had died
When I was reborn
Through my great passion
For such poetry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 21

Love is...imagining hate...gone wrong

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 20

The booze and drugs...just a cover
A damn security blanket
Goddamn it...I needed some help

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 20

Love is...Christ...fighting for the crucifix

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 19

I know I'm dying
But life's worth living
‘cause dying can't stop
Me from still writing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 19

Love is...bravo...even when you're a deado

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 18

Dying precariously
My heart and soul feel it
All those years on the road
Have taken such a damn toll

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 18

Love is...crying...'til you're heard

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 17

We were once brave soldiers
Fighting for peaceful war
Autocrats in chess game
Checkmate to the damned death

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 17

Love is...living...when you're dead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 16

We sing and dance in mid of night
Words are strong...drugs are damn stronger
Familial ties so damn binding
Christ's crucifixion in the signing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 16

Love is...dental visit...no cavities

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 15

All the songs are broken
The music is now gone
Hippies have stolen show
And now I gotta blow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 15

Love is...scrumptious brunch...quaint dinner

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 14

Elevator's broken
Too many stairs to climb
Time to fly to the moon
Life's short...death is so soon

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 14

Love is...7 days...delightfully 8

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 13

Morning soaked in pain
From last night's disdain
Crying out My Lord
Satan's at the door

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 13

Love is...old country...becoming new

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 12

We were werewolves
When moon was full
Sucking the blood
From rising sun

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 12

Love is...meeting strangers...new friends

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 11

All the sun's rising
In my death coming

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 10

I died so way too young
Made you feel not old

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 11

Love is...waiting on friends...meeting new ones

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 10

Love is...losing...then winning

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 9

Jesus was always there
But Satan messed me up

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 9

Love is...smiling...to strangers

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 8

I had always believed in God
But my family screwed me up

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 8

Love is...laughter...even when blue

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 7

We tried so much harder
When we were enemies

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 7

Love is...retirement...free stuff

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 6

Friends...never understanding
Much worse than...mine enemies

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Maple Leafs Are Flying

Under GM Treliving
Leafs making new beginning
Here comes the enforcer Reaves
And the opposition leaves
Matt Domi may not be Tie Domi
But he's skilled and tough
Diamond in the rough
Bertucci is no sissy
And he's damn worth the money
He's gonna make Leafs meaty
Samsonov's acrobatics make some fans scream
But they're assisting The Leafs to score their dream
Woll will make Leafs mighty tall
He is the new Chinese Wall
The rookie Matt Knies
An ace up their sleeves
Hoping that Nylander
Won't leave Leafs to wander
Making Marner ponder

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Love Is - 6

Love is...dance...in slow motion

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Appetizing Memories

You gave us memories of the Old Country
Time of innocence and camaraderie
When families broke bread together
Shared experiences of their days

You cooked such delicious meals
Serving fresh cucumber salad
A wiener schnitzel to die for
Hungarian pork paprikash
Mouth-watering cherry strudel

You gave us fun times with good friends
Celebrating the joy in life
You worked so hard for great success
Deserve so much more than poem
Long and healthy retirement!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 5

Love is...artistry...glorified

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry That's Larger Than Life

If I could write
Just one small word
Larger than life
It would be...LOVE

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 4

Love is...poetry...succinct

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 3

Love is...death...reneged

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Illusions - 7

Heaven's alive
When Satan's dead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 2

Love is...angels...guardian

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Illusions - 6

We cry...dead tears

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Illusions - 5

Light is now dark
Dark is still light
‘cause Heaven's bright

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

If I Die Tonight

If I die tonight
Will you remember
The blueness of eyes
Surrendering now
To the greenness
Of Heaven above?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Crying For Laughter

We were once just
Comedians
Waiting to be heard
Over herd of nerd

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Illusions - 4

The blossomed sky
With sun moon stars…
Such illusion…
We see it now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Illusions - 3

Close your eyes to light...
Darkness now exists…
The light is still there

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cleaning House - Inspired By Censorship By Leeann Azzopardi

Dirt swept under carpet
Such damn filth piling up
Broken glass from glass houses
Stinkin' cig butts from Russia
Stale fast food from China
Censorship from US
But house appears so clean

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 5

Sheep so damn frightened
Wolves everywhere
Lambs led to slaughter
Blinded by the light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Illusions - 2

See through butterfly
To...caterpillar
Keep regressing now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Illusions - 1

Life is an illusion
Nothing really exists
As we now perceive it
Go beyond illusion
Experience The Dream

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 4

Wolves prowling tonight
Bears hibernating
Campers damn asleep
Full moon watching all

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 3

Campfire's burning
Throughout the cold night
Nobody with me
To keep me just warm

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

New York's Waiting

The Big Apple waits
For such lonesome me
To take a small bite
Out of big success

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is - 1

Love is...God...everywhere

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 2

The howling wolf
Under full moon
Just a damn sheep
In wolf's clothing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Lives - 1

All my lies
Were disguised
As damn truths…
You were blind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Poetry - 22

I write poetry
Now smelling success
Before lights go out

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Requited Love - 14

Way too young for maturity
We sought out such innocent games
Tired of naivety
Time for us both to move on

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Poetry - 21

I write poetry
Strange taste now biting
Waiting for meal

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Requited Love - 13

We had lost that damned yesterday
Buried promising tomorrow
Scrounging for those lost moments
Pacify love with time loved

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Poetry - 20

I write poetry
Touch is never lost
Passion's far too strong

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Requited Love - 12

We share this moment right now
Knowing that we're not here
Yesterday was somehow lost
Worrying ‘bout tomorrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Poetry - 19

I write poetry
Feeling is leaving
But passion's still there

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Requited Love - 11

From such diverse cultures...
How could we stand a chance?
Country of yours and my parents...
Communication gap all ‘round

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Poetry - 18

I write poetry
Hearing is leaving
But can feel songs

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Poetry - 17

I write poetry
Sight lost in…
Sun's blindness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Requited Love - 10

Between now and never
We're sharing warm smiles
Laughter that's sheltered now
In fear of knowing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Poetry - 16

I write poetry
The words are lost on some
Found in hearts of others

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Requited Love - 9

We were so damn lonely that cold night
Watching Shakespeare's passionate lovers
Killing themselves in such lost damned despair
We were so lucky to get out alive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Requited Love - 8

We were just zombies
On dreary road home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Poetry - 15

I write poetry
Playing Monopoly
Wall Street is soon waiting

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Poetry - 14

I write poetry
Playing hide-and-seek
Conceal my words

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Requited Love - 7

I'm crazin'
This damn stain
So lonely night
Where's my life?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Requited Love - 6

We sang that night
When lights went out
The next morning
Our lights...dimmed

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Poetry - 13

I write poetry
Rainy sky...so blue...
The sun mellows me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Requited Love - 5

I'll now listen
Try to understand
Where we went so wrong
And now make amends

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Poetry - 12

I write poetry
Looking up at clouds
I can see angels

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Poetry - 11

I write poetry
Way back then when young
So damn innocent

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Music For Nightmares

Nightmaring
On the wave
Of dreaming
Satan's ghosts
Too damn close
For comfort…
Jumping off
The damn cliff

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Fighting Loneliness

Loneliness killing me
Suicide now threatens
Breath of life...too damn strong

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Poetry - 10

I write poetry
When death happens soon
And I'm still not gone

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Poetry - 9

I write poetry
When new love happens
It's a miracle

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Requited Love - 4

Loss of words
On this night
When I'm wrong
You maybe
Were just right

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Swinging Through Memories

We will swing through this lonely night
Remembering just yesterday
When youth thought not of tomorrow
And years were not to borrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Requited Love - 3

I cry now
That you're gone
Love's not sane
I'm insane

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Requited Love - 2

Your love song
Requiem
Sometimes meant
Together

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Warring Poets - 22

Stoic Eagle repeats words
Patiently and fluidly
Voice is louder...calm body
Such clarity speaks volumes

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Requited Love - 1

Your sun
My moon
Our paths
Someday cross

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Music's Heart-Cry

Music is passion
Cries out to heart
When death's near
And when we're gone

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Old Man Reminiscing

If only...to return
To youth of yesterday
In time of innocence
When days were full of fun
Nights were mysterious
Romance was in the air
Spring blossomed red roses
Summer swam in warm pools
School's out for the summer
The kids gonna have fun

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Warring Poets - 21

Stoic Eagle sheds some words
So damn hard to comprehend
Voice speaks mellow...body loud
The poets are so confused

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Poetry - 8

I write poetry
When there is still life…
Miracles happen

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Poetry - 7

I write poetry…
When all is dead…
There is still LIVE

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Warring Poets - 20

The eagle's feather has dropped
Poets ready for soaring
Full moon starry starry skies
Vincent waits for them this night

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Warring Poets - 19

She of such a tendered heart
Has such difficulty now
Communicating to deafness
Of such loud-spoken poets

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Poetry - 6

I write poetry
Because love is lost
When poetry's dead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Poetry - 5

I write poetry
Lost in the moment
I am searching...now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Warring Poets - 18

Indira Road shyly speaks
Feathered words off the soft wind
Blowing into tethered minds
The poets are so quiet

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Poetry - 4

I write poetry
‘cause God had saved me
Far more than just once

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Warring Poets - 17

Red Pepper taking the lead
Asking poets to proceed
Introductions necessary
In these times of damn distress

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Warring Poets - 16

Ceremony...slow and sweet
Not too meaty...not sweaty
Medium rare...ready to go
Barbecue is ready tonight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Poetry - 3

I write poetry
In depths of despair
For God to repair

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Warring Poets - 15

The poets won't sleep all night
Reality is too bold
Illusion gone out the door
Ceremony has begun

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Warring Poets - 14

Red Pepper meditating
The poets are rejoicing
Ceremonial peace now
Respectful mediation

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 120

Poetry wrote me
I had fallen in love
With California
Gonna try making films

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Warring Poets - 13

The poets are crying
Tears of pain now shed
Joy rises to surface
Deep wounds are now healing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 119

Poetry wrote me
Dad's back to work now
I'm tripping down south
Finding my new self

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Warring Poets - 12

The black bear has found food now
Red Pepper had heard God's words
Kneeling raising head praising
Tears of joy shedding now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 118

Poetry wrote me
Dad's crying now at home
I'm working to the bone
Post Office really sucks

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Warring Poets - 11

No fear in warrior poet
Incredibly calm composure
He continues backing away
At all times watching the black bear

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 117

Poetry wrote me
Dad and I now bond
Pray for work to come
God answers just one

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Warring Poets - 10

The poets slowly rise
Moving back...watching bear
Red Pepper talks to bear
In a calm so firm voice

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 116

Poetry wrote me
Dad got laid off
Time to help out
We both apply

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Warring Poets - 9

Red Pepper rises
Calmly tells poets
To rise and move back
His voice is so firm

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 115

Poetry wrote me
Washed out before show
Too old for rock and roll
Listening ain't easy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 114

Poetry wrote me
College awaits
Music's my game
DJ's my name

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Friend Or Foe?

Is she my friend
Or enemy?
Her mind betrays
Her heart's kind love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Spirit Revisits

So goddamn tame
Compared to you
Your lifestyle...
My life's vision

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 113

Poetry wrote me
Too many heart attacks
In my department store
Don't wanna work there now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

On Father's Day

On Father's Day
I shall thank God
My true Father
Created me
Out of His Love
To express Love

On this Father's Day
Thanks to my father
Who is in Heaven
For all his lessons
Morals and values
That made me humane

On this Father's Day
I shall so rejoice
For One God's Children
Pray for well-being
Love and compassion
To fill joyful hearts

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski Father's Day 2023

Richard Wlodarski

Warring Poets - 8

Growling stomachs still
Bear is in campsite
Ready to attack
Safety's paramount

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 112

Poetry wrote me
Business Admin
Is such a sin
For this old-school kid

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Warring Poets - 7

Wolf is still howling
Bear is eating food
Raccoons nearby
Poets are starving

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 111

Poetry wrote me
University
A whole new life course
Adventure awaits

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Focusing On Now

Only the present exists
The past has already gone
The future is yet to come
So I'll focus on now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 110

Poetry wrote me
Love takes a back seat
School in progress now
College...not for me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 109

Poetry wrote me
Young love tries to mature
But life gets in the way
Too many debts to pay

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

So Close To Your Soul - 2

God offers mourning sun
Instead of heavy rain
To soul mates who are lost

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Warring Poets - 6

Poets sit and stare
Labored breathing now
Shallow demagogues
Fearing leadership

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 108

Poetry wrote me
Two strikes in same year
Love can be so cruel
Broken hearts in duel

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 107

Poetry wrote me
Love's other great friend
Waited long enough
Boyfriend...soon husband

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Creativity

Creativity
Flowing in just words
From such a pure heart
A mind that is sound
A gift that's profound

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Warring Poets - 5

Yesterday is gone
Tomorrow's not there
Just here and now
Campfire's burning

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 106

Poetry wrote me
New Year's Eve's death
New Year's Day's life
A new beginning

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Poetry - 1

I write poetry
For The Creator…
He created me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Warring Poets - 4

Poets are stoic
Indifference now
The pleasure is missing
The joy's in yesterday

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 105

Poetry wrote me
This Pole heading south
That Pole heading north
Journey is ending

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Warring Poets - 3

Sipping fresh water
Like meditation
Refreshes the soul
For tough night ahead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 104

Poetry wrote me
Rebellious youth
Fighting for love
Losing battle

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Warring Poets - 2

Drenched from stormy rain
Soaked in soul's tears
Weary from warring
Poets quench their thirst
From nearby spring

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 103

Poetry wrote me
Love is playing games
At such early age
Broken hearts surface

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Warring Poets - 1

Warring poets
Taking refuge
Isolated
Peaceful campsite
Eerily dark
Clothed quarter moon
No stars in sky
Lonely wolf howling
Bear hunting for food

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 102

Poetry wrote me
SOUNDS OF SILENCE
Playing in mind
Confusion starts

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

So Close To Your Soul - 1

So close to your soul
On this lonely night
Mourning sun awaits

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

She Wrote Me - 13

She wrote me
Laughs and whispers
In silent house
All were asleep

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 101

Poetry wrote me
Her beauty made heads turn
Jealousy not in sight
She wasn't a trophy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

To Kyle On His 12th Birthday

Kyle has turned 12 today
And all that I have to say:
Happy Birthday, smart, big boy
May today bring you lots of joy
May you get lots of presents
And thank God for His Presence
May you have fun with your mom and dad
And Uncle Ritchie...poetic lad
May you respect your grandma and grandpa
And extend your hand to your doggie's paw
May you give your cats a big hug
When playing with them on the rug

Sounds like you're having a great day
This birthday and every day

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life Becomes Beautiful

When we save ourselves
We extend Godly gift
To all of God's creatures...
Life becomes beautiful

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

She Wrote Me - 12

She wrote me
Her gift was...fun
It opened door
To a new love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 100

Poetry wrote me
When just at nineteen
She's my beauty queen
And I'm a pauper

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 99

Poetry wrote me
When my mom and dad
Had cried all night long
No food for children

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

She Wrote Me - 11

She wrote me
Her sadness vanished
When thundering storm
Became sunshine day

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

She Wrote Me - 10

She wrote me
Dancing in the rain
Singing rejoicing
Life is...fanciful

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 98

Poetry wrote me
When I with children
Had cried for Heaven
God nowhere in sight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Change

If not for change...
We would all die...
Very slowly……...

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 97

Poetry wrote me
Mine innocence died
When I looked at clouds
No longer saw God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 96

Poetry wrote me
In adolescence
Innocence dying
Teenage rebellion

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Impatience

In my sad impatience
Patience took a detour

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 95

Poetry wrote me
Confused puberty
Crying in such shame
Life's a cruel game

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Meditation - 4

In meditation…
I patiently wait
For the impatience
To take the backroad

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Meditation - 3

In meditation…
Thoughts rush to see…
The tranquil sea

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 94

Poetry wrote me
Innocence back then
We were lost children
No concept of time

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

She Wrote Me - 9

She wrote me
Under such sunny skies
She wrote her poetry
Until the angels cried

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 93

Poetry wrote me
With other children
We stare at the clouds
Angels guiding us

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

She Wrote Me - 8

She wrote me
She loved Rod McKuen
American Cohen
Poetry in motion

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 92

Poetry wrote me
Very long ago
I was just a small kid
Didn't know what I did

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 91

Poetry wrote me
Before I was born
Came out so confused
About parents' news

Richard Wlodarski

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Ambient Gaslighting - 2

The new air freshener
Is smelling up my room
Time to open window

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ambient Gaslighting - 1

Mom's apple pie tastes so darn good
But I don't like apple pastry
My tummy is hurting so bad

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Baby Steps - 2

To win a tough war…
First learn battle cry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 90

Poetry wrote me
Some were...shrewd mark-up grocers
Selling...rotten tomatoes
Ripening...garden of life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 89

Poetry wrote me
Some were...kind drug addicts
Escaping...the harsh life
Finding...answers within

Richard Wlodarski

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Strange Days - 7

Today...a caged hamster
Tomorrow...rich hampster

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Friend In Passing

A Friend In Passing

We didn't know you
Your life's worth...gone

We didn't know
You long enough
As a true friend
But just enough
To know your truth

You were an artiste
Way beyond your time
On road less traveled
Lost in wilderness

Like so many artistes
You enjoyed having fun
Sometimes way too much fun
Happens to the best of us

You were such a smart guy
To now acknowledge it
Then we hadn't sight of it
Now we've come to be versed in it

Eclectic
In magic
Of living
By daring

Colorful reputation
As engaging eccentric

Exciting
Dizzying

You were a Goliath
Dressed in David's torn clothes

PoemHunter.com

Sling shooting through dark times
Wakening to White Light

Richard Wlodarski May 20,2023

Richard Wlodarski

Baby Steps - 1

To scale mountain…
First climb a steep hill

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Meditation - 2

In meditation…
Glass is half empty…?
Also...it's half full?
My heart...answering

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 88

Poetry wrote me
Some were...cash-strapped gamblers
Playing...Russian roulette
Risking life...over...death

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Meditation - 1

In meditation...
My mind is so still
Yet, now...forever
Moving...towards goal

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Strange Days - 6

Today...a tough bodyguard
Tomorrow...aging mobster

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Strange Days - 5

Strange Days - 5

Today...a Supreme Court judge
Tomorrow...vigilante

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 87

Poetry wrote me
Some were...accountants
Tallying...black with red
Prison...on horizon

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Strange Days - 4

Today...a rock and roll star
Tomorrow...karaoke

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 86

Poetry wrote me
Some were...factory workers
On broken assembly lines
Hopelessly...fixing their lives

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Strange Days - 3

Today...defendant
Tomorrow...jailer

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 85

Poetry wrote me
Some were...songwriters
Singing about...tragic death
Dancing to...circle of life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Strange Days - 2

Today...the prosecutor…
Tomorrow...the defendant

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Winning Back Rightful Dynasty

Did you hear about The Maple Leafs?
Tiger Woods is giving free golf lessons
At a golf resort called ETERNITY
He's teaching them about having heart
Playing as a once powerful team
Reminding them of their dynasty

He's teaching them hypnosis
The tool he's used all his life
What the Philadelphia
Flyers flew with...to The Cup
Not that pyramid power
Of the old Red Kelly days

He's teaching them to use their minds
To coordinate two left feet
Into two right feet...winning team
Joseph Woll is his example
One who meditates...just to win
Visualizing...Stanley Cup

He's teaching them...resilience
Miraculous springing back...Win!
Mental toughness...with youthful joy
Cup replacement surgery...NOW
A second chance...at a New Life
Winning back...RIGHTFUL DYNASTY

Richard Wlodarski (c) 2023

Richard Wlodarski

Poetry Wrote Me - 84

Poetry wrote me
Some were...hockey players
Scoring...in such tough games
Failing...in sad romance

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Seat Of Passion

A true poet
Always aims for
The tender heart
That is the seat
Of such passion
And poetry
Is...passionate

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

She Wrote Me - 7

She wrote me
Soft to the touch…
Body...and soul
Spirit...remains

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 83

Poetry wrote me
Some were...tennis players
Playing...so many faults
Finally...acing life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

(dressed To Kill) War

Dressed To Kill War

Casually dressed
In tennis shoes
Victory soon
Ukraine awaits
Such great glory

Formally dressed
Tie and white shirt
Such defeat soon
Russia awaits
Obscurity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dressed To Kill War

Casually dressed
In tennis shoes
Victory soon
Ukraine awaits
Such great glory

Formally dressed
Tie and white shirt
Such defeat soon
Russia awaits
Obscurity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 82

Poetry wrote me
Some were...killer athletes
Dressed to kill...true winners
Fighting for...survival

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

She Wrote Me - 6

She wrote me
With her songs...
Bittersweet…
Chocolaty

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

She Wrote Me - 5

She wrote me
Her eyes...seduced me
Looking into soul...
Words like...that of God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 81

Poetry wrote me
Some were...lawmakers
Chiefly...progressive kind
Largely...draconian

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Strange Days - 1

Today... an aristocrat…
Tomorrow...in pauper's grave

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

She Wrote Me - 4

She wrote me
God's Love
Restored…
In soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 80

Poetry wrote me
Some were...travelers
Sailing...the high seas
Through...eye of the storm

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

She Wrote Me - 3

She wrote me
Death of me…
For her life…
Eternal

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 79

Poetry wrote me
Some were...tough labourers
Constructing...wealthy homes
Living in...adobe huts

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 78

Poetry wrote me
Some were...corporate lawyers
Scaling mountain...of success
Descending...self-fulfillment

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

She Wrote Me - 2

She wrote me
Yesterday…
Embracing…
My today

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Virtual War

There is a war going on
It's not murdering humans
But it is killing poets
Let's all call a peaceful truce
Remaining a family
Respectful and respecting

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

She Wrote Me - 1

She wrote me
Mesmerized
By such love…
I had died

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 77

Poetry wrote me
Some were...brilliant politicians
Championing...the greater good
Sacrificing...soul for evil

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Is Like A Drug

Love is like a drug
Taking me so high
To godly Cloud Nine
Taking me so low
To the pits of Hell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Troll - 8

A troll is like...Apocalypse
Such great database...of knowledge
Shape-shifting...invulnerable

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Shadow Poem - Inspired By My Unspoken Words By Kesav Venkat Easwaran

Like you speaking your shadow dialect...
You write your shadow poem...
It flows from your kind heart...
Til it reaches your soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Troll - 7

A troll is like... The Joker
Instigating...such evil
And then...batted out of hell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Troll - 6

A troll is like...Frankenstein
Such monster...on the outside
Scared bully...on the inside

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 76

Poetry wrote me
Some were...dry cleaners
Laundering...money
Working...dirty life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Night Is My Blanket

The night is my blanket
Keeping me kindly warm
From insecurity

Her full moon bathing me
In purity of light
Her sky shining down stars

She blesses me with sleep
I dream of her in kind
Waking to meet her friend

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Gordon Lightfoot: A Poet's Tribute

If only I could truly read your mind:

[My hands hold her body as my fingers pluck her strings
Tenderly touching her heart as she has touched mine
She echoing music of passion from my life
Canada's history imprinted on my mind]

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dragonfly - 16

Dragonfly…
Stop disease…
Eat killer…
Mosquitoes

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 75

Poetry wrote me
Some were...gamblers
Losing their shirts...
Laundering...hope

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Happy Birthday, Nylander

Happy Birthday, Nylander
May you and the great Marner
Assist Matthews and Tavares
In scoring more goals than less

May the Maple Leafs
Barbecue Panthers
Scorch those ugly beefs
Of dumb sportscasters

May Leafs give you what you deserve
Former dynasty to preserve
By chasing the Stanley Cup
Having Florida shut up

May your fans cheer you
All day and all night through
For reaching twenty seven
On this day made in heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 74

Poetry wrote me
Some were...handymen
Jack of all trades...
Acing...their cards

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Troll - 5

A troll is like...Dracula
Biting and sucking...lifeblood
Only to live...die again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dragonfly - 15

Dragonfly…
Humans' friend…
Mosquitoes…
You're their prey

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Boundaries

Some take offense
By my offence
Need no defense
To my defence

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Troll - 4

A troll is like... a rattlesnake
Threatening to kill...with venom
Softening to life...with dry bites

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dragonfly - 14

Dragonfly - 14

Dragonfly…
Great hunter…
Lion... shark…
Au contraire

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Satan's Arrival In Ukraine

Satan has arrived in Ukraine
His evil presence there before
But now...a command performance
Dictates to Wagner's soldiers:
Kill every single one!
Absolutely no prisoners!
Your just reward...lots of money!

Greed...heartless hearts...no conscience...prevail
China's prime minister wipes his hands clean
Wait...we've seen this somewhere in history
Can you remember...senior moment?
Oh yeah...in the greatest book ever

His Holiness The Pope The Dalai Lama
The right hand to The Lord our creator
Are playing stupendously The Glass Bead Game
Both are revisiting Hesse's masterpiece
Contemplating...meditating on...world peace

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Dragonfly - 12

Dragonfly…
Once swimmer…
Transforming…
Ready...FLY

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 73

Poetry wrote me
Some were...Roman Catholic priests
Confessing...their guilty minds
Subconscious...liberating

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dragonfly - 13

Dragonfly…
Snare...with legs
Pluck...with jaws…
Bon appetit

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 72

Poetry wrote me
Some were...good thieves
Starving...the rich
Feeding...the poor
Just...survival

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Troll - 3

A troll is like... a jackass
A know-nothing ding-a-ling
Pretending to be something

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dragonfly - 11

Dragonfly…
Nymph baby…
Hunting for…
Little fish

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dragonfly - 10

Dragonfly...
Born to swim...
Nymph for years...
Take off and...fly

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Troll - 2

A troll is like... a bully...
Tough in physicality...
Weak in personality

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 71

Poetry wrote me
Some were...patient school bus drivers
Driving...vital maturing youth
Delivering...a brave new world

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

End Of War

War would soon end
If now challenged
With inspired
Creativity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 70

Poetry wrote me
Some were... very skilled surgeons
Replacing hips with...such heart
Giving new life to...run-down

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Troll - 1

A troll is like... a virus...
Infesting and infecting...
My innocent computer

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dragonfly - 9

Sick dragonfly...
Nano...nano...
Hold...so damn tight...
Bacteria...
Now...torn apart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The End Of War

War would soon end
If now challenged
With inspired
Creativity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dragonfly - 8

Dragonfly...
Fly backward...
Loop the loop...
Hover in place...
Helicopter

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 69

Poetry wrote me
Some were...very shrewd businessmen
Selling...materialism
At the sacrifice of...their souls

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Poet's Fulfillment

Fruitful writing...
And happy reading...
Leading to...
Fulfillment.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dragonfly - 7

Dragonfly...
Beat your wings...
Faster...faster...
Mosquitoes Win!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 68

Poetry wrote me
Some were...such beautiful models
Fashioning...lonely existence
Spiritually...empty...dead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dragonfly - 6

Dragonfly...
Flying high...
Way too fast...
Hummingbird...
Losing ground

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 67

Poetry wrote me
Some were...knife sharp coroners
Solving mystery...of deaths
Murder...trumping...suicide

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dragonfly - 5

Dragonfly...
No housefly...
Such great vision...
From... preyed upon...
To... predator

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 66

Poetry wrote me
Some were...shy librarians
Studying...The Book of Life
Taking...lessons learned...to heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dragonfly - 4

Dragonfly...
Devil's horse...
Transporting...
Great evil

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 65

Poetry wrote me
Some were...desperate prisoners
Forced to...sing like a canary
Nightmares about death...just reward

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dragonfly - 3

Dragonfly...
Once...you were...
Big as crows...
Now...petty

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 64

Poetry wrote me
Some were...slick make-up artists
Putting on...such a brave face
Having endured...wrinkled past

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dragonfly - 2

Dragonfly...
Like Putin...
No damn teeth...
But you bite

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dragonfly - 1

Dragonfly...
Like Biden...
Older than...
Dinosaur

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 63

Poetry wrote me
Some were...born again Christians
Renewing...known faith...in God
Creating...a bright future

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 62

Poetry wrote me
Some were...somber morticians
Dying to leave...dreadful work
Resurrecting...a new life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 61

Poetry wrote me
Some were...grand illusionists
Playing with...reality
Transforming...dull existence

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 60

Poetry wrote me
Some were...such dirty plumbers
Cleaning up... crap all day long
Messing up...their cleanliness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 59

Poetry wrote me
Some were...such brave firefighters...
Extinguishing...fires of hell
Yet...struggling with...watered-down lives

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 58

Poetry wrote me
Some were...circus acrobats
Walk of life...high above crowd
Defying death...no safety

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poem For Geeta Radhakrishna Menon

Under starry skies she paints canvas of Vincent's life
Each shiny star a glimmer of hope in his tragic life
A falling star like a teardrop falls on her wet canvas
Her moist eyes holding back so many tears of endured pain
From hellish coal mines Satan rejoicing with such great fervor
As Vincent suffers in anguish for his and the miners' agony
Her prayers for Vincent are in his sermons to God's most faithful
Answered by God informing him that it's not his calling...not yet
His callings conveyed through the blood of a poet's lonely pen
Shedding the blood of a genius artist's tortured soul
Crying writing with empathy of God's chosen child
Seeing Vincent's charcoal covered face in the heavens above
Exhausted falling asleep in Vincent's pastoral setting
Dreaming of Vincent's passion and unrequited love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 57

Poetry wrote me
Some were...precise circus jugglers
Juggling time...between life and death
Measuring...their life's fulfillment

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 56

Poetry wrote me
Some were...purveyors of law
Fine tuning...the rights of wrong
Selling their souls...for damn greed

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 55

Poetry wrote me
Some were...funny circus clowns
Entertaining...shallow crowds
Saddened by...depression...now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Another Better Life

Maybe you're not happy
With your spoiled life
Racing your fast car
To oblivion
Chasing night after night
Wannabe starlets
Adding coke to life
Escaping this life
With mind-f***ing drugs

Maybe what you now need…
Dose of reality
Escaping place of home
To a dismal abode
Stripped of your dignity
No damn possessions
No mommy nor daddy
To now bail you out

PoemHunter.com

Maybe what you now need
Is time...for reflection
All the time in the world
To remember...your sins
To plead...for forgiveness
To ask The Creator
For...one other...better life

Richard Wlodarski

Poetry Wrote Me - 54

Poetry wrote me
Some were...subtle fear mongers
Losing...grip on reality
Fighting...for mere survival

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 53

Poetry wrote me
Some were...losing gamblers
Betting on...sheer luck
Gambling...their lives away

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 52

Poetry wrote me
Some were...nothing but loan sharks
Greed...feeding their idle minds
Stealing...freedom from poor souls

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 51

Poetry wrote me
Some were...worn out boxers
Alzheimer's...shrinking brain
Memory not...dead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Let's Be Kind To One Another

Let's be kind to one another
Smiling at complete stranger
Laughing with children playing
Sharing change with the homeless
Helping out our neighbors

Let's be kind to one another
Not fighting over pettiness
Not screaming at one another
Never being indifferent
Always showing such mighty love

Let's be kind to one another
Embracing God The Creator
Living as if in Heaven now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sailing

Sail boats in Spring
Sudden gust brings them forward
Freedom reigns supreme

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 50

Poetry wrote me
Some were...drug addicts
High on...illusion
Of...fame and fortune

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 49

Poetry wrote me
Some were...such caring nurses
So feverishly working
No time to care...for themselves

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 48

Poetry wrote me
Some were...sad alcoholics
Drowning...in their tragic lives
Suppressing...their depression

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 47

Poetry wrote me
Some were...poor dieticians
Starving for...good knowledge of...
Diet...to make them rich

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 46

Poetry wrote me
Some were...old fashioned schoolteachers
IT...threw them for a damned loop
Future education...scary

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 45

Poetry wrote me
Some were...learned librarians...
Yet...lacking crucial knowledge of...
Intricacies of...heart and mind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 44

Poetry wrote me
Some were...born comedians
Depression...stole their laughter
Hypnosis...restored talent

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 43

Poetry wrote me
Some were...accountants
Dividing...their time
Balancing...life...death

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 42

Poetry wrote me
Some were...guilty lawyers
Jury...still out...on them
Pro bono work...redeemer

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Divine Presence

Writing by the
Soothing shade of
Such warming light
Troubles galore
Flood me no more
Feeling presence
One So Divine
Welcoming me
To The White Light

Dream came and went
Life's not finished

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 41

Poetry wrote me
Some were...doctors needing healing
Illness now...invading their minds
Brave new cure...hypnotherapy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 40

Poetry wrote me
Some were... school teachers
Craving...brave learning
Now...subconsciously

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 39

Poetry wrote me
Worst fears...crippling their minds
Constant failure...on their wavelength
Great success...their true destiny

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 38

Poetry wrote me
They fought many battles...and won
War for peace...elusive...lifelong
Finally...freedom...at a price

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 37

Poetry wrote me
Their life's quarterback
Tackled so damn tough
Touchdown now in sight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 36

Poetry wrote me
Clients drowning their sorrows
Alcohol was too tempting
Hypnosis to the rescue

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 35

Poetry wrote me
Fear of flying
Stopped them from soaring
Eagle has landed

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 34

Poetry wrote me
Fighting for peace in war
Warring minds seeking peace
What price for such freedom!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 33

Poetry wrote me
Afraid of failure
Afraid of success
Mesmerized when free

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 32

Poetry wrote me
They bravely journeyed
Adventures unknown
And found their way home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Second Nature

If Jekyll and Hyde
Knew each other best
They would simply be
Shadow of the past

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 31

Poetry wrote me
Their dreams were so dark
Nightmares abounded
Living their goals now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 30

Poetry wrote me
Some were dying too soon
Needed faith and courage
One God helped me with them

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 29

Poetry wrote me
They were so damn afraid
Fear paralyzed them
I helped them find courage

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A New Moment

Sometimes a new moment
Of spontaneity
And such great bravery
Restores rhythm of life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 28

Poetry wrote me
Cancer almost killed them
Emphysema is dead
Mind and body are free

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Broken Heart

To break someone's heart
Is very painful
To receive that pain
Is both tortuous
And so torturous

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 27

Poetry wrote me
Creativity
Stole my true life's goal
New life awaits me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 26

Poetry wrote me
Players on the offence
And some on the defense
Winners every time

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 25

Poetry wrote me
Bowling striking wins
Strike outs nevermore
There's new kid in town

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 24

Poetry wrote me
Eye of the tiger
Giving fighting chance
To depressed clients

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 23

Poetry wrote me
Hitting the bullseye
In sport of archery
Darting to finish line

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 22

Poetry wrote me
Items lost now found
Senior moments gone
Hypnosis rescues

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 21

Poetry wrote me
Hole in one
Eagle flying high
Golf is business game

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 20

Poetry wrote me
Claustrophobia
Had imprisoned them
I showed them freedom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Unkind Ones

If only Putin
And his unkind kind
Could learn from One God
Leave Satan behind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 19

Poetry wrote me
Conquering fear
Imprisoning them
Liberating selves

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Waking To Sunrise Watching The Sunset

I want only
To see the light
Of morning sun
So breathtaking

I want only
Hear robin
Sing me a song
Of the bird's life

I want only
To touch such life
As was once His
To spread One Word

I want only
To taste this life
The bittersweet
With the so sweet

PoemHunter.com

I now only want
To not die alone
Waking to sunrise
Watching the sunset

Richard Wlodarski

Poetry Wrote Me - 18

Poetry wrote me
Their obesity lost
Such great freedom now gained
For hypnotized clients

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 17

Poetry wrote me
Some clients smoked me
Smokers became smoke-free
With hypnotherapy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lives - 6

If yes...life is death
And my death is life
I'll fight with both
God supporting Choice

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lives - 5

If yes...life hates death
And death loves my life
I shall embrace both
And let God make choice

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 16

Poetry wrote me
Keeping clients healthy
Saving some from dying
Through hypnotherapy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lives - 4

If yes...death is alive
Tears of such great pain
Turn to wonderful joy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 15

Poetry wrote me
Now fifty-seven
Feels like heaven
Reaching for the sky

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lives - 3

If yes...life is death
How much death to endure? !

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 14

Poetry wrote me
Now at fifty-six
Hypnotherapy
Is my specialty

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lives - 2

If yes...you only live once
How many lives do I choose
To die in miserable one?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 13

Poetry wrote me
Now at fifty-five
I'm grooving to jive
With Jack Kerouac

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lives - 1

If yes...you only die once
How many lives do I choose
To live in this diverse one?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 12

Poetry wrote me
Fifty years gone
Half a century
Another half lives

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 11

Poetry wrote me
Forty-one plus four
One such great year
Hypnosis the victor

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

To My Poem Hunter Family

To all of my friends
The old with the new
Elderly and young
At Poem Hunter
You're like family
Brothers and sisters
Not playing some sports
But playing with words
Creating poems
That bring some tears
Of laughter and pain
On a cloudy day
You let sunshine in
You encourage me
To test my limits
Go beyond comfort
Write in new styles
Stretch mine idle mind
And not vegetate
In retirement

PoemHunter.com

You are a second family
Sharing pain and sorrow with me
I give you mine empathy
Sharing laughter and joy with me
I give you lighter poetry
Sharing my pain and sorrow with you
You give me a brighter tomorrow
Sharing my laughter and joy with you
You bring out the comedy in me

You are my family...
And I thank God for you!

Richard Wlodarski

Poetry Wrote Me - 10

Poetry wrote me
Now at forty-one
Hypnotherapy
Is my saving grace

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 9

Poetry wrote me
Now at thirty-five
Counselling's my jive
Clients must now thrive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Knowing That Your Spirit's Here - For Teresa Bartlett

Fond memories
Playing in minds
Of some good friends
And your lover

You, a pillar of strength
And such eternal hope
Passively fighting for
Freedom and underdog

Finding the time
To teach your friends
Delta Bingo...
So much great fun

Times socializing with friends
Never wanting to be touched
By anyone other than
Special lover man Michael

PoemHunter.com

You shared your love with us
Through your quiet laughter
Smiling when songs were played
Enjoying those moments

We remember you now
With tears of love and joy
As we play your favourite songs
Knowing that your spirit's here

Richard Wlodarski

Poetry Wrote Me - 8

Poetry wrote me
At misely thirty
Not much accomplished
But starting to roll

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 7

Poetry wrote me
When at twenty-five
Quarter century
Endured misery

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 6

Poetry wrote me
When at twenty-three
Nearly met Creator
Grim Reaper at my door

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 5

Poetry wrote me
Now at twenty-one
Breaking out of shell
Walking on egg shells

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 4

Poetry wrote me
When I was sixteen
Child no longer
Not quite an adult

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 3

Poetry wrote me
When I was just ten
Wrote poem back then
Won class' first prize

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 2

Poetry wrote me
When I was just five
Lost in adults' jive
Crying all night long

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Wrote Me - 1

Poetry wrote me
When I was a kid
Bullying a bid
For most insecure

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Before Being Born

To be born
Now breathing
First fresh air

Where did I come from?
Beyond mother's womb?
I know that in Heart

I'm so doggone lost
Ma and pa too far gone
Very thrilled to hold me
I don't even know them

How can we understand
God's plan in misplaced land?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Mind Remembers All

The mind never forgets
Subconscious records all
All that's kind and unkind
It can find forgiveness
Only through loving heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Searching For The Future

We were in the wild
Coveting yesterday
Wolves clothed in tomorrow
Searching for the future

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Loving Heart

The mind is powerful
It remembers all acts
Those of love and hate

It is not the mind which forgives
But rather, a brave loving heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Because We're Human

Why write when words aren't heard?
Why speak when words are now deaf?
Why try to communicate
When no one is listening?
Because we are so human!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Older

I woke to see the sun setting
How had I missed the sunrise?
My God's little miracles
Unfolding annually

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Crying Out For Liberty

We're in state of emergency
The whole world's gone so damn crazy
We are in a damn recession
Fruitful for our depression

Should we stay or should we go?
Depends on our ego

So damn lost in today's yesterday
Clouding my judgement from just today
I'm in a state of emergency
Lone wolf crying out for liberty

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Prejudice Rising

'Hey, did you hear the one
About the the stupid...? '

Many variations on this theme
Each one a blow to the smarter mind
And an arrow to the loving heart
Crowning a lifetime of bullying

The butt of so many jokes
At first made me very weak
Inferiority complex
Was truly such a damn bummer

The girls believed that I was dumb
Thought they had me under their thumb
Creative writing was my game
That left them in such dismal shame

The guys thought I was a dumb Polack
Took me for many a bully walk
Finally, I stopped their walk and talk
Poetic justice from smart Polack

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Only...7

I write only...
To smell success
From loss of life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Only...6

I write only...
To touch the past
From yesterday

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Only...5

I write only...
To feel love
When love is dead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Only...4

I write only...
To taste little
Bite of lost fame

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Shadow Haunting Anjandev Roy

Yes...you've caught me now
I no longer hide
But my shadow haunts
And will continue
To mystify you
Only because it
Loves the mystery
In your poetry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Only...

I write only...
Hear applause
Through my deafness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Price Of Fame

The price of fame
Was lost back then
And then regained
When artiste died

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Never A Star

lost my place in queue
never meant to be
in the public's view

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Art Of Listening

To truly listen
Embracing silence
Listening with the inner mind
Acting with compassionate heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For The Golden Jet...Bobby Hull

The Golden Jet stationed
In the windy city
The Chicago Blackhawks
Making it his first home

The Golden Jet was sleek and fast
Much admired close and afar
Reaching goal-setting fifty trips
Acing Chicago to Winnipeg

The Black Hawk was rugged and tough
Much respected close and afar
Lighting up the skies with such speed
And power to take breath away

The Golden Jet
And The Black Hawk
Sat face-to-face
In cold hangar
Both reaching fame
One in stardom
One in scandal

The Golden Jet flying
Through the heavenly skies
The Black Hawk by its side
To last destination
Smooth flight from a rough life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Only - 2

I write only...
Seeing my print
Such midget frame

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Innocence Lost

Once children
Now adults
Innocence
Lost in time

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Write Only - 1

I write only
To relieve pain
Therapeutic

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

War's Bitter End

We were lost back then
Wars fighting for peace
Battles never won
Life now just ended

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Forever Hazel

Hazel McCallion
To you this paean
Work was your life's passion
Never out of season

Born a loving leader
Never a follower
Controversial
But always cordial

Sharpest of minds naturally
Mayor of efficiency
Mississauga's pride and joy
Never Toronto's decoy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Rooster Is Dead

I'm so lost now
Animal Farm
The pig's bacon
The rooster is dead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Still Young In My Mind

Seasons come and go
Like the lost years
Of my childhood
I'm still young at heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Skyscrapers

The sand on the beach
Memories so fond
Sandcastles built then
Skyscrapers just now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For Freedom In Joy

I'll write one song
To last a lifetime
Wipe your lost tears
For freedom in joy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love's Forgiveness

I have lost love
Not goddam proud
Satan's laughing now
Jesus forgiving

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Romancing Exercise

The Pole went to France
He needed romance
He came back so broke
Almost had a stroke

She had pity for him
So took him to her gym
They worked out together
Now he feels better

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Or Broke

My bacon has been so fried
But the money's coming in
The Brick's been well laid
Kerouac or broke

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Howling For Freedom

Tonight's buzz deadened
Only by moon's glare
The werewolf in me
Howls for freedom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Youth's Lost Cause

The youth of today
Have so lost their cause
Haven't even found
Their purpose in life

Praying for guidance
I shall assist them
With tad of wisdom
And heart full of love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Grounded

To cry in the night
When no one's around
Throw the night out away
Just to be so grounded

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

We're Just Children

We're just children
Innocence lost
Life so betrayed
In the playground

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Teaching One

When I teach ONE
I'm with my God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Welcoming The New Year

Let's take the positive
Memories from last year
Project them into future
And welcome This New Year
With such great health, renewed love
And prosperity for us all

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mother Nature's Tears

Every single day
Mother Nature cries
Tears of pain
Yet, sheds tears
Of such great joy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life Rewarded

A flood of fond memories
Has drowned me in such great joy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Pathetic Fallacy

The monster
Of a pig
Devoured
Animal Farm
And went to Hell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Pathway To Love

To have God in heart
Clears worried mind
For pathway to Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I'll Sing You

I'll sing you
From me to you
Such a song of joy

I'll sing you
From me to you
Mine One God's Love

I'll sing you
From me to you
Tears of pain

I'll sing you
From me to you
Such joy we gained

I'll sing you
From me to you
Just yesterday
Now tomorrow

PoemHunter.com

I'll sing you
From me to you
Yesterday's joy

I'll sing you
From me to you
Tomorrow's love

I'll sing you
From me to you
Now that you're gone
Sorrows and joy

Richard Wlodarski

Rapturous Joy

I will search your eyes
To find the mirror
To your wondrous soul
And when discovered
I will lay to rest
In rapturous joy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Paris Calling Me

My Polish blood stirs me
But I was born in France
Paris now calling me
Singers singing to me
Dancers in lively streets
Poets beckoning me
Beautiful women there
Not too late for old man
Heart attack may happen
But such joy in my heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

To Rise Like The Phoenix

I won't wake to see sunrise
I won't wake to see smile
Of the face that once was love

I won't wake to now hear
The song of nightingale
In my life of betrayal

I won't wake to touch your face
To kiss your eyes nose and mouth
To embrace you just once more

I shall rise from the ashes
Like the fiery phoenix
And set the sky on fire
To express my love for you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For Lisa Marie Presley

Daughter of Elvis Presley
Had followed in his footsteps
Such great music in her blood
Just now stopped dead in its tracks

She had suffered so greatly
Losing her father early
Married to celebrity
Ended in such misery

Tragic death of her son
Suicide with a gun
Depression had set in
Her guilt fighting with sin

Fighting and sharing her grief
Through music and support groups
Buzzing on social media
Spirit with fire in her soul

PoemHunter.com

Her spirit has returned Home
Welcomed by father and son
The angels guiding them all
To freedom and such great peace

Richard Wlodarski

Starry Starry Skies

Those starry starry skies
Wake me to potential
That of mine and mine One God
The full moon beckons me
Werewolf ready to trounce
The White Light warning me
Evil threatening me
The night sky so black now

Sliver of light shining
Over the horizon

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Daydreams For Me

When darkness falls
Before the light
Morning sun dead
Sweetheart now gone
Dreams no longer
Just nightmares now
So haunting me
I can't take it
That much longer
Daydreams for me
Are such comfort

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cops

In the US
Some cops shoot first
They're called racists

In Canada
Some cops shoot last
They're called dead ducks

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

All Senses Gone

You lost your sight
Your road gone blind
Cognac in sun

You lost your hearing
Last night's listening
Misunderstanding

You lost your taste
In life's distaste
Left me for good

You lost your touch
No longer there
Feeling nowhere

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mind And Sword

Edge of sword
Sharpest when
Mind is dull

The dull sword
Could not kill
His sharp mind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Apathy Setting In

I was made for meditating
Contemplating such a lost life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Heartbreak

My heart was broken
Guess I wasn't strong
The hot summer days
Felt like winter's wind
Black clouds obscuring sun
Rain always pouring down

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Rejected

The poet went home so shivering
Coldness of night warmer than her frown

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Old Man Not Dying Just Yet

Dancing into darkness
Throughout midnight hours
Wolves howling through the night
Cougars prowling for bite

Youth wasted into old age
Face lifts such a damn disgrace
Death patiently waits this night
Old age waits little longer

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Refugee

She cries in the kitchen
Preparing her life's stew
She's never been chicken
To start her life anew

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Judgement Day

No such doorway
To Heaven's ascent
Satan waits at gate
Jesus hesitates
God sits in Judgement

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Maybe You Think

Maybe you think
I'm just shy
Maybe you think
I don't tell lies
Maybe you think
I'm so awkward
Maybe you think
I can't do this
I can't do that
I won't survive
Maybe you think
My life had lied
Maybe you think
You had survived
Mine innocence
In your presence
Maybe they're words
Whispered in dark
When God's alive

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

All That's Locked Up Inside Of Me

I can no longer think
The mind can be damn stink
The eyes somewhat blind
Nose smelling unkind
Your heart touching mine
Blesses world unkind
Your smile enlivens
Your laughter brightens
All that's locked up in me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Returning To Paradise - For Leeann Azzopardi

Paradise lost
Purgatory
Welcoming you
Time to reflect
Good memories
Embracing you
Empowering
Time to move on
Return again
To Paradise

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For Father Kostas Lagos

I see a darkness
Shadow in the sky
Light somehow obscured
By emptiness of hell

I see the darkness fading
Spirit's White Light in the sky
Jesus with welcomed arms
Eyes filled with tears of joy

I see Father Lagos in my dreams
Nightmares plaguing me no longer more
His poetry singing to me
Filling my heart with such great joy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tears Melting Into Joy

When the night was so young
You smiled from afar
I was way too damn shy
To let laughter be there

The night got older
I got bit bolder
Left that cold bar stool
Feeling like a fool

You saw my shaking
Such awakening
In stars brightening
The moon was so full

Your heart welcoming my love
A heart that had to be warmed
Cooling this lonesome evening
Making me so comfortable

I cried that tender night
Tears of lonesome pain
Melting into such joy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Who Is A Brother?

Who is a brother?
Someone who plays
Hide and Seek with you
And lets you find him
So very often

Who is a brother?
Someone who catches the ball
Before you even drop it
Someone who teaches brother
The art of stealing bases
Instead of stealing money

Who is a brother?
Someone who throws perfect pass
To brother who is failing
One who throws Holy Mary
To create a miracle

PoemHunter.com

Who is a brother?
Someone who's a great goal scorer
Forwarding important message
In defense of his big brother
Creating such a winning team

Who is a brother?
An eagle on the fairway
Chasing more than one birdie
Someone who doesn't club you
When you aren't all that funny

Richard Wlodarski

Van Gogh's Ear Revisited

Was it on a Starry Night
That Gauguin lobbed off your lobe
While you two were fencing?
And you and Paul concocted
Fabled self-mutilation
To avoid embarrassment
And quite probable arrest?

While I'm sipping Saint Remy cognac
And listening to Don McLean's VINCENT
Viewing Self-Portrait With Bandaged Ear
I shall contemplate these too tough questions

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost Soul

I am just a lost soul
In Adam's Lost Eden
Searching for love of Eve
Waiting for God's Guidance

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Becoming Before Dying

Why do I sweat out in damned bars
Seeking out friends to loneliness?
My lost life is worth so much more!

Why freak out in Satan's playground?
Christ is just around the corner!

Why breathe your last breath not knowing
What you have just now become?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tearing To Touch Oneness

I don't ever wanna say 'no'
To what life is calling for me
Sometimes, I don't know what's singing
Like blackbird in middle of night

So, I listen to nightingale
For some words of love and such great peace
I look up to the wondrous sky
Mine eyes tearing to touch One God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

All That I Need

All I need is to see sunrise
Let my mourning cries touch Your Skies
All I need is to hear robin's song
Wake me up to all that is so damn wrong
All I need is to touch such great love
To know my life has not been in vain

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

World Cup Son

I am cheering for France
Although my blood's Polish
My home is Canada
My heart is for the world

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reflections - 5

Her eyes in plain sight
Her death such damn fright
Mine eyes with tears
Heart falling apart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Purifying Soul

From such heights unknown
Witnessing beauty
Manifest outwards
Entering my heart
Purifying Soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reflections - 4

Evening setting in
Netflix has won my heart
Romancing the cold night
Dreams of her in my sight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reflections - 3

Noon groping the sun
Head clearing somehow
Mind getting focused
Heart wondering how

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reflections - 2

Morning had broken
Sun was far too bright
Head was so splitting
Mind going nowhere

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reflections - 1

The night I saw
My reflection
In the mirror
I almost died
So damn worn out
Can't go too far
What went so wrong?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Evil Tyrants Now Fall

Circle of life has been reborn
War machines circling all that's life
Bullets from guns fracturing skulls
Nuclear holocaust laid to rest

Life has risen in the night
Killers now terrified
Under God's watchful eye
Evil tyrants now fall

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Miraculous Life

Feel your heart
With me tonight
In such rhythm
To dance of life

I see your eyes crying
In Vincent's starry sky
Your hands praying to God
Your love feeling His Love

I smell perfumed air
See Rose of Lima
Roses falling now
From the blessed sky

I hear angels
Singing songs of love
Peacefully shedding
Such tears of joy

PoemHunter.com

The life before me
In all its glory
So miraculous

Richard Wlodarski

Mourning After The Morning After

Is a mickey
All that you need
For liberty?
Drown out sorrow
For tomorrow?
Forget last night?
Forget lost night?

Is a quickie
All that you need
For your freedom?
From slavery?
Domesticity?
Life so damn bland?
Wasn't your plan?

Is misery
All that you need
To waken now
From death somehow?
Be born again
From lives before
For tomorrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Savor The Oneness

Whenever I see you
In my lost lonely mind
Tears shed of some kind
No longer to be found

Whenever I dream you
In such lost dreadful night
Dreams forever nightmares
Tomorrow never found

Whenever clouds obscuring
From God's bright sun rising
And me seizing the day
I savor The Oneness

I thank such One God
For my seven lives
Spared for I know what
Twilight years fought

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Goal For Glory

Ronaldo
On the go
World Cup hero

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulful God's Love

Your love touching mine
Touching God's sometime

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such A Dark Loneliness

How to be so lonely
Irony lost on me
On nights when wolves howl
And cougars so scowl

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For The Poet's Tears

To write just one word
To make you now think
Of your such great mind
And such tender heart

And to keep mind
Always open
Heart never cold
To what's so bold

The art of the poet
Is always so sublime

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Finding Home

There in front of me
All that was my life
Such loving parents
Brothers and sister
Such truly great friends
Teachers guiding me
Bosses screwing me
And some leadership
For ship 'bout to sink

The ship sailed
Freely wisely
The horizon
Beckoning now
Surrounded by
Loving White Light
Finding its home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Where Is Hell? - Inspired By Let Us Change The Position By Gajanan Mishra

From the depths
Of such hell
Now rises
The serpent
Such evil
Mesmerized
By White Light
Finding Good
Wandering
Wondering
Where is Hell?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Win-Win

When the world is One
That is when we've Won

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The King Of Hockey Has Died - For Borje Salming

The king of hockey has died
Like Abba he brought much pride
To his Sweden's countryside
And then to Maple Leafs' ride

Salming led Brynas championship squad
The King was definitely not a fraud
He impressed McNamara The Leafs' scout
To give Inge Hammarstrom the knockout

His NHL debut
Put him in higher view
Borje from the get-go
Leafs slashing Buffalo

Certainly no "chicken Swede"
More like killer rooster breed
Seasoned games with 1148
Total goals and assists so damn great

In ‘77
Thought he'd gone to heaven
Named a First Team All-Star
The King had gone that far

Second Team around
All-Star was his ground
‘75 thru ‘80
Salming was so damn mighty

Ma and pa driving car on the ice
One thousand NHL games for price
Your friend Inge Hammarstrom
So knowing where you came from

Sixteen years with Maple Leafs team
Then one year under Red Wings' seam
In Canada Cup Sweden's sensation
Received extended standing ovation

"Sometimes hockey has no country"
And in this great land of the free
You skated through your chosen destiny
Will remain with us in eternity

Richard Wlodarski

So Again

'Tis the night
That was such
When we played
In the sunlight
'Til moon so glowed
Night was young
Sleep was dead
We're ahead
So damn young
Then we died
To be born
So again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Eternal Love

To write from depths of my heart
To search your eyes for your soul
To hear your song to God
To touch all that is Such Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Twilight Of My Years

From this moment of death sentence
I promise you I will move on
I will rise to the shining sun
Even when clouds obscure the day

From this moment of life's death
I shall see such great rebirth
My faith in His Majesty
Overcoming my fear

From this moment of unknowing
When I shall breathe my last damn breath
When the sky shows no sun nor moon
Now the twilight of my years

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No God No Cry

No God no cry
Why even try?
God died on me tonight
A good friend killed himself
Another friend just died
Sister's friend just flipped out
Loony bin 'round corner
I ain't just freaking out
My marbles against the wall

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry, My Passion - For Dr Dillip K Swain

Like a kite
Now flying
So freely
In Spring's sky
I can write
Even when
At a loss
For sound words
Feeble mind
God guides me
Poetry
My passion

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hiding In Plain Sight

Lost all my marbles
Such colorful wall
Black one strikes me most
White one doesn't care

Lost all these marbles
Colors of rainbow
Discreet black and white
Hide in such plain sight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulful Gratitude

When I see your eyes
Shining in the sun
Your smile so bright
Your playful laughter
Now hearing your voice
In nightingale's
Song of peace and love
I thank the One God
For this soulful love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Knowledge Through Meditation

Sometimes, it seems
The less I know
The more I now
Can understand

Meditation
Has now cleared
The damn rubbish
That hurt my mind

I see clearly
All the beauty
The poetry
Of such great life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Russian Leader's Democracy

Gorbachev, your heart opened
To the West's democracy
To the end of the Cold War
A prophet of end of war

Lying in your grievous tomb
Russians touching Mother's womb
Rise against Putin's loom
Killing until their doom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost In The Night

Your words were lost
On me last night
God had sent an angel
To watch over us
When sun had risen
You were not in sight

Restless dreams all night
Had become nightmares
And now without you
Life is no longer
A beautiful dream

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kristallnacht (Night Of Broken Glass)

Kristallnacht (Night of Broken Glass)

The streets are littered with broken glass
Jewish businesses set on fire
German Nazis' campaign of terror
Predecessor to the Holocaust
One hundred Jewish people now dead
Seven thousand businesses damaged
Hundreds of synagogues homes and schools
And graveyards totally vandalized
Thirty thousand Jewish men arrested
So many sent to concentration camps
Released but forced to leave Aryan land
Over one hundred thousand flee Germany
International community?
Outraged, but to what significance?
The Nazis got away with murder
Only to create the Holocaust
Six million Jews on our conscience!

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Stormy Mondays

Stormy Mondays

So much fun back then
Those stormy Mondays
Fodder for laughter

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cyst, My Nonmalignant Friend

Cyst, my nonmalignant friend
You caused me quite a damn scare
Your kisses on my forehead
Sent me to a specialist

The dermatologist said
That I have some benign friends
Who seem to like my forehead
And gave me slap on my back

I told her that they like my chest
And seem to like my back as well
She asked me to take off my shirt
Blushing, I did as I was told

Feeling a little exposed
With back up to her eyes and nose
Her standing on her tippy-toes
Felt like giving her a red rose

PoemHunter.com

A good clear-cut diagnosis
Led to my giving dozen roses
Our friendship now in full bloom
Maybe I'll become a groom

Richard Wlodarski

A New Eden

Burn the face of democracy
In this land of hypocrisy
Cut the head off communism
In the land of despotism

Tear down Statue of Liberty
USA is no longer free
Bomb monuments to Stalin
Send strong message to Putin

Start up new political party
Creating state of equality
No more poverty nor homelessness
Only love and peace in God's Oneness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Failure Is Not An Option

Failure's not an option
When death is creeping up
The mind body and soul
Suddenly come to life
Creating works of art

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

If God Was A Woman

If God was woman
There would be no war
No damn poverty
No-thing as evil

If God was woman
Mother Earth alive
Nature kicking now
Keeping us alive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Forecast Calls For Stormy Weather

My Coke is damn lukewarm
No longer adding life
The fridge no longer cold
Broken down just like me

The music's country
So sad and lonely
Hearing is almost gone
Forgot to recharge aid

No damn good films to watch
Netflix must be on strike
Still got one or two books
Damn, can't find my glasses

A shot of bourbon would be nice
The liquor store has just now closed
The damned local watering hole
Far too depressing for this night

Well...there is always tomorrow

Forecast calls for stormy weather

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ed Sullivan's Chance Encounter

The Swedes were screaming and fainting
After hugely successful tour
The Londoners are mobbing you
At your famous Heathrow Airport
Ed Sullivan is in their midst
After talent-scouting in Europe
Pandemonium to his witness
Trying to catch his flight to New York
Paving way for British Invasion

The infamous Merseybeat sound
At the mercy of Capitol
No promotion from dinosaurs
For 'Please Please Me' and 'She Loves You'
And 'From Me To You' is a bust
Lennon-McCartney to hold hands
With the American market
Write 'I Want To Hold Your Hand'

PoemHunter.com

Epstein smooth talks Ed Sullivan
The Beatles headline three great shows
Capitol releases
'I Want To Hold Your Hand'
The brave British Invasion
Takes America by storm

Richard Wlodarski

Darkness Falls So Quiet

Darkness falls so quiet
On this damn lonely night
Full moon beckons fear
Wolves howling out of sight

Your whispers not there now
No arms holding me tight
No kisses in the night
No reassuring words

Darkness falls so quiet
Crickets seem to be dead
Crackling on the fire
Black bears ahead in dread

Darkness falls so quiet
Deathly silence stalking
Black bears in mid of night
Haunting me this cold night

PoemHunter.com

Darkness falls so quiet
Night coming to an end

Richard Wlodarski

Just For Today

Out of sorrow
Joy will soon flow
Like ice melting
River flowing
Flowers blooming

Sunflowers spring
Romancing now
Into my heart
Dancing in rain
Just like hippies
We share this love
Peace is ours
Just for today
And that's enough

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 63

For sale: poetry book. Poet's soul.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Peaceful Rebuttal

Russia should strive for democratic unity
Russia has sinful Putin plummeting and plundering
In the glory of goddam evil empire
While Ukraine and the whole world are suffering

Putin speaks with forked tongue, uncouth, lost religion
Freedom can NEVER be won under the Russian Union
Ignoring USA and her brothers and sisters
Is putting Putin and his evil allies on alert

Putin's counterproductive for the future
That's right: stop fighting with Jesus and the One God
Love peace freedom all for a better tomorrow
All virtues to strive for unlike the vices of Satan

What did Stalin and Hitler do with Poland and Lithuania? !
Putin and Russia are being defeated by the small guys
The underdog always needs protection from goddam bullies
Democracy at its finest fighting the warmonger

PoemHunter.com

Evil autocrats are for betterment of themselves
As long as Satan exists
Dictators will so triumph
Till God intervenes with Love

Richard Wlodarski

Short Stories - 62

For sale: Sony Walkman. Future's soundtrack.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 58

'As you make your bed, so you must lie upon it'

He left this mortal coil
Before the work was complete
Spirit working overtime
Guiding his soul's mission

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 61

For sale: gray lighthouse. Bright abode.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 57

'As you sow so shall you reap'

The warm heart got cold now
God was nowhere in sight
Satan was springing a trap
Jesus stole innocent's heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 56

'April showers bring May flowers'

A winter storm is brewing
Ice partly covers the lake
Winter is cold and brooding
Sleepy Spring waits for rebirth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 60

For sale: old books. Newfound wisdom.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 55

'All is well that ends well'

In the end... all's well
Mistakes have been learned
Pain has been endured
Love has overcome

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 59

For sale: old life. Great wisdom.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ahead By A Century - For Gord Downie Of The Tragically Hip

He walks among the stars
A star in his own right
His spirit is restless
Adjusting to new home

He is a leader
Among great leaders
Somewhat terrified
Until Soul's welcome

Soul ever-so-gently
Tells him his life's purpose
On Earth's journey is done
Now adventure awaits

She informs that the Great Leaders
His Spirit Guides will assist him
Every step along The Road
Until his Mission is complete

Soul begins singing
One of his great songs
He begins to sob
As She says: COURAGE

She then takes him to Fiddler's Green
Tiny Charlie's heart full of joy
Uncle Gordie hugging kissing
Fiddlers playing dancers dancing

Soul softly kissing him on the cheek
Reassuring him Charlie is fine
Takes him by the hand to Paradise
Whispering that it's his time to guide

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Saturday, October 21,2017

Gord Downie, one of Canada's beloved musical icons, died on Tuesday October 17,2017. Tributes to him proliferated the air waves, newspapers, social media and television. And even in parliament, a tearful Justin Trudeau had a few words to say about his friend Gord. Then there was a respectful moment of silence. Parliament was considering a state funeral for him.

Richard Wlodarski

Every Poem

Every poem
No matter how good
Or pleasantly bad
Has some damn merit
Who are you or I
To judge otherwise?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Darkening Day

Night threatened day
Sun hiding now
Clouds obscuring
The light of day

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Poems That You Don't Write

You miss out one hundred percent
On the poems that you don't write
Another one hundred percent
On the poems that you don't post
And if you just think about
Writing and posting poems
And cry foul every time
You'll never make champion

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The End And Lost Beginning

I don't remember
The words of last night
The thoughts we had shared
Feelings of the night

I do remember
The words unspoken
Lonely unscathed thoughts
Aloneness of night

And now that we're apart
I remember that night
Every last detail
And wish it was the start

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

High Wire Act

Like a high wire act
You can take those steps
Forwards and backwards
Always balancing
Always measuring
The safety factor
And always always
Keeping opened eyes
On destination

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 54

'All is for the best in the best of all possible worlds'

When I am in such hell
I shall dream of Heaven
Satan won't have a hold
Jesus will send smile

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 53

'All is grist that comes to the mill'

The commentary
Of friend Daniel Brick
Provides sensational grist
To The Kerouac Project

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 58

For sale: antique phone. Wired technology.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reveries - 17

His blindness
To The Light
Paralysed
Such great peace

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 52

'A mill cannot grind with the water that is past'

Yesterday is long gone
Tomorrow may not come
All that's left is today

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 57

For sale: old lamp. New light.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 51

'A stitch in time (saves nine) '

A stitch in time
Saved me nine times
Just like a cat
Who has nine lives

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 56

For sale: banana boat. Monkeying around.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 55

For sale: spiritual poetry. God's present.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 50

'Ask my companion if I be a thief'

You had stolen my heart
When I had grieved the most
And in such ecstasy
Tragedy sent you home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reveries - 16

Putin now crying lone wolf
Allies tearing him apart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate Series - 44

Would you for me
Stop the shivers
Hold me so tight
Make life more kind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 54

For sale: prison clothes. Enslaved life.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reveries - 15

Putin visits Hell
Satan throws him out

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 53

For sale: old hat. Worn-out life.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 43

Would you for me
Teach me 'bout life
And show such Love
Make God smile

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reveries - 14

Putin contemplates God
As Satan bites his tongue

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 42

Would you for me
Sail the seas
Find safe haven
To save my soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 52

For sale: old tuxedo. New romance.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 49

'A ship in harbour is safe, but that's not what a ship is for'

Human being in making
Singing at karaoke
Writing and being published
Scoring aces in tennis
Not retiring from life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 51

For sale: Chinese Checkers. American-made.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 48

'Ask no questions and hear no lies'

If I don't ask this
I may not hear
Lies that may hurt me
But truth was thwarted

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kindness To Blinded Enemy

I have been kind to my foe
Careful not to step on toe
Her heart aches with such hatred
Blindness has prevented her
From seeing all the angels
Performing small miracles
In the name of God's Wonder

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 50

For sale: chess game. Putin's favourite.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 47

'Ask a silly question and you will get a silly answer'

There are no silly questions
In Socratic dialogue
Simplicity is the norm
Higher knowledge is now reached

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 49

For sale: Trivial game. Genius level.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soaring Like An Eagle - For Leeann Azzopardi

Your mom's in God's Home
Watching over you
In your lonely times
She touches your heart
With motherly love
Giving you freedom
To now spread your wings
And soar like an eagle

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 41

Would you for me
Forgive my sins
Start life anew
Thank God for Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 48

For sale: Monopoly game. Family bonding.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reveries - 13

Putin exchanges
His damned soul to God
For such forgiveness
And great peace of mind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 40

Would you for me
Reach for the sky
Accept such fame
Remain humble

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 46

'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure'

Fruits and veggies are rotten
Supplements are now sold out
The sun has gone in hiding
Poem Hunter is my cure

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 47

For sale: baseball glove. Family catch.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Unexpected Error - For Jack Kerouac

The unexpected error
Occurred so damn long ago
Perpetually haunts me
In my goddam poetry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 45

'Any port in a storm'

I shall now weather the storm
Black clouds on the horizon
Are beginning to disperse
Heavenly port welcomes me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 46

For sale: hockey stick. Penalty killer.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 44

'Attack is the best form of defense'

Satan chose to attack
God chose to contemplate
God's enemy was touched
By such blinding White Light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reveries - 12

The tin man saw
Such great kindness
From soulful eyes
Of this stranger

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 45

For sale: hockey stick. Slapshot winner.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 39

Would you for me
Write for my hand
As it steadies
Itself from nerves

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 44

For sale: golf putter. Eagle's nest.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 43

'As a tree bends, so shall it grow'

Tree's branch bending
Like old age back
Returns to life
Like my comeback

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 43

For sale: baseball bat. Hitter's dream.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 42

'Any publicity is good publicity'

Bad publicity
Brought attention to
Good publicity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 38

Would you for me
Hold me so tight
When pain's killing
And life's dying

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 41

'Another day, another dollar'

Retirement can be dull
Couch potato turning small
Or actively seeking out
Adventures of a lifetime

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 42

For sale: golf clubs. Albatross heaven.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 41

For sale: pickleball sport. Senior's tennis.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 40

'A man's home is his castle'
A woman's is her palace
A children's is their playground
The whole world's is Mother Earth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 40

For sale: White Stork. Ukraine's amulet.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 39

'An eye for an eye makes the whole world blind'

Putin is blinded with revenge
His eyes no longer see The Light
Satan has claimed his soul
Hell fights with purgatory

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Gifted To You

All the poetry
Music dance and art
Has been touched by God
And with His Blessing
Is gifted to you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Saintly Elizabeth - For Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton

American
And a woman
Servant of God
Healer of man
Mother Seton
Miracle maker
Cured meningitis
Encephalitis
Of man on deathbed
The first native-born
American
To be canonized
God Bless Saint Seton
The patron saint of
Seafarers and widows

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Twisted Hunters Of Albino Children

Twisted Hunters of Albino Children

Satan is amongst us
His followers disguised
As damn twisted killers
Hunting down Albino
Such innocent children
Slaughtered for folk medicine
Butchered in name of Satan
Body parts sold for thousands
Evil personified
Humans robbing their graves
For whatever is left
Of God's innocent children
For what goddam reason?

Their corpses later found
Without any hair
No skin left no breasts
All their limbs are gone
Their noses cut off
Eyes torn out of sockets
Even genitals...gone

And where is the justice?
The cops don't give a damn
Their pockets full of cash
Their hearts full of evil
Their eyes blinded by greed
They kill the protestors
Protect perpetrators

I must rest now...so tired
Hands shaking as I write
Eyes filled with such tears
Heart racing as if to stop
Evil Satan is at bay
God's Love is protecting me
I share it with Africa

Richard Wlodarski

Short Stories - 39

For sale: white dove. Putin's end.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 38

'A penny saved is a penny earned'

In living for today
I lost meaning of thrift
No money for tomorrow
But I have lost my sorrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Forever Etched In Our Minds

I saw the light of that morning fading
As democracy was now crippling
First one and then the second tower went tumbling
But the good old Red Blue & White was still flying

I saw my neighbors screaming and dying
While I felt helpless and in mourning
I heard their screams of agony
As I looked on in misery

I felt the pain of suffering families
As I watched and listened to the homilies
I can still see the faces of the enemy
As I sleep tossing and turning endlessly

I try to remember that God is all-loving and all-forgiving
But my enemy tells me that God is One-loving and too forbidding
Perhaps this is the reason I stopped going to church long ago
Seeing the hypocrisy of sinners and lovers and the foe

PoemHunter.com

Today I'll pray at home for all the souls who have died so needlessly
Not just for my American neighbors but those who've fought courageously
So that I may enjoy my freedom in a world that is always brave and free

God, please watch over the beautiful souls of those who have died for our freedom
And give courage to their families who will some day join You in Your Kingdom

Richard Wlodarski

Soulmate Series - 37

Would you for me
Defend my war
Fight the battle
Sacrifice life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 38

For sale: purple heart. Life's over.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reveries - 11 - For Thomas Merton

The monk lost his silence
Far too boldly spoke out

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 36

Would you for me
Always praise God
In your glory
And in your depths

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 37

For sale: golf clubs. Beautiful birdies.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 37

'All roads lead to Rome'

All that I've written
From my heart and soul
The sweat and tears
Kerouac Project

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate Series - 35

Would you for me
Cry tomorrow
Just laugh today
Keep us happy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 36

For sale: golf clubs. Hole-in-one.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate Series - 34

Would you for me
Make dreams come true
To live my life
Without nightmares

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 36

'An apple a day keeps the doctor away'

The apples have been poisoned
With such deadly pesticides
As to keep good heath at bay
Seeing doctors every day

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 35

For sale: golf clubs. Soaring eagles.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 35

'An army marches on its stomach'

Putin's damned army is starving
No food no money no morale
They are deserting evil one
In jail they can now repent

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 33

For sale: antique mirror. Renewed youth.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sharing Tears - For Princess Diana

Sharing my tears
With all those viewers
Two point five billion
On TV alone

Watching my mother now
Tears overflowing
Like when her father died
The grief's unbearable

Sharing grief together
For two complete strangers
Never met grandfather
I cry for a long time

'Shy Di' bonding us now
Silence speaking volumes
Words no longer needed
Tears are just enough

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Reveries - 10

The sadist found her friends
In the carnival's freaks
She lost her heart and mind
And freaked out on her kids

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 33

Would you for me
Read Book of Life
Teach me lessons
For survival

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Your Mission

Never lose sight of your dreams
They are reminders from soul
That you are on a mission
Of the greatest importance

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 34

For sale: baseball bat. Sky-high pop-ups.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 34

'All is fair in love and war'

Her greed and pure selfishness
Had led to nasty divorce
The innocent child
Chose to live with Father

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 32

For sale: antique mirror. Good reflections.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 32

Would you for me
Sail the seas
And catch the wind
To new freedom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 33

'All you need is love'

There is no need for hate
There is no need for war
There's no need for enemies
There's always need for new friends

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 31

For sale: bowling ball. Perfect game.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Devil's Gods

Who are these mad men
Delusional
Warming their death beds
Praising the evils
Of the devil's gods

Who are these tortured souls
Losing faith in One God
Preaching apocalypse
Riding the coattails
Of satanic devils

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Escaping Prison - Inspired By A Quote By Charles Bukowski

Staring at four bare walls
Some fool painted them black
The colour of my mood
When the sun is hiding

The walls stare back at me
Like a shattered mirror
With lipstick glued on it
Ghostly image still there

Four bare walls imprisoning me
Physical body withering
Mind now deteriorating
Writing poetry is freedom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 30

For sale: sour grapes. Don Cherry.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 32

'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy'

Jack had lost his mind
With such writer's block
He chased his own ghost
For a chance to host

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 28

For sale: old football. Great spirals.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

We Still Cry For You, Diana

We Still Cry For You, Diana

Did you see the princess in Diana?
Did you see her tears in stormy skies
Obscured by clouds of ambiguities?
Did you try to understand her endured pain?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

My Birthday Gift To Revered Poet Ramesh

To see beyond the blinding truth
And be guided only by light
To hear the music of great composers
And be guided only by true genius
To taste the essence of forbidden fruit
And be guided once by angelic bliss
To smell the sweet taste of victory
And be guided by imagery
To feel stolen unconditional love
And now be guided by The Holy Spirit

I see within your own truth
And am blinded by your light
I hear within your divine music
And am deafened by your echt genius
I taste the sin of forbidden fruit
And am forgiven by Jesus Christ
I smell your bittersweet success
And am humbled by artistry
I feel your stolen conditional love
And am heartened by your soulful loyalty

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 31

Would you for me
Wash my bruised feet
Just like Jesus
Forgive my sins

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 31

'All things must pass'

As the sun sets
The moon rises
Stars shine the sky
All is so bright

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 29

For sale: bowling ball. Rolling smoothly.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 30

Four years in the making
Epic Kerouac Project
Sits so patiently waiting
For first book to be published

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reveries - 9

The sad comedian
Joking about divorce
Never found Joy again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 27

For sale: baseball bat. Home run.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 30

Would you for me
Cleanse me of sin
Ask your Jesus
For love again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 29

'All the world loves a lover'

In the heart of a lover is passion
In the soul of a lover is One God
Let the heart and spirit of the lover
Lead us to One God and eternal peace

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 26

For sale: old book. New chapters.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reveries - 8

Putin's crucifix was found
Burning in eternal hell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 28

The fool discovered gold
Only to find it's fake
Fooled once he tried again
The fool's gold was real

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 25

For sale: fool's gold. Sleightly damaged.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reveries - 7

The child fed birds
With his love for God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 29

Would you for me
Take my warm heart
Make me understand
The oneness of all

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 27

'All hands on deck'

Participate
In something great
With help from God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 24

For sale: fool's gold. Very real.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 28

Would you for me
Make me so strong
When I'm so weak
Send me to oneness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 26

This short precious life
Will come to an end
Cherish each moment
As if it's your last

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 23

For sale: rabbit's foot. Good luck!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reveries - 6

The priest stood in church
Preaching to One God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 27

Would you for me
Wipe my tears
Of pain and grief
Kiss them for joy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 22

For sale: Putin's Russia. Greedy history.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 26

Would you for me
Not taste apple
Trust my judgement
Accept One God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 25

'All good things come to him who waits'

The Kerouac Project sits
Waiting for just the right time
Patiently I wait for sign
From friends in the afterlife

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 21

For sale: rusty sword. Killer life.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Spirit Of Elvis

Graceland homeland motherland
Land of the free and not so free
Elvis Aaron Presley
King wanting to be free

You've given us your heart and soul
In the name of rock and roll
Perhaps at the cost of your soul

Elvis we rock and rolled into jail houses
Imprisoning our immortal souls
We've felt the pain of your loneliness
As we cried into the wee hours of the morning

Are you lonesome tonight Elvis...
As you feel the pain within our pain
Have you reunited with your precious mother
Within the infinity of glorious heaven

PoemHunter.com

I'm lonesome tonight Elvis...
I feel gut-wrenching pain...
And I thank you
For your essence...
Spirit being...

Richard Wlodarski

Reveries - 3

The musician sat under stars
Singing about Vincent Van Gogh

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 24

'Adversity makes strange bedfellows'

Opposites attract in relationships
All the goddam hardships for the loving
Are worth the nightmares
For dreams to come true

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 20

For sale: sheepskin coat. Wolfish appeal.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 23

'Accidents will happen'

The Jaguar ran so smoothly
After expensive tune-up
Money ran out so quickly
Great success had never come

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 19

For sale: baseball glove. Fast pitcher.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reveries - 4

Putin sitting on blood-stained soil
Meditating on fiery hell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 22

'Absolute power corrupts absolutely'

Russia's power is not absolute
Putin's greed has been too absolute
Absolutely, Putin must be tried
For great crimes against humanity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 18

For sale: Maple Leafs. Winning team.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reveries - 5

Poetess sat under stars
Meditating on Van Gogh

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 17

For sale: old basketball. New Raptors.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 21

'A friend in need (is a friend indeed) '

The truest of friends need each other
Screw-ups and hardships...bond together
They're there till death do them part
Nothing will tear them apart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reveries - 2

Poetess sat under the full moon
Meditating on close encounters

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reveries - 1

The poet sat under stars
Meditating on black hole

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 20

'A rising tide lifts all boats'

Luxury yachts feed the rich
Roar boats enslave the damn poor

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Meditations - 2

Poetess sits under tree
Meditating on Newton

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 16

For sale: hockey stick. Toronto's winner.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Meditations - 1

The poet sat on the water
Meditating on gravity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Children Of Woodstock

We are...
The children of Janis
Wondering what went amiss
In all that is loneliness

We are...
The children of Jimi
Hearing The Wind Cries Mary
Leading us to Foxy Lady

We are...
The children of Ritchie
Whose songs about slavery
Liberated bravery

We are...
The children of Sly
Who went so awry
From chanting PEACE cry

PoemHunter.com

The Woodstock Generation
Has lost its place in nation
We've become passive
And quite dismissive

Richard Wlodarski

Proverbial Quotes - 19

'A picture is worth a thousand words'

Picturing words of PH poets
Laughter and joy sadness and sorrow
Victory and such goddam defeat
Life so greatly treasured on this site

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 15

For sale: pool cue.8-ball winner.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Macabre Game

Heavenly trees are so barren now
Skeletons under the midnight sky
Devil playing macabre game
Evil in the streets has begun

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 18

'A miss is as good as a mile'

Failure remains a failure
If no learning has happened
To learn from such great failure
Don cape of success...Live Life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 14

For sale: tennis racket. All aces.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 17

'A friend to everyone is a friend to no one'

One cannot be a friend to everyone
The enemy is always at the gate
Time immortal is mortal in this life
One life to share with so many...must die

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 25

Would you for me
Touch holiness
And thank One God
For miracles

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 13

For sale: old life. New beginnings.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 24

Would you for me
Travel the world
Find culture for me
And make me worldly

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 16

'A new language is a new life'

Kerouac from French to English
Conrad from Polish to English
Two of the world's greatest writers
Bring such new life to their readers

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 12

For sale: used clothing. New life.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 23

Would you for me
Taste misery
Embrace my love
Die in such peace

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 11

For sale: old shack. New home.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 15

'A leopard cannot change its spots'

He was evil by nature
Fought tooth and nail to death
Until he met such great love
She changed the spots he went to

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Happy Birthday, T.Rex Sue

Happy Birthday, Tyrannosaurus rex
Hendrickson found you two decades ago
And you're 65 million years old
Wow...what's your secret to such young age!

Discoverer deserves to name you Sue
After all, she was sitting on your bones
Three huge ones near Faith, South Dakota
And she had really gone out on a cliff

You were extremely well-preserved
The whole 90 percent of you
Ten percent is yet to be found
Not to worry, she's into bones

You, dinosaur are worth millions
Eight point three six, to be exact
McDonald's and Disney bought you
At Sotheby's in grand New York

PoemHunter.com

You're proudly on display in Chicago
Forty-two feet high from your head to toes
Your impressive 2000-pound skull
And 58 of your pearly whites

You're the first to be found with a wishbone
And that's such a crucial discovery
It provides support for scientists:
Birds are a type of living dinosaur

Richard Wlodarski

Soulmate - 22

Would you for me
Now knowingly
Espouse great wisdom
To humanity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 14

'A watched man never plays'
He works such endless days
He is so goddam stressed out
'bout letting it all hang out

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 10

For sale: black cat. Somewhat superstitious.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In Memory Of Gonzo

In the dark recesses
Of such a shattered mind
Shines a bright light
Ever so faint

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

One Crazy President

He's a dumb lump
With a big rump
He's got squirrelly hair
Nuts with crazy stare

He's got orange skin
Brain so very thin
Hands so damn small
Can't catch the ball

With his humungous mouth
Wants to send them all south
Has the audacity and gall
To build another Berlin Wall

Not too bright a leader of democracy
Steering blind sheep in land of autocracy
Speck of dust from another planet
Making world to suffer on his bet

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Proverbial Quotes - 13

'A watched pot never boils'

The Kerouac Project
Has not, and is not, dead
Au contraire: So Alive
Jack's spirit has risen

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 21

Would you for me
Taste my greatness
Such humbleness
Reach my kind soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 9

For sale: black cat. Witch's friend.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tribute To Pete Rose

You are the rose of the Phillies
Breaking record in the biggies
Former champ Musial shook your hand
For being #1 in the land

Three thousand six hundred thirty one hits
In illustrious baseball career
You received standing ovations
And Stan's first base congratulations

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 20

Would you for me
Touch all that's good
Deliver me
From all that's sin

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 8

For sale: black cat. No ladder.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 12

'Actions speak louder than words'

Time to put into action
Immense Kerouac Project
Series of poetry books
Resurrecting Kerouac

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Not Of This World

I do think
I am not
Of this world
I cannot
Damn conform
To screwy restrictions
I try try try
And die die die
What the hell
Why not die?
'cause I now live
Wanna so live
Yet, death's not far

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 11

'Absence makes the heart grow fonder'
Always wandering in wonder
Of the heart and soul I once knew

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 7

For sale: black cat. Halloween favourite.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 19

Would you for me
Hear tonight
Songs of Heaven
My soul longing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Hypocrisy - 1

How much of a louse can one be
Than to read such great poetry
On the awesome Poem Hunter
And miss out on such loud thunder

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hypocrisy - 2

How much of a louse can one be
Putin dying of some cancer
Restoring Russia to that 1
Reducing the world to such none

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hypocrisy - 1

How much of such a louse can one be
Than to give in to hypocrisy
Drink water when not even thirsty
Watch children dying of poverty

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Time Travel

Moving
From one
Environ
To another
Sometimes
In the blink
Of an eye
Sometimes
What seems tirelessly
Like an eternity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 10

'A rolling stone gathers no moss'

Heart of Kerouac
Always on the road
No time for his home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 6

For sale: German Shepherd. Not sheepish.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 18

Would you for me
See The White Light
Guide me to God
So heavenly

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reaching One God

Fear's chains
Clinging to
My ankles
As I climb
The mountain
Tamalpais
Kerouac
On my back
Gerard's there
Guiding me (us)
To the top
Tears joy
Reached One God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

To Taste Such Life - Inspired By The Poetry Of Susan Williams

If only
To now take
A grand bite
Instead of
Just petite

To truly
Taste such life
Savour now
Every
Single day

And thank God
For His Gift
Miracle
Of this life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 17

Would you for me
Savour moment
Taste such great love
And just move on

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 5

For sale: French poodle. Very sexy.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Night Fading Into Day

Death envelops me
Every damn night
Yet, new life is born
Every single day

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Regrets

No damned regrets?
Had more than few

Lost my daughter
Along highway

Lost my brother
My damned saviour

Lost my football
Road to damn fame

Lost my virginity
To some damn scrutiny

Lost my mother
Some rescuer?

Lost my friends
In the news

Lost my life
For damned fame

No damned regrets?
More than my due

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Singers' Singer

Her fingers touched the strings
That breathed rhythm into timelessness
Her eyes searched for the fire within
And made me long for a time and place
Lost in the blue light of communion

Her words touched a part of my hidden self
That was now emerging from my subconscious
And magically transformed my tears into joy
As she sang words that echoed through time and space
And reverberated into rhythm of my heart

She had once sung for those who bought her soul
Those who were tormented with indignities beyond their control
Skeletons hidden in places of gold and pain
Lost in the eternity of hellish devices
Imprisoning her with their devilish torment

She was now singing for unsung musicians
For deaf poets selling their sum and substance
For dumb writers hocking cheap words
For colorless artists starving for creativity
For humans devoid of lost and precious civility

Angie is a sensorial being
On the wavelength of melodic lyric
Her words speak to the poetry in lost poets
Her songs manifest the spirit of musicians
Her humility reminds us of...our humanness

Richard Wlodarski

Soulmate - 16

Would you for me
Taste such great love
That Death would wait
Little longer

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 9

'A little learning is a dangerous thing'
Which explains the simpleminded Donald Trump

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 8

'A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step'

Let my baby steps
Lead to giant ones
Transforming body
And mine ageless mind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 4

For sale: chihuahua. Great guard dog.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 3

For sale: snakeskin shoes. Real nail-biter.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 2

For sale: bee honey. Real stinger.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Short Stories - 1

For sale: alligator shoes. Really tough!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

This Dinosaur - Inspired By Modernity By M.J. Lemon

This dinosaur is a Raptors fan
And unlike the aged Maple Leafs
Going nowhere for fifty five years
The Raptors continue going somewhere

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 7

'A dog is a man's best friend'
But pussycat is better
A dog barks to no end
The cat's meow is kinder

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 6

'A chain is only as strong as its weakest link'
The weak evil power hungry warmongers stink
Putin's chain gang
Ready for bang?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 15

Would you for me
On such dead night
Find life in me
Kiss me goodbye

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 5

'A cat may look at a king'
The birds are ready to sing
The lions and tigers that loom,
Get ready for a goddam BOOM

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 14

Would you for me
Find little time
To console me
In misery

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 4

'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush'
Surely I have my poetry for the push
Forward to a series of books
If only I can avoid crooks

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 13

Would you for me
Cry such tears
Of our pain
And this great joy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 12

Would you for me
Kiss the angels
Guarding us now
And thank One God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Big Guy - Inspired By I Learned By Nassy Fesharaki

Police catching minnow
But shark is still at large

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes - 3

'A bad workman always blames his tools'
The two presidents take us for fools
One's in hypocritical democracy
The other is in evil autocracy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Pq - 2

'A bad penny always turns up'
First there was the Bush family
Then dumb Donald tried to ace them
Now we have a Russian mobster

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proverbial Quotes (Pq) - 1

'A bad excuse is better than none'
Try telling that one to Number One
She doesn't care why you're late
Just that you're a lousy date

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Magic Potion

Creativity is
The magic potion in
Our too lonely lives
Without creativity
We just shrivel up and die

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Flying So High

Flying so high...
Naturally
No drugs needed
Just poetry
To feed my soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 11

Would you for me
This lonely night
Find aloneness
And teach me love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 10

Would you for me
Die such sad night
Then be reborn
For killer life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Spirit Of Patsy Cline

An angel in the guise of Patsy Cline
Had told him that he wasn't crazy
And sang to him of his vision
That his creativity would inspire his peers
And they would rise beyond mediocrity to genius

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Intuitive Woman

One wore glasses
Like John Lennon
To see the light
Where there's darkness

The other wore long hair
Like modern day Jesus
He could see The White Light
Where there is such darkness

The third was a woman
She saw beyond the light
Where there was no darkness
And led her friends to...Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Water Of Life

Always the water
Not the frog at pond
Always the water
Gently down the stream
Always the water
Not the scorched river
Always the water
Not caught fish at lake
Always the water
Keeping one at bay
Always the water
Tranquil Peggy's Cove
Always the water
The Great Godly See

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 9

Would you for me
Taste blood of life
Forgive my sins
Heal Jesus

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 8

Would you for me
Dance River Dance
Sing nightingale
Singing all night

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Like Alphabet

To write you
Alphabet
Of such life
A for I am
B to become
C for such cause
D for dumb
When moron
E for essence
F for fun
Life's a beach
Then we drown
G for God
Always there
When need be
H for hell
Damn be it
Tomorrow
I for ignorance
Absent intelligence
In such damn abstinence
J for jackal
Jack ass me you
So crazy now
K for Karma
Crazed on instant
Mama bye bye
L for love
Of oneself
And mankind
M for Great Mother
And Our Father
To be together
N for nothing
Makes any sense
Now or ever
O for OM
Meditate
Don't sedate

PoemHunter.com

P for procrastination
In land of masturbation
Lacking such stimulation
Q for query
Intimacy
Of such mortals
R for reality
Such surrealism
Never to be so free
S for surrender
Only to such love
And such great wonder
T for tomorrow
Lost in yesterday
Now winning today
U for ultimate
Goals for perusal
Never refusal
V for victory
In land of the free
Now forever more
W for winner
Never loser
Now forever
X for x-ray
Of such poor life
Now optimized
Y for yesterday
Begging tomorrow
Now lost in today
Z for zenith
Human in full
So glorified

Richard Wlodarski

Soulmate - 7

Would you for me
Write my life's song
Be satisfied
That we had tried

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Writings Of M.J. Lemon

The writings of M.J.
Are having PH say
Bukowski and Kerouac
Are patting Lemon on back

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 6

Would you for me
Find liberty
In our love
And thank One God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 5

Would you for me
Touch mine essence
My Spirit Self
And reach my soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 4

Would you for me
Smell the fragrance
Of the red rose
On Valentine's

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 3

Would you for me
Taste the tasteless
Food for such thought
That can't be bought

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 2

Would you for me
Hear deafness
All of my life
Not one damn sound

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulmate - 1

Would you for me
See through blindness
All my damn life
Nothing in sight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Light Cries Out

Do not wait
'til darkness
Sucks your heart
Light cries out

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Strange Phenomenon

Poem Hunter now on my site
Good poems I'm trying to write
Sail boats in the harbour
Food for soul in the mirror

A small fleet of sail boats
With Ukrainian colored coats
Phone camera is by my side
Spirit is theirs as my true guide

Photos ready to be shot
The ones that cannot be bought
One two three...aiming for seven
Somehow they got lost in Heaven

The lake the marina all there
All the other sail boats fare
But the Ukrainian ones vanished without a trace
Leaving a totally perplexed look on my face

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

All That Is

In One God's moment
Through eternity
No such intellect
Just All-Consciousness
Of all that just is

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

She Spits Out Happiness

She wears a diamond ring
But has no husband
Lovers aplenty
No commitment

Chauffeured in a Rolls Royce
But a jack ass of choice
She eats up her friends
And spits out happiness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Restored Love

All that is...
Ever been
Such Great Love
Is now and
Forever
So restored

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Meditation On One Love

In this now moment
Choose to so breathe out
The dark illusion
False reality

In this now moment
Choose to so breathe in
True reality
All that is One Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Creative Source

No such thing
As lack of
Damn talent

Brain ain't dormant
Thrives on yours/mine
Creative source

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Nosedive To Hell

All religion
From womb to tomb
Blind eyesight
Once foresight

All religion
From womb to tomb
Deafen sound of love
And cry out for war

All religion
From womb to tomb
Nosedive to hell
All's not so well

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tough Love

I see
Through eyes
Blinded
Yet, all
Seeing

I hear
Through ears
Such deafness
Yet, such all
Great hearing

I taste
Through mouth
Of love
Yet, such
Damn hate

I touch
With hands
Blistered
By sins
Fearing

I feel
Such great love
With heart tough
And mind sound
All loving

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Time To Now Love

All us
Whiteies
Blackened
By sin
Have lost
Real
Good life
Lost touch
Our brothers
And great sisters
Are same as us
Maybe greater
Yet, we Hater
Are much lesser
Than Creator
Time to now Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Death Is Still Born

The sun also rises
As the death mount still soars
The birds also sing
As choirs die out
The saint still preaches
As devils party
The homeless still starve
As the rich pig out
Death is still born
As life goes on

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Bonus Air Miles

All I want
Is to buy
Cheaper food
Cheaper gas
And now live
Cheaper life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulfully

To write
Only
Because
It's right
And it feels
So goddam right

To speak
Out of
Deafness
And reach
Out to
Such kindness

To touch
One's soul
After crying
So soulfully

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Heart Skips A Beat

If your heart skips a beat
Maybe you are in love
Or there is too much coke
In the drink that adds life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Passive Protest - For Mahatma Gandhi

I just act now
Not from the fruit
Apple ripened
Fallen to ground

I just do right
May not have strength
May not be young
May get lemons
But I do and act right

When I do and act wrong
The apple is sour
The lemon is bitter

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Good Heart

We are so good
In our hearts
Mind's evil
Slays no more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Is Liberty - Inspired By Remains By Gordon Gilhuly

Such an absence
Of innocence
Such ugly
In beauty
Such horrendous cries
In the devil's lies
Such lack of poetry
In day's philosophy
Yet, poetry
Is liberty

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

To Be Born Or Not

To now just say
Don't give a damn
What wasted life
So aborted

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Farewell To Fear

Fear, companion
Throughout my damn life
Need you no longer
Give you permission
To abandon me
Thank you so damn much
For protecting me
See you in next life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

All Games Champions

Kyle and Uncle Ritchie
Beat his mommy and daddy
At the Rec Room for championship
It was great day for companionship

Shooting basketballs in the hoop
Was such a marvellous hoot
Henry and Tina won the game
But Kyle and Ritchie weren't lame

The champs-to-be won Down The Clown
Getting ready to take the crown
Shuffleboard wasn't meant-to-be
Kyle would show dad no mercy

Ten pin bowling was a wipe out
As Ritchie got his lights knocked out
Ritchie fell hard on his butt
He was really in a rut

PoemHunter.com

The Comeback Kid knew not defeat
No way that he would now retreat
With new bowling shoes on his feet
He gave Kyle the winning treat

The bean bag throw
Was a big blow
Kyle and Ritchie couldn't throw
Henry and Tina stole the show

The score is now four to four
Heart and soul at very core
Balls In Pail for championship
Both teams trying so hard not to trip
Kyle and Ritchie take the lead
Tina trying hard to succeed
Henry's in pain and blows the deed
Kyle and Ritchie...CHAMPIONS!

Richard Wlodarski

The Lies Deserting Me

If in the heart of this darkness
I were to suddenly see your light
If my blindness gave way to sight
And my deafness heard your words
If my dumbness spoke my words
And I weren't paralysed by fear

Would I boldly walk to you
Enlightened by your darkness
Blinded by your forsaken love
Deafened by your unspoken words
Numbed by unspeakable acts

I will search out truth
And try to forget and forgive
The lies deserting me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In His Memory

Father dying so I could be free
Pain endured through war and misery
Tears overflowing we embrace in the dance of life
Contemplating the inequity of his life of strife

His memories forever etched in my mind
God whispering to him in his time of grind
Living in the desperation of time and space
Forever searching for freedom...without a trace

Father, sorrow swelling for not living up to your expectation
Could I live my life over again with renewed contemplation
I would resurrect the God-awful mistakes
After all you taught me to master these intakes

Father I have perceived and I'm still discerning
Full of hope that I'm learning from this suffering
Allowing me to keep understanding from our tormenting
So that we may both assimilate the wisdom from life's weathering

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For Albert Einstein

I shall strive
To not be
Successful
Millionaire
In such wealth
Possessions
Possessive
Abusive
Disruptive

Instead, I shall
Strive to so be
Of such great value
To humanity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

We're Only Here

We're only here
For fresh morning's air
And the gentle wind
Nightingale's song
And children's laughter

We're only here
To breathe in majestic beauty
To feel caress of Zephyr
To hear Nature's lullaby
To know and love God's essence

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God's Inspiration

I had stumbled and fallen
Into the pit of despair
With total darkness all around me
Unable to see the guiding light
Breaking into a cold sweat
I was unable to move
Thought processes had ceased
Paralyzing fear

Time had calmly eased the pain

Stopping for introspection
I had done some damn serious soul searching
Rising to unexpected aspirations
Recognizing that I was unique and lovable
I was able to change my philosophy of life
Now I saw beauty where once there was ugliness
And hope where once there existed only despair
I opened up and became vulnerable
In giving sharing receiving
I was shown caring and such love
God has inspired me for life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Striving

Not one single person
Can ever be perfect
Perfection is in God
In striving to be God
We miss out on God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Nonsense Work - For Chan Mongol

Let's not sanction
Russia China
Let's have allies
Join Russian ties
Let slow Joe
Now get mowed
By the damn fool
With evil rule
Let Europe feel the heat
From Putin's damn stinking feet
Let Putin benefit
From poor Russia's profit
What a shameless game
Allies need to tame
The beastly devil
Of all his evil
Let Iran and Russia
And damn North Korea
Nuke the whole planet
One two three all set
Let's not irritate Russia
Nor blame Corona on China
No war against Russia
Let's just watch Putin paw
Let's watch CIA in action
Against European Union

Poem Hunter educates
About poet who berates

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Russia Is A War Monger

We may starve
But won't die
We may sanction
But won't murder
Better democracy
Than his autocracy

U.S. of A.
Over decay
Russians toiling
Putin's oiling
And damn raking

USA and allies
Defeated Hitler!

Communism never speaks
In words of democracy
High time America rise
To give Russia the surprise
Countries should boycott
Russia and China

Russia is a traitor
Damn weak and life stealer
What is happening in China
Collaborating with Russia
We don't need evil doer
Putin the damn war monger

Needing USA today
And every single day
To preserve democracy
And wipe out autocracy
So all the wars can now cease
And the world can live in peace

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Eternal Destination

This river of Time
Flows eternally
To ocean of Love
Where One God waits
For His Children

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God's Gift - Inspired By Nature's Beauty By M. Asim Nehal

Life so beautifully
Captured in the arms of
God's gift...Mother Nature

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tranquility - Inspired By Through Gentle Haze By Jayne Louise Davies

The beauty of Mother Nature
The good ole days
Simplicity
Serenity
Wonderfully
Set to poetry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Great Joy

I bathe in joy
Being human
One with Jesus
Christ God Himself
Shining like Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soap For Hope

A little bit of soap
On your such grubby hands
When COVID-19 lands
Will help you to cope

A little bit of soap
Will wash away tears
And some of your fears
Because you're not a dope

A little bit of soap
And little warm water
Is not such a bother
For one who's not a mope

A little bit of soap
Or hand sanitizer
Makes Trump's deodorizer
Grope its way along tight rope

A little bit of soap
And social distancing
Will wash out this damn sting
Bring end to cope with hope

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

This Life

My right hand...
For all that I do
My left hand...
For what's left to do

Both my hands...
I extend
To One God
For this life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For My Poem Hunter Friends

May you wake today
To see light of day
To hear nightingale
When you're feeling stale

May you rise
With sunrise
And seize the day
Without dismay

May you awaken
Feeling unshaken
And start a smile
For a long while

May you forever love
And feel being loved
May you follow your inner wisdom
And be guided to only success

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For Dr Hunter S.Thompson

When I awaken
From drunken stupor
And see morning light
Whispering new sight

When in morning's slumber
I struggle in wander
No longer in thunder
And yet I still blunder

When in afternoon delight
My popsicle now melting
My sole fear surmounting
My love life now cradling

When in the grasp
Of the blue moon
The cocaine's high
Becomes a lie

PoemHunter.com

When in the depths
Of profound sleep
Wakened by night's torment
Deadened and so hell bent

When in bright morning's light
Lies ending in a fight
Life's sugar coated existence
Struggling against sound resistance

When sound asleep tonight
I shall mount the phoenix
I shall rise to such heights unknown
'Til I can no longer bemoan

When I can no longer breathe
My breath about to cease
I'm about to decease
I shall die in soul's peace

Richard Wlodarski

This Soul's Purpose

To have this
Sole purpose
Of writing
From the heart
Day in and
All night long
Losing sleep
Yet refreshed
From passion
That is life
Worth living

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Blind Love

So I don't know how to dance
And I haven't been to France
Don't know how to amuse you
And I make you feel blue
So I'm not always happy
I'm sometimes in misery
I'm not always right
And you get uptight
So what are we to do
For I'm in love with you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Sad And Lonely Memory

You are the River of Life
Flowing through my adventure
Breathing fresh life into this weary body
And I'm whining...longing for so much more

You are that searching inner eye
Crying to be heard by God who died
You're force-feeding the nearly stillborn
And reclaiming the birthright of downtrodden

You're the ears of a heartless deaf society
Hearing only the muteness of rhythm of life
You're breathing life into everlasting life
Defying death only to be reborn again

You're a kind and gentle soul
Desperately trying to be heard
Exhausted...breath...after...breath...no more
Leaving us all stunned and paralyzed

PoemHunter.com

You were once the acquaintance of friendship
Testing all limits of brotherhood
You're now a sad and lonely memory...fading...
Life crying out for so much more

Richard Wlodarski

Tanks

Children playing
With big tank toys
Imprints on minds
Of small tyrants

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Perfume - Inspired By King Stanza 2047 By Dr Dillip K Swain

The costume
Of fumed soul
Needs spraying
Of perfume
Of God's Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Nostradamus - I

The twin year
Has now arrived
The queen has risen
From her dying sleep
And has kissed mankind
Her breath from the east
Suffocating world
While children dreamed
Nightmares invaded
Country with seven hills
The Pope felt so helpless
The Devil so damn strong
As she stole all those lives
She tried to destroy world
Mankind's faith now tested
Cleansed her of her damn sin
And reversed prophesy
Nostradamus now sleeps

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Remorse

I knew you not...and I'm sorry
For you were that rare breed of being
Who had bred unique life into history
And now breathes life through her spirit

She has inherited your priceless legacy
Of morals and values that somehow have been lost
On a generation that cannot relate to that other generation
May God bless your soul for that awesome mission

She carries on that mission through spiritual communication
Whether it's in church when she honors your soul
Or at work when she conveys the spirit of your essence
Or at home when she cries herself to sleep...thanking God for you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Opening Heart To God And You

When sun rises
To give new birth
To such glory
Of wondrous day

When sun sets
To give birth
To the moon
And the stars

When God whispers
With warm breezes
And delivers
Tears of joy

I shall celebrate
This relationship

I shall view the sunrise
Start this glorious day
With joyous thoughts of you

I shall search the sunset
Reflect on memories
Of such great happiness

I shall scan the moon and stars
Think of faraway places
To where we haven't traversed
Let imagination guide

I shall whisper to God
Affirmations of love
Deliver heart of bliss
And thanks for this One Love

I shall do all
And so much more
Opening heart

PoemHunter.com

To Him and you

Richard Wlodarski

When I Write

When I write
Poetry
I find out
About thoughts
Of mine own
Other poets
Other writers
Other artists
Other humans
Community
One Family
Making me whole

And I smile...

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Folk Music

The times crying for the truth
Bad lies on the back burner
Hot dogs barbecuing now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

My Passion For Writing

To write from heart and soul
Every single moment
Not knowing when is last
Making this day the best

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Failure

You're failing when
Death now creeps in
Mind body soul
And spirit dies

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cheering Liberty

Writing at night
Still of the night
Glow of moonlight
Stars so damn bright

Campfire burning
Marshmallows toasting
Sausages roasting
Writing is flowing

Praying before eating
Praying for war ending
Ukrainian friend with me
We're cheering liberty

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Good For Tomorrow

I wake smiling
Before eating
My back bacon
So damn cookin'
When I'm rockin'

I eat with relish
Savouring each bite
Morsels watering
My starving parched mouth

Food in my stomach
Words on the blank page
Poetry in soul
Good for tomorrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Freedom Regained - For Bob Dylan

Watched and reviewed Easy Rider
Read and re-read Zen and the Art
Of Motorcycle Maintenance
Rode that motorcycle in mind
Until such freedom was regained

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

You Can't Hurt Me

You can't hurt me
Yo can damn try
To crush my mind
Even still life
Lay my body out
In cemetery
But you can't hurt me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Time's Fleeing From Life

Time fleeing from my life
Thinking of lost moments
Wasted in such despair
Forgot I'm in God's care

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Top Score

Well-meaning '10'
Forever when
I write good yarn
But golly gee darn
It's Not Registering!

I write about love
And the sky above
About Purple Rain
And the brilliant brain
But The '10's' Not Registering!

I write about President Trump
And kicking him in his big rump
I've made a video
About Justin Trudeau
But The 10's Not Registering!

Maybe rating meter's a bust
Or the '10's ain't a just must
Maybe my Poem Of The Day to-be
Will evacuate my soul's misery
But The 10's Not Registering!

Maybe the stubborn rating meter
Will recover when hell freezes over
Maybe Poem Hunter will get new technology
To put all of us out of our misery

Yeah The 10's Coming Alive
Right Back To Its Funky Jive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Visions

Just like young Gerard
Jack's older brother
Robert Zimmerman
And most humble I
We all had such visions
Heavenly inspired

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Song And Dance Man

Song and dance man
Writes poetry
By bright sunlight
Sings karaoke
Throughout the dark night
And dances in dreams

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Saboteur

You're only that side of me that you haven't seen before
The killer that's suffocating that part of you and me
The lover lost in the eternity of ecstasy
The loner masturbating in immortality
You're only that part of me that can't set us free
The dreamer and the killer that's sabotaging the way

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Only Human

When you can't get out of your bed
'Cause you have a bowling ball head
When you're stumbling to the bathroom
Tripping in kitchen over broom

You're not a saint
A little quaint
You're only human
Never knowing when

When you can't eat your breakfast
After last night's jolly fest
Can't recognize gal next to you
'Cause your view is a bit askew

You're not a saint
A little faint
You're only human
Lost in your dark den

PoemHunter.com

When brunch is no longer munch
And you're feeling in a crunch
Waking up crazier than last night
And the sun's light a little too bright

You're not a saint
Not one to paint
You're only human
Looking at Big Ben

When dinner makes you wanna quiver
And your checking out your damn liver
And your friends are farting and balding
And your life is finally landing

You're not a saint
Not one to taint
You're only human
Lost in your own zen

Richard Wlodarski

Historic First Meeting - For John And Paul

What a fateful let it be
John Lennon Paul McCartney
This day in history
Meeting for the first time

Merseyside sizzled
In such great heat wave
Paul and John sweating
With such excitement

First day of rivalry
And mutual respect
Quarrymen Skiffle Group
Play church garden party

Paul watches transfixed
As John charms the crowd
Then Paul takes over
And impresses John

PoemHunter.com

Two weeks later
Paul's guitar for hire
He joins the band
Best in the land

Richard Wlodarski

Alter Ego

I'm so screwed
Why can't you
Just leave me
Damn alone?

'cause you're friend
You see light
Within me
Past darkness

Because you're friend
You hear words
Not yet spoken
Perhaps, deadened

Because you're friend
You speak softly
Yet, so profoundly
Emphatically

PoemHunter.com

Because you're friend
You understand
My lasting pain
Life without gain

Richard Wlodarski

Haunted By Your Innocence - For Gerard Kerouac

Your saintly eyes
Torture my soul
Can no longer sleep
In the really deep
Can no longer see
Who is truly me
Can no longer taste
Life's disgraceful waste

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kyle The Winner

Kyle is lovey dovey
With female cat lovey
But male cat Levi
Is so close to a tie

He is always laughing
When he sees them playing
Especially with his friend
Mila the dog friend to end

Kyle loves his ATV
Far more than the TV
The great four wheeler
Makes him happier

Eating macaroni and cheese
When wrestling is such a great tease
Cheering for Rollins and Hogan
But The Rock is in his Top Ten

PoemHunter.com

Munching on cheese melt
Wearing Stone Cold Belt
The Fort Knight gamer
Is a great winner

Richard Wlodarski

Poetry Is Like A Drug

Poetry
Is like drugs
Without harm
Without death
Addictive
To the mind
To the heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

An Old Man's Prayer

As I grow old and frail
Let my mind be forever young
As I try not to trip and fall
Let my youthful mind leap in bounds

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Love Poem

You opened my heart
To all that is good
When it was so dark
You so understood
Put on Sinatra
To set the sweet mood

When I was damn blind
You showed me the light
When I was so damn deaf
You whispered words of love

When I had no appetite
You so satisfied my soul
When fear paralyzed me
You stroked kissed me set me free

When all seemed so very damn lost
You sparked the flame lit the fire
When love was now alive
Jesus whispered to you:
Your life's mission...complete

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For Charles Bukowski

You gotta wake up
With so much damn spunk
You gotta wash out your eyes
And ditch yesterday's cries

You gotta have so damn life
Stiff The Grim Reaper to end
You gotta towel
The screamin' crawl

You gotta die
Until you live
Dust the maggots
Screw the harlots

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Unknown To You

You don't know me...
I am the blind man
Truly seeing the light
In darkest of tunnels

You don't know me...
I am the deaf man...
Hearing songs of praise
In the cesspool of life

You don't know me...
I am the dumb man
Who speaks only the truth
To those numbed by lies

You don't know me...
I am the cripple
Traversing the Walk of Life
Catapulted by My Faith

PoemHunter.com

You don't know me...
I am Helen Keller
Ray Charles Stevie Wonder
Jeff Healey reincarnated

You don't know me...
I am the deaf musician
Hearing the beat of a different drummer
Playing only songs of love and peace

You don't know me...
I am the dumb poet
Speechless by humankind's atrocities
Weaving gentle words of pain and wisdom

You don't know me...
Homeless paralyzed with fear
Running through your troubled mind
Sleepless begging for your touch

Richard Wlodarski

Loving Into Eternity

If we stop loving
We then start dying
The sun blinds us
The rain drains us
Songs noise to us
Children's laughter
Tears of pain

I shall go on loving
Into eternity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Oblivion

I fear
That I've sinned
Unwanted
Yet, yielded
Damn head-on
Oblivion

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Remembering Mind

The mind never forgets
It remembers all acts
Both kind and unkind ones
Unlike the loving heart
Which can find forgiveness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Wasn't There For You

A full moon was beckoning me
And I was nowhere in sight
My eyes were far too tired from reading
My ears deafened by clients' pain and suffering
I was feeling overwhelmed, and I burst out crying
I wept for the tears that had flooded their lives
I wailed for their abuse...mental physical emotional spiritual
But most of all,
I cried, and regretted, that I wasn't there for you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Never Losing Love

How I suffer
On the cold street
No hearts to keep
Me now sheltered
From prejudice
Such lost love now
Gone forever
Yet, I still love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Loving Heart

The mind is powerful
It remembers all acts
Those of love and hate

It is not the mind which forgives
But rather, a brave loving heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Protesting Emptiness

Life is beautiful
And so bountiful
But when losers suck
Should you give a muck

Yesterday I lost my way
On the found road to today
No compass no way to be found
Yet my mind was so very sound

A fork in the road
What is to be told
An adventurer scared to death
Angling for his very last breath

Stark nakedness of the cold sky
Beckoning for this fish to fry
Death-defying stillness
Protesting emptiness

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Forgiven

I hate
That you
Hate me
And fear
Your wrongness

I have faith in God
Trust humanity
To acts of kindness
Hope your cruelty
Will be forgiven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Invigorated

I will write
When I awaken
To morning sky
Obscured by clouds
Sombre mood
In harsh toll

I will breathe
The crisp air
And frozen
In such thought
I will cry
In despair

I will reawaken
To a bright morning
Invigorated
Now journeyed
Moving forward
Yesterday lost

My tears dried
On the blanket
Of lonely sky
Crying with joy
From within soul
I write in blood

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Spirit Communicating

Ain't no way now
I stop writing
Got his attention
He's so mesmerized
Helps he's hypnotist
He understands this
No fear no shame
Just gratitude

From me two

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Passionate Writing

To write into night
Not dreading the light
Writer's soul sucking blood
From universe's flood

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Condiments - 23

So much peppered with
Rotten tomatoes
Became salt of the earth

Richard Wlodarski

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Condiments - 22

My sauerkraut
Is French to me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Condiments - 21

My sweet Ginger
How peppery
And savory
Is your nature

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Condiments - 20

Sweet Ginger's ale
Stopped my ailing heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Condiments - 19

Sweet Ginger
You've spiced up
My love life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

When No Touch Of God's Hand

Write me home
When life's dead
Can't awake

Write me home
When I'm blind
Can't see light

Write me home
When I'm deaf
There's no sound

Write me home
When no taste
Hunger's waste

Write me home
When no smell
Of such filth

PoemHunter.com

Write me home
When no touch
Of God's hand

Richard Wlodarski

When Needing To Mend

I don't pretend
To be so wise
It's just my guise
When need to mend

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Choosing

Choosing to remember
Only good memories
Forgetting about bad
Choosing to move forward

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Entitled

Christian, or not, in heart
We're all worthy of love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For Helen Keller

Although she was blind
She saw with her heart
Very much better
Than most with their eyes

Although she was deaf
Listening to heart
Public speaker strength
Inspired the world

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Passionate Play

To work with such life
That so defies death
And then celebrate
With play of children
And live in the love
Of God And Mankind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Of Work

To work as if
Love in action
To see all work
As good for soul
With hands to mold form
With heart to shape love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Keep At It!

Sound healthy work
Does feed my soul
Unnatural toil
Only feeds the devil

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

How Very Much I Miss You

And all I wanted to say...
Is that I love you more
Than the birth of this new day

And all I wanted to say...
Is that I love you more
Than yesterday and today

And all I wanted to say...
Is that your love has melted me away
And tomorrow's gone but you're here to stay

And all I wanted to say...
That you're my friends here today
And though I'm gone you're there to stay

And all the light in the morning sky
Isn't enough to say my heart's good-bye
And yet, that's all that's left in the bye and bye

And all the light in the evening sky
Isn't enough to cry me to sleep tonight
For the pain and suffering I've caused you

And all the words from my heart and soul
Isn't enough to say how much I love you
And now that I'm gone how much I will miss you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hope For Humanity

God's Word
Just Word
Shall Save
Us All

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Natural Look

She has a shiny nose
Even without make-up
She is more beautiful

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Aliveness - Inspired By Contemplations 01 By Unnikrishnan S. Menon

We must live every day
As if it were our last
Rise to the rooster's call
Shine with the morning sun

We must live every night
As if it were our last
Reach for the heavenly stars
And touch the soul of One God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Divine Shloka - For Unnikrishnan S. Menon, Dr Geeta R. Menon And Dr K. Swain

Poets have lined the streets
Men women and children
Musicians and dancers
Artistes jugglers buskers

The full moon is glowing
And the stars are shining
Menon writing shloka
Such a brilliant fourth line

Geeta weaving third line
Masterful tapestry
Doctor Swain's train of thought
Second line toughly fought

Just one more line to go
The crowd is now screaming
Want to see complete show
A meaningful shloka

The three poets confer
The honour must now go
To poet with pure heart
And such a soulful mind

Now such peaceful silence
From crowd of great respect
Poets are searching sky
'The Word' completes shloka

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Euphoria

Father
Asked Son
Where lies
True bliss
Holy Spirit
Answered Father
And where lies
Holy Spirit
Within My Son
True bliss within

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ambition - Inspired By King Stanza 1980 By Dillip K Swain

Fly like
Eagle
Reach for
The stars

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For A Just Cause - Inspired By Poetry Of Sandra Feldman

I, for one, am
Not going down
Without a fight
My pen is
My damn sword
Its black ink
My red blood
My poem is
My sacrifice
For a just cause
Labour of love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Spadework - Inspired By King Stanza 1979 By Dillip K Swain

There is no hole
In this poem
It's wholly read

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poet's Words

Silence is golden
And words now spoken
Even more golden

To be so hurt
By such harsh words
And grow stronger

To be praised
With kind words
Be humbler

To work
With words
Poet

To read
Profound
Shrewd words
Wisdom

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

All Winners

Where there is
Love and hope
No losers
All winners

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Your Friend Till The End

To know you will survive
'Cause it's your will to survive
To know you will rise
And see the sunrise
To know you will see daylight
In the might of your twilight
To know you will hear Nightingale
Knowing it's not your time to fail
To know you will taste Glory of Life
In this bad moment of your worst strife
To know that you will touch His Essence
Embracing eternal love's presence
To know that your life's one goal
Is not the sole in your soul
To know that I'm your friend
Until the very end

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

You Shall Overcome

Love will guide you
Out of fear
And despair
To forgiveness
Healing the scars
Of emotion
And spirit

You shall overcome
And become whole again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Life Passed

I took to pen
Nothing open
To starving soul
Damn dead tears
Crying out now
Who stole the show?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Powerful, Yet So Weak

Who is this
Man in black
Sight unseen
Blinded by light?

Who is this
Damn stranger
Invading
Lonesome night?

Who is this absurd
Donald McDonald
Eating beat burgers
Tweeting late at night?

Who is this
Billionaire
Real estate
Extraordinaire?

PoemHunter.com

Who is this
Common man
Powerful
Yet, so weak?

Who is he?
So irking
You and me!

Richard Wlodarski

Sacred Buffalo

And with lands
Once barren
Buffalo
Roamed the land
The White One
Spirited
Holy Land
Indians
Now settled
Gave such birth
To God's Land
With blessing
Of White One
Hunted such
For their food
And clothing
And praised One
Survival
White Man came
Envious
And greedy
Killed for gain
Buried
The One's
Settling
New Land
Built Church
For God
Forsaken
Such heathen
In His Name
Wooden homes
In God's name
Sanctuary
For Humans' Soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Deserted

Where is love
When these eyes
No longer
See beauty?

Where is love
When ears
No longer
Hear song?

Where is love
When this mouth
No longer
Tastes fullness?

Where is love
When these arms
No longer
Embrace love?

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Freeing The Conscious Mind

When your conscious catches up with subconscious
More than small miracles begin to unfold
Your eyes see the golden sunrise
You discover treasures within
Your ears hear the children's laughter
As you become young and alive again
You smell essence of life
As you taste life's blessings
And touch the Soul of God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Joy Of Being With Friends

When with friends...waking up...smiling
Baptized by morning...sunning...feeling alive
Christened...excited...motivated
Blinded by light...energized by sun

When with friends...afternoon delight...so right
Fishing for sunlight...waiting for twilight
Catching gift of bright...such a wonderful sight
Enlivened by light...in the eternal fight

When with friend's...sunset's surprise
Eyes in awe of Deity's gift...colored...in mystery
Perceiving...miracle of life...tonight
God's chatoyant canvas...showing off...life

When with friends...starry starry night
Van Gogh painting...the sky tonight
Don McLean reaching out... to Vincent's soul
Captivated by the artist's sole role

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Such Cleansing

How when I cry
My soul seems cleansed
Of all suffering

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Father's Day For A Champion

May you share with Kyle
Your sense of humour
Teaching him to be happy
Whenever he's a little sad

May you teach him baseball
Learning that those strike-outs
Are his life's best lessons
Stepping stones to home runs

May you teach him football
Blocking him from bullies
Quarterbacking him to
His life's many touchdowns

May you teach him hockey
Saving him from great harm
Scoring the winning goals
In his challenging life

PoemHunter.com

And may you teach him golf
All about hole in one
Not missing knee knockers
Flying like an eagle

Richard Wlodarski

Kiss It And Love It To Death

Whatever gets you
Through the dark morning
Coffee's perked caffeine
Nature's stimulant

Whatever gets you
Through the morning blues
The sun's vitamin D
Or just your first Earl Grey tea

Whatever get you
Through the damn bright rays
Procrastination ways
The journalistic woes

Whatever gets you
Through death-defying
Damn stark naked depression
Kiss it and love it to death

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Making God Happy

If only to be
So somewhat content
With such personal
Secret happiness
Would make God happy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Alone

What is man
Sans woman
Child without toy
God without such joy?

What is man
In God's plan
Left alone?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Divine Creation - Inspired By The Poetry Of M.J. Lemon

The writer
In solace
Fishing baiting
Waiting silent
Hears angels
Divine singing
Reaches upward
Suddenly grasps
A word a note
ODE TO JOY is born

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Forever No More

I loved you so much more
Than you'll ever know
Didn't give you time you deserved
Truly didn't know how or why

My heart was in right place
But my mind was displaced
Eyes blinded by sparkling smile
Ears deafened by crying pain

Your heart cried out to me
I wasn't there for you
You only asked for little time
I never seemed to be around

You're not around anymore
And now I've found some more time
To reflect on time spent together
And think 'bout when we will meet again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Indigenous Friends

We were once...brothers
Sharing the same land
Waking to the warmth
Of the summer's sun

We were once...sisters
Sharing this same land
Laying our heads
To the barren moon

We were once...
Such great sons
And daughters
Loving neighbours

We were once...lovers
Of the sun and moon
Sharing this great land
Until such high noon

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Warriors Without Swords

We such poets
Called into life
Must write and sing
'bout injustice

We must bare our souls
Brace against prejudice
Suffer indignities
Live in such agony

We must live in solace
Yet, remain so social
We are deemed such pilgrims
Yet, we are true prophets

We write to be seen
We sing to to be heard
We listen to God
And deliver Word

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Alive In Dreams

If not for such great dreams
I would die in nightmares

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Show Respect

The truth shall be
Soon revealed
The disgraceful lies
Shall come to the front
We were not the first
To break your Bargain
We treated with respect
Expecting same respect
These laws were so good
We learned from our fathers
They had learned from their fathers

These laws are damn good!
We learned them from God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Baloney On War

British Soldier: Hey, American farmer
The very Lyman Cutlar
You killed our large piggy
It was the sole property
Of Hudson's Bay Company

Cutlar: It ate potatoes in your garden
Because it was goddam starvin'

British Soldier: We British gonna arrest thee
Mr Cutlar goddam Yankee
Evict seventeen countrymen
Out of their goddam playpen
What do you think 'bout that, Cutlar?
You goddam Yankee pig killer

Cutlar: Oh yeah! Me and US Army
Gonna kick you out of country
Sixty-four soldiers under Pickett
Are going to take on your damn bet!

British warships sailing to island
San Juan Island off coast of Washington
Claimed by both America
And her neighbour Canada
British Admiral Robert Baynes
Sees the light and goes through great pains
Not to kill Lyman Cutlar
The damn Yankee pig killer
Refusing to attack
Have murder on his back
Over a goddam hog
He is not a war dog
The clear-headed leader
Clearly the better better

Richard Wlodarski

Banging Pots For Front Line Workers

Bang a pot
For the lot
Who has what?
Guts guts guts
Beat the drums
For the chums
Who have what?
Guts guts guts
Hit a pipe
For the gripe
Against what?
COVID COVID COVID
Make some noise
For the boys
Make some curls
For the girls
Let's all scream
For the dream team
Who save lives
With their jives
Louder and louder
Farther and farther
Let them hear you
Say: I LOVE YOU!
We love front line workers
All you nurses doctors
Personal support workers
All of the ace counsellors
We're banging the pot
For the whole great lot
'cause you really got
Guts! Guts! Guts!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

One With One God

You and I are One
One with just One God
One to be free
Of prejudice
One to see beyond colour
We are of just one color
One to hear beyond hate
As One We can solely love
One to taste such World Peace
As One We don't know war
One to smell such evil
As One We don't know sin
One to touch All That's Love
In Such Glory Above

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tattoos - Inspired By Blanketing By M.J. Lemon

Tattoos should be
Like POD
So exquisite
In the right place
For a good time

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such A Precious Gift

We are
The gift
Of Life
Bestowed
Upon
Mortals
By God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Niagara Falls

H-ear
T-he
W-ater
F-all

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Stupor - For Charles Bukowski

Wasted is what
Couch potato
The text dodo
The procrastinator
Alcoholic writer
Would-be athlete
So incomplete

Wasted is what
Blind leading blind
So damn unkind
Greed-infested rats
Feeding off meek cats
The fool on the hill
Wishing for his fill

Wasted is what
All-seeing
So damn blind
All-knowing
So stupid
All-encompassing
So damn ignorant

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Crippled Lives

He hit her in such moment
Of vulnerability
An episode of such stress
Triggered by PTSD

Her tears in swollen eyes
Reminding him of sniper
Mere child scared to death
Bawling as he wipes her out

She understands his pain
And suffering she tries
To be so courageous
With such a crippled life

He can't understand her love
It's been totally replaced
With such fear and damn rage
He prays for meeting in heaven

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

No Escape From Dancing

So damn shy
'cause of scars
Cornered now
No escape
Wallflower
Learns to dance

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Apathy No More

When there ain't no sunshine
And the weather ain't fine
When you ain't got a dime
And you're in your fine prime

When clouds of despair set in
And you know you just can't win
When the storm is brewing
And you are still sleeping

When depression is winning
And you're not in the bidding
When Satan is calling
And God's not listening

That's the time to start screaming
Pounding hell out of pillows
Taking a damn cold shower
And waking up God to you

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Waiting To Be The Saviour's Staff

I don't only
Really wanna free
Those so damn lonely
In times of my misery

I wanna be able to smile
At their newly-found Gomer Pyle
To laugh at such corny jokes
Without marijuana tokes

I wanna be able to see
Beyond Bobby Darin's sea
Be able to light the damn fire
Of Jim Morrison's found desire

I don't only
Really wanna try
To just satisfy
Mick and Keith's justify

PoemHunter.com

I wanna be able to laugh
At the sympathy for the devil
Knowing that we're at ground level
Waiting to be The Saviour's staff

Richard Wlodarski

Crude

Vulgar hero
Flying off screen
With brutal force
Courage not in tact
Virtue left behind
Reason not yet seen

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Sounds Of Loudness

Voices whispering to know not where
Voices whispering know that they're there
Voices in the still of the night
Voices when the room is still bright

Voices loud bright and clear
Voices nearer and nearer
Voices howling in the middle of the night
Voices screaming that maybe they've been right

Voices yelling in the night
Voices crying in the night
Voices striving in the night
Despair Be Aware Repair

Voices of ignorant doctors and arrogant politicians
Voices of apathetic peoples and bloodthirsty morticians
Depress Repress Be A Mess
Knowing that they all digress

PoemHunter.com

Voices of the night
Are the pure white light
Knowing with insight
See beyond the fright

Richard Wlodarski

For Nelson Mandela

In Robben Island
Prison of such death
No bed to sleep on
Not even plumbing
They robbed you of life
Such damn racist pigs
And you were the lamb
Sacrificial one
Soon to be lone wolf
Howling for freedom

Freedom was finally won
For you and South Africa
Short lived freedom for you
On this mortal coil
Heaven welcomed Saint

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Remembering The Good Old Days

I remember
The good old days
Children playing in the park
Them dancing singing such joy

I remember days into nights
Playing hide and seek and baseball
Daredevil roller skate hockey
And my first crush on that cute blonde

I remember
Unauthorized
High school newspaper
My being censored
And so highly praised

I remember
All those years
All those great friends
The memories

PoemHunter.com

The good old days
Clear as light
Never tainted
With bitterness

Richard Wlodarski

A Solemn Prayer

Envisioning
All poverty
All evil war
All goddam hate
All such murder

All the wisdom
Of all the saints
I now fully embrace
Virgin Mother of Christ

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dead Veterans

American
Goddamed soldier
Lost in freedom
Killed for godless
Only to die
By his own hand

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Stars Are Smiling - Inspired By Sadness, Has Such Might By Sandra Feldman

The full moon glows
On campfire
Night's fireworks
Songs of freedom
The wolves howling
Owls hooting
Mother Nature
In night's splendour

Stars are smiling

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Freedom Lives In Poetry

When we write
Poetry
Freedom lives
Depression
Takes back seat
To such joy
Anger is
So mellowed
Happiness
Is constant

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The World's First Selfie

All prim and proper
Victorian too
In dress and morals
Century before
The internet age
Digital psyche
So existential
Proof positive
The world's first selfie

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Now The Creator

I own negative
And now disown it
No longer Victim
Now The Creator

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Rest In Peace, Robert

On this tragic date
Nineteen sixty-eight
Another Kennedy
Dismally laid to rest

He fought against crime
Mafia and slime
In pain and suffering
He helped with the healing
In Vietnam War
Peace meant so much more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Flowers For A Poet

May you persevere
In your nobility
And in your dignity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Foes And Friends

Enemy
Backed up now
So ready
To damn strike
Arrows aimed
At White Light
Misfired
Bled with love
Fed cold hearts
Became friends

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Only With God's Help

Only love
Will win this...
World of peace

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Still With Me In My Heart

So saddened
You and I
No longer
Together
Deeply felt
That true love
Beautiful
As it was
Still with me
In my mind
In my heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

His Answers

His Answers

Whenever I feel down
I walk and talk with One God
He is most attentive
The silent listener
And in peaceful silence
I hear His Answers

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

With You In My Life

With You In My Life

I'll wake up
Stone sober
And sing a song
Of my life to you

I'll see you
In the sunlight
Until I'm blind
Walking with light

I'll hear whispers
Of such wondrous love
Until I'm deafened
By sublime song to you

I'll taste your touch
Love within your heart
And cry at your spell
Until day is long and gone

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Eagle In Grand Flight - For M.J. Lemon

With outstretched wings
You're the eagle
Touching heaven
Wakening
Bukowski
To watch you
In grand flight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dying For Democracy

Courage not fear
In hearts of students
Fear not courage
In hearts of tyrants

Democracy for all
China answered the call
Massacring their own
Killing dog for bone

Tiananmen Square Massacre
Caused an international stir
But President Bush lacked the spine
Chose to dine with cheese and red wine

Trade and investment with tyrant
Was the damned message he had sent
Sacrificing democracy
Brutality and tyranny

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Remembering Empathy

I walked for miles
In the soles of their souls
I saw the fear in their eyes
Terrified I cried with blood-shot eyes
I walked with holes in my soles
Miles journeyed to reach their souls
I heard their screams for freedom
They relinquishing their lives
I tasted their holocaust blood
Remembrance in Christ's suffering
I smelled their burning ashes
In dreams of the phoenix surmounting
I felt the history of their tormenting
Enslaved by a life impoverished

I walked so many miles
In their rubber soles
Confounded by the torment
Of history's dissent

PoemHunter.com

I saw the tears
In their solemn eyes
And cried lonesome
This solace night
I heard whispers
Of their despair
And tasted loss
Forgotten now
Left so lonely
In great despair
In such evil
I die tonight

Richard Wlodarski

Tricycle Baby

Trailing my daddy
On my tricycle
Makes me wanna cry
Wishing to be bicycle
To so lighten the tough chore

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Far Too Many Lonely

Far too many people
On this lonely planet
To live in villages
Where loneliness is gone

Far too many people
In cluttered polluted
So gray concrete jungles
Where such loneliness thrives

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Jesus Sending An Angel

The walls so damn bare now
Stare back at lonely heart
No coffee to wake him
From night of misery

Waiting for an angel
Nightingale singing
Daffodils blooming
Jesus responding

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Sense Of Mystery

If only to hear...
The sound of deafness...
With eyes wide shut …
And see blindness...

If only to taste...
The very last drops
Of life-sustaining
Poisoned blood...

If only to feel...
Life's lost touch...
A heartless soul's
Last embrace...

If only to touch Death...
And feel new-born Life...
To laugh at Satan...
And cry with Jesus...

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

A Mockery Of All That's Human

With a stroke of his brush
He painted them all non-white
His eyes blinded by white
Couldn't see the blackness
He heard his ears listening
To the sounds of the ghetto
His mouth roaring like a lion
Devouring innocent cubs
His hands ever so small punching air
Empty words missing the intended target
His sniffing stale air fighting for his life
His taste for victory crushing all that lives
His spilling blood from the cradle of life
Making a mockery of all that's human

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Prisoner Of Death

In falsely
Believing
Fearing death
Life escapes
Death captures

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Worshiping

It is one thing
To worship in
This place called church
All together
Yet another
Altogether
To worship in
Center of Heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poor, But Wealthy

Without title
A just poor man
I read Bible
Became wealthy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Condiments - 18

Corned beef sandwich
Lost his mustard
With tomalley

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Condiments - 17

The sour pickled eggs
Were bitter in beer

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Condiments - 16

General Custer
Who perfumed golden locks
With cinnamon oil
Became dead mustard
At Little Bighorn

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Forget About The Scrutiny

I can only be
What mine eyes can no
Longer damn make out
In this misery

I can only be
What my deafness shouts
In sounds so unheard
That makes me a nerd

I can only be
What my mouth can speak
In such tongues unknown
Professin' the known

I can only be
What's inside of me
And not damn worry
'bout the scrutiny

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Welcome One God

Take me into
Your pure bosom
And now welcome
Your just true God

Take me into
Your human's trust
Give me your love
Forgive all lost

Take me into
The soul of you
Welcome Spirit
Thank Almighty

Take me into
The Heart of Love
Welcome One God
Adhere to Peace

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Is There A Better Poet?

Is there a better poet
Than such a bitter poet
Who screams in agony
Of the world's misery?

Is there a better poet
Than a furious poet
Who lets loose the reins
Of such sanity?

Is there a better poet
Who's lost touch of reality
In this world of insanity
Making us go damn crazy?

Is there a better poet
In the land of make believe
That makes us see
We're not crazy?

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

The Right Path

In my blindness
Slowly tapping
My way to truth
Never glancing
The backward path

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Colorful Faces

To wear black face
For sake of love
Love for the race
Not their disgrace

To wear brown face
For love of race
Shown with great pride
Sincerity

To wear my white face
With no such disgrace
For the face All Race
In all its beauty

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Heart City - Inspired By Back In Paris By Leeann Azzopardi

Heart City - Inspired by Back In Paris by LeeAnn Azzopardi

Ah, mon Paris!
City of love
Home of artists
Abode to poets

Tears of such joy
And long lasting pain

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Easy To Be Kind

Much easier to be kind
Than to be so damn evil
Your heart will thank you for caring
Your mind will forget immoral

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Are You Crying From Your Grave, Mr Charlton Heston

Are You Crying From Your Grave, Mr Charlton Heston

Are you crying from your grave
O holy one star of such
BEN HUR THE TEN COMMANDMENTS
Supporter of gun control
Gun Control Act of 1968
You blessed it 'cause of Kennedy
And after Robert was murdered
You testified that it would prevent
The murder of Americans
You promised to stand by Tom Laughlin
Remember: responsible gun control
And then, hypocrite, the NRA
The goddam president of NRA
And you had the audacity to say:
I had made some political mistakes

O holy one, you made grievous mistakes:
Opposed to laws restricting guns
Opposed to 5 days waiting period
Opposed to limit 1 gun per month
Opposed to mandatory trigger locks
Opposed to 1994 ban on assault weapons

'From my cold, dead hands'
(That's not even yours
But you're known for it)
Your rhetoric massacres children
Your senseless words kill all innocence
Your cold, dead heart beats to a dead beat
What happened, Mr Charlton Heston?
You've left a legacy of murder
That damned Satan is so damn proud of
May you rest in peace with the victims

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mind's Intuition

Follow your intuition
With your mind's best interests

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Courage And Respect - Inspired By Melancholie Blue's By John Raymond V

Writing from their heart
Those with depression
Those with great illness
With PTSD
Those with some cancer
Those on their deathbed
That is true courage

I empathize with them
I write from a good heart
Trying to console them
Shine some light on their day
Rescue them from darkness
That I too share with them
I respect their courage
Which gives me such great strength

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Never A Slave

Never become
Slave to your mind
Let your heart rule
For happiness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Bully Shines

Bully rubbing
My face in dirt
His life then shone
With great shiner
We became friends

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Learning To Behave

We fought as kids
And got the strap
Corporal
Punishment
It was legal then
For teachers parents
We learned to behave

In protecting children
By eliminating
Corporal punishment
We've turned some into monsters
And others into victims
We must teach them to behave
Through great love in our hearts

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

How We Were Friends

How we were friends
Throughout the years
Some in kindergarten
Warm milk made us peaceful
But when recess had come
We became such rebels

Some in grade school throughout
We learned 'bout poetry
About number zero
And some arithmetic
Fought like gladiators
In Indian ball gym

Some in high school throughout
Protesting Vietnam
Fighting damn censorship
For poetry from heart
Being suspended for
Fighting against their lies

How we were good friends
Throughout the years
Where has the time gone?
The wars haven't ceased
Racism not dead
Mass shootings on rise

So many dying
God is still living!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Grief And Joy

In the depths
Of deep grief
Sadness tears
Our soul
Yet, joy's there

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God's Welcome

We are all angels
Standing in line-up
Waiting for welcome
From the one true God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Mind Racing

The mind races
To finish line
Only to be disheartened
By such a passionate heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Playing

Poetry can be
So much fun and joy
When playing with words

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Death Of A Friend

Dolphin swimming to shore
Swimmer on his slick back
Attack now on the run
Shark smelling the fresh blood

Such gentle dolphin fleeing
From killer shark attacking
Swimmer fearing for his life
Dolphin sensing great fear

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

An Angel Remembers

We were always angels
But most can't remember
Look in mystery of clouds
The angels are guiding You
Keep opening Your true hearts

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Homeless

The angel in me
Standing on bread line
Line between fear
And little courage
Needs not to be drawn
All angels are there
My heart opening
Sends them my true love
Their hearts opening
Receiving my love
Bread line much smaller

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sky's Home

We were once children
Lost in innocence
God's godly sky there
Our playful Home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Faithful

We are brave soldiers
Fighting one damn war
Invisible foe
Yet, we are so blind
Facing the Masked One
Standing our ground
Two metres apart
He spits in faces
Yet, we fear not
Wearing masks and gloves
Protection of God
Satan tries in vain
Many infected
Too many now dead
Derailed yet, stout
Show faith in One God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dylan's Just Human

Dylan goes from profound
To so goddam stupid
Proving he's just human

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God Speaking

God speaks to us
But we are deaf
In such silence
Opening mind
His Words Are Heard

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Future Dreams

Prophetic dreams
Can be painful
A lover's words
So soft and kind
So ease the pain

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ukraine's Nightingale

Ukraine's nightingale
Beautifully singing
Powerfully singing
Songs of such great freedom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Constructive Criticism

Constructive criticism
Good characteristics with bad
Shape us as strong human beings
And give character to poets

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Painful Night

The night's pain
Is softened
By kind words

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Young Rebel In Old Age

I was noticed when I was young
Writing first poem in Grade 5
Such a damn rebel even then
It took me another ten
To start to be now rcognized

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Burden Of Being Noticed

I have been so damn crucified
Because I have been so noticed
Social media murders
Those who are provocative

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

My True Self

I cannot be someone
Who is not my true self
Through sorrowful mistakes
I had lost and failed

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Strait Jackets

I've had it with employers
Who totally exploit you
Who jerk off in rooms of sin
So that they totally win

I won't wear the strait jacket

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Phoneys And Lies

You don't become a con artist
Until you've been conned by the best
And the best are governments
Under the guise of democracy
Ruling poor with such tyranny

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lots Of Fun

As in ordinary life
So in spiritual life
There are no tricks
And no short cuts
But lots of fun

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Robert Frost Meeting Bob Marley

As the ice melts
From One Love
All that remains
Fire in the soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Condiments - 15

The chicken had died
Of suicide sauce

Richard Wlodarski

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Condiments - 14

The hot shot
Was silenced
With hot sauce

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Condiments - 13

Police in India
Pickling thief of pickles

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Condiments - 12

Heinz hunts for
The ketchup

Richard Wlodarski

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Condiments - 11

Bread and butter pickles
Soured on the dough bread

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Condiments - 10

Muster up courage
To ketchup with foes
Shower them with love
Relish the victory

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Condiments - 9

The tartar sauce
Tasted fishy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Condiments - 8

The horseradish
Raced through my veins

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Spiritual Response - For Daniel Brick

How does one respond
To someone not there
Whose body passed on
For God's Love and Care

Never had the chance
To wish you farewell
Didn't know it would be
Our very last time

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Imagery - Inspired By Oceanus Wakes By Kevin Patrick

Incredibly
So beautiful
Imagery
Inspiring
To search my mind
For communion
With Mother Earth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Selfless Love - Inspired By Love 05 - Kindness By Unnikrishnan Sivasankara Menon

Mother Nature teaches us
Selfless love every day
Yet, we destroy her offspring
And kill brothers and sisters

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Divine Supper

As I was having supper
I so traveled in my mind
To your orchard of peppers
So colorful and tasty
Made my supper so divine

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Filling My Heart With Love

I refuse to let hate
Enter my loving heart
And should I be provoked
I will surround myself
With the White Light Of God
Filling my heart with Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Heinz Versus Hunts

His blood splattered shirt
Was key evidence in
The infamous case of
Heinz Ketchup versus hunts

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

False Tears

She was crying
When he came home
Gave her big hug
Dozen roses
She hid the onions
Shed tears of joy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Condiments - 7

Sweet peppers meeting
Very hot peppers
For a cold shower

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Condiments - 6

I need some hot peppers
To spice up my dull life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Condiments - 5

I relish
The sweetness
Of pickles

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Condiments - 4

The blood in his eyes
Just jalapeno
Peppering his life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Condiments - 3

I'm won over
By French Dijon

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Condiments - 2

Found himself in
Such a pickle
Couldn't open
The goddam jar
Of sour pickles

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Condiments - 1

He couldn't muster
The French hot mustard

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Students Of Life

Born as students
To study life
Wisely alert
So maturing
Into students
Of the One God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Here Just For You

Where are you, my friends?
My heart is bleeding
My soul is searching
Spirit is dying

Where are you, my lost friends?
Are you setting with sun?
Or rising with rooster?
I'm here just for you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Holy Buildings

Monuments to God
Are simply nothing
Unless attendees
Walk and talk with God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tomorrow Lives On...

Unfortunately
Or, fortunately
We learn best
Through mistakes
Through failures
Through sadness
Through such grief
Through such pain
That kills us
Our hearts
Our souls
Our lives
And then...we're reborn
Spirit frees the chains
For a walk with God
For a talk with God
And tomorrow lives on...

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Regular Write Irregular Hit

Occasionally
I write a good one
Rarely a big hit
Regularly
Something decent

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Innocent Heart

Innocent heart of
Gerard Kerouac
Beating through poems
For Jack Kerouac

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In The Name Of Love

All poets are great
Humans worthy of
Love and such respect
Such gentle warriors
Fighting with their pen
In the name of Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Predatory Game

I am the worm
Eaten by fish
Eaten by shark
Predatory
Damned game of life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Skillful Mind

It is so thrilling
Acquiring skills
Baffling the mind
And touching the heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Arduous Journey - Inspired By Unikrishnan S Menon

First step was hardest
Second took me back
Third sprung me forward
Last was easiest...
God carrying me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Beautiful Mind

From a beautiful mind
Comes such a loving heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Empathic Heart

Sensitive poet's words
Coming from loving heart
Helped her in her sorrow
Live through yet tomorrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Battling War

The crossroads
Is battle
The war is
The journey
Having won
The battle
I'm prepared
To win war
With sound mind
Loving heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

To Labour With Love

To work as if
Love in action
To see all work
As good for soul
With hands to mold form
With heart to shape love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Of What Value?

Of what value
Is unseen God?
God is seen in...
The sun the moon

God is seen in...
River of life
Mountains on high
Mother Nature

God is seen in...
Children playing
Children crying
Children dying

God is seen in...
All poetry
Dance and heart songs
Rhythm of God

PoemHunter.com

Of what value
Is unseen God?

Richard Wlodarski

Warriors Without The Eye Of The Tiger

They, once warriors of an ancient time,
Lost in the remembrance of Troy
Wooden horses gifted for victory or tragedy?
For crying out loud...they had died way too young!
Human fish drowning treading water learning to survive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

My Aim Is True

To shed a tear
From esteemed poet
Through poignant words
My aim is true

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

She The Magician - For Leeann Azzopardi

Like a magician
Who so entertains
With sleight of her hand
You perform magic
With your mind and word

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Without Gerard

Felt those tremors
After he died
At first thought
He's not gone
Coming back
Woke up sober
To the terror
Pa cursed God
Not the same
Ma cried more
Not the same
Church home for Ma
Bars home for Pa
Home not the same
Without Gerard

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Indebted

I am indebted
To you Mother Earth
For your pure water
Which quenches my thirst
After exercise
And sustains my life

Corrupt politicians
Indebted to pure greed
Butchering all forests
Destroying our lives
Begin Armageddon

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

M.J. Lemon Infuses My Mind

My mind sits still not
Spinning gracefully
Searching and searching
For poem answers
To M.J. Lemon

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mother Earth Crying

Tree stands still in forest
So damn isolated
No life around her life
She's dying no one there
As she falls to her death
The forest feels pain
All life is now so still
Mother Earth is crying

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Forests

Trees are beautiful
Trees are huggable
Trees save our lives

We are indebted
To Mother Nature

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tears Of Unholy

In campfire
I see tears
Of unholy
Fear is there
And quickly gone
I see White Light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Valued Optimist

Call me an optimist
I choose to believe in
All things having value

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mysterious Black Box

Aliens have found their way
Into my compelling dreams
They don't look like in movies
They don't sound like Mork from Ork
They don't talk using their voice
But they're communicating
And not just through intriguing dreams
Their method of choice: Black Box

They're targeting Poem Hunter
And yes, I know this to be true
Because I'm seeing the Black Box
Which isn't visible to all
Kim hasn't yet encountered it
Guess his humour has somehow jammed it

Kim, you are coming through loud and clear

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tears

I will so cry
This lonesome night
And so rejoice
In God's Morning

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Words Unspoken

I cried when you left
The words unspoken
Had stabbed my warm heart
Cold blade to the bone

But you were so moved
On Valentine's Day
With the remembrance
Of our souls' love

Such a tragic loss
Portrayed through heart songs
Still feeling tears
Of such pain and joy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Creating Life Once Again

Morning light...
Escaping...darkness...
Transcending
Time and space...
God whispering...
On the winds of eternity...
Life breathing life...
Into the depths of darkness...
Multi-layered voices singing...
Life-saving messages...hope
God's messengers descending...
Touching lives needing renewing...
Beings surpassing reviving...
Spirits transcending Life...
And God smiling...
Watching and not thinking...
Flowing with thought...and action...
And creating Life once again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Woman

Woman needs no make up
Her eyes reflect her soul
And show inner beauty
Which is loved by this man

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Heart Of Innocence

To wake up alive
After hibernating
To a world
Of beauty

To see true love
Open to all
And peace still
Abiding

To feel the good heart
Of child's innocence
Fighting such ignorance

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Inner Journey

Battered body with Christ
Soulful heart with Buddha
Divided within self
Transcended in Jesus

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Museums

In museums
Dead are alive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cemeteries

In cemeteries
Like dead museums
The deceased at rest
Are now so honoured

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

War Crying For Peace

Sands of time
Have worn out
Peace not war

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Passion Fruit

Passion fruit
Fruit of my
Labour of love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

More To Give Less

Never been fan of
Wanting more and more
Less was satisfying
But government is now
Stealing the poor's money
Money that I don't have
So, if I win the lottery
I have more to give less

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poets Are Never Alone

Poets are never alone
Like all artists they suffer
In those dark lonely moments
When sunshine feels like rain
Happiness feels like pain
And laughter cannot be found
They delve into themselves
They search their hearts and their souls
To find such great inner strength
To ink the page with their blood
So that adventure continues

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Tortuous Action

Soul suffocating
Burning in the hell
Of own creation

Post mortem accessory
To such damn brutal murder
All my damned friends' worst nightmare

One dead sent to purgatory
One living repenting in cell
One dying to live in heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Prematurely Dying

We die when...
We can no longer
See the bright light
Morning's sunrise
Awakening us to...
An awesome new day

We die when...
We can no longer
Hear the rooster's call
Birth of a new day
Shaking us up to...
Life's wild adventure

We die when...
We can no longer
Smell the sweet scent
God's paradise
Sensing us to...
Meditation on Life

PoemHunter.com

We die when...
We can no longer
Taste water's life
Energy's delight
Sparking us to...
Divinity's call

We die when...
We can no longer
Feel the womanly touch
Love's warm embrace
Exciting us to...
Naturally... ecstasy

We die when...
We can no longer
Experience Life
Satan's evil curse

Depressing us to death...

Richard Wlodarski

Doing It Now

Whatever I can
Do tomorrow
I will today
For tomorrow
May never come

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Evolving From Yesterday

What I now say today
I will think tomorrow
Reflect on yesterday
And create tomorrow

What I see today
I will envision
Resurrect yesterday
And create tomorrow

What I hear today
Positively project
Deftly restore from then
And create tomorrow

What I touch today
Sensed for tomorrow
Retouched from yesterday
And create tomorrow

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Soul Mates Finding Each Other

Today
I will experience the essence of your humanity...
I will gaze into the window...to your lost and lonely soul...
And look into your eyes of opportunity...
And realize that yours are ardent eyes of love.

I will hear your message...
With an inner hearing that listens to whispers
Gently crying in the warm summer wind.

I will kiss softly your quivering lips,
As my wandering spirit enters your mind...

I will embrace all of my experience...
And search out the essence of my humanity...
So that...I may love with the passion of Eros...
Empowering my being to touch your spirit...
And our souls to find each other...

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Chocolate

As I eat my Toblerone
I never wanna get stoned

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

With Reverence

To waste wisely
My forlorn days
Sleep peacefully
Dream blissfully
Through all hours
Of The One's night
And Coming Day
To be gentle
To beast burden
To be kind
To All Kind
With love in heart
Laughter in soul
To greet the day
With reverence
Opportunities
To ever behold

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Spiritual Christian

Today I am brave
I stand up in faith
For just One True God

I see sameness
In the colour
In the culture
In religion

I just hear
Music of soul
I only taste
Blood of Jesus

I die
In peace

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Ink Is Never Dry

To now write
For only
What matters
This moment
And not next
And not cry now
'bout yesterday
Live for today
Beat tomorrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Great Freedom

To be rooted
To the body
Yet, fly with soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Toasting The Good And The Bad

Here's to the death
Of bloody war
To the death
Of ISIL
And all holy wars

Here's to the death
Of terrorism
To the death
Of extremists
All dictators

Here's to the death
Of racism
To the death
Of KKK
And all not OK

Here's to my misfortune
Learning through life's mistakes
Strengthening my fortune
From classic movie outtakes

Here's to your misfortune
May you learn about poverty
About sweat shop misery
'bout inherited fortune

Here's to Ode To Joy
To the music in all of us
To the poetry of the soul
To love and peace in the world

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tiger And Lone Wolf

There's a tiger
Within us all
Not familiar
At times cries lone wolf
Knocked halfway 'cross jungle

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Cry Of Anguish

I no longer
Have such once faith
My eyes blinded
By devil's light

I no longer
See the sparking
In the lightning
Of believing

I no longer
Hear the roar
Of such thunder
Of great power

I no longer
Able to touch
The face of love
In dance of life

PoemHunter.com

I no longer
Feel passion
For labour done
For goals propelled

Richard Wlodarski

Life During Pandemic

Dead in COVID-19
Black-out drapes fully closed
No food in the damn fridge
Beer too warm to drink
Water too damn dirty
Clothes not fit for washer
TV's too depressing
Life is so surreal
Thank God nightmare ended

Lucid dreaming today
Alive in the virus
Black-out drapes now opened
Healthy food in the fridge
Cold one for victory
Water so refreshing
Clothes dapper for dating
TV's awakening
Life is so beautiful
Thank God dreams replenish

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Pain Needn't Be Painful

Train your body
To control pain
During the rain
During sunshine
All of the time

When it reigns with pain
Use the mind-body
Heal connection

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ghosts In Phone Camera

When your phone camera
Takes a picture of me
What you see is my ghost
Communicating with you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Be Yourself

Be
Just you
Right now
Today
Tomorrow
Forever

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Poet Not Preacher

I don't write
To damn preach
I just write
To damn reach

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Invitation To The White Light

In darkest of hours
With wolves howling at moon
No stars in midnight sky
Campfire so blazing
Spirits now inviting
My soul to the White Light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Guardian Of Jackasses

Very wise and strong mule
Offspring of male donkey
And gentle female horse
Guardian of jackasses

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Are You Still There? - Inspired By Vanished By Bill Cantrell

Where have my poet friends gone?
I so miss your heart and soul
I miss your encouragement
You are a great family
Brothers and sisters from world

Like a child at Christmas
I would rush to read your words
Overwhelmed with such great joy
Way better than any toy

Where have you all gone?
Friends from India
Who shared my poems
With your family
Second family!

Where are you from England
You had opened your hearts
That were so painfully wounded
I responded with empathy

Where are you, worldly professor?
Who bestowed title of honour
Which I am so humbly wearing
And dancing with greatest of joy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

They Don't Live Now

They live in yesterday
Fighting for tomorrow
Forgetting 'bout today

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poem For Jesus

The first poem I wrote
Was in Grade 5 for Christ
Won the class' first prize
To my great surprise

I'm still writing about God
I'm not a pea in a pod

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Knockin' On Heaven's Door

Just like young Gerard
Jack's older brother
And humble I
You, Bob Dylan
In such visions
Finding answers
And then knocking
On Heaven's Door

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Bob Dylan Doesn't Have The Answers?

I am not Bob Dylan
I don't have the answers
To what's blowin' in the wind
He doesn't he's not pretending

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Freedom Song

Nightingale
Obscured by fog
Singing such song
Of great freedom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life's Kill

At end of night
I'm just so dead
Wake up so thrilled
For my life's kill

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Before The Kill

Am I enemy of state?
Or am I compatriot?
Are friends mine allies?
Or conspirators?
Do sharks smell blood
Before the kill?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Not Just Yet

I'm not dead
Not just yet
But I look
Into stare
Of mine eyes
And think that
I might die
Then White Light
Surrounds me
All Is Well

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

When Night Died

When night died
Saw you last
Thought you'd be
There today
But morning
Brought mourning
And I died

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

When Comedy Died

When comedy is
No longer funny
The jokes are corny
And so offensive
When such poor laughter
Makes you wanna cry
And not reach for sky
That's no time to die

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

When Our Romance Died

When our romance died
The moon's glow so paled
The wolves stopped howling
Campfire died out
The owl lost sight
The stars not so bright
In dark sky tonight
Went to bed and cried

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Waltzing With Whitman

I shall awaken
And touch this pure earth
Glorify in sun
Love all animals
Even the beastly
I shall despise riches
Give alms to the homeless
And share my such poor wealth
With those who are tasteless
I shall stand up for
Those so dull witted
Eerily crazy
Devote my income
To those so damn poor
Labour for justice
Above all...hate tyrants

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Stirring Of This Lifeless Soul

There's a stone-cold fire in the warm fireplace
Forever reminding me of my resting place
Eternal flames burning a hole in my soul
Breathing new life into my existing role

There's a fearless wind in the midnight sky
Forever blowing not knowing how to die
A full moon beckons to the wolf in me
Trying desperately to set me free

There's a lonesome road ahead
Deserted wraiths left for dead
Heartbreak Hotel...a mirage...one more mile to goal
Comfort for the stirring of this lifeless soul

Anger fear sadness grief sorrow...be aware
Remnants of ghosts strewn along the road of despair
Reminders of so many wasted days and wasted nights
Shadows remaining in darkness searching for brighter lights

PoemHunter.com

There's a burning flame in the embers of my being
Director of this wondrous movie of novel living
The ultimate adventure of mind over matter
In which Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung batter and scatter

There's eternal life where once there was darkness...
And the tongue of light glows with so much brightness...
And I see Carl Jung and Hermann Hesse playing the glass bead game...
And the hole in my soul is whole again in this glorious game

Richard Wlodarski

Writing Freely

The complex mind
Obstructing heart
From the passion
Of just writing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mysterious Wake Up Call

I felt something
At end of bed
Something like slap
Of dog's tail
Doggone Sheba
Siberian
Frisky Husky
Wanting to play
Slept little longer
Dreamt more vividly
About Sheba
In Dog Heaven
Woke peacefully

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Comforting You On Your Journey Back Home

I write this song for you
When you're feeling just blue
In this moment when life is dead
And you know there's nothing ahead

I will see you through morning
In your time of such mourning
I will shed my tears with you
In this time that is damn true

I will hear your cries of pain
And comfort you through the disdain
I will wrap you in the warmth of my touch
Until threshold of pain is just such

I will taste with you this great suffering
And I will make you this one offering
I will sit by the comfort of your side
And take with you this adventurous ride

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In Fine Focus

Somehow I lost my calling
Woke up one lonely morning
Feeling more than damn depressed
In such pain and agony

Black-out shades hiding sun
Shielding me from the fun
Guardian angels lost
Crying out for such help

Sleep seems so comforting
Life's far too depressing
Angels surrounding me
God's whispering to me

Daytime transcends nighttime
Dreams overcome nightmares
All once unstabilized
Now such great inner peace

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Becoming Forever Young Again

There's a place in the green green grass of home
Where I strive to be in unity
Where the river finds its home
And I know I'll never be lonely

There's a place in the sun
Where always there's lots of fun
Where only positive memories reside
And in all honesty there's nothing to hide

There's a place where you and I meet
In the infinity of yesterday today tomorrow
And life goes on without anymore sorrow
And once again we will greet

There's somewhere within tomorrow and yesterday
Where we meet with the uncertainty of today
And we'll empower ourselves and move towards tomorrow
And with time to borrow forget about yesterday's sorrow

There's a place in the space of your infinite mind
Where you discover the child within
And become forever young again

Richard Wlodarski

Not So Long Ago

There was such a time...
When we had lived
In peacefulness
Of a time not
That long ago

There was indeed such a wonderful time
When all that we breathed in was such great joy
Of a time lost in only yesterday
And today was only a breath away

There was indeed such a prosperous time
When all that life breathed in was inspiration
Of such a great time in cosmic consciousness
Spirituality the essence of being

There was this simple joyous wonderful time
When Christmas was each and every single day
Of a time lost in the breathtaking fairy land of children
And today embodied all of yesterday and tomorrow

There is a time when...
All the pure joy of
Our childhood
Is nicely expressed
Old is young again

Richard Wlodarski

Mount Tamalpais

Mount Tamalpais
Splendour throughout
But Coast Miwok
Never touch peak
There dwells evil witch

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Heart's Prescription

My heart feels pain
The prescription is:
Write 'bout suffering

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Belief In Self

Dead is he who has lived
A wasted life
With memories of a dark past
And visions of a black future
But there is still hope
For the man who believes
In himself

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

All That Is You...Is Love

If only to see
Through your soulful eyes
Because I am blind
If only to hear
Through your sound ears
Because I am deaf
If only to smell
Through your Pinocchio nose
Because I smell no evil
If only to taste
Through your pouting mouth
Because I'm tasteless
If only to touch
Through warmth
In your hands
My cold pain
If only to experience
Through your soul
The wonder of you

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Words Of Wisdom

Seeing the king
Solemnly sad
The wise poet
Meditated
And came to him
Words of wisdom:
'This too shall pass'

Words from One God
From one poet
To such wise king
From such wise times
To such tough times

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Condolences

Think of those times
When you were closest
See his kind smile
Hear his laughter

Thank God for memories
For lessons taught and learned
For the love he gave you
For the love in return

And in your mind
Experience
All of that love
And then...move on

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lover

My lover died
In tragedies
Of family
She is alive
In memories

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Fire

Passion for writing
Fire of the soul
Is now ignited

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The River

River gently flowing
Streams of thought complying
Meditation teaching
Wisdom is now gaining

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lake Ontario

Looking out window
Lake Ontario
In all her splendour
Gift to remember

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Making It Work

I deeply desire
To keep my goal alive
I have the faith belief
That it will indeed work
I hold definitely
The clearest of visions
Step by successful step
Not one iota of
Doubt or disbelief
This is my desire
My such great passion
That even such death
Will not take this life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Editing Poetry

Editing is like
Sharpening dull knife
The sharper the mind
The greater the write

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Like Francis Of Assisi

He sits there
In forest
His eyes closed
Heart open
Soul searching
Dogs calming
His spirit
Thanking God
For his friends
His soul searching
For Heaven's Gate

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Inspiration From Francis Of Assisi

It's necessary
To have this passion
To write day and night

It's possible
To publish books
Of poetry

Suddenly
A dozen
Then baker's
Now cooking

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Heartless Critic

The critical mind
Analyzed poem
And tore it apart
Forgetting his heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Going The Wrong Way

Mine intentions
Are so darn good
But unique way
May be backwards

Lost in the forest
God guides my soul's path
My solemn silence
Hears Word of God

My backward path
Is not wayward
God's directions
Mine intentions

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

We Are Not Criminals

Because I have been robbed
And savagely beaten
Abandoned left to die
Have I right to murder?

Because I have been raped
And physically scarred
Emotionally devoid
Have I right to murder?

Because I have been stripped
Of my virginity
Cheated of childhood
Have I right to murder?

One God has given Life
Our most precious gift
To always be cherished
And never be stolen

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Victory Over Sin

Seeing His Beauty
In Mother Nature

Hearing His Voice
In the wild

Feeling His Love
In my writing

Solemnly
In praying
Tasting Blood

Victory
Over Sin

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dead Societies

Some societies
Live like dinosaurs
Devouring weak
Draconian laws
Forcing some to die
So prematurely

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

She Played Drums Wonderfully

She played drums wonderfully
So romantically

She carried the beat strongly
To so many hit heart songs
Her frail body fighting
Grim Reaper waiting backstage

I saw her before she died
Played all her hits and then cried

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Tyrant With Compassion?

Does hated Putin
Have some compassion?

Is the cross he wears
A fashion statement?
Was it indeed blessed
In Jerusalem?

After fire in his home
Did he demand a servant
Search everywhere to find it?
Was his faith restored?

Is he on God's side?
Or goddam Satan's?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Evil Visits Purgatory

Evil afraid of White Light
Trying to circumvent it
Runs into purgatory
Meditating on The Light
Cleansed of sin... and is forgiven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Before God's Call

Like diamond
In the rough
Wasted youth
Immature
Polished with age
Led to wisdom
Before God's Call

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Fulfilling His Dreams

Having wasted
Youthful years
On foolish dreams
Too immature

Wasting not my life
On glorious dreams
With God's Love in heart
I fulfill His Dreams

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Feeling The Writing

I'm always feeling what I write
Sometimes not understanding it
Spirit is dominating me
Encouraging soul to set free

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Chaos In Beauty

In her beauty
She was ugly
Found no freedom
In their kingdom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Chaos

In truth
I was lost
In such chaos
When lies betrayed
Mine inner self
And found Nowhere

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hero

Became hero today
Gave my soul to Jesus
Saved my such saddened life
Prevented a good friend
From committing suicide
From lost to new-found freedom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

All That Is Love And Peace

Because I cannot
See You doesn't mean
That You are not with me
I sense You everywhere

You are in the morning sun
That brings Life to all of life

You are the song
Of nightingale

You are the wind
Beneath the wings
Of angels' flight

You are in the scent
Of Mother's roses

You are the lion's roar
And the kitten's soft meow

You are the laughter
In children playing

You are the sight
Of the blind man

You are the plight
Of the homeless

You are the Breath of Life
In a newborn baby

You are the infant's smile
And the parents' gratitude

You are all that is love
And all that is such peace
In the world's suffering

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

The Passionate Turtle

I always knew
About passion
But paying bills
Had slowed me down

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Calling Myself A Poet

Calling myself a poet
Writing so damn succinctly
Walking the tight rope
Without a goddam net

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Writing A Poem

Writing a poem
Is what I can do
And know how to do
And desperately
Goddam need to do

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Bite Of The Big Apple

I write about Kerouac
Now have to go on the road
I have to go to Big Apple
To have a taste of big success

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Child In Snowstorm

As a child
Walked home in storm
Lost bus token
No tokens of love
From frigid strangers
Fear freezing me
Hands and cold feet
Greeted by warmth
Of mother's heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Counterculture

Dead leaves falling
From Tree Of Life
Raking to be done
Protesting not outdone
Waiting for the outcome

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

By The Peace Of Poetry

Poetry suppressed anger
And made me a peaceful man

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Anger Past And Present

Back then anger ate me up
Poetry restored my life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dylan Inspired

Inspired
By words of
Bob Dylan
Such freedom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Ready To Be Heard

When I rise
And see sun
Birth of day

When I see
First smile
Of infant

Children laughing
Dancers dancing
Singers singing

When I view
The sunset
Day fading
Moon glowing
Wolves howling

When campfire
Sizzling and
Near its death
Resurrecting

Poetry cries out
Poetry for writing
Poetry for reading
Ready to be heard

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Creativity In Retirement

Poetry is my new life
Freedom in retirement

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Just Hours To Freedom

Motoring out of city
Escaping such misery
Heading for God's country
Three hours to freedom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Simply Peaceful

The moon danced tonight
As we drank got stoned
So naturally
On beauty of it all
The wolves howling
The moods growling
Campfire blazing
Ready for singing
Mother Nature's high

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Inner Self

Inner beauty
Hiding shyly
Waiting patiently
Triumphantly

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Tyrant Is Dead

I had a dream
In which you and I
Kissed the president
A final good-bye

We were holding hands
Walking on the beach
Sand in our toes
Kissing the still wind

He was experiencing
Such atrocious nightmares
Full moon beckoning
To werewolves within

We christened the moon
He woke soaked in blood
Cuba lay on the horizon
Satan's damned hell welcomed him home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Communicating With The Soul

I only write the words
The pen cements the ink
I only see the sights
The eyes illuminate
I only hear the sounds
The ears authenticate
I only taste the fruit of life
My mouth and tongue communicate

I only smell the sweat
Of this forgotten soul
And feel within arm's reach
Presence of All-Loving God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ghost Writer - 5

I am Ghost Writer
Cahooting with
Robin Williams
'bout Mork and Mindy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Leadership

I shall lead with free mind
And serve with kindred Heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ghost Writer - 4

The Lizard King Jim Morrison

I am Ghost Writer
Astral travelling
With the Lizard King
To Paris his death

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ghost Writer - 3

The Heart Of Janis Joplin

I am Ghost Writer
Writing from the heart
Of Janis Joplin
No longer alone

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ghost Writer - 2

The Soul of Michael Jackson

I am Ghost Writer
Writing for the soul
Of Michael Jackson
Correcting the wrong

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ghost Writer - 1

The Spirit of Kerouac

I am Ghost Writer
Writing for spirit
Of Jack Kerouac
Lost in his found soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In The World Of Abnormal

In today's world...abnormal is...normal
Who's to say what's normal or abnormal
A bat flying into an elevator
Full of lost and lonely souls

A blind man selling lead pencils
Dinosaur in a too modernized world
Some pathetic drunk drunk on sorrow
Killing for a damn lost tomorrow

Who's to say what's normal
The bishop's queen or drag queen
Baptized children raped by saintly priests
Suicide bombers killing in the name of sex

Worldly leaders impoverished by greed
Batman succumbing to the evil Joker
God's only child the one and only Jesus Christ
Succumbing to the trickery of the Dark Prince

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Madonna Fired

Wow! Madonna being dumped
From the Dunkin' Donuts job
For breaking jelly machine
Angry at peanut brain
Buttered her rock and roll

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reflections On Shakespeare

Ah! Your father gets paid to drink beer
And is it true that you poached some deer?

You and your wife don't sleep in same bed
You bequeath her your 'second best' bed

You only went to grammar school
Some believe you were quite a fool

Your parents never learned to read or write
And your children weren't really all that bright

You were an 'upstart crow' who flew away
To your biographers' total dismay

What did you do those seven years
After fleeing for poaching deer?

Did you work as a schoolteacher?
Passing through Stratford as actor?
Did you study law
To stay above law?

Seven lost years
Left some in tears

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Almost Free

The old man's weathered face glared at him
From out of the antique oak mirror
Each wrinkle a reminder of pain endured
Over a lifetime of war and misery
The mirror was his worst enemy
Forever reminding him that his battle was not won

His eyes searched out his soul
In the antiquity of glass and wood
Only to find the dread of loneliness
His heart aching for a new love
Still broken from unrequited love
Could not endure this suffering life

The old man cursed for he could not cry
The tears would have washed away his anguish
He tried praying but God was far too busy
He tried dying but his time hadn't yet come

PoemHunter.com

So the old man glared at the antique oak mirror
And what he saw bewildered him
The wrinkled face was now smiling at him
Reminding him that he had weathered the worst of storms
And that the remainder of his life will be almost free

Richard Wlodarski

Darkness Fading Into Light

Came the morning
With the sun brighter
Than ever before
Came the morning
With a new message
Of hope
Came the sun
Piercing through
Obscured clouds
Came the message:
A new dawn is
Upon you now
Make of it
What you will
Choose to bathe
In its warmth
And see every
Ray of brilliance
As a new road
To your success
And happiness
OR
Choose to freeze
In Shadow's
Darkest realm
Seeing and
Hearing
Just nothing
If he could speak
He would now say:
Damn let me be
So much like you
Special someone
With personality
And now I will show you
That I can be Someone
Came the evening
With such deaf darkness
Like never before

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And the lone Shadow
Now stood so frozen
In the dead of night
So damn paralyzed
Unable to speak
Unable to listen
Unable to move
BUT
They were able
Today to see
Today to think
Of the other
Reality
A better life
A life so full
Of such laughter
And happiness
And soon
The frozen darkness vanished
And morning was now announced

Richard Wlodarski

Youth Growing Old

When I was young
I played in park
Until the dark
When lights went out
Seemed forever

A little older smarter
I worked in the park money
To pay rent and the damn bills
So many bills too few hills
For my teens to climb and play

Still older little smarter
Employed as social worker
Helping clients fight addiction
And discover their life's passion
Burning out mine own life's passion

More older little wiser
Employed as hypnotist
Finally found passion
Directing clients to
Forget about the past
Forget about future
Focus on success now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Imagining Memory

Beautiful imagery
For sparking memory
So needed as light's fading
From such glowing harvest moon

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

An Angel In The Guise Of Teacher

For way too many years
My mind had been focusing
On the negativity
Non-existent positive

I was drained my friends were drained
When the sun was shining
For me it was raining
Negativity reigning

I had created barrier
An indestructible fortress
Keeping away the enemy
And destroying all my friendships

God had sent an angel to me
A teacher of such fortitude
Compassion and such great passion
To get disciple back on track

PoemHunter.com

Miss Wolfe so gentle and kind
Taught me about forgiveness
About how to love and be loved
To express it creatively

Richard Wlodarski

Face Of Friendship - 4

Fast Eddie and Theresa

She's saucy sweet and spicy
He's so gentlemanly
She loves talking and dancing
He leaves listening to talking

She has gift of gab
He's keeping a tab
She tries to shoot pool
He's the king of pool

She's from the old school
He's the old new cool
She bathes him by candlelight
Of course, he's her shining knight

She pleases him with provocative poses
He surprises her with beautiful roses
She's the princess
He's the daddy
They are doubtless
Not too shabby

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Face Of Friendship - 3

Big Bad John

He came in from the cold
In a time when he was bold
Looking into his father's tired eyes
In an age of the bluest of skies

He fell to his knees when his mother cried
Remembering all the dreams that had died
Tears streaming down his saddened face
Searching for something to give him grace

He smiled the bravest of loneliest smiles
While traversing long and dangerous miles
Laughing just the same while crying
Thrashing the goals frying and trying

Big Bad John coming through loud and clear
Reminding his folks why he's so dear
A heart of gold wallet full of charm
Created a man that did no harm

Coming into the bold
When his life had been cold
Searching his father's redeeming eyes
In a time of sunniest skies

Resurrected mom full of Happy
Dreams becoming a reality
Life's lost found after broken
In memories that were stolen

She laughed the bravest of smiles
Her son winning all those miles
He smiled with a tear in his eye
His father trying hard not to cry

Big Bad John with a heart of gold
God could not break this wholesome mold

His family and friends so near
In this place he finds no fear

Richard Wlodarski

Face Of Friendship - 2

A Song Of Friendship

If not for friends...
Could I rise and feel
The rays of the morning sun
Burning through a tough new face
Could I save the old face
From total disgrace

If not for friends...
Could I eat only a morsel
And feel full and satisfied
Knowing I could have died
Could I save starvation
From total destruction

If not for friends...
Could I see radiant smiles
On the faces of beautiful people
Expressing hope and optimism
Could I stave off depression
Through kind acts of assertion

If not for friends...
Could I hear rhythmic music
In the beats of diverse drummers
Marching to freedom and democracy
Could I slow the painful deafening
Through the art of attentive listening

If not for friends...
Could I touch the heart of love
And feel all that is good
Feel love and be loved by self
Could I reach out and touch the Hand Of God
Fully embrace That Love and never walk alone

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Face Of Friendship - 1

Christ's Friend Chris

Radiant smile open welcoming arms
Offering friendship to lost lonely souls
From broken homes and desolate streets
To a place where camaraderie reigns supreme

He sits enjoying food and sharing drink
Stealing time for memories of homeland
Sipping Guyanese rum from his secret flask
Laughing enjoying life rolling with the punches

His is the face of friendship
Warmth kindness compassion
Disguised in a game of fun pool
In stories of love and laughter

His is the face of friendship
Brotherly love of life
Disguised in a box full of songs
Recording music for the soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

My Glory For You

I will always sing
When I wake eyes bright
Seeing feeling sun
I will always sing
My Glory for You
I shall in depths of blue
Transpire to such heights
That makes devil so stew

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Fighting Like The Devil

Hey, you damned one
Born of One God
Turned damn devil
Where you went wrong?
You weren't damn one then
You had such great heart
You once saw God's Light
When you had almost died
The light had so damn dimmed
On your road to damn sin
You resurrected to stardom
Then your white tarnished heart
Somehow got so evil

You said: Screw You Satan
And went back On Right Path

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Fear Dying

Tumbling
Into
Darkness
Deeper
Deeper
Deeper
Fear
Stifling
Damn breath
Fear
Crippling
Body
Fear
Winning
Gambling
On life
Spirit
Waking
Seeing
The Light
Sharing
The Light
Fear
Dying
Dying
Dead now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Passionately Writing

Working day in day out
Passionately writing
About Jack Kerouac
And darkness of his soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Never Leaving By Back Door

May I wake before sunrise
Racing on my Life Cycle
Beating Death knocking at door
Never leaving by back door

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Predestined Work

My work is predestined
Chiefly, to help lost souls
To find their life's purpose

To write with passion
Day in and day out
Until lights are out

Not necessarily
In that divine order

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Cheating Death Club

Free to cheat the Grim Reaper
Belonging to 5AM Club
Waking before early bird rooster
Flying on my life cycle booster

Reading such inspirational
Poetry on Poem Hunter
Racing for motivational
Long beautiful days of summer

Meditating with morning sun
So breathtakingly beautiful
Strengthening body physical
Exercising powerful mind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

When Doves Cry - Tribute To Prince

When Doves Cry
Skipper may fly
At age seven
He's in heaven

When Doves Cry
Gazoo may fly
Huge Afro and small body
One day he'll be somebody

Purple Rain is falling
The Kid's misbehaving
The girls are chasing
He's orchestrating

Epilepsy
Makes him flashy
And damn noisy
Celebrity

PoemHunter.com

His Purple Majesty
In his wondrous glory
In heels and dressed to kill
In the name of ladies' thrill

The Purple One
Having much fun
In blazing sun
Under the gun

Guitar drums and keyboards
Playing all for fans in hordes
Odd shaped guitars and high pitched voice
Made him an icon of one's choice

His Purple Majesty
Let Us Go Crazy
Way past 1999
As his star did so brightly shine

The High Priest of Pop devilishly flaunting
Explicit lyrics in his unique singing
The Prince of Funk His Royal Badness has died
In waters of Lake Tonawonga purified

Richard Wlodarski

Joy To Behold - 46

Joy to behold
Dean Martin

Richard Wlodarski

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Joy To Behold - 45

Joy to behold
Caddyshack

Richard Wlodarski

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Joy To Behold - 44

Joy to behold
Rodney Dangerfield

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 43

Joy to behold
Eddie Murphy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 42

Joy to behold
Richard Pryor

Richard Wlodarski

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Joy To Behold - 41

Joy to behold
Freddie Prinze

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 40

Joy to behold
Sanford and Son

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 39

Joy to behold
Bob Hope Classic

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 38

Joy to behold
Red Skelton

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 37

Joy to behold
Don Rickles

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 36

Joy to behold
Jackie Gleason

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 35

Joy to behold
The Flinstones

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 34

Joy to behold
Robin Williams

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 33

Joy to behold
Mork and Mindy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 32

Joy to behold
I Love Lucy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 31

Joy to behold
Johnny Carson

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 30m

Joy to behold
Much comedy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 29

Joy to behold
Mohamed Ali
Boxing to freedom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 28

Joy to behold
Nelson Mandela's
Hard fought for freedom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 27

Joy to behold
Life of Gandhi

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 26

Joy to behold
Birth of Jesus

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 25

Joy to behold
Summer swimming

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 24

Joy to behold
Winter skiing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 23

Joy to behold
Water skiing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 22

Joy to behold
The Grand Canyon

Richard Wlodarski

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Joy To Behold - 21

Joy to behold
California

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 20

Joy to behold
My Godmother
Dressing up as
Her Santa Claus

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 19

Joy to behold
My first good joke

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 18

Joy to behold
My first bear hug

Richard Wlodarski

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Joy To Behold - 17

Joy to behold
My first hug

Richard Wlodarski

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Joy To Behold - 16

Joy to behold
First paying job

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 15

Joy to behold
First paper route

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 14

Joy to behold
First bicycle

Richard Wlodarski

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Joy To Behold - 12

Joy to behold
A helping hand

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 13

Joy to behold
First tricycle

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 11

Joy to behold
First birthday gift

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 10

Joy to behold
First Christmas gift

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 9

Joy to behold
My first girlfriend

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 8

Joy to behold
Given first kiss

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 7

Joy to behold
Giving first kiss

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 6

Joy to behold
Stranger smiling

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 5

Joy to behold
Wolves howling

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 4

Joy to behold
Full moon glowing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 3

Joy to behold
Sunset tonight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 2

Joy to behold
Sunrise today

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To Behold - 1

Joy to behold
Newborn baby

Richard Wlodarski

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It's Arduous 17

It's hard to be angry
When you're hysterical

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

It's Arduous - 16

It's hard to be angry
When at karaoke

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

It's Arduous - 15

It's hard to be angry
When at Comedy Night

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

It's Arduous - 14

It's hard to be angry
When baby is smiling

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

It's Arduous - 13

It's hard to be angry
When dog's licking your face

Richard Wlodarski

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It's Arduous - 12

It's hard to be angry
When you're really laughing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

It's Arduous - 11

It's hard to be angry
When you're sipping water

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

It's Arduous - 10

It's hard to talk about dinner
When you're out for your last supper

Richard Wlodarski

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It's Arduous - 9

It's hard to talk about breakfast
When you can't bring home the bacon

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

It's Arduous - 8

It's hard to be on a diet
When there's no food on your cold plate

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

It's Arduous - 7

It's hard to have roof over your head
When building's foundation is crumbling

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

It's Arduous - 6

It's hard to stay dry
When bills are reigning

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

It's Arduous - 5

It's hard to pay the rent
When you are damn homeless

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

It's Arduous - 4

It's hard to eat raw vegetables
But if you don't then you're so damn cooked

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

It's Arduous - 3

It's hard to wake up
No need to practise
Before just dying

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

It's Arduous - 2

It's hard for me to eat fruit
But I'm ape for bananas

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

It's Arduous - 1

It's Hard - 1

It's hard for me to exercise
But it gets my motor running
And keeps my sad ticker ticking

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

It's Hard - 1

It's hard for me to exercise
But it gets my motor running
And keeps my ticker ticking

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Eating Fruit

It's hard for me to eat fruit
But I'm ape for bananas

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Exercising Before Rooster Wakes

Hard to wake up at 5AM
But it is so very wise
Hard to exercise at that time
But it gets the motor running
And keeps the ticker fine tuning

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

From Stationary To Bicycling

On my Life Cycle
Cycling for good life
I can hardly wait
For real McCoy
Then I'll have joy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Black Slaves And White Indentured Servants

Black slaves fighting for freedom
Their pay and the right to vote
White indentured servants
Escaping from contracts
To goddam slave drivers

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Excellence

In search for
Excellence
I write more
From my heart
And my mind
Books to be published
For life's remembrance

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Surrendering For Higher Good

I surrender
My heart and soul
For higher good
I fear not
Evil Satan
For I'm with God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Time As Foe Or Friend- For Poet Friend Gajanan Mishra

Time can be greatest enemy
Our foe to the very end
Letting body feel pain
And mind feel suffering

Time can be our greatest friend
Our pal to the very end
Letting body feel the joy
Of being alive to today

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Waking Before Sunrise

Woke at 5AM
Preparing for sun
Got on Life Cycle
Cycling for my life
Got inspiration
From the internet
Then meditated
On the morning sun
On birth of new day
Extending my life
A few hours more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Until Dreams Fade

Marching to the beat
Of different drummer
Love and hate
War and peace
Friend and foe
I beat drum
All night long
'til dreams fade

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soul Sold - Inspired By Rhonda By Leeann Azzopardi

Gutsy gal
Had to sell
Her body
To devil
Her spirit
Now shattered
Soul stolen
Jesus watched
And forgave

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Slavery In White House

President Jefferson
With hid God mighty pen
Selling to Madison
An indentured servant
White slave instead of black

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Critical Thinking - Inspired By Poetry Is There - 174 By Dr Dillip K Swain

Sometimes critical thinking
Needing rest from reality
Searches out creativity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Peace Accord - Inspired By Good Afternoon By Dr Dillip K Swain

The aftermath of the noon
Friends and foes buried hatches
Picked up pens instead of swords
Drew up mighty peace accord

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

This Aged Man - Inspired By King Stanza - 908 By Dr Dillip K Swain

I settle not
For aged body
My mind active
Aces tennis

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Psychopath - Inspired By Poetry Is There - 231 By Dr Dillip K Swain

The psychopath
On Satan's path
Kills all God's Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Her Spirit - Inspired By Poetry Is There - 226 By Dr Dillip K Swain

She lit a candle
For the departed
No one had seen her
But spirit was there

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Genius Dies

Blood spattered bull
Dying gasping
For one last breath
Of his damned life
Hemingway laughs
Kerouac cries
Genius dies

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Singing

I sing only
For such spirits
That are broken
For such lost souls

And when I am
In the shower

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Finding Simplicity

In simplicity
You find yourself
And through your self
You find what
Is supposed to be

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost In Prayer

When I'm lost
I just pray
Meditate
I relax
And just trust
The process
So knowing
God's guiding

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tiananmen Square Massacre

Courage not fear
In hearts of students
Fear not courage
In hearts of tyrants

Democracy for all
China answered the call
Massacring their own
Killing dog for bone

Tiananmen Square Massacre
Caused an international stir
But President Bush lacked the spine
Chose to dine with cheese and red wine

Trade and investment with tyrant
Was the damned message he had sent
Sacrificing democracy
Brutality and tyranny

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Cain And Able

The old man
Full of pain
Cries to God
Relief comes
Not through Cain
Just able

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Eyes Of Innocence - Inspired By Poetry Is There - 59 By Dr Dillip K Swain

Eyes of innocence
Witnessing Heaven
Just nine years old
And God now calling

Richard Wlodarski

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Loving Gift From God

To endure pain
And suffering
Both in the mind
And physical
Yet never stop
Loving my life
A gift from God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Jazz And Spoken Word

Let one word
Like that note
Of that mad
Sax player
Take me to
Ecstasy
On way back
Then around
To pillars
Of heaven
When's enough
One more time
'Til I die

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Melancholy Now

When darkness pervades
And I'm feeling down
The moon's glow waking
The werewolf in me
The stars twinkling now
Blood stirring in me
Christ's image right there
There in front of me
Such consolation
Such great compassion
Seemingly not such
To break depression

Blood stirring in me
Werewolf breaking free
Sacrificial lamb
Dies innocently
Such consolation
Such great compassion
Melancholy now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

She Stimulates My Mind - Inspired By A Trickle Of Thoughts - 47 By Rose Marie Juan-Austin

She Stimulates My Mind - Inspired by A Trickle of Thoughts - 47 by Rose Marie Juan-austin

I like the metaphors
Of the kind gentle soul
Swimming in the ocean
Riding River of Life
Stimulating my mind
Philosophically
And spiritually

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Murdered Poets - Inspired By Actuality, As Poets Cry By Sandra Feldman

Under tyranny
Poets first murdered
By ink of their pen
Then blood of tyrant

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Million Candles - For Susan Williams

Waking up
To Easter
Now seeing
Face of God
So much Love
Forgiveness
Gratitude

Candles lit
In dark church
Bring such Life
To millions

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Nightly Communication - Inspired By Dreams And Nightmares By Kostas Logas

Dream speaking
With nightmare:
He's sound asleep
Too blind to see

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

From Tragedy To Triumph

Heading for Fra Mauro
The highlands of the moon
Then disaster striking us
Two hundred thousand miles
From home and brave family
Explosion of life supply
Oxygen tank tears our life
Now critical lack of
Oxygen light water
And electricity
May just God have mercy

Landing mission aborted
Emergency procedures
Now the call of dreaded day
Courageously circle moon
We begin arduous task
Returning to Planet Earth

PoemHunter.com

Higher Power intervenes
Stabilizing the spacecraft
Breathing Life for our lives
Finding enough energy
For the damaged fuel cells
To rocket us back to Earth
Navigation no such plan
Repetitive correction
Of untested maneuvers
Tragedy turns to triumph
Touch down Apollo 13!

Richard Wlodarski

A Lesson In Gratitude

O Lord Creator
Today I give thanks
For so much in life:
Two eyes witnessing
Birth of Creation
Two ears hearing
Nature's symphony
A mouth tasting
Life's abundance
A nose smelling
All that is good
Two feet walking
In others' shoes
Two hands welcoming
God's friendly neighbours

And One Heart
Shared with God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dapper Rapper Winner

Rapper Pulitzer winner
Damn...Pulitzer to you, rapper
Kendrick Lamar, you're so dapper
First dapper rapper
To be a mapper
Put hip-hop on map
Tipped your cap to rap
Tupac and Dre
Influenced say
Of you today
Witnessing them film video
When you were just a child, bro

Your music is social commentary
Politically complementary
Rapping about police
Brutality and peace
Stories about racism
Forcing bloody schism

PoemHunter.com

Lamar, you deserve the Pulitzer
'cause you're the dapper rapper winner

Richard Wlodarski

Inventions - Inspired By Poetry Is There -170 By Dr Dillip K Swain

Inventions
Inspired
By such Divine
Intervention

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Fulfillment In The Waste Land

Lacking in grace
Sought out His Grace
Lacking in virtue
Sought out His Goodness
Lacking in courage
Sought out David's strength

Lacking in my life
Sought out God's Promise
That nothing will be
Lacking before I
Reach One God's Heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Source...Revealed

Source of my dreams
And my nightmares
Source of all joy
And my great pride
I obey God
Devil be gone

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ordinary Welcoming God's Love

ORDINARY kneeling
By peaceful flowing stream
Weeping with such great joy
River of Life welcoming her
To Ocean of One God's Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Peace For All...Now!

...Then I heard
Tyrant's voice
Speaking with
Damned devils
Killing all
All that's good
With evil

And then God's
Thundering
Calming voice
Whispering:
Peace For All

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Peace For All

...Then I heard
Tyrant's voice
Speaking with
Damned devils
Killing all
All that's good
With evil

And then God's
Thundering
Calming voice
Whispering:
Peace For All

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Challenges Fulfilling Promise

Stages in our lives
Seems like through decades
Each part joy part sorrow
Waiting for tomorrow

Challenges waiting to win
Through such good and the damned sin
Not intended to block dreams
But to fulfill God's Promise

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Finds Path To God's Plan

All the pain
Suffering
All evil
Poverty
All hunger
Sinful sin
All murder
Tyranny
All Satan's
Evil joy
Love finds path
To God's Plan

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dream Giver Returning Dream

Dream Giver returning
Perplexing dream to me
My mystifying self
Searching reality

My dream part of His Big Dream
So magnifying my dream
Ensuring such great success

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Faithful Me

I have faith
Hoping for
So much more
Certainly
I shall see
My blindness
Enlightening
The Faithful Me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Waiting For Call From God

So close to giving up
All for God's Oneness Love
Spirit so damn restless
Waiting for Call From God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lacking Wisdom

Lacking wisdom
Seek out the wise
Foolishly find
Wisdom lacking
On earthly side
Patiently wait
For The Divine

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

True Believer

Troubled soul burdened on Earth
Tree of Life now loosening
The roots of my soul now freeing
Anchor-hold heart ascending

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Crossroads

Standing at the crossroads
Looking into my heart
Speaking to the ancients
Asking for The Right Path

Walking The Path Of Good
Spirit searching for Truth
White Light surrounding me
Devils standing their ground

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Waste Land

Sinner lost in dream land
Looking for miracle
Dreams failing him most these nights
Nightmares turn to wake him up

Satan in all his evil
Such goddam vile evil
Torturing him in fire
Laughing at him on pyre

Sinner burning in such hell
Witness to demonic spell
Dying and praying to God
Repenting sent to Heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Source

Source of my dreams
And my nightmares
Source of all joy
And my great pride
I obey God
Devil be gone

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tribute To Jackie Robinson

You broke the damned barriers
Of such racist carriers
Your passion for baseball
Was God's gift and your call

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Upon The Death Of My Brother's Friend

Anticipating much fun
In the rain and in the sun
Having met in a hick town
You were funnier than clown

Attending those hockey games
Checking out all those fab dames
Making many great trips
With such heart felt friendships

Life knocking at our door
You were never such a bore
We always knew the damn score
Then came death knocking at door

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Freedom

The thought of seeing
Beyond horizon
Where boats are sailing
And souls are freeing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Heinous Crimes

Evil exists
In falsely good

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 63

Of course
Probation
Prisoner
Outshining
Officer

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 62

Of course
Probation
Employee
Testing boss

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 61

Of course
Life sentence
Mind jailed
Forever

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 60

Of course
Imprisonment
Mind jailed
For short term

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 59

Of course
Food poisoning
Bad food in
Hospital
And jail

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 58

Of course
Diet
Bad food in
Hospital

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 57

Of course
Hunger
Food in
Prison

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 56

Of course
Gluttony
Tyrants
Dining

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 55

Of course
Anorexia nervosa
Food for thought short circuited

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 54

Of course
Bulimia
Food for thought
Overload

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 53

Of course
Obesity
Malnourishment
Of food for thought

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 52

Of course
Sin
The rich
Robbing
From poor

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 51

Of course
Evil
Eyes see darkness
Heart is frozen

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 50

Of course
God's Love
Eyes see White Light
Heart feels Warmth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 49

Of course
Poetry
The pen inspires
The sword expires

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Heart Full Of Gratitude - Inspired By The End Of The Universe By Rajnish Manga

Life is far too short
On such long voyage
We are in tough battle
Not in a drawn out war

Let's not squander this life
Pondering hard riddle
Live now as if dead tomorrow
Thanking God for every day

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Gratefulness

Thank You, Lord
Thank You so much
For letting me
This one more day
Enjoy life
See sunrise
Birth of day
Afternoon
None too soon
Such sunset
Eyes cry out
Heart absorbs
Such great joy

Thank You one more day
To make this life count

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Half-Hearted Tyrant

Woke up sleepy-eyed
So damn tired
From last night's blues
So much to lose

Spoke to morning sun
While on the run
Tears subsiding
From my life's killing

Woke up to howling moon
Werewolves biting me soon
Half-hearted tyrant dying
Of all the terrorizing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Meditating For Peace

I will just wait
For ten minutes
Inhale deep breaths
Of wonderful peace

I will just wait
Dissipate hate
Crying for such peace
War to finally cease

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 48

Of course
Insanity
Finding freedom
In craziness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Saddened Face

Hidden in sad face
A frown emerges
A smile blossoms
Then laughter erupts

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 47

Of course
Depression
Sadness dying
Joy now living

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Last Call Calling

I'm lost in
The snooze of
The last booze

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 46

Of course
Birth
Excruciatingly
Powerful life's moment

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No Death

There's no death
When life ends
The journey
Beginning

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 45

Of course
Lovers' quarrel
Succinctly
Emotional

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 44

Of course
Death
Tragically
Beautiful sleep

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Bloody War

Bloody war
Bullies fight
To no end

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Fight To End

I will cry no more
About tyranny
I will fight to end
For democracy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tyrant's Blood

I will taste your blood
See if it's like mine
Before changing my mind
'bout more before I die

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Not The Slums

We're in damned Parkdale
Not cheesy Rosedale
We drink Budweiser
Don't drive a Chrysler
Not cheese and wine
Hot dogs are fine

We don't schmooze to lose
Find winner in booze
Parkdale at its best
And the hell with the rest

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 43

Of course
Break-up
'cause of
Make-up

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Moving On

Holding on to
Good memories...
And moving on

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost In Sorry Story

Words never forgotten
When the heart is broken
Smiles always in grace
Upon your fateful face

Laughter lost in disgrace
Frowning upon your face
The morning sun's glory
Lost in sorry story

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Would You Cry?

Would you cry
If the sun
Weren't in sky?
Would you die?

Would you cry
If the birds
Didn't sing?
Would you sob?

Would you cry
If couldn't
Reach for stars?
Would you fall?

Would you cry
If couldn't
Taste freedom?
Would you slave?

Would tears be enough
For the death you endured?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tyrant Failing History

Did you not learn your lesson
From war in Afghanistan?
Did not the Muslim holy war
Inflict such heavy casualties
Upon your damned monstrosities?
Did not the world's great leadership
Bring down Red Army to its knees?
Did not your friend China
Teach you 'bout ying and yang?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 42

Of course
Complimentary
Complements

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 41

Of course
Biology
Cell mating
For future

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 40

Of course
Biology
Organic
Chemistry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 39

Of course
Philosophy
Great food for thought

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Piranha

Certainly
Piranha
Tyrant's soul
Murdering
Defenseless
Innocence
In name of
Ignorance

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 38

Of course
Piranha
Tyrant's soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 37

Of course
Eagle flying
Such majesty

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 36

Of course
Family is
The tree of life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 35

Of course
Tyrants smell
So fishy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 34

Of course
Tyrants kill
In cold blood

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 33

Of course
Tyrants smell blood
Everywhere

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 32

Of course
Tyrants are
In cahoots
With devils

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 31

Of course
Tyrants
Just smell
Devil's
Cursed blood

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 30

Of course
Tyrants
Sin
Like
Hell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 29

Of course
Tyrants
Fear
Themselves

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 28

Of course
Tyrants kill
Multitudes
One God's Words

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 27

Of course
Dragon slays
With fire
From hell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 26

Of course
Such bad mouth
Foul breath

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 25

Of course
Brain on fire
Tasting ice cap

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 24

Of course
Melts in mouth
When frozen

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 23

Of course
When you're warm
Melts my heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 22

Of course
When you're cold
Freezes heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 21

Of course
Tasteless words
Are just that
Damn tasteless

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Goal And Destiny

My goal is to find peace within
My destiny to share without...

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tiger By The Tale

Here's to you, Tiger
Would it be your good fate
At 2 years of age
You gave inspiring hope
To comedian Bob Hope

At 5 years of age
You were formidable
On That's Incredible

At 8 years
Brought home tears
Of such great joy
To your father

At 15 years
Some great tears
Of wondrous joy
Youngest Junior
World Champion!

PoemHunter.com

At age eighteen
Youngest Amateur
To be champion
In world history!

Hats off to you, Woods
Getting Augusta
Out of the deep woods
Showing such courage
Of true champion

Richard Wlodarski

Tyrant Meeting His Enemy

Take time to know us
See beyond your hate
Face to face with race
Without such disgrace

Take time to know us
Beyond religion
In Name of One God
Our survival

Take time to know us
We're only human
We breathe the same air
Suffocating now

Take time to know us
Of only one blood
Drownproofing in flood
Of lost humanity

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Superhuman Child

I was in hospital watching
As the good doctors were saving
Jumping and shouting: that's my bone marrow
So I could see my brothers tomorrow

I saved baby Gio
Because I love him so
And I saved baby Santino
Because I'm a superhero

I saved you guys so you could be
With mommy daddy hero me
No big deal 'cause I'm a superhero
And we didn't want to be in such sorrow

Giggle juice put me in deep sleep
And nurse said so I wouldn't weep
I saw Batman and Spiderman
Superman turned me into man

PoemHunter.com

I was flying so very high
With Captain America in sky
I wore Batman's mask and cape
To fight bad guys in good shape

Mommy now ties balloon to me
So I could fly and feel free
I like to be free like good guys
Not go to jail like bad guy

POET'S NOTES ABOUT THE POEM
A 4 years old Philadelphia boy is indeed a SUPERHERO. He saved the lives of his 7 months old twin brothers by giving them his bone marrow. I was so deeply moved by this story that I wrote this poem. Additionally, I will have a friend draw his superheroes and frame them with this poem. I shall send it as a gift to him which will serve as a reminder to him of his love and courage.

Richard Wlodarski

Faking Smiling

Behind
The fake
Smile
Used car
Dealer
Selling
Lemons
The slime ball
Snake oil
Huckster
Peddling such
Miracle
Medicine
Tyrants
Killing
Freedom
Sucking
Satan's
Evil
Funeral
Director
Conducting
Symphony
Of lost souls
Bleeding them
'til they die

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sun Warming Death

The morning sun
Brings such great warmth
To the cold sons
And numb daughters

Tears swelling
Shallow breathing
Fathers fighting
Mothers loving

Tyrants working with devil
Mastering such great evil

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Devil Haunts Me

Deserted
Sacred heart
Time ago
Just to find
Such evil

Cried days and
Dismal nights
To forfeit
Aloneness

Satan haunts
My lost soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Smiling And Crying With Joy

We live this life
Experience
Joy and sorrow
Love and such hate
Happiness sadness
Life and then comes death

I shall smile
As sun rises
Breathe in new life
Thank God this day

I shall cry
With great joy
At sunset
Praise God's Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

My Creed

Such is my belief...
To awaken with
Such great breath of life
To listen to
Music of life
With Ode To Joy
To sense the wonder
In mind of children
To soak in nature
Refresh in such art
Of books film music
To find passion
In life and work
Such is my belief
.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 20

Of course
Just sinners
In Heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 19

Of course
Hell exists
In One's Mind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 18

Of course
Hell exists
In One's Mind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly- 18

Of course
Evil tyrants
Purgatory

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 17

Of course
Cats and dogs
Become friends

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 16

Of course
Bears hugging
Such wrestling

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 15

Of course
Birds singing
Song From God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly - 14

Of course
Rain falls
Cleansing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly -13

Of course
Sun shines
There's life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly -12

Of course
Life burns out
Like light bulb

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly -11

Of course
Dancing in rain
God's joy pouring

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly-10

Of course
Walking in rain
April showers

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly -9

Of course
More to life
Than just fun

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly -8

Of course
My brain
On fire

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly-7

Of course
My kite
Flying

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly -6

Of course
Cycling
In life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly -5

Of course
My art
To end

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly-4

Of course
Passion
To end

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly -3

Of course
Writing
To end

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly -2

Of course
My course
This course

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Certainly -1

Of course
My course
Discourse

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Of Course -1

Of course
My course
Discourse

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Appraised Art

A hauntingly
Beautiful art
Crying for praise
Deservedly

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Drink Of The Gods

Let us all meditate on nectar
To taste and enjoy drink of the gods
Then life becomes so much better
With God's Joy lasting forever

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kali

We call upon you
Divine Protector
To bestow moksha
On souls of Ukraine
Destroy the evil
In the tyrant's heart
Protect Innocence
Create The Change Now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Divorce

Such is love...
Lovers strewn along a nude beach
Like dead fish...lifeless...gutless...dead.
They were once alive...
Passionate adventurous...full of life
Today they suck each other dry
Salt in a freshly opened wound
They contemplate as their children cry
Remembering their lost childhood
Watching their bed-ridden parents die.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Finding Such Joy

To find joy
In simple
Pleasure of
A smile
A laugh
A hug
A touch
Then return
It tenfold
Such warm joy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such A Great Nation

We are One Nation
We are One Great God
We are One Great Love
We are One Great Peace
Thus, We Shall Prosper

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Passionate Courage - Dedicated To The World's Front Line Healthcare Professionals

What is courage?
Waking up almost dead
Just to feel alive
Going to work to save lives
Risking one's life for their lives
Fighting day in and day out
Never seeing enemy
No weapons no gloves no masks
Where are those respirators?

What is courage?
God's chosen few
Front line healthcare
Professionals
Staying so calm
In face of death
Reassuring
Humanity
That All Is Well

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The River Ganga

The River Ganga
Flowing peacefully
Silencing the heart
Cleansing all the sins
So sacred it's been
Granted the same rights
As one billion beings

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Godfather Complex

Sinful damn evil Putin
Are you experiencin'
The Godfather Complex:
Committin' the sin
Being forgiven
After confessin'

Like the mafia
And the drug cartels
Do you honestly believe
Your sins will be forgiven
After doing your damndest
To wipe out the innocence?

Maybe the priests who raped children
Will absolve you of genocide
And maybe neither of you
Will suffer fires of Hell

PoemHunter.com

But have you forgotten
About purgatory?
There you will vividly see
The evil you committed
Stay there for eternity?

Richard Wlodarski

Nightmares Of Impending Death

Are the atrocities
Of Vladimir Putin
Like those of Idi Amin?
Hitler and the Nazis Sin?

These damned monsters
Of history
Evil incarnates
Of Satan's devils?

After all the killing
After all the sinning
Did they sleep through the night?
Did they have nightmares
Of their impending deaths?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Children First Crying Then Dying

Wretched children crying
From all the damn dying
Good mothers consoling
Fine fathers silencing
Bum tyrants murdering

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Wicked Stupidity

Such damn wicked
Stupidity
Now astounds me
I go to sleep
Nightmares haunt me
Satan's glare there
In front of me
Jesus there too
Surrounded by
Blinding White Light

I wake Refreshed!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Fearless Meeting Fearful

I am not afraid of the pen
Whose ink has so damn drained my blood
I am not afraid of the scaffold
Whose wooden head I now so absorb
I am not afraid of the sword
The pen is so damn mightier

Yet, I am so very afraid
Will one day I be forgiven?
Will I burn in eternal Hell?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kill The Murdering

Before you shoot to kill
Remember the drill
Look beyond the color of his skin
Remembering you are next of kin

Before you shoot him dead
Remember to use your head
First look him in the eye
Before you make him fry

Before you overreact
When catching him in the act
Remember that he's flesh and blood
Before you spill all of his blood

Before you start panicking
While he is bickering
Remember that he's a human being
Look beyond color and race STOP KILLING

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

This Poetic Cat

Mine now nine deaths
Not quite enough
To stop this cat
From still meowing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry Keeping Me Alive

I only write
'Cause I'm human
Creative soul
Breathing stale air
Killing my soul
Poems full of life
Keeping me alive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Speak To Us

Speak to me now
When listening
To hollowed words
And such visions

Speak to me when
You're killing Christ
Resurrecting
Satan's evil

Speak to us now
As world watches
Listens and cries

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Julian's Lament

How painful for you
To hear father
Speak of your such birth
Coming from a night
Of such pitiful
Goddam drunkenness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Writing For Humanity

My pen filled
With black ink
And red blood
Now trembling
Arthritis
Setting in
But mind is
Still so sound
Believing
Life Is Good
Light Triumphs
Darkness can
Now just fade

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Beatles Reunion

George in Krishna heaven
Writing songs about peace
Meeting up with Lennon
Talking about Putin

Paul stops silly
Love song writing
Now focusing
On peacemaking

Ringo reunites with Paul
Sean Lennon answers the call
Julian reaches for stars
World peace concert to end wars

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tree Of Life

Tree of life
Poetry
In Mind's Eye

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Astronaut

Just like astronaut
Physical body
Suits up for this Earth
Then changes for Home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Voices Guiding Tyrant

You fought your war
Killed how many?
Now you're fighting
Another war
Good Versus Evil
One God guiding you
Listen to His Voice
Stifle the other's

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Where There's Hate

To see through your
Soul's eyes One God's Love
When there is such hate

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Empathy With You

Empathy with you
Lost relationship
We may have married
But Death had its way

Thinking 'bout your love
'bout intimacy
Of heart and just souls
Such affinity

Thinking about
Your brothers' deaths
Train killing the one
Heartache the other

Thinking about
You in Poland
Are you married?
Are you alive?

PoemHunter.com

The moon's glowing
The sun's shining
I'm just rising
To another
Beautiful day!

Richard Wlodarski

Visualize

Meditating
Becoming One
With Just One God
Life gets better
For you and God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Becoming Just One

Good day to learn
Robert E. Lee
Surrendering
U S of A
Becomes Just One

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Baseball

I'll cry no more
When tears strike me
Babe Ruth to the end
Maris raising hairs
Hammerin' Hank snares

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hammerin' Hank

I salute you, sir
Broke Babe Ruth's record
After racist slurs
Even great death threats
Courage is your name
Baseball is your game

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

New Beginning

When I wake
In darkness
Of daylight
Begging now
For sunshine
Crying rain
Pouring down

When I hear
The day's deafness
Solely robbed
Of the song
Nightingale

When I taste
Bitterness
And sweetness
Escapes me

PoemHunter.com

When I touch
The roughness
Of nightmare
And dream lonely

I will cry
My soul self
To sound sleep

And now start
Once again

Richard Wlodarski

So Sad To See You Go

I am just
And good
But I may
Have harmed you
In some way
For this I'm
So sorry
In my heart
Meant no harm
Yet, harm I've done
And now you're gone
Will I see you
Ever again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Path Of God

All the good
In your heart
And your mind
Guiding you
On right path
Path of God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tyrant

Slavery under tyrant
Breeding such world resentment

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tyranny

Slavery under tyrant
Breeding such world resentment

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Divine Chess Match

Heaven's
Ascent
Damn stopped
Satan
So capped
The road
Blocked now
Not dead
Very
Alive

Satan's
Descent
Favoured
Tyrant
So paved
The path
To no end
Not yet dead
Very much
Still alive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Unjustly War...And Simply Peace

So simply
War wages
Peace shielded
By God's Love
Enemy
Now such friend
Dies in love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life...So Precious

Sometimes
Brightness
Seems like
Darkness
And haunts
Damned soul

Suddenly
Jealously
Light captures
Tortured soul
And makes life...
So precious

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Fearing My Damned Death

I'm so lost
In this life
Such blind eyes
Guiding me
To despair
I fear
My damned death
Yet, Light Shines

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Like The Beatles Of Poetry

We are becoming
Lennon-McCartney
Team of poetry
And I so like it

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Inspired Smiling - For Thich Nhat Hanh

To smile at
Just one stranger
May bring laughter
To both humans
Thus, relieve grief
Was it so hard?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Laughter Together

Smile met
Laughter
Fell in love
Forever

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God's Presence

Bread sustains my life
Water refreshes
God's constant presence
Guides my adventure

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life's Root Principles

These root principles:
Awaken
So happy
So alive
Be thankful
For such life
Treat everyone
With great respect
Those so worthy
And most lonely
Open your heart
To those so loved
And the loveless
Your just reward:
So successful
So beautiful
So happy life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Starving Soul

When I wake
In darkness
Of daylight
Begging now
For sunshine
Crying rain
Pouring down
When I hear
The day's deafness
Solely robbed
Of the song
Nightingale
When I taste
Bitterness
And sweetness
Escapes me
When I touch
The roughness
Of nightmare
And dream lonely
I will cry
My sole self
To sound sleep
And now start
Once again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Surfing Life

I don't speak
To deafness
I don't sing
To heartless
I don't write
To ruthless
I'm a poet
Lost in despair
Surfing life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Learning From The Soul

Blindness cannot see
Deafness can't hear
Cold heartedness
Can't feel warmth

Yet, souls learn to see
Souls learn to hear
Souls learn such Great Love
All Love is God's Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Face Of Ukraine's Pain

I saw the face of Ukraine's pain
Swallowed hard and cried for victims
For the dying of yesterday's freedom
For the coming of today's suffering

I saw what was once joy
And is now pain of tomorrow
And once again I cried
And this time I just died

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Essence Of Writer

To write from the heart
What eyes see from Light
To hear the sound
In all God's music
To touch all that's love
From One God above
To taste Christ's blood
Live free from sin
Experience
Soul of writer

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Pathetic Satanist

While in prison
Christ prayed for mankind
For maturity
For such liberty
For such divine peace

And dark you repays Him
With immaturity
Tyranny and evil
And such horrific war
Pathetic Satanist

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Promising God

So damn scared
On that ledge
Jagged rocks
Flared nostrils
Heart pumping
Like damn hell
Mind stopping
Praying to God
Knees shaking
Vibrating
Body dead
Mind frozen
God I'm scared
Can't damn move
Precipice
Road to hell
Can't die now
Way too young
I speak now
With One God
Make promise
Spread His Word
If He spares
My life now
Like before
Word of God
On my lips
In your heart

PoemHunter.com

In 1978, I was trapped on a cliff in San Diego. Complete strangers felt helpless re: my dilemma. They wanted to call the fire department. I asked them to hold on for a few minutes. I knew that if I made just one slight error, I would fall to my death. I prayed harder than ever in my life. I promised God that I would spread His Word if He kept me alive. He sent The Holy Spirit to guide me to safety. I've never broken my promise. My most efficient and effective way to spread His Word is through my spiritual poetry.

Richard Wlodarski

Trudeau Trying To Sock It To Them

Wow how 'bout them sexy socks
Wonder what he'll wear tomorrow
Maybe Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse
Or maybe Goofy and Daffy Duck

That Tasmanian Devil loves
Popeye and Olive and Bluto
Putin and Donald and Castro
Batman Superman and Robin

Justin The Road Runner
Gunner for Bugs Bunny
Masked Crusader for Zero
Like there is no tomorrow

So, Mister Prime Minister
Meditating on your socks
Sock it to the perpetrators
Of hate prejudice and sick greed

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Devil Has Been Freed

I don't
Listen
To wind
Of despair

I don't
Now see
The birds
Flying free

I just
Hear
Whispers
Satan's

He's now
So free

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Emptiness

I awaken and see the light
Not knowing what is bright
I smell the freshness of the day
Surprised at what's to my dismay

I wash up and scrub my face
Facing up to life's disgrace
Trying so very hard to win defeat
In such solemn time when I should retreat

I rest in the noon of sunny day
Fretful of the awful come-what-may
Wishin' I were in another place
In my dyin' space of disgrace

I sleep in the howlin' wolf's moon
Darkest of dreams coming too soon
Resurrecting and killing of my life
Acknowledging all of my damn life's strife

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Evil Resurrected

I was born evil
Redeemed to just man
Traversed such solace walk
To be with Satan now

I saw death where once
There was such great life
And I died there once
Then resurrected

I heard such muck
To God's offense
Weathered the storm
Became dethroned

I left more than a man
Beyond God's greatest plan
I depart with my sins
Born to be a man

PoemHunter.com

Weathered such a god
Didn't have a plan

Richard Wlodarski

Embraced By Sin

Sin embraces me
Fires of hell now
Burn evil imprints
Into God's child
Satan is laughing
Ukraine is dying

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Embracing Humanity

Simply as...
Morning sun
Shining down
On you and me
Simply as...
Showering
Glistening
Rejuvenating
Simply as...
Evening
Stars shimmering
Night's beauty
Simply as...
Rain pouring
After hot summer's night
Dreaming of The Beaches...dining
Simply as...
You and me
Succumbing
To love amassing
Simply as...
Carving our names
On our old oak tree
Signed for eternity
Simply as...
Leaves falling
In autumn's breeze
Sherrie working diligently
With the slightest of ease
Simply as...
Breaking bread with poor of heart
We don't just die tonight
Recharging batteries...start
Simply as...
One Family
All Religions
Encompassing
Humanity

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Cleansing Of Evil

His silent heart
Purifying
From callous
Destructive
Damn evil
Human thoughts

Silent body
Now seemingly
Naturally
Beautifully
Floating in space

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Touch Of Blindness

How sad when
Touch of blindness
Has lost all sight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost And Found Soul

Show me the damn way
To oblivion
My lost soul thanks
You damned Satan

Show me the damn way
To such tyranny
My dark soul thanks
Such Lucifer

Show me peaceful way
To such paradise
My love shows thanks
For Heaven's Sake

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

True To Myself

Being true to myself
Holding fast and damn hard
Onto lifetime values
Morally uncorrupt
Spiritually blessed

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

She Made Us Cry With Joy

She touched our souls
In so many ways
She laughed through heartache
Made us cry with joy

Karen on our mind
Making all of us find
One good thing about ourselves
In such darkening sadness

Crazy how she touched
Pieces of our hearts
Made us joke made us cry
And made us wonder why

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

She Comparing Me To Bukowski And Kerouac

If she were
Some kind of
Damn depraved
Such lost cause
Immortal
I'd go down
On my knees
Pray to God
For not tease

But she's now lived
Jack's lonesome road
Buried her sorrows
In such tomorrows
Where life cries out for more
And lost and forgotten
Now so resurrected
Walks the road to freedom
Slave of the past reborn

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

This Wondrous Game

Let me sing
You this song
Although I'm
So tone deaf
Let me say
These kind words
Although I'm
Now speechless
Let me teach
You this game
Although I'm
Without play
Let me learn
From you friend
That one song
Those kind words
And let us play
This wondrous game
Beautiful life

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Rascals

Trying to stay cool always
But rascals everywhere
Heat up the day and night
With words of such anger

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Everywhere Words

Words from the heart
Always make sense
Words from the gut
Sometimes make sense
Words from anger
Never make sense

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Isolation

Now feels
Like prison
Another
Damn lockdown
Yet, the birds
Still singing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Selfless Love

I have been selfish
Seeking happiness
For myself alone
Spirit now deadened
Seeks unselfish love
Infinite sharing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God's Work In Progress

All God asks
Is that you
I and we
Be quiet
And open
To the peace
Attentive
To secret
Work of God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Not Of This World, But Always Peacefully At Home

Not of this world
Spirit travels
To the astral world
But always returns
To the comfort of
My very Sweet Home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In Search Of...

Just a poet lost in the dream of reality
Thinking about mortality
And dreaming about immortality
Just a lost soul
In the lost and found of eternity
Thinking about spirituality
Just the inner child searching
For the outer world of divinity
Knowing that some day I will be set free
Just the carpenter searching for Jesus
The sailor navigating the ark
The lamb in wolf's clothing
A child of God lost to Satan
Forever lost in the reality of...
The dream within the inner dream
Just Satan longing for Heaven
Wondering if God is all-forgiving
And if the dream is the nightmare
Tormenting the soul
Just the god within the god...
Forgetting to remember about...
The divinity of immortality...

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Putin's Blessed Cross

Putin's mother giving him cross
Had it blessed in Jerusalem
The holy land One Home One God
Almost lost cross in house fire
Can he clean house survive fire?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tyrants Dwelling In Purgatory

Naked they stand
In front of God
No clothes to hide
Their vile sins

Blinded by light
Deafened by sound
Enticed by Satan
They're cowering now

Jesus projects their lives
On such towering screens
Every minute detail
Not one damn thing to be spared

Purgatory is
Like eternity
Murdering humanity
Beckons such damned damnation

Scorched cardinal feathers
Smell up purgatory
Sins of evil tyrants
Have now been so avenged

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Godly Not Godless

Einstein shaking
Hands with One God
Putin shaking
Hands with such Hell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Early Bird Date

Woke up so damn late
Knew I was So Late
For early bird date
And she would berate

Didn't soap up
Just got washed up
(In more ways than one)
This day wasn't fun

No tooth paste for teeth
No mouth wash for greet
No patience to meet
The early bird treat

Gonna go back to bed
Give my head some more rest
At my good shrink's request
I'll stop being a pest

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Fruit Salad On Steroids

Star studded
And tattooed
Bored waitress
Served up such
Pleasing piece
Of fruit salad
On damn steroids

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Inspired Humdrum Chores

Unwind the rhythm
Of inspiration

Watching TV
Press Mute button
Create own
Dialogue

Listening
To music
Write your own
Great lyrics

Washing dishes
Play with bubbles
Create foam art
Tear it apart

Vacuuming floor
Listen to sound
Now sing along
To your new tune

Inspiration
Running wild
In fertile
Mind of poet

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Moving Way Too Little Way Too Late

Friend, sometimes time seems to drag on...and on...and on...
Hours to days...days to weeks...weeks to months...months to years...
And at other times...just yesterday...so many years into yesterday
Stolen moments rob us of the innocence of youth

Friend, sometimes our days together...lasting forever...happily
One hour...so many hours...good memories...you and me...and all our friends...
Yesterday today tomorrow melding...today succeeding
End of day...negative thoughts surfacing...positive ones dissipating...tomorrow fading

My friend, I didn't see your pain fast enough
Moved way too little way too late
Other than to dedicate
Some words in retrospect

Friend, you've become a memory now...today...and...tomorrow...
Sleep beckons...time is suspended...dreams await...goals unfulfilled
Nightmare fade away and from the darkness light us with a new day
Good night, my friend, may you now forever rest in peace

Richard Wlodarski

Political Aspirations Versus Religious Convictions

Where is my God?
I now need you
I'm on my knees
Praying like hell
So surrounded
Fires of hell
Never so scared

My crucifix
Around my neck
Blessed by mother
Jerusalem
Home of One God

Dying in this war
Many innocents
Children and women
And the elderly
Tears not of joy
I cannot employ
Tears of sorrow
For next tomorrow

Where is my God?
I'm on my knees
Please speak to me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Moving Into Peace

Let us now retreat
Into holiness
Accepting One God
Moving into peace

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Assurance

I assure you
I have the right
To write these words
Without bias

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

My Right - For Robert Murray Smith

Reserve
The right
To see
The Light
Speak mind
Hear
Your doubt
Touch heart
Feel
All Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Eulogy For Those Lost Too Soon

What if I hadn't taken that last drink
That had led to the deadliest of stink
What if I hadn't stepped into that monster of a car
And trespassed onto a life that hadn't gone too far

What if I hadn't gone into that bar
Because of something that wasn't on par
What if I had thought less of me more of thee
And had wandered into more transparency

What if I had waited a little longer
Before taking that trip that led to wronger
What if a moment longer I had frozen
And treasured the paths that I had chosen

What if...less alcohol
In my life's toughest haul
What if...awakening sober
Made me a little more proper

PoemHunter.com

What if...the powers that be
Let go of the hypocrisy
Stopped the monster who killed the victim
Instead of beating around the brim

What if life became fairer
Instead of so damn scarier

Richard Wlodarski

Eulogy For The Toronto Maple Leafs

Quinn The Mighty Eskimo spearheading
The lost and forgotten starving fish
Heart attack happening recurring almost dying
Fish cold in the winter's day of summer
Almost feeling the heat of the moment
Swimming into the abyss of failure

They, once warriors of an ancient time,
Lost in the remembrance of Troy
Wooden horses gifted for victory or tragedy?
For crying out loud...they had died way too young!
Human fish drowning treading water learning to survive

Quinn The Mighty Eskimo mentoring them all along
The Maple Leafs falling gently from the Tree of Life
Seeing listening feeling learning from Lord Stanley
Messengers from the sport of life imprinting empowerment:
Win or lose...play the game!

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Graveside Eulogy

I died today...
Still remember...
That damn bullet...
Piercing my heart...
Evil...on his face...
Damning...salvation...
Cursed...lonesome twosome...
Christ...Satan...
Forever damned...
Til death do us part.

I cried today...
For my tragic death.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Fates (The Moirai)

the blue of twilight
like a soft unspoken hope:
the singed moon waiting

lucid dreams now revealing
the mysteries of one's life

we are the Moirai:
singing souls of the journey's
eternal circle

we are the mystical three
spinning mother thread of life

no one may alter
the destinies we ordain -
not even the gods

Zeus our god and leader
Like man must submit to us

I, Clotho, sing all
things that are, spin the thread of
life that marks your days

I, Lachesis, ration life
I, Atropos, Shadow Death

hear us, mortals, sing
in terrible unison,
of your destiny

I, Lachesis, belt out past
I, Clotho intone present

now the end days draw
near: the gods amuse themselves
with death, fire and rain

PoemHunter.com

the mortals' days are numbered
Planet Earth in turmoil

your children fed to
the guns of madmen - caissons
stand at the school door

ready for Armageddon
Jesus and Satan at war

Renga With Gordon Gilhuly and Richard Wlodarski

This is a co-operative renga written with Gordon Gilhuly. He wrote the 5-7-5 hokku and I wrote the 7-7 waki. He would send one hokku and I would build on that with a waki. Then his next hokku had to connect with waki etc. This was fun and we recommend that other PH users try it. I am indebted to him for having given me the honour of working with him.

Richard Wlodarski

Seeing The Face Of Putin

Let us not make war
Where we can find peace
Let us not hear gunfire
Where there are sounds of silence
Let us not taste blood
Where there's food for thought
Let us not smell revenge
Where there is only love
Let us not soulfully look
Into the face of evil
And see only face of Putin
But rather, acknowledge the sin

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Transmigration Of The Soul

Gather the memories one by one
And when no more memories exist
It's time for this life to say goodbye
And create memories once again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Inner Voyage To Finding The Child

Sitting at the end of a long dark corridor
A child paralyzed with fear cries
Yet another child from a broken family
A victim of physical and sexual abuse
Helpless unable to move or to speak
Programmed for self-destruction and alienation
Memory tape reads: Good-for-nothing
Now and forever
Child aging in prolonged negativity
No feeling no emotion no love
Starving for love and attention

The childish adult lashes out in anger
Life behind prison walls is bleak
But in cold darkness there is always light
This new adult now looks inward for guidance
And to his amazement finds there a wonderful person
A childlike adult who is capable of love and being loved
A childlike adult who has found a new spirituality
A little adult with a child's sense of wonder and curiosity
Open and receptive to new ideas and thoughts
Capable of truly experiencing his feelings
And in so doing moving further ahead
The child in this new adult nourishes him
He feeds him positive thoughts and feelings
He gives him new insights every single day
The child being innocent and free of constricting thoughts
Opens up a new world to the adult
He enables the adult to shed himself of his shackles
And to regain his much deserved freedom

Memory tape now reads:
Live-laugh-love

Richard Wlodarski

His Forgiveness

Tonight to cry
For the lost souls
Including mine
Plead redemption

To ask for God's
Forgiveness now
Saintly sinners
In Satan's might

To sweat out sin
Be forgiven
In Jesus' eyes
And rest in peace

Tonight to not cry
For my damned lost soul
In all that is sin
Is now forgiven

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Ode To Retirement

Take time to know
The twilight years
Wake early in the morning
Behold glorious sunrise
Breathe in the fresh air
Be grateful for the breath of life

Take time to see
The glory years
The majestic beauty
Of multicolored butterflies
Breathe in the fresh air
Be grateful for the gift of sight

Take time to hear
The soundness of these years
The symphony of Mother Nature
And The Byrds The Beatles The Monkees
Breathe in the fresh air
Be grateful for the gift of hearing

Take time to smell
The fragrance of these years
The perfumed landscape
Of diverse cultures
Breathe in the fresh air
Be grateful for the gift of smell

Take time to taste
The bon apetite
The delectable plate
Of this wondrous life
Breathe in the fresh air
Be grateful for the gift of taste

Take time to touch
The heart of love
The hand of homelessness
The smile of a newborn

Breathe in the fresh air
Be grateful for touching life

Richard Wlodarski

All Is Well

When you are silent
My heart skips a beat
And my mind races
Fear takes over
Then you just kiss me
And all is so well

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Heart Poem - Inspired By I Like Him By Dr Dillip K Swain

True poetry
Coming from heart
And not the mind
Making no room
For such ego
To obscure way

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Eternity From Nowhere

In this pregnant pause...
Words meant to be spoken
Were lost in heaven
Leaves scattered forgotten
Death's branches...sprucing Life
Eternity...from Nowhere

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poem Hunter To The Rescue

In this crazy mixed up world
Everything falling apart
Despondency now brewing
Poem Hunter to rescue

Worldly poets sharing
So much of their caring
Opening hearts and Mind
To those who are in bind

Peaceful warriors these poets
Armed with words against tyrants
Searching within their soul
To make world a better whole

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Circle Of Positive Energy

Let's form a circle and hold hands
And sing of peace in all the lands
Let the circle grow a little
Include those that you belittle
Let it form a little larger now
Embrace those that are not kind somehow
Even a little bigger please
Admit those that are hard to please
Let's see if we can find
Those that are somewhat blind
And how about those that are deaf
Not your choice now to be the ref
Let's not forget those with the bad smell
How about those with bodies to sell
Remember to receive those with poor taste
And all of them who are not all that chaste
And how about those that are quick to touch
And those who are hard to like very much

PoemHunter.com

Now close your eyes and see if you can find
Those that are of the so bitter kind
Even tighter now and visualize Prez Trump
And all of those that The Donald kicked in the rump
Now pretend that you are so very blind
That the KKK are your very kind
Include President Putin
And all his evil and sin

Now for the very difficult part
Make-believe that you have such a great heart
Cue in all that make you fall apart
Empower those you belittle
Many compliments not little
In those that are unkind
Kick them in the behind
Those that are hard to please
Give them a loving squeeze
To them that are deaf and blind
Always be so very kind

With those in the Trump camp
Remember you're The Champ
With those who share Putin's views
Share with them the peaceful news

Now send out loving positive energy
To all of them that are so needy greedy

Now open your eyes and watch closely
Your energy transmits easily
You've empowered them and yourself
By opening to Higher Self

Richard Wlodarski

Reach For The Stars

Reach out! Reach up high! Reach for the sky!
Sun rising brighter every day
Courage mounting stronger in every way
Ocean waves washing your troubles away
You're only growing bolder all the way
Awareness spreading producing artistry
Personal strength flourishing potency
Conceiving and believing knowing that you will achieve
Imagining perfection in all that you will conceive

See Hear Feel
The wonder of it all
The glory of love
What's in the above
Touch paradise
Tonight's the night!

Reach out! Reach up high! Reach for the sky!
All is only positive
No longer any negative
Feeling the splendor of paradise
Seeing love and oneness in your eyes
Let your heart be open
Hearing music of divinity
Walking in immortality
Let your mind be open

See Hear Feel
The wonder of it all
The glory of love
What's in the above
Touch paradise
Tonight's the night!

Reach out! Reach up high! Reach for the sky!
Only One Love it's the only way
Spirit guiding abiding every day
Souls maturing consciousness rising in every way
Life's worth living transcending the fate of yesterday

PoemHunter.com

Soaring to Heaven finding eternity
Touching all that is within me
Touching all that is within you

See Hear Feel
The wonder of it all
The glory of love
What's in the above
Touch paradise
Tonight's the night!

Reach out! Reach up high! Reach for the sky!
Guided by a wondrous force
Magical mystical benevolent
Togetherness directing us to success

Richard Wlodarski

Siblings - For Leann Pilgrim

Such siblings
I have three
A sister
Two brothers
Family

Tears of joy
Tears of pain
From my sister
From my brothers
They have brought me

They have played with me
When I've fought with them
They have joked with me
Laughter to sadness
They have cried with me
When father had died
They held me so tight
When mother had died

They've always been there for me
They are in my memory
Forever imprinted there

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Moon's Circle Journey

Full moon
Swallows
Bitterness
Emptiness
Just crying
For tears
Of lost joy
Now brings birth
Harvest moon

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Still Loving You In The Afterlife

When I die
And see you
From great depths
Of such hell
To impregnate
Passion for lust

OR

Will I then see
From up above
Such paradise
And let tears
Of exquisite joy
To rain on Your Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

From Poverty To Almost Fame

Big cavernous
Such a black hole
Burned into brain

Demons fear
Paranoia
Forgotten now

Cowboys riding
Cross stellar sky
Freedom reborn

Marginal living
Dock of the bay pay
Appleton Estate

Plucked from uncertainty
Poverty rising to fame
The meek inherit the earth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Beggar

There...is the beggar
Ringer of such truth
Hunger screaming
Death forsaking
Crying for love
Her hand touching
Humanity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life Before The Internet

You were there for me
When internet
Wasn't yet found
For them to surf
Stars overnight

You were there for me
TV black and white
The Shadow looming
Shivers down my spine
Nightmares born at night

You were there for me
Hockey play by play
Great baseball home runs
Music day and night
Memories just right

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Bigotry

Kernels of truth
Lost in a patch
Of ignorance

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Scorpio Queen

She's the Scorpio queen
Born November fifteen
Black is her favourite colour
In clothes and still all the other

She dances like Queen Scorpio
Most so when with her Romeo
Both dressed in such elegant black
Look like Scorpios back to back

Romeo dines Scorpio every night
At restaurants that are so out of sight
They savour duck confit in Paris
In India it's chicken curry

Nothing but the best
For this couple's fest
The world they like to travel
Mystery to unravel

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Putin And Duck

Putin's nightmare
Donald, Duck's dream

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost Souls In Purgatory

They are the poor souls
Dwelling in purgatory
Waiting for heaven's sake
For a prayer or two hundred

They see yet don't see
Blinded by fire's light
Cain's cane in frozen hand
Stumbling towards the Light

They hear yet don't hear
Silent prayers for health and safety
Guiding them to Heaven's ascent
Whispered day in and night out

They feel yet don't feel
Heart-felt love from kindred spirits
Blissfully lost in earth's paradise
Patiently and humanely waiting to reunite

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Now Just Somehow

Let me be brave
Face the danger
And the evil
Then some and now

Let me see
In the dark
Real light
Light Of God

Let me hear
Your muted words
And sing today
Song of freedom

Let me taste
Forgiveness
And love now
Just somehow

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Ukraine's Spirit

I went to war
Against my will
I believe in peace
My neighbours in war

I fought for my country
Destined to be Ukraine
But it was just in name
And not in heart and soul

On foot I fought death
Soldiers war horses
Against all damn odds
For Ukraine's spirit

I died with such brave heart
'cause World's Heart lacked courage
To serve God in World Peace
Ukraine's Spirit will haunt you

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

What's The Sense?

What's the point
Of writing
If can't say
What I want?

What's the sense
Of seeing
If all's blind
In hindsight?

What's the sense
Of hearing
When all's deaf
To music?

What's the sense
Of feeling
Life's lost touch
In heaven?

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Center Of Being

Dawning of sky
Yet without light
Such awesome sight
Perfect silence
One with The One
Father now seen
Opens mine eyes
Without fluidity
I begin slowly speak
And ask The Almighty:
Is it time to now be
Answers 'now or never'
I wake become human
Touch all humanity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Writer's Curse

As much a curse
As this blessing
This damn writing
Midnight's muse
Satan's fuse
Heaven's ruse
So amused

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Naive Extremists

You are the naive recruits
Of all religions' servitude
Forsaking your livelihood
To taste and eat devil's fruit

You must peel the spicy onion
Of the sole extremist's religion
You'll touch your lonesome soul
To reach your life's peaceful goal

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Passive War

What if tyrants killed
Millions of people
Men women children
Through such bloody war
Using just their brain
Playing video
War games in their mind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Inner Peace Found

To know that
Love is Light
Darkness can't
Prevail

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Of Poetry

Life's way too short
To not follow
My true passion
Waking up breathing
In life of new day
So ready to write
Some fine poetry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Passing The Final Test

Lamenting lost childhood
Floating on a white puffy cloud
Forgetting about all of the sadness
Frowning smiling to be discovered
Laughter just around the corner
Listening only to the tone of yesterday
Tasting sweetness bitterness bitter sweetness
In this magical adventure
Crying over silly little things dissecting a frog
Laughing playing hide and seek
A child building sandcastles
Touching the sands of time

You're older now younger at heart
Tag you're it now the game begins
Smelling the pungent and the rose
In the romanticism of now
Only to find the dark recesses of your mind
Voices from nowhere haunting you
Buried memories surfacing
Guiding you keeping you from harm
God smiling His child learning
Passing the final test...Time...

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Midnight Poet

The midnight poet
Roams deserted streets
In the midnight hour
Searching for lonely souls

Stealing a minute or two
To penetrate the heart
The howling moon
Now beckoning

Monstrous black walls
Stained with dried blood
And graffiti
Art for poet

Moon's searchlight
Casting shadows
Spirits unknown
Souls deserting

PoemHunter.com

Stealthily he walks
Them to their grave home
And shows the secret

Richard Wlodarski

Writings On The Tree Of Life

Trees severed
In such grace
Now parchment
For poet's taste

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mind Bowled Over

To write
As if
Somehow
Not there

Words everywhere
Yet, not here, nor there

Thoughts from
Somewhere
Transmitted
Open mind

Misunderstood
By likelihood
Of mind bowled over
In land of rover

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Deafness Now Heard

I was lost
In darkness
Light and sound
Nowhere found
Suddenly
Whispered cries
As suddenly
Deafness now heard

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Positiveness

And when the darkness
Is just almost gone
And the light shines
On tomorrow
And we forget yesterday
Focus on only today
And the veil is now gone

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Opening World's Eyes

You broke him in
As president
Of your people
One and only

You chose a racist
Politics for kicks
Worldly, yet ignorant
Uncaring for innocent

You were so damn lazy
In your insanity
You so much jeopardized
The world's security

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Inside Oprah Winfrey's Mind

I believe that I am
Strong as faithful David
No Goliath can slay
My most powerful mind

My body may be weak
Eyes may be near blind
Ears close to deafness
Yet, my mind is so strong

I believe that I am unique
My taste so damn diversified
As to touch All within Thine heart
With an open beautiful mind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Communing With Nature - Inspired By The Way Forward By Robert Murray Smith

I closed my eyes
Only darkness
Cold pitch dark
Lonely sky
No moon
No stars
No light
Saddened eyes
Teardrop
Mind wakens
Starry night
Full moon rising
Brotherly wolves
Nature howling
Peaceful dreaming

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Inner World Birthing

To only cry
And not shed such
Tears of pain
Tears of joy
Only...human
To only see
And thus shed light
In such damn blindness
What's such great wisdom
Only...human
To only hear
Lost sounds of damned love
Blissful harmony
With this sacred life
Only...human

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Succinctness

Only one word
To express the thought
That penetrates
Only one sound
To define the song
That's enveloping
Only one voice
To assert the silence
That's now deafening
Only one picture
To evince a multitude
Of diverse thoughts
Only you and me
In the multiplicity
Of diverse creativity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Believing That Our Youth Was Just Yesterday

Shades obscuring my clear vision
To the window of my inflamed soul
Heart aching sucking pain
Spitting out words with no meaning
Audience pretending to listen suffering
Feeling my grief their sorrow

And we keeping stomaching with disdain

Searching each others' eyes
Dying of loneliness
Knowing that today is a rerun of yesterday
And tomorrow is destined to become today
Forever lost in the mistakes of yesterday
Waking up to the twilight of our years

Believing that our youth was only yesterday

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Today I Promise

Today
I promise
To touch
All that is within you

Today
I promise
To experience
All that is within me

Today
I promise
To venture
Into the adventure

Today
I promise
To soar
Into the infinity
Of you
And me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Eulogy For Leonard Cohen

We shall meet on Boogie Street
And Dance Me To The End of Time
At the Chelsea Hotel we shall greet
The very sweet Sisters of Mercy

We shall mourn for Heart With No Companion
And for the sad day They Locked Up A Man
At Lady Midnight we shall sing
With the Bird On The Wire

Wishing For The Miracle
The Partisan will search
For Diamonds In The Mine
Until Tonight Will Be Fine

At Closing Time Suzanne
Will Sing Another Song Boys
About Ain't No Cure For Love
And that's No Way To Say Goodbye

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Devilish Delight

Lost sight
Of Christ
Tonight
Devil
Played hell
Too well

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Old Memory

Tell me about the memories
I have forgotten about...
Tell me about the laughter
That my smiles had missed...
Tell me about the words
That were left unspoken...
Tell me about the love
That Love forgot about...
Tell me about the life
That quickly passed me by...
Tell me about life...
Moving into life...
And death...escaping us all...

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Being Old

Lost my senses
So long ago
Woke up so lost
Nowhere to go

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

This Noble Work

This noble work
Impossible?
Does the sun rise
Does the sun set
'til my last breath?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Returning To God

Let us throw off war
Throw off poverty
Throw off starvation
Throw off damned killing
Throw off misery
Throw off wretched sin

With perseverance
Let's return to God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Like Phoenix Rising

I have risen from death
More than just once now twice
Mine eyes have shed Your Tears
Your footprints in beach's sand
You carrying me on back
Preventing me from stumbling
Letting me walk before Lord
In the land of the living

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Blasphemy

One God One Love
All such nations
No more warring
No more sinning
No more tyranny
No hypocrisy
No blasphemy
That makes God cry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Eternal Love For God

Should you give me life
With the morning sun
With Eternal Love
With my trust in You
Guide spirit and soul
Showing love for You

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Political Utopia

How gladly would Israel
Give you desirable land
If commanded by God now
To stop bombing Palestine

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Labour Of Love

Slow tedious steps
Leading me to goal
Guardian angels
Just Leading His Way

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Time Is Illusion - Inspired By Fault Of Time By Dr Dillip K Swain

Yesterday wasn't
Today isn't now
Tomorrow is gone

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Berlin Wall

The Berlin Wall
Falling to ground
Tyrants dying
Giving birth to
Democracy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Renewed Hope

Resurrected
From dead poems
Bringing such life
To new writing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Boxer

Like seasoned boxer
I'll keep hitting
And even more hitting
'til I knock out fear

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Trudeau The Cuban Flirt

Trudeau in tattered Che T-shirt
Acting like some kind of Cuban flirt
Dancing around like a liberal clown
Dodging horse droppings in his neck of town

Contemplating his late father's fairy tales
Concentrating on huge Cuban cigar sales
Immersed in The Communist Manifesto
Searching for the right answer to his fiasco

Phoning Pope Francis for his blessing
Receiving a lesson in testing
Revisionist history making it shameful
For Trudeau to be buried with his mouth full

Firing squads killing his brethren
Communist soldiers raping women
Twenty percent forced into exile
Paint revolutionary style

Cuban Missile Crisis set for WW III
Totally unacceptable in land of free
Communist outpost of USSR
Forcing slavery from afar

Crude boats carved out of rawness
Battling waves of bitterness
Thousands dying fleeing to shores of freedom
Castro smoking cohiba in his kingdom

Indoctrination in island nation
As opposed to rightful education
Prisons full of anti-socialists and gays
Sweating in gloomy nightmares of his evil ways

Attempted to end religion
Yet, shook hands with divine legion
Sincere reliable friend of Putin land

PoemHunter.com

Smoking cohiba cigars in Neverland

Richard Wlodarski

Ode To President Putin

They are...
Blacksmiths wordsmiths hypnotists
Mayors senators dictators
Terrorists humorists hypocrites
Lovers haters sinners

They are your flesh and blood
Humanity in the flood
You flush them out with your blood
Thinking that they are mere crud

You lie cry and try
Only to say bye
You've killed your own brethren
They were once One God's children

You wage what you call a truthful war
And we've seen one too many before
So you'll kill these innocents
And make up for it in penance

You are truly one with God's children
But you can't live with your own brethren
So you'll die alone and go to Hell or Heaven
And if you are fortunate you shall see His children

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Terrorists

Blow me away
To end of time
And I will come
Back to haunt you
God working in
Such mystery

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Satire Of A Farcical President

Is it an insult
To The Donald?
Or to Donald Duck?
Is it real hair
Or lousy toupee?
Is orange skin
Other worldly?
Can those such small hands
Shake with the fearless?
Will they be nervous and sweaty?
Or swell with boldness and beefy?
Is it his stupid words?
Or lewd body language?
Is it the gestures from nowhere
Exhibiting cries of despair?
Is he a billionaire?
Or a fraud from elsewhere?
Is he USA's great savior?
Or a bellower of hot air?
Will we all sing Oh Happy Day?
Or be stung by today's snake?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Paying Time For The Crime

Got in the car
Didn't get far
Before the drugs kicked in
What a truly wicked sin

Didn't see him until too late
That accident sealed my fate
Paralyzed with fear
From death so near

Really bad decision
Of such indecision
Caused me to flee
Couldn't let it be

Kissed the wife and baby
Said bye to family
Went to jail guilty
Of stupidity

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Jail time
Stole my time
For such a stupid crime
Ran out of precious time

Spent long days and nights crying
Instead of loving laughing
All the pain all the suffering
Family time gone depressing

Lots of praying day and night
To help let me see the light
Praying for the victim's speedy recovery
And for my soul to once again be set free

Thanking God for His comfort for His loving
Serving Him and mankind shall be my blessing
Praying to always be strong always be kind
Seeing His love and forgiveness in my mind

Richard Wlodarski

If Not For Friends

If not for friends...
Could I rise and feel
The rays of the morning sun
Burning through a tough new face
Could I save the old face
From total disgrace

If not for friends...
Could I eat only a morsel
And feel full and satisfied
Knowing I could have died
Could I save starvation
From total destruction

If not for friends...
Could I see radiant smiles
On the faces of beautiful people
Expressing hope and optimism
Could I stave off depression
Through kind acts of assertion

If not for friends...
Could I hear rhythmic music
In the beats of diverse drummers
Marching to freedom and democracy
Could I slow the painful deafening
Through the art of attentive listening

If not for friends...
Could I touch the heart of love
And feel all that is good
Feel love and be loved by self
Could I reach out and touch the Hand Of God
Fully embrace That Love and never walk alone

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Work In Progress - For Will Smith And Chris Rock

My slap in the face:
I feel your pain
And your empathy
Your violent nature
And your compassion
Your slap in the face
Such a damn disgrace

My slap in your face:
Disgraceful humour
No excuse for such
My bullying you
And your loving wife
Her awful disease
Behaviour beneath me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Friendship

Hey, my special friend
I hear you in the wind
I feel your spirit within
You've touched my soul
Within your rock and roll
Now we're in the toll

I see your sad eyes
In my lyin' eyes
Asking for the whys

I feel your pain
Of such great disdain
Maybe I'm insane

I touch the spirit within
Feeling my soul crushing
Knowing you were winning

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I feel the wind blowing
Speaking to my soul within
Knowing that I'm now winning

Every time I feel your empowering wind
I thank God for having had you as my one true friend
Every time I feel my soul stirring and searching
I listen closely to your answers in the wind blowing

Every time that I feel my spirit dying
I'm tasting life knowing that I'm really winning
But I'm still tasting life
Fighting through all the strife

And you've stopped tasting life
Thanks to destiny's knife

May destiny's sharp double-edged knife
Reunite us in the afterlife

Richard Wlodarski

Mind's Eye

In my mind's eye
I saw Soul's goal
Made it happen

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sanctions Sanctions Sanctions

Sanctions sanctions sanctions
Claptrap blather bull shit
How dare world leaders
Play chess with madmen
Playing with lives of
Innocent children
Innocent women
Innocent seniors
Watching tyrants kill
Murder innocents
Wipe out innocence

How dare world leaders
Put up with their threats
With measly sanctions
Uttering falsehoods
Shedding such nonsense
Making one want to
Shrivel up and die

PoemHunter.com

How dare he wear cross
And spit in God's face!

Richard Wlodarski

When Love Is Blind- Inspired By The Symphony By Leeann Azzopardi

When love is blind
Music soothes heart
And soul moves on

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Song Of Freedom - Inspired By Sung By Nassy Fesharaki

Nightingale
Obscured by fog
Singing such song
Of great freedom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Warranty Is Void

Nothing's
Guaranteed
No more
Not even
From your
Best store
That's about
To go bankrupt
Bottoms up
Shoot em down
Nothing's
Guaranteed
No more
Not even
The butter
That you
Relish
That is now
That crappy
Margarine
Eating away
At your stomach's
Dismal chagrin
Not even
Wonder Bread
Rotting away
Wonder Woman's
Soulful baby
Sending Superman
To depths of despair
Not even
Toothpaste
Creating
Cavities
Rotting teeth
Now toothless
Nothing's
Guaranteed
No more

PoemHunter.com

Not even
The presidency
Big bad
Woolly
Bully
God-fearing
Bigotry
In country
Of Crazy

Richard Wlodarski

Until Mind's At Rest - Inspired By Through Your Eyes By Dr Dillip K Swain

Until Mind's At Rest - Inspired by Through Your Eyes by Dr Dillip K Swain

Through the eyes of
Pristine poets
Judgment sits still
(Gandhi watching)
'til Mind's at rest

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Until Humanity Wins

I can clearly see beyond colour of skin
I'm really nothing short of your next of kin
I can perceive your kind of race
Although I don't wear the same face
I am a friendly witness to your creed
Living in a country long ago freed
The butt of many a joke for being Polish
And many a time it was really quite hellish
If I could exchange my whiteness for your blackness
Would it result in anymore happiness
Is the poor black human being in America
Any better off than the sweat shopper in Canada
Is my Roman Catholicism
Any better than your Judaism
Is my proud Polish nationality
Any lesser than your Jewish ancestry
Is my being cruel to be kind
Any better than raping your mind
Is my killing you with kindness
Better than bruising your tenderness
If stepping in and feeling your pain
When you're witnessing only cold rain
And I can't reach your dying despair
I will put my life in soul repair
I will fight for your humanity
Colour race creed and your disparity
I will die for Satan's sins
Until humanity wins

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cleansing The Mind

No-thing
Everything is forgotten
And laid aside
For one brief moment
No thoughts
No words
No motion
No-thing
Moment is peaceful
Nothing comparable
We have all experienced
This moment
But for most people
This experience has been
Forgotten
And most people do not
Live for the now
But rather, the then
And
The to- be
Give up your sorrows
And your expectations
And accept
That which comes to you
Naturally
And Life will seem
That much more pleasant
And worthwhile

Peasantry smiling
And nobility
Merely frowning

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Comfort Zone

To be with people
Not feel lonely
To be with oneself
Not feel alone

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tasting Love

If you were
To touch me
In some ways
I couldn't
Understand
Would it make me
Less of a man
Would your warm heart
Open my eyes
To morning's light
In awful fright
Would my blindness
Search out your light
Would my deafness
Cry out for sound
Would my taste for love
Lose essence in Above
Would I cry tonight
Not knowing why?

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Misunderstood [For Allen Ginsberg]

Forever Blake
In your most wake
Deadened for sake

So tried and trued
Misunderstood

Only left so damn lonely
Crossroads of misunderstood

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hearing Test

Flunked my hearing test
Didn't hear nurse
Call out my last name

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Eye Exam

Flunked eye
Exam
Didn't
See it
Coming

Richard Wlodarski

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C'mon C'mon - Inspired By The Movie

Time to share your world
To see what you see
To really listen
To your broken heart
Before my broken heart
Has no more time for words

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tragic Waste - Inspired By But The Notorious Criminal By Dr Dillip K Swain

How such a tragic waste
Of creativity
Can be so misled
To a damned dead end
Is truly baffling

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Water And Food For The Soul

What I write
Is real
Like water
My fuel
And good food
For my soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Houston...No Problem

No...wait
Mom dad
I'm not
Ready
To be
Born yet
Not for
Donald
Putin
Korean
No...wait
Mom dad
What you doin'
Crucifyin'
Me to damn hell
Please wait 'til swell
Time's history
Before this damn
Wrong pregnancy
Houston...no problem

Richard Wlodarski

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Regretful Adage

They espouse: No worries!
They living on borrowed wealth.
They obscured by poverty.
It is they who have no worries?

Richard Wlodarski

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Friends Passing By

No time for friend
Watching the news
What's new with you
My newborn friend?

No time for friend
Groceries end
Got some food for
Me the homeless?

No time for friend
Damn internet
Is your new friend
Such loneliness?

No time for friends
Technology's
Stolen this heart
Dead without love

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Tyranny - Inspired By Deprivation By Anjandev Roy

Deprived of truth
A worldly sin
A tyrant's nation
Goes to confession

Richard Wlodarski

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Tribute To Psalm 37: 4

Delighting myself in The Lord
Receiving desires of heart
Plain simple life
Without the strife
Dying peacefully
Rising gracefully

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Discovering Truth - Inspired By The Magician By Dr Dillip K Swain

The magician spread the new wealth
The meek inherited the earth
In his struggle with poverty
Quick man on his novel journey
Of self discovery finds Truth

Richard Wlodarski

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Quick Man And Illusionist - Inspired By Quick Man By Dr Dillip K Swain

And then came the illusionist
Who greatly perplexed quick man
Quick Man disappeared
Baffling illusionist

Richard Wlodarski

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Blind Love

Such is the day
Fog everywhere
Blinding my love

Richard Wlodarski

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Astral Dreaming

Going to sleep now
With fresh eyes open
To such a divine site
Nightmares turning to dreams

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Mother Russia Ukraine Canada Manifesto

Mother Russia Ukraine Canada
Where do your virgin children play?
How have they lost their innocence
At the indecent age of seven?
How have we evolved to being butchers of heaven
In which Almighty God demotes us to heathens?
Where do our children fight?
How have they become so bitter
At the tender age of ten?
How have we evolved to Satan's emissaries
In which Satan demotes us to less than zero?
Where do your children reside?
How have they become so homeless
Before decently losing their virginity?
How have we evolved to regression
In which God and Satan wage war?
Where will our precious children survive?
How have we lost their innocence
At the indecency of this age?
How have we evolved to dissolve to resolve
That God is dead and we won't live again?

Mother Russia Ukraine Canada Manifesto
We may rise to be the grand manifesto
Where the world's children will rise again!

Richard Wlodarski

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Old Soul's Lesson

When I was young
I tendered age
And much wisdom
For dying soul

Richard Wlodarski

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Starting Over

California sun setting Big Sur far stunning
Rugged coastline ablaze with adventure's morning
Memories aplenty so lively in the funny
Life's journey worth exploring with this sweetie so sunny

Neighbourly Canada's winter winds awaiting
Snowflakes dancing for the mere price of asking
Blizzards hiding and in mourning
Storms of winter may be forming

California sun rising surf's coming
Morning coffee percolating joy working
Mamas and the Papas singing California Dreaming
Beach Boys harmonizing Good Vibrations in the teaming

Northern Lights shining brightly in God's country
Cozy warmth of General Store so wintry
New Beginnings in the making
Life's great adventure worth takin

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Richard Wlodarski

Mine Ardent Mind - Inspired By No One Can Imprison Your Mind By Dr Antony Theodore

Giving myself permission
Not to hurt mine ardent mind
Flying free with spirit

Richard Wlodarski

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You Can't Imprison My Mind

You can take from me
My precious freedom
You can forever cage me
Like a wild animal
You can try to train me
Like some kind of puppy
You can whip the hell out of me
Until my back is skinless
You can blind me
With a welder's torch
You can rob me of my hearing
By hammering nails in my ears
You can cut out my tongue
And starve me to death
You can stitch together my lips
And silence my boldest protests
You can cut off my fingers and hands
So I can no longer sew your clothes
You can saw off my toes and feet
So I cannot march anymore
Yet, you cannot rob me
Of my most precious gift
You cannot steal
The soundness of mind
The power to think freely
And to simply visualize

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost Daughter

How my heart thoroughly aches
Disowning mine own daughter

Never having seen you
Never having touched you
Never having kissed you
Never having loved you

How my heart thoroughly aches
Having died not knowing you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Heart-To-Heart Talk

Never had such a son
To love him how I should
Never had such great love
That easily I could
Never had self-esteem
Not even in best dream
Never had such a godson
Whose love I wish I had won
Never had courage to say
That on my very worst day
I wish I had you as son
Knowing this life I had won
Never ever in shredder
Should we make it damn badder
I just wish we could now speak
About what makes us so weak

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A New Life

I was tortured
But didn't fall
Into abyss
Prayers of the meek
Were heard by the Lord
He called out to me
Gave me a new life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Blind Love - Inspired By The Symphony By Leeann Azzopardi

When love is blind
Music soothes heart
And soul moves on

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Is Still Alive

Hey, New York
Devilish
Playground of
Kerouac
And The Beats
His spirit
Talking to you:
I'm still alive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Forget Academia

Forget academia
Work in social media
Keep the chops a movin'
To music that's groovin'
Keep your bright mind alert
And out of the damned dirt
When you're in dire straits
Get out there on some dates
Karaoke is the place to be
On days that are driving you crazy

Richard Wlodarski

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Cuban Night

Shoes so new
Shoes so tight
Sandals now retired
For sheer Cuban night

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Tropics

Sun rise and set
Only to find
There is no time
In Cuban mind

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Bright Full Moon

Such is the night
A bright full moon
Waiting sunrise
For fulfilled life

Richard Wlodarski

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Another Chance

If I were to take
My last dying breath
And somehow saved life
Thanked my Saviour God
For another chance
To renew my life
And spread One God's Word

Richard Wlodarski

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Never Giving Up

I grew up watching dynasty
They grew up watching travesty
The great Maple Leafs were no joke
Now, we need more than just one toke
I hope they win The Stanley Cup
Before I die and just give up

Richard Wlodarski

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In World Unknown

We were once lost
In world unknown
Only to be found
In One God's Country

Richard Wlodarski

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Too Busy

I've been too darn busy
Working day in day out
Sacrificing my life
Forgetting about Soul

Richard Wlodarski

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The Call Of The Sea

He nurtured nature
Of his great big sea
The worldly poet
Such a navy man

Richard Wlodarski

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My Promise

I have not seen Him
And I do love Him
I don't see Him now
And I'm filled with joy
I didn't see
Him as infant
And He was there
I didn't see
Him as adult
And He was there
As deathly infant
I didn't see Him
And He saved my life
As deathlike adult
I didn't see Him
And He saved my life
I promise to be True
To One And Only God

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Verse Flowing Into Song

Like nightingale's song
My heart so full of joy
For such great passion
From humble writing
Words flow into song

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Redemption Verse

In my unfailing Love
To one and only God
I will redeem sinners
Starting with wicked me
Through startling poetry

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Of Some Great Thing

Feeling drawn to
Expectation
And desire
Of some Great Thing
The One guides me
My poetry
And my One's heart
To miracle

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Fruition

With God in my heart
Poetry does flow
Books in fruition

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Creativity Flowing

Forever endowed with
Such creativity
Now flowing from One God
I let go of fear
Seize opportunity

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Love Crying

He's using his brilliant mind
Instead of muscled behind
He's breaking the bubble
In Ukraine's tough struggle
They've found way on dark web
To put Putin to bed
Zelensky's TV president
Knows all about using dissent
Some in Russian population
Are siding with humane nation
They've had enough of their tyrant
Whom the devil himself has sent
They're fighting with neighbourly friend
To put Putin's war to an end
World is shedding Love's tears of pain
Russia...nation of such great disdain

Richard Wlodarski

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Liberating

Spit out
Negative
Energy
Be consumed
By fire
Liberate
The pure soul
Sent to Heaven

Richard Wlodarski

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Creed

To clean the mind
Of all the crap
That's so screwed up
And cry no more
To think the clean
Of all the dirt
That festers soul
And die no more
To do the crap
That's so messed up
But cleans the mind
Nourishes soul

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Jumping Ship

Let us not
Desert ship
Sharks smell blood
Are hungry

Richard Wlodarski

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Contemporary Pinocchio

The make-up artist
Could not cover face
Her shiny nose knows
Such Pinocchio

Richard Wlodarski

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Being Wrong

Through my greatest skill
Of making mistakes
I have learned
To now love
And be loved

Richard Wlodarski

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Deprived Christian

In my solitary
Of Christianity
I deprive myself of
The other religions
And miss out on One God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Striving To Get Better Or Allowing Yourself To Get Worse - Inspired By Gunnar Peterson

Woke up to birds singing
After a restless night
Of an owl hooting
Coffee first thing morning

Forgot 'bout meditation
And books of inspiration
Couch potatoed and surfed the net
Found Gunnar's mantra owe him debt

Went for walk in morning sun
Cycled and had lots of fun
Played tennis with a woman
And she's now my greatest fan

Health's never been better
Awesome for this elder
And thanks to Gunnar
I'm now a winner

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A True Champion - Inspired By King Stanza -418 By Dr Dillip K Swain

Like many layers
To a raw onion
A true champion
Peels the layers
'til True Self is found

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Women Advancing To The Right

Men to the left
We are so deft
Women to the right
They are so damn bright
Men to the left
Are we bereft
Women to the right
Don't give up the fight
Men to the left
We're in their debt
Women to the right
They've got deadly bite
Men to the left
We've got some heft
Women to the right
Reaching quite a height
Men to the left
Left for men
Women to the right
Right for women

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Richard Wlodarski

Spirit Freeing

Such a time...
Living into peacefulness
Of that not so long ago
And striving for...simplicity
Such a wonderful time...
Breathing in...all of yesterday
A breath away from...today
Such a prosperous time...
All of life's breath...inspiration
Moments...cosmic consciousness
Being...Spirit freeing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Night Owl

Birds wake before dawn
To enjoy the day
I wake long after
To savour the night

Richard Wlodarski

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Brave Adventure

In meditation
I found such freedom
To live happily
With great modesty
I found elegance
In antiquity
Such poverty
In luxury
I found such great wealth
In being worthy
More rich than wealthy
I thought quietly
And talked so gently
Then acted frankly
I listened to
Magic of night
Music of day
Sounds of silence
Cries of babies
Screams of homeless
With an open heart
I journeyed through life
On brave adventure

Richard Wlodarski

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Musing

I will sit silently
In the hardness of wood
Benched in solitude
Listening to aplenty
I will stand and walk alone
In my depths of despair
Searching for what I care
'Til dog no longer has bone

Richard Wlodarski

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Succinct Agony

Let my succinct verse
Just rest and rehearse
For timely address

Richard Wlodarski

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Ghost

I'm dead
And gone
But for
How long?

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More Than We'll Ever Know

Maybe I
Didn't cry
Just enough
For us both
Maybe I
Didn't say
I love you
Just enough
Maybe I
Hurt you so
Not knowing
You would cry
Maybe I
Loved you more
Than we'll
Ever know

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Reflexions

Maybe it's a dream that was never meant to be
Only borrowed love lost in eternity
Maybe it's the window to your soul
Only blinding you with rock and roll
Maybe it's the sounds of silence in the wind
Elusive butterfly of love from Bob Lind
Maybe it's only a feeling that we're coming together
Husband and wife father and mother brother and sister
Maybe we're gathering for peace and loving
And we are mourning Woodstock not surviving
Maybe those bloody wars were never meant to be
And The Beatles as it should be with Let It Be
Maybe it's not the guns that are doing the killing
And we are victims of poverty starved of loving
Maybe we think that dying is better than living
And that soon we'll waken to a better world coming
Maybe God is all-forgiving and all-loving
And some greener pastures are in the gathering
Maybe The Dove will be sent for Mother Earth to mend
And the poverty and killing will come to an end
Maybe in Green Pastures
Tonight
Love will be staying alive
In spite of it all

Richard Wlodarski

Drunken Poet's Dream

All the booze in the world
Won't make me so drunk that
I cannot realize
This world's stupidity

Richard Wlodarski

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Dance Of Life

We sing songs of joy
Disguised in sorrow
We dance Dance of Life
And die tomorrow

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The Doctor And...What?

Doctor checking blood pressure
Putting me under pressure
Sometimes it's elevating
Other times it's descending
He can't seem to get a read
'cause he has someone to feed
Not baby son who's in bed
The little one has been fed
But rather, the coolest chipmunk
Who's putting doctor in a funk
Doctor ran out of peanut mutter
And chipmunk is getting nuttier
About to break window
'See you, Doc. Gotta go! '

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Materializing Goals

Make all these things...
Awaken
With smile
Eyes so bright
Ears alert
Smell roses
Taste love
Touch success
Make all these things...

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cocoon - Inspired By Protestation Or Pretension? By Dr Dillip K Swain

Pretending to protest
Against adversary
Searching within to discover
It's all been such a damned cover

Richard Wlodarski

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Kite Flying

Kite flying so high
In heavenly sky
Sun giving it light
Wind giving it flight

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Beautiful Mind Shining

In the dark recesses
Of the powerful mind
Shines a light
Ever so faint

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Lighting The Way

From prison of hell
To schoolroom of Light
The darkness faded
God guiding my way

Richard Wlodarski

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The Death Of Love

Love's now dead
Christ no God
In my sight

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A Satire On Gifts

Can't give you the sun
Because it's too hot
And my wings will melt
Can't give you the moon
Because it's too cold
I'll get frostbite
Can give you
Warmth of sun
On bleak day
Can give you
Lover's moon
On raw night

Richard Wlodarski

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Putin Praying

In praying for peace
Asking God to push
All of the world leaders
Especially, Putin
To pray and do penance
And acknowledge their guilt

Richard Wlodarski

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Rebel With A Cause

Looked in my pocket for that last loonie
And to my surprise I found a twonie
Found myself moving along happily
Knowing I can buy a donut and coffee
Kiss(ed) An Angel Good Morning for donut and coffee
Listened all morning to Charlie Pride to set me free
Found myself going into liberty
For the morning I was about to see
Me and Bobby McGee waking up to ecstasy
After a night of simply startling jubilee
Feeling all light tingly and so damn happy
After a lifetime of what felt like slavery
Me and Mrs Robinson waking up to a new maturity
After hibernating in what seemed like a damn eternity
Kissing Me Softly In The Arms of an Angel
Traversing The Road Less Travelled with a new angle
Looked in my pocket for some lost change
Felt like a cowboy on a lone range
Thinking about Gene Autry and the Grand Ole Opry
About Johnny Cash and the Man In Black('s) brave story
Woke up to a Sunday Morning Coming Down
Truly believing that I was Cathy's Clown
Dressed up as A Well Respected Man
And feeling no lesser than Peter Pan
Poor Lonesome Me struggling in the land of liberty
Fighting sweat shop mentality in lost industry
The Rebel Without A Cause lost in the land of Oz
Persevering to be the rebel with a cause
Crazy with Fever On The Threshold of a Dream
Riding with Riders On The Storm looking for some steam
Break(ing) On Through To The Other Side of Harvest Moon
Believing the mobility came none too soon

Richard Wlodarski

Broken Friendships

Tearfully
She now rejoined
Society
Of lost friends

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Self

You must love yourself
And your awesome life
Before you can love
Your beautiful wife

Richard Wlodarski

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Self Control

When I lose it
Mentality
Please bring me back
To sanity
So gracefully

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Lover Of Distance

She is so far apart
Yet, closer to my heart

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Fighting For Right To Be Happy

She's crying throughout this lonely night
Heart-broken over a stupid fight
He's drinking it up out of spite
Lonesome lovers losing tonight
She's carelessly sleeping the night away
He's frivolously fighting come what may
Sleepless night of broken dreams
For this loneliest of teams
Cry what she may tonight and yesterday
Drink all thru the night and all of today
Sleeping listlessly dreaming carelessly
Two lonesome lovers bonding endlessly
Lovers forsaken like Romeo and Juliet
Sparring fighters forgiven in moment of regret
Two lost souls on life's dreary journey
Fighting for the right to be happy

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Sojourn

To wake up
And just see
My soul's eyes
In mirror
Reflecting
Life's journey

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Outrage

Carpenter's dead
Hammer's alive
Pounding the hell
Out of all war

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Rescuing Me From Boredom

If I awakened drenched in sweat on a cold morning
Shivering paralyzing cursing knowing I'm dying
Would you step barefoot on the cold dark concrete floor
Looking for an exit from a sleazy back door?

If I snapped out of dozing off at my boring job
Cussing blurting shrieking in a momentous sob
Would you tippy-toe to my boss's cavernous hole
Addressing her highness with kindness selling your soul?

If halfway through the course of my afternoon delight
Flickering shuttering embracing darkest of sight
Would you race to the virginity of the light
Believing you weren't the stingiest in your fight?

If awakening from evening of the reckoning
Hallucinating resurrecting recuperating
Would you hug the iconic Timothy Leary
Trusting doctoring enabling humanity?

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Richard Wlodarski

Legendary Loneliness - For David Pritchard

Hey, Buddy a dime for the last time
To let me hear Rock and Roll's prime
Hey, crazed Patsy sparing your lost sanity
To let me know that I'm not so crazy
Hey, fluent Jimi having your experience
At the insanity of immense expense
Hey, tragic Janis taking comfort
In perceiving that we all hurt
Hey, sagacious Jim lighting the fire in our soul
With the poetry of your endlessly wailing soul
Hey, stark Elvis we are forever lonely tonight
Contemplating your astonishing plight and flight
Hey, Lennon imagine forever free
With God's speed projecting eternally

Lonely legends living in their own time
Rocking and rolling with eternal rhyme
Lonely legends forever in our mind
Diamonds in the rough sparkling in the grind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

We Sinners

We sinners
Out of tune
Waiting for
Lone drummer
To beat us
To rhythm

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Growth

Life is beautiful
Such a thoughtful waste
For growth not sprouting

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Autosuggestion

Now suggest
To yourself
For moment
You're ageless
Regardless
Physical
Or mental
Without age
Anything's
Possible

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Challenges

I sit and wait for what I do not know
I cannot see the seeds that I can sow
Life is full of opportunity
Yet, I look upon life hopelessly
What is it about me that accepts misery
Giving in so easily and so damn quickly
Is there some secret I don't know
About the seeds that I can sow?
The reality is there is no secret
Except that life need not be full of regret
Let's look at the good in ourselves and others
And love our mothers fathers sisters brothers
Some may call me an idealist
What's wrong with being an optimist
I find that there are too many pessimists
That do their best to discourage optimists
At this they have become a success
And have put the world in quite a mess
Some believe in accepting their fate
And truly believe it's too late
To do something constructive with their lives
For they have taken one too many dives
To them I say: Do not give up hope
I know sometimes it's hard to cope
But as we learn to look at the beauty in life
We will also learn to forget about the strife
I wish you all the very best
On this very exciting quest
Have faith in yourselves
Learn to know thy selves
And life will be very rewarding
To those who attempt the journeying

Richard Wlodarski

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Life Is So Beautiful

Life is beautiful
And then we die

In such moments
When I'm alive
I wake to see
Birth of new day
I breathe in
Rays of sun
Enlivened
I smell roses
Garnered in garden
Enamored
I hear nightingale
In song lost and found
Enthralled
I taste essence of life
Smothered in magnificence
Ecstatic
I touch Angel's touch
Soothed by heaven's warmth
Elated

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Imprisoned Souls Released

Awakened
Reflected
In mirror
Elvis Presley
Rock and roll love
Imprisoned
Misery

Wakening
Stretching mind
And body
Blake Awake
Fired Soul
Tortured

Richard Wlodarski

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Sandstorm

Memories
Flooding me
Like sandstorm

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Calm And Stormy

Life is a beach
Where sands of time
Congregate
For memories

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You Live On...

I believe in
Such miracles
I've seen them
Manifest
In my life
I need not
Convince you
Agnostic
Atheist
Life exists
And beyond

Richard Wlodarski

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Life Renewed

Cry to end
Of such time
If need be
Suffer
To heart's
Content
Your eyes blinded
Ears deafened
Your mouth silenced
Your heart frozen
Your life threatened
Dare not to fight
To see the light
Hear music
Speak liberty
Touch others' lives
Your life renewed
Cry with tears
Of such great joy
That One God's angels
Are so greatly moved
Tears overflow
Jesus holds your hand
Guides you to The Shore
Life begins again

Richard Wlodarski

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Wisdom Sleeping In My Soul - For Daniel Brick

Delirious
In my sound mind
Imagination
Births my poetry
Wisdom surfacing
Having been summoned

Richard Wlodarski

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The Light - Inspired By King Stanza 403 By Dr. Dillip K Swain

The more it rains
The more it pours
'til through the storm
The Light breaks through

Richard Wlodarski

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Putin Is Killing God

Raindrops from heaven
Tears from my heart
For the innocents
In war torn Ukraine

God is still so sleeping
While Putin's killing
The world is watching
For a sign from God

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Death And Life

Life awakening in bliss of morning
Death resurrecting to the mourning

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Eternal Optimist

To see only light
In all of darkness

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Less Sorrow

Yesterday
Lost today
Just buried
Tomorrow
Will go on
Less sorrow
For morrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Greatest Challenge

Life's toughest struggle
Sorrow leading to
Grandest victory
Freedom of the soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Absence Of Liberty

Christ-forsaken Christianity
Leading to Today's Mentality
Colour Creed Nationality
Facing...absence of liberty

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

War Crying

Life And Death (War Crying)

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Deceit

You pretend
To listen
Far away
In your land
My words stand
In stoned mind
Filtered now
Through songs blue
Lies ring truth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Astral Visitations

Souls leaving their physical bodies
Transcending this earthly existence
To sublime dimensions unknown
The Natural Order calls for
The evolution of the souls
So their visitations take place
While they are in the astral
Until such day when they shed their haze
And are at last long liberated

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Perfect Mind

Don't erase memory
It's movie of your life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Surprise Lover

In the wee hours of the morning he gently kisses her
He caresses her smooth but old and tired body
The long-time lovers are making love in public
People old and young are somewhat astonished
But the two are so intimate they don't notice
He stops for a moment of rest
She is eternally grateful
He holds her tightly as he smokes
Admiring her graceful lines
He reflects on his eternity with her
Doesn't have even one moment of regret
The old lovers resume their dance with time
And the crowd now shows a new-found respect
He fondles her nude body touching her hot buttons
And she's quick to respond like she has never before
She has lit his fire and he is now passionately kissing her all over
In the heat of the moment the crowd stand up and wildly roar and applaud
Modestly Bob Mover thanks them and continues making love...to his sax

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Living Again

Now, I'm living
Living again
Now waking to
Clock of rooster
Spending good time
Phoning mentor
Sharing poems
Now partaking
In ritual
Morning reading
In sun shining
And basking
Vitamin D
Now meditating
On solely One Love
On just One Colour
On solely One Creed
On solely One Race
While meditating
I'm taking time to pray
To the Almighty God
Spiritual Guidance

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Star Crossed Lovers

I saw the light...
I saw the end
Of the dark tunnel
Your eyes radiating
Guiding me
To the window
To your soul
I penetrated
Your warmth
Leading me to
Orgasmic beauty
To a oneness
With the universe
I felt your pain
And the world's pain
We embraced...
Cold sweat...
And warm bodies froze
In infinite time and space
Shivering together
Crying for humanity
Knowing that
We are mere
Grains of sand
On desolate
Cold nude beaches
Warming up for
Star-crossed lovers
We cried together
On this frigid night
As the full moon and bright stars
Competed with each other
And our bodies
Paled the night sky
Reminding us
That our time
Together is...
A grain of sand...
Forever lost...

PoemHunter.com

In Immortality...

Richard Wlodarski

Liberation Day

Someday I will wake up to see
A world that is totally free
Free of bigotry and slavery
Free of the evil in you and me
Someday I will wake up to smell freedom
I will pray to one day be in His Kingdom
I will fold my hands go down on my knees and say:
Thank You Heavenly Father for this Freedom Day
Someday I will wake up to hear songs of joy
Revisit Christmas Day and that special toy
I will shed tears of joy and thank mom and dad
And remember that my life wasn't all that bad
Someday I will wake up and taste liberty
Unlock cuffs and shackles quelling you and me
I will rise stand tall and scream to them all:
Lay down your knives and guns lest we all fall
Someday I will wake up and touch the humanity in you and me
I will thank God for sending us strength and dignity to set us free
I will shed tears of grief for all those children who didn't have to die
And try to understand why so very young mom and dad had to say: Bye
But for now I'm on pins and needles with all the lunacy injustice and lack of sanity
Every day and night I ask the Heavenly Father about the evil in you and me
I pray that God puts an end to all the racism indignity and immorality
And that one day His heavenly children will show us the peaceful way to setting us all free
Vaya con Dios, mis amigos

Richard Wlodarski

Bringing Laughter To Your Disaster

Can I rattle your bones
When you're out of tones
Can I put a smasher
On your profound matter
Can I make you smile
When on your last mile
Can I bring laughter
To your disaster

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

All Messed Up

Trump in
The rump
Kim to
The rim
Putin
In sin
Diplomacy
Hypocrisy
Screw them all
With world's hope

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Attentive Communication

I sat and really listened to you today
Hung on to every word you had to say
I looked into your saddened eyes
And saw your anger in the skies
I sat and really listened to you today
Watched for every signal you had to convey
I saw the tears you were hiding
From the long days and nights of chiding
I sat and really listened to you today
Saw every hurt that you had to repay
I felt the anger raging in you
For thinking your reward was now due
I sat and really listened to you today
Heard all the in-between words you had to say
I looked into your lonely eyes
Tried to convey my lonesome cries
I sat and really spoke with you today
Strung out every word I had to say
I forced you to look into mournful eyes
For you to see my anger and the lies
I sat and really spoke with you today
Sent every signal I had to convey
I abandoned the tears from falling
To heal from all of the tongue-lashing
I sat and really spoke with you today
Saw every hurt I had to repay
I felt the anger surging in me
For never finding my liberty
I sat and spoke intimately with you today
Trusting in you knowing secret words I had to say
I forced you to look into my lonesome eyes
So that once again we could empathize

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Metaphorical Journey - For Daniel Brick And M.J. Lemon

I thoroughly believe
In writing with passion
And such a belief
Makes it so happen
Nothing was happening
With the Kerouac book
'til I deeply believed
In synchronicity
Soul poets Brick and Lemon
Were steering the battleship
Through deeply troubled waters
With I/Kerouac's spirit
The ship weathered the storms
With Captain Kerouac
And the damn mighty crew
Kept their spirits alive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sometimes

Sometimes
I sit
In darkness
Just searching
For the light
Sometimes
In deafness
Trying now
Just to scream
Sometimes
When so blind
Lost in find
Sometimes
Screwed of taste
Lost in disgrace
Sometimes
When no feeling
Lost in empathy
Sometimes
Human

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Prejudice

To judge
Be judged
Karma

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Waking Up

I will wake
To see sunrise
With eyes
Half closed
Teach beauty
I will wake
To see wonder
In your soul's eyes
Half closed
Learn love
I will wake
To touch
The earth
Smell roses
Make love to you
I will wake
To feel
Essence
Strive to be
Just human

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Richard Wlodarski

Hearts Sealed

To write you
These damn words
Coming from
Somewhere else
Not my heart
Not my brain
Don't know where
To write you
I Love You
Feel it
Death knocking
Life stalking
Embracing
My lost soul
To sign you
Love always
Meaning now
Hearts sealed
Me and you
You and God
Me and God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Putin Versus The World

The damned warmonger
Challenged peacemaker
Only to win battle
But lose ongoing war

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Russian Jews And Ukrainians

Searching for Jews
Who give a damn
Not just for clan
For every man
You and I in the news
Due to differing views
Let's God's Light unite
Our brotherhood

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Russian Jew Passover

We broke bread
Just after
Making love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

His True Self - For Jack Kerouac

Never wanted
To be football
Star in universe
Devoid humanness
Never wanted
Fame and fortune
In the spotlight
Hit the jackpot
Just wanted to be
My goddamn true self
Hadn't been realized

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Heart Song

It's only someone's sad lonely song
They're only words and notes from my heart
It's a song about ecstasy and torment
Here's to hoping that we didn't circumvent
It's only a song unreserved
Merely sketches from my lost and found
It's only a song about love and hate
Here's to hoping it wasn't our fate
It's only a torch song from within
They're only emotions etched in stone
It's a song about love and dying
Here's to hoping we're surviving
It's only a tragic song about life
They're only memories and we're reborn
It's a song about unrequited love
Here's to love surviving in the Above
It's a simple love song
The essence of my love
It's a song about our insanity
Here's to the future of new liberty
A song of basic notes and harmonious sound
A book of simple words and intricate meanings
A painting of slender strokes and so much heart
A sculpture of stone piercing my essence
A word lost in meaning
A chord remote in melody
A stroke skipped in a heart beat
A touch lost in the rhythm of the soul
A creation breathing life into eternity
Spirituality...
Now rebirthing in me...

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

There's Dancing In Heaven

Is there dancing
In Heaven Tonight
Watch out My Sweet Lord
The free spirited
Purple Butterfly
Has just arrived
She's the Dancing Queen
Caribbean Queen
And yes she will
Dance up a storm
No Stairway To Heaven
For the Free Bird Karen
The jet propelled
Elevator
To Rock and Roll Heaven
Only Heaven Knows
Of jukebox in heaven
Where Karen's Knocking On Heaven's Door
Break [ing] On Through To The Other Side
She's Beyond The Sea
With Mack The Knife
The Man In Black
The King and Cash
They're Reeling and Rocking
Dancing The Night Away
To Rock and Roll Music
And Tin Pan Alley
The girl with eyes
Like pizza pies
Is totally chatting it up
With the girl with kaleidoscope eyes
Jesus Is Just Alright
When Karen sends Him
The Elvis sneer
The Pelvis just laughs
Heaven's On Fire tonight
Karen's in Disco Heaven
Rockin' On Heaven's Floor
With her Blue Suede Shoes

PoemHunter.com

In her Little Piece of Heaven
Somewhere on the Edge of Heaven
For the Greater Good of God
Karen shouts: Clean Your Ears Out!

Richard Wlodarski

From The Great Beyond - For Daniel Brick

Mind still
Now speaks
Silent
Poems
Passion
Still born...
And now...
Reborn

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

It Greatly Matters - Inspired By Possible

How much does
It matter
That poets
Write day in
And night out
Fall asleep
Dreaming of
Their brave hearts?

It matters
When they die

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Gift To Being - For Daniel Brick - Inspired By Four Taoist Poems By Daniel Brick

To be in the moment
To let go of thought
Yet allow the flow
Of harmonious words
Pure magic
Of the soul
A gift to Being

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Humbly Honoured

I intuitively
So greatly understand
The presence of God
And I am honoured

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Spirited Play At Work

The playgrounds are barren now
The trees have lost their zest for life
Their colorful leaves buried long ago
The sand in the sandbox is frozen
Like the lost and forgotten smiles
Of innocent youth in the art of play
Ice melting on metal slides to the ground
A majestic wind swings metal and wood
Into a storm-threatening vengeful sky
Wind subsiding merrily-go-roundly
Spirited play at work in the minds
Of those grieving murder of life
Cries stifled as the wind picks up
White blank sheets of paper
Hanging in mid-air
Miraculously transformed
Angelic imagery blinding
Tears overflowing kneeling and praying
God's brethren cursing for their loss and agony
God responding...angel flying away

Richard Wlodarski

Voice Of Higher Self

I need this silence
And such solitude
To enable Voice
Of mine own true self
To be heard one time

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Peaceful Light - Inspired By A Different Kind Of World By
sandra Feldman

To see the light
Of inner self
And then project
It unto God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Not A Legend In His Own Mind

I so hated
To die so young
Yet, eternal

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Inner Joy

To live with Father
By blood of His Son
To see the Divine
In all that's alive
To be here now
In the silence of
All That Is Holy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Darker Side

In the shadows of friendship
Lurks a darker side of creativity
In which we get in touch with reality
In the shadows of tomorrow
Lurk the phantoms of yesterday
And today we resolve our pain
In the shadows of feuding
Lurks the double-edged sword of kinship
In which love and hate meld together
The shadows have lost their darkness
The light penetrates the pain and sorrow
And my life triumphs over tomorrow
I will always treasure the love we had
And never regret the darker side of our emotions
As we move on with our own destinies

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Putin The Streetsweeper

Israel
Loves Putin
Honored him
With street name

Audacious!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Critics Galore

Pugilist
Word artist
Staring down
Damn critics
Robbers of soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Inner World

In silence
I speak not
Hear not
Yet, spirit
Speaks volumes

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In Memory Of Vietnam

Virgin soldiers dying
Incomprehensible
Babies' brains splattered
In crazed Vietnam
Nixed Nazis resurrecting
Hitler's sickening regime
Prophets of war benefiting
From life's cruelest misery
Flower children gathering protesting
Dylan's Baez in Brothers' Arms
Crying out for humanity's decency
Dick the Prick murdering his own kind
Perverted Illuminati Satan's Children
Sacrificing Jesus killing life
In God's name for Christ's sake
Slaying millions in vain

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Being Free

There will always
Be damned tyrants
Who will try to
Steal my mind
Kill my freedom
I will fight on

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Democracy Will Never Die

I saw the light of that morning fading
As democracy was now crippling
First one and then the second tower went tumbling
But the good old Red Blue & White was still flying
I saw my neighbors screaming and dying
While I felt helpless and in mourning
I heard their screams of agony
As I looked on in misery
I felt the pain of suffering families
As I watched and listened to the homilies
I can still see the faces of the enemy
As I sleep tossing and turning endlessly
I try to remember that God is all-loving and all-forgiving
But my enemy tells me that God is One-loving and too forbidding
Perhaps this is the reason I stopped going to church long ago
Seeing the hypocrisy of sinners and lovers and the foe
Today I'll pray at home for all the souls who have died so needlessly
Not just for my American neighbors but those who've fought courageously
So that I may enjoy my freedom in a world that is always brave and free
God, please watch over the beautiful souls of those who have died for our freedom
And give courage to their families who will some day join You in your Kingdom

Richard Wlodarski

Ethereal Child - For Gerard Kerouac

Unlike
Other
Children
Solitude
His comfort
Heavenly visions
Dear companions
Pain and suffering
So damn very young
God having mercy
Asked him to come Home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In A Rock Glass No Chaser

Pour me a glass of cheer
My bartender my dear
For tonight I'm full of fear
Pour me a shot of whiskey
My darling my missy
Making life less risky
Pour me a shot of rum
So I'm not such a bum
In what feels like a slum
Pour me a shot of Grey Goose Vodka
And Sambuca so we can salsa
And get out of town in a Jetta

Pour me no chaser
Makes me less racier
Letting go of fear
Pour me no whiskey
Especially
In my misery
Pour me no rum
When I feel glum
And life's so dumb
Pour me no booze
So I don't lose
When I snooze

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Perpetual Imprints

We build sandcastles
With the hands of children
Grains of sand
Imprinted
On the minds
Of children
We build castles
With the hands of men
Walls of brick
Imprinted
On the minds
Of great men
We build prisons
With the hands of robots
Houses of pain
Cemented
On the minds
Of poor men
Once children
We build love
With the hands of God
Family of Man
Imprinted
On the minds
Of angels

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Neverending Love

How I had once loved to dance with you
This wondrous dance of immortal life
How I had loved to touch your heart
With the true essence of my soul
How had we once separated
Lost in infinite time and space
Only to once again find each other
On the other side of this breathtaking life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Visualizing Love

Believe the world
To be better
Without colour
No white no black
No brown no red
Neutral instead
We're One Colour
One God's Colour
Equality
No misery
No poverty

Imagine Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Walking In Your Shoes

I will walk
In your shoes
See darkness
Cursing light
In sun's dance
Shadowing
Prejudice
I will walk
In your shoes
Kiss this death
'til life lives
In heaven
Hell sees none
Cry no more
I will walk
In your shoes
And be damned
When no more
Religion
Kills One God...
IMAGINE

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reawakening

I've discovered
I'm not alone
Mine eyes once
So blinded
Have seen light
In darkness
Mine ears
Once deafened
Polluted
By such screams
Have heard songs
Angelic
My kind heart
Once frozen
Has softened
Such great warmth
Now melting
Into Soul

I'm reborn

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Justly Imagination

Imagination
Is justly fruit of
Such great creation

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Victorious Kerouac

We were soldiers
Lost in battle
Of goddam words
Kerouac won

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I've Found Home

Throw me
Football
Run like hell
To heaven
Throw-me coach
Bounced me back
To passion
As writer
Throw me God
I've found Home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Free Mind Is Now The Teacher

All that's ever
Been so written
On the blackboard
Is now erased
It was perfect
The thoughts remain
For the next class
Now this student
Is the teacher

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soul Mates

If you were my woman...
I would flow on the river within
My soul would touch eternity
And my words would be whispered to God
On winds carrying my spirit to Heaven...
If you were my woman...
I would touch the essence of your soul
I would look within Spirit and cry
For having missed the humanity within me
For you, I thank God for loving me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Consider...Considerateness

If you can't be good...
Why awaken
To sun rising
Impregnating...
Why breathe in
Showering
Negating
All that's bad
If you can't be good...
Why smell the roses
Dance in the rain
Fight restraint
Why see the light
In the shadow
Smell sweet victory
In adversity
If you can't be good...
Why hear the sound
Of cosmic music
And not fall asleep
Why taste sweetness
In bitterness
When life's beautiful
Nothing's a cesspool
Richard Wlodarski

Richard Wlodarski

Great Talent

No such thing
As lack of
Great talent

Brain ain't dormant
Thrives on yours/mine
Creative source

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Living Into Death...Dying Into Life

If you're not all there with your pain tonight
If your soul's lost and not reclaimed
If your life is turning bitter blue
If your lover has died and you haven't been reborn
If the sunrise has lost its splendor
If my eyes have been blinded by love
If your eyes have lost sight of our love
If we keep living separate lives dying
If we keep searching and never finding
If love is crying out and we're make-believing
If we're dying and love is reliving
We shall live into death and die into lif

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Essence Of True Love

If tomorrow never comes...
If I draw my last breath
Without seeing the sun rise
Giving birth to a new day...
If the light in your spirit
Has dimmed searching for new life...
If darkness pervades light...
And coldness melts the warmth...
Will night yield to day?
If tomorrow never comes...
If I die and am reborn
Will I see you again?
Will I see the light
Where once there was darkness?
Will I see the love in your eyes
And fall in love all over again?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

How Fragile...Life

How fragile...life
One day rising
Breathing in
Vitality
Waking to joy
How fragile...life
One moment talking singing
Celebrating being alive
Rejoicing...precious moments
Thankful for the adventure
How fragile...life
One moment reckless
Impatient solitude
Shocked into reality
Threatened by death
How fragile...life
Here and now...sun rising
There and then...sun setting

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

To Be One

If I were a poet
Soul-less
And you were an artist
Virgin
Would you impregnate me
With creativity
Would your innocence
Soften my callousness
And take my breath away
Would the ice-cold blood
Running through my veins
Melt with your embrace
Would your sanity
Stop my insanity
Would my words of emptiness
Be given new life and meaning
Would you give them essence
Above
Essence
Would your eyes
The window to your soul
Awaken me from hibernation
Would your love be strong enough
To preclude my loneliness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Great Love

I only love you
'cause your eyes lead me
To your divine soul
Old soul so long ago
Where we made such great love
With Holy Spirit there
Meditated on Love
In Buddha's presence
Asked for God's blessing
Guided to The Shore
I only love you
'cause you are my eyes
In feared blindness
I see your heart's light
And I fear not
And I thank One God
For the love in you
For your faith in me
For my faith in you
For such faith in God

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Richard Wlodarski

Loving You For Who You Are

I love you
Not for what
You're striving to be
Or for what
I'd like you to be
But for who you are
I love every thing about you
Not only your awesome smiles
That brighten even my worst days
But your frowns that admonish
I wasn't funny enough
I love not only your laughter
That calls to mind how good it is
To be alive and so in love
But also, your crying
For it cautions me
That love sometimes hurts
To accept the pain
Work through the sorrow
Better tomorrow

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Richard Wlodarski

Pleasure In Blushing

To see her face
Softly reddened
By compliment
And then just blush
To hear her voice
Softly deadened
By argument
And then just blush
To taste her kiss
Softly romantic
By sexuality
And then just blush
To touch her soul
Softly crying
By poetry
And then just blush

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In His Image

I am what I am...
I see what I wish to see...
Only the light within me
I hear what I wish to hear...
Only the music within me
I smell what I wish to smell...
Only the success within me
I taste what I wish to taste...
Only kindness within me
I touch what I wish to feel...
Only love within me

Richard Wlodarski

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Such Weakness

I am weak
'cause Satan
Stole my soul

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Such Deplorable Blasphemy

Are we the
Sole only
Religion
In the world
That is such
Blasphemy
To One God?
Do these priests
Really cry
When they test
Innocence
Of children?
Do they see
The damn pain
Suffering
Torturing
Of young souls?
Do we see
God's Servants
As humane?
So kindly?
Considerate?
Compassionate?
Then lock them up!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Inner Truth

In meditation
I reach inner truth
To remain humble

Richard Wlodarski

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Optimistically Pessimist

To cry now
When laughter
Permeates
Such sweet air
To see sin
When God's Love
Cleanses all
In the fall
To hear foul
When goal has been reached
Mistakes corrected
And sins forgiven
To taste bitter
When sweetness
Fills the air
Angels cry
To touch evil
When Satan's dead
And God cries out
Humanity

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Person

Take the thoughts
From my mind
And the feelings
From my heart
And the words
From my mouth
And what's left...
The grains of sand...lost in the sea of infinity...lost in the sea of infinity...

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Angels Traversing Earth

How you remind me so much
Of a time not long ago
When angels traversed the earth
And comforted the distressed
How you remind me
Of those angels' eyes
Smiling heaven's message
To those in so much need
How you remind me now
Of their angelic touch
Soothing warmth to the soul
On the road to digress
How you remind me so much
Of the time here and now
When angels walk on water
Rescuing souls from drowning

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Honesty

To be honest
With my true self
And with your self
Every day
To see into your soul
And find such great beauty
That touches every heart
And cries out for much more
To hear your love song
Dancing to rhythm of soul
And be so enthralled with Love
And be grateful for Oneness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Acquaintances

They were never
Close to true me
Me never like
Them honestly

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Through Child's Wondrous Eyes - Inspired By Big Children By Sandra Feldman

Happy is
As adult
Big child
Who sees play
And wanders
With great joy
Thru children's
Wondrous eyes

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Giving Up The Ghost

Hands stretched out to heaven besieged
To God or a damned deity?
In the name of capitalism communism socialism
Living in the land of make-believe dying for humanity
We are slaves of robots stripping us of our mortality
Waking up to lies within our truths
Liberating ourselves from dying dreams
Crashing waves of creativity cleanse
As we flow into the oneness of Soul
Hands stretched out to heaven within Spirit
To a oneness with all humanity
In the name of God within us all
Living in the dying ingenuity
Rising from the dormant selves enslaving us
Finding the freedom from within slavery
As oceans of inspiration and purity cleanse us
Giving up the ghost and revitalizing once again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Physically (Not Emotionally) Challenged

From my one lost eye
I see your blindness
From my one lost ear
I hear your deafness
From my broken nose
I smell your evil
From my tasteless mouth
Taste your bitterness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

America's Biggest Hex

Well, he spends so much time on Twitter
He's got no time for his own litter
He's a big bad woolly bully
Who's much more than just squirrely
Waking up in mid of night
To take a bite out of spite
He lashes out at celebrity
In nonsense show of reality
He dreams in black and white
But only sees the white
He's served hate for lunch
Prejudice for munch
He can't speak worth a damn
Pretends to be a ham
With the Napoleon complex
He's America's biggest hex

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Killer Mind In Killer Van

Words failing me now
In time of mourning
Such innocent lives
Stolen from One God
Such an intense mind trapped
Escaping on a rampage
Killer mind in killer van
Blood red in his sight
No heart left for life
No man nor woman
Spared any mercy
From this heart of cold
They were the innocent
From all walks of life
From corners of world
Breathing in sunshine
He too was once innocent
Evil not yet his lone friend
Intimacy not yet his
Prisoner in his own mind
They loved life and God
Family was gold
Friends were so cherished
Strangers so welcomed
He was shy and awkward
Rejected by many
Friends so greatly needed
Strangers so unwelcome
They weren't ready for this fate
Breathing in such warmth on Spring's day
Walking leisurely hopefully
Dying furthest thing from their mind
He deliberately planned this fate
Breathing in such darkness cold day
Driving under Satan's damn spell
Dying closest thing in his mind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Winner

To write words
Inspired
By One God
Then stolen
By Satan
To fight good fight
When all's darkness
And see The Light
In such close sight
To have Faith
Now Knowing
Good Conquers
All evil

God's Winner

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Searching For The Wondrous Show

One God provides
Entertainment
For us for free
It's our duty
To find wondrous show

Richard Wlodarski

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Wingman

I'm just God's pilot
Guiding such mankind
To eternal peace
In spite of damned war

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One God's Religion

When all religions
Understand God's Love
Armageddon
No longer more
Just Paradise

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Restored Beauty

To see God's beauty
Firstly, in just me
And then, restore it
In humanity

Richard Wlodarski

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Countdown To Armageddon

Five minutes
Nice and slow
Four...forego
Three...Trinity
Two...Me and You
One...God's Alive

Richard Wlodarski

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No More Wars

No more wars
To damn win
Vain glory
All that is
Such Great Love
Will conquer
Win God's Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Aliens On A Mission

We welcome you
To Planet Earth
We live in peace
Yet, war's the scorn
We need your help
Or we'll die
We don't know you
You don't know us
Your visit's welcomed
In such damning time
My language sets rhyme
For this planet's crime
We welcome you
Possible friends
Truly believe
In endless peace

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

New-Found Joy

Death to...
World's wars
Evil
Death to...
Poverty
Anarchy
Death forever to...
Aristocracy
Lost Democracy
Death to...
Misfortune
Of lost tune
Death to...
Joy lost

Now found

Richard Wlodarski

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Children Being Smarter Than Adults

Asked my son
To play a game
Suggested: Cowboys and Indians
He Suggested: Cowboys & First Nations
Asked my daughter
To play a game
Suggested: Brown Girl In The Round
She Suggested: Black Americans Coming Around
Asked my children
To play a game
Suggested: Cops and Robbers
They Suggested: Counsellors & Rehabilitated
Asked Putin
To play a game
Suggested: All Is Peace
He Suggested: Bomb Ukraine
Asked President Trump
To play a game
Suggested: Imagine
He Suggested: War

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Pondering Peace

Heaven sent a message
To Almighty one day
For that special moment
Peace was observed on earth
God did not speak
He just observed
Such worldly leaders
Contemplating peace
This unique notion of peace
Foreign to the damn tyrants
Their whole being shivering
Uncontrollable cold sweat
God remained silent and solemn
Watching from such a safe distance
The tyrants growing so restless
Paralyzed with such damn fear
Now wage war on God and Heaven
Satan rising from hibernation
Smiling and amused by this fun game
Satan did not speak
He simply observed
Such worldly leaders
Contemplating peace

Richard Wlodarski

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Putin's Sea Otter - Inspired By Peace Planet 1-Please Restore Peace By Geeta Radhakrishna Menon

Sea otter
Swimming in
Sea of love
Praying for
Worldly peace
Discovers
God in midst

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sunflower Embraced

She kisses
Sunflower
Sun shines now
Wallflower
Uncovered
Star power
Discovered

She gifts them
Sunflowers
To grow seeds
Of such love
Uncovered
Star power
Discovered

The Ruskies
Lay down arms
Time for peace
Putin's heart
Once so cold
Now so warmed
To Mother's Love

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Forgetting Mortality

If I could relive
Such moments of dread
Move my life ahead
To tomorrow's life
If I could forget
'bout crap from the past
Focus on the best
Forget the damn rest
If I could live now
Every moment
As if my damn last
Would forget 'bout death

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Brave Souls

Such brave souls
Venturing
Into night
Enemy
All around
Blindness now
Can't see foe
Fear strikes
Paralyzed
Mind body
Soul seeks help
Call to God
God sends Light
Fear dead
Life moves on

Richard Wlodarski

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Domestic Violence

Violence
Takes silence
So muted
By the deaf
Ignorance
Born in shame
Travels lost
Found in guilt
Circleing
'til broken

Richard Wlodarski

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Plagued By The Blues

Did you ever ever see
An eagle who couldn't fly?
Did you ever ever see
A child who didn't laugh?
Did you ever ever see
The world in such misery?

Richard Wlodarski

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Shedding The Blood Of Christ

Let the beer
Make me cheer
The so dear
Let the red wine
Make me entwine
In the divine

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Tarzan

Hold me in your arms
Tonight's so lonely
My heart's so damn cold
I need such great warmth
In your arms I'm strength
Tarzan in jungle
Tonight I'm humble

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Going Home

There I was
In midst of
Such great pain
Life so doubted
Death accepted
Cried like baby
Knowing that I'm
Now going Home

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Chasing Two Rabbits

Chasing two rabbits:
Life worth damn living
Life worth damn dying
Waking to sunrise
Sleeping to sunset
Meditating
Damn net surfing
Exercising
Mind and body
Paralyzing
Retirement
White rabbit
Just sprung up

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Living Life Through Movies

Enthusiasm
About my good life
'though plagued with poor health
Inspired by wealth
Imagination
Movie of my life
Stars getting brighter
On the horizon

Richard Wlodarski

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Mastering Life

Climbing the mountain
No damn arms no legs
Just adversity
Having such great faith
In Living Master

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Melting In Satan's Hell

Lambs have been devoured
By fearless lions
Sheep have been hypnotized
By monstrous cruelty
Pigs have been damn slaughtered
Blood running through the land
Foxes roaming freely
Coyotes so dancing
Wolves searching for soul food
Frozen and timid souls
Melting in Satan's Hell

Richard Wlodarski

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Watching Life Without The Watch

Human being
In the making
Human doing
All the right stuff
Walk with Walden
Synchronizing
With life and death
Experiencing
Life of William Blake
Simply living life
To its damn fullest

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mixed Blessings

I haven't asked
Enough questions
Buried in heart
Those that I asked
I hadn't loved
Answers damn lost
'cause I hadn't
Had the great chance
To live them then
To live them now
Experience
Everything

Richard Wlodarski

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Night Owl Rising Early

To rise with the sun
Time now slowing down
Peace filling the air
Mind open to life
Body closed to death
Time to just listen
To music of life
To dance to rhythm
Feel energized

Richard Wlodarski

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Neighbourhood Of My Mind

Morning tea with Blake
Visions of Heaven
We share in common
Cool afternoon break
With Jack Kerouac
Sharing ON THE ROAD
Day's meditation
With Thomas Merton
Discovering God
Beer and karaoke
With world boxer Chuvalo
Hailing Muhammad Ali
Wine with Pierre Elliott Trudeau
Discussing Fidel Castro
Communism socialism

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In The Silence Of The Night

Car ran out of gas
On road to freedom
Its rusted body
Had served master well
In silence of night
Under One God's sky
The full moon and stars
He meditated
Reflecting on life
He sent gratitude
And died peacefully

Richard Wlodarski

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Respecting Sacred Temple

I shall walk through my mind
Walking meditation
Exercising body
Energizing the mind
My daily pilgrimage
To my sacred temple

Richard Wlodarski

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To Inspire Lost Ones

On the road to
Inspiration
Kerouac is there
So are Thomas Wolfe
Ernest Hemingway
Saintly Thomas Merton
America The Great
Conduit to their mind
Writing my poetry
To inspire lost ones

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Discovering Inner Child

Imagining me
As happy child
Fully energized
Healthy in body
My mind so alert
Inner child wake
Play Monopoly
Get out of jail
Dance the night away

Richard Wlodarski

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Worry To Break Free

Falling victim to worry
Becoming an advocate
Of wonderful 'worry break'
Thirty minutes of freedom
Free to damn worry to death
Over such trivial stuff
And then break free of worry

Richard Wlodarski

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Talking To Me Talking To You

I give thanks
To You, God
For my life
For mine eyes
To see You
For mine ears
To hear You
For my nose
To smell Love
For my mouth
To taste Blood
For my hands
To touch Dove
I give thanks
To You, God
For my mind
To just think
Positive
Accomplish
What I may
Just for You

Richard Wlodarski

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Weekly Retreat

I will not venture
In damn resistance
To sabbatical
I will watch sunrise
On Lake Ontario
With champagne breakfast
Watching Wimbledon
In preparation
For retirement
I will adventure
To Ernest's Cuba
Write good poetry
About his damned life

Richard Wlodarski

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Respectfully, 'no'

Respectfully
I just say 'no'
To your requests
Of my prime time
I just say 'yes'
When we align
With Life's purpose

Richard Wlodarski

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Lucid Dreaming Vivid Living

Sun's rays refracting
On blueness of vase
Morning beckoning
Sanctuary awaits
Daily meditating
Mind focused on just good
Precision for soul's goal
Wisdom then unfolding
From great literature
Preparing me for life

Richard Wlodarski

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Honoured To Serve Higher Good

My early poor health
Taught me to be strong
In mind and body
At fourteen months old
I had cheated Death
Protection from God
And strange remedy
At age twenty three
God's test came again
The tunnel of light
Leading to God's Home
Spiritual guides
Orchestrating way
Near-death to prevent death
Life lessons from God
Heavenly angels
Such intervention
To serve humankind

Richard Wlodarski

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True To Your Word

Cleansing
The mind
Of lies
Vowing
Just truth
No damn lies
No broken
Promises
Sweep the floor
Clean the house
Of stranger
Be happy

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Reading My Mind

Walking reflecting
Experiencing
Learning life lessons
From Robin Sharma
Stretching lazy mind
Reaching potential
To go beyond great
By journalizing

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From Bed Warming To Day Wetting

Sleep has nourished
Mind and body
Time to wake up
At 5: 00 AM
Breathe in fresh air
Savour the day
Read and absorb
Timely wisdom
Write poetry
Create mine art
Thank God for Life

Richard Wlodarski

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Returning Home With Jesus

The old man lay
On dying bed
Twinkle in eyes
Like shining stars
Smile on face
A state of grace
Some reflecting
Life of giving
Jesus stood by
With outstretched arms
Welcoming him
On way back Home

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A Stranger Calling

He didn't have bad breath
Nor strong body odour
His long hair was washed
Clothes were clean and pressed
Spoke English so well
The odd word was lost
University
Hadn't prepared me
For his life's lessons
I missed the streetcars
Deliberately
Enthralled in his talk
Looney for loony
Some thought he was such
But many listened
To his great stories
Learned from their lessons
Collected their thoughts
On his sudden death
Paid tribute to him
Celebrating Life

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Who Will Cry When I Die?

Who will cry
When I die?
In some ways
I have touched
A few lives
Family
And friends
Some clients
Employers
Some strangers
I have strived
To achieve
Values set
By parents
Morally
A good person
From good people
Religiously
Faithful to God
Spiritually
Practicing God's Law
I have cried with joy
In seeing sunrise
To share my good life
Smiled at strangers
Food for the hungry
Money to homeless
Crying with sorrow
In viewing sunset
Empathizing with
Children dying young
Poverty's victims
Artists imprisoned
War killing for peace

And when I die
No one will cry
For they will know
That I'm with God

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Mirage - Inspired By Poverty By M.J. Lemon

Freedom of democracy
Leading to damn slavery

Richard Wlodarski

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Bacon And Eggs Served And Dropped

If I were to die tonight
Before my bacon and eggs
Digested to such sunrise
That even God would soon cry

If the moonlight had so dimmed
As if to forecast demise
Of life yet so unfulfilled
And so damn greatly squandered

If sunset had so yellowed
To make my mood damn mellowed
When full moon had prevailed
And lone wolves had so howled

If my damn darkest secrets
Could never be revealed
And I were to die tonight
I regret having lost you

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Just Ask...And The Universe Will Respond

To never just ask
For help when needed
Making loneliness
So unbearable
To never ask friends
For some assistance
When heart's crying out
In such agony
To not ask father
For needed guidance
When body is sick
And mind so confused
To not ask mother
For such great comfort
When mind's on fire
And body's so weak
To never just ask
Simply so simple
Taking a small risk
And being surprised

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Tuesdays With The Professor

She primes the participants
As if last day of their lives
Subject matter suiting her
And her eccentric student
She was never able to teach
But what a facilitator!
Seeing their strengths and weaknesses
She instinctively leads the group
Her student senses something is wrong
As if in social work practice lab
I delve into deep meditation
Intuitively recognizing
Her ceaseless excruciating pain
I can see her restrained tears
And feel need to comfort her
Asking her out to dinner
Is the damn right thing to do
We laugh and cry and share
Memories so special
I am mesmerized by her
And in this night's reverie
I pray hard for some more time
But it was her last supper
God was welcoming her Home

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Spiritual Rain

Listening to great jazz
As the rain gently falls
Reading Jack Kerouac
On the road with spirit

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Kerouac Weighs The Scales

Write me a ticket
To such great freedom
When One God is head
My life on the thread

Write me this ticket
Forfeit it for sin
Make Satan happy
Jesus so damn sad

Write me new ticket
Make it so damn count
For the balances
Of good and evil

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Rising To View Eternity

Brawlers of the night
Instigating fights
'cause of racism
Damn full moon rising
Cross desecrating
In name of Jesus
KKK rising
The Good descending
Life is not now doomed
'cause it seems to suck
I shall rise to see
Mine eternity

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Love-Starved Strangers In The Night

We dance this night away
To rhythm of the heart
Drowning sorrows with booze
Whispering secrets now
To such love-starved strangers
Listening to Frankie
And Darin's MACK THE KNIFE
Walking home so lonely
With strangers in the night

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I Wish You Such Love

I hope you rise
With morning sun
Greet day with fun
See God's glory
Embrace freedom
I hope you walk
With the angels
Hear their songs
Whispering joy
Embrace free reign
I hope you dance
To the rhythm
Of musicians
The melody
Of lost poets
I wish you such love

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Dancing To The Rhythm Of My Heart

Twilight time
Has just come
Mourning day
Yesterday
Tomorrow's
Deep sorrows
Yet, birds sang
Children played
People laughed
Dance of life
Played rhythm
In my heart

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Worldly Words

He speaks to us
Through some birds' songs
Through proud eagles flying
Through blazing sun rising
Through His children playing
He speaks to us
Through strange strangers
Through oddities
Bombastic talk
Of misery
Desperate times
He speaks to us
When we are weak
Satan's control
Close to damn death
Out of order
He speaks to us
And we now choose
To so listen
To Word of God
Blessed We Are

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Kerouac's Rear View

After night's sleep
Morning is done
Shopping for food
Food for damn life
Jalapenos
Some pierogies
Chicken schnitzel
Great Greek salad
Of course, cognac
Some good beer
As stimulant
For weak body
And feeble mind
The troubled mind
Kerouac's mind
Ginsberg's so there
Hemingway's road
Neil Young brew
The Boss in view
Getting picture
Damn rear view
In perspective

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Once...We Were The Toronto Maple Leafs

Once... we were The Maple Leafs
Damn strong damn proud and damn good
A great team to be feared
Talent and charisma
Above all...work ethic
We lived for hockey
And for our fans
We visualized perfection
And Stanley cup every time
We played our hearts out
Every single game
Nothing stopped us winners
We were simple perfection
'cause we played for our fans

Richard Wlodarski (c) 2021

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Grim Reaper Returns Home

Please stay with me
It's so lonely
In the darkness
Of the cold night
Warmth of your hand
On my raw face
Light in your eyes
Sowing such hope

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A Visual Echo - For Prince William And Prince Harry

Solemnly side by side
Walking in grave silence
Remembering sad past
Funeral of mother
Dear friend of Elton
Princess to kinder world
Sensing her compassion
Their cold indifference
Sparking brotherly love

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Slow Dancing In A Freezing Room

Don't have money for rent
Body and soul quite spent
Damn cold in room from hell
Slow dancing staying warm

No job on horizon
I'm now out to pasture
Twilight years lonely
My baby soul's crying

Depression setting in
Light in her eyes dimming
Love's tearing us apart
Waiting for a new start

Woke up to find her gone
Landlord nowhere in sight
Writing is on the wall
Life's too short for the small

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Entertaining Innocence

Entertain
Innocence
The wonder
Of it all
A child's
Bright smile
Kids playing
Birds chirping
A stranger's
Lonely 'hi'
Folks talking
And laughing
Musicians
In the street
Magicians
Showing tricks
Young lovers
Romancing
And dancing
To rhythm
Wonderful
Beautiful
A great life

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Desperately Lunging For Life And Dying - For Nick Drake

Time has told me
That river man
Swan against stream
Feeling so blue
When day was done
His Sophia Rhyde
On fragile mind
Letter was never sent
Lying lonely by bed
Waiting for ink to dry

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Mama And The Kids Went To Heaven

Mama the baby's not fed
'cause you needed to feed your head
Chasing down hole of White Rabbit
No Easter Bunny for kids

Mama you need to get off couch
Turning you into such a slouch
Kids running around dirty
'cause your head's full of pity

Mama it hurts me so bad
To see you so goddam sad
The kids are sitting crying
Their friends in playground laughing

Mama angels all around you
All trying to communicate
The kids are playing with them
Singing and dancing with them

Mama God asked for you too early
As they lowered your damn coffin
I could see you and our kids
Singing dancing with the angels

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Training Adventurous Soul

Don't know 'bout tomorrow
Can't deal with today
Forgotten yesterday
Sun's trying to burst thru
The shady clouds of doom
Obscuring the good life
Hot coffee to wake up
Bacon and eggs to kill
Heart's pumping damn hard
Need bit more espresso
Walking smiling laughing
Sitting feeding squirrels
Exercise for the birds
Couch potato surfing
The lonely internet
Jiving to new rhythms
Beating odds depression
Training mind and body
For adventurous soul

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What's The Story Morning Glory

What's the story
Morning glory
The daffodils
For hippie girl
Some flowers for
San Francisco
Blood red poppies
For soldiers killed
And freedom won
What's the story
Morning glory
Virgin roses
For innocence
Yellow roses
For this friendship
What's the story
Morning glory
Rare Easter lilies
For Virgin Mary
Some yellow lilies
For true happiness
What's the story
Morning glory
Where are red roses
For heart of One God?

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Eat Me Up But Don't Throw My Peel Away

I'm popular
Damn world famous
They eat me up
Love my body
Sweetness of it
They do not like
My yellow skin
Throw it away
Such a damn shame
That's where I'm best
Where my goodies
Are concealed
The nutrients
Food for the skin
Beauty of it
Wards off the warts
Brightens the teeth
What a smile
Smooths out wrinkles
Wow you look great

I'm a banana
The world's greatest fruit!

I had you foolin'!

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Fog On The Brain

I can't see the light
Of the bright sun
Obscured by clouds
Of foggy brain

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No Loneliness With God

Stay with me
My sweet Lord
Loneliness
Killing me
You're loving
Heart for me

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The Host Of The Beast Versus The Host Of The Lamb

Godfather
Please bless me
With your gun
To spill blood
Families
Enemies
Good friendships
Must now die

Father
Forgive
Poor me
For my
Damned sins
Killing
God's people
My whole life

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God's Atheist

God loves you
Atheist
'cause you are
Just human

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Why Not Me

Why not wake
Up in bed
Out for walk
Morning sun
Birds singing
Folks laughing
Kids playing
Girls smiling
Me dating
Not too late

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Not All Doom And Gory

Crocodiles don't bite
In alligator sky
Seagulls don't fly
When eagles soar
Pigeons don't feed
When the rats run
Satan doesn't breathe
When Jesus now saves

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If It Be Your Will

If it be your will
To see me again
In heavenly light
While angels sing
And Jesus forgives
If it be your will
To let me now speak
While children laugh
And eagles fly high
If it be your will
To let me now love
Touch your heart again
Before leaving home

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Twilight Horizon

My bones are brittle
My heart has softened
Old age settling in
Twilight horizon

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Consoling Heaven

In the groove
This lonely
Sinful night
Jesus there
Consoling
That part of
Me dying
Just 'cause I'm
I'm in Heaven

Richard Wlodarski

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True Happiness - Inspired By A Poet's Confession By Leeann Azzopardi

In the soul's depths
Of loneliness
Lies true wisdom
And happiness

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Retiring Work

Retiring
Work not yet done
Just beginning
The work of God
To spread His Word
Through kindly deeds
Need not be big
Pleasant smile
To a stranger
Cup of coffee
To the homeless
Feeding squirrels
Laughing with kids
In the playground
Helping seniors
Offering hand
Opening door
To new friendship
Karaoke
To songs of faith

All done with love
In name of God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Runaway Freedom

Left horseshoes behind
'cause horse ran away
Wild stallion
Was my freedom
Have to settle
For lost kitten

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sitting Standing

Sitting standing
On ergostool
Strengthening back
Loosening mind
Creative flow
My mind body
Welcome music
One thousand one
Music albums
Feast for senses
Meditation
Eyes seeing Light
Ears hearing
Angels singing
God welcoming
Music of Life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

If Ever...

If ever...
You dreamed enough
To surpass
The Big Dream
To forget
To forgive
Dreadful past
To cry tears
Of piercing pain
And yet, feel love

If ever...
You dreamed enough
To lie once
Just this once...
Your lonely life...
Big time failure

If ever...
You dreamed enough
To remember...
You were always
And will always
Be a success

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mellow Blue

Instead of sun
I'm seeing moon
In afternoon
Head full of pain
Heart with sorrow
Yet...tomorrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In God We Trust...Don't Sweat It

In God I trust
The breath of life
Another day
To live ponder
Such miracle

In God I trust
To see beauty
Such a sunrise
Over the lake
Water of life

In God I trust
To hear now
Music of life
Birds singing such
Sweet melodies

PoemHunter.com

In God I trust
Knowing all's right
Suffering not
Celebrating
In One God's Love

Richard Wlodarski

If I Didn't Think, I'd Be Scared To Death

If I didn't think much
Would I be happier?
If I let go of thoughts
Would I be positive?
If I meditated
Would I circumvent thoughts?

I will think less negative
I will think more positive
I will meditate much more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Wheel Of Fate

Just spin the wheel
And future changes
Trump back-pedaling
Like fool on the hill
His days thus numbered
Justice prevailing
The meek downtrodden
Rising and now served
With due equity
In life of freedom
He the Jack of Spades
Now sent to Hades
To damn contemplate
Miserable self

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cancel Culture

Poisoning the well
With words of fire
Burning like damned hell
Creating cancel culture
Poets artists escaping
Going into damn hiding
Who will lead the good children?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Damned Fighter For Chuvalo

I won't die
'til life's fun
Has drained me
Can't now see

I won't lay
Me down now
For sake of
Misery

I won't fight
No damn more
'til life's evened
The goddam score

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Melting Into God

Let me stand in the shower
Water cleansing mind body
Let me feel its power
Destructive thoughts now wiped out
Let me be cleansed of all sin
Virtue is good for the mind
Let droplets turn into streams
Let streams transform to rivers
Rivers into the Big See
Let me be so goddam cleansed
As pure as the virgin snow
Letting me melt into heart
Of the all-forgiving God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Like Husband Like Wife

Under veil of First Lady
Tried failed for democracy
Followed free country dictator
To America's great horror
Had so much potential
Just not his damn equal
Left office in disgrace
Helped country to lose face

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Is The Devil Amongst Us?

Look around you
Is the devil
Here or there?
Look at his eyes
Are they ice-cold?
Does he have heart?
Is he white black?
Or some other
Goddam colour?
Is he the dead?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Country Or Enemy?

You're fired, Apprentice!
This is no TV show
This isn't a damn game
You're no hot shot actor
And stink as a golfer
Supreme god of Twitter
When you're goddam bitter
Are you even human?
Can you still empathize?
Millions are now dying
You're crying re: Twitter?
And laugh with the spiteful?
Sworn allegiance to whom?
Country or enemy?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Don't Be Afraid...You're Safer Than You Were Before

Fear not morning
Last night was warming
Fear not the noon
Warmth is coming soon
Fear not the night
Devil's not in sight

Waking in cold sweat
Fear is wiped out
Sun is now birthing
Infant is smiling
Mother's joyful face
Father's such great pride

Angels everywhere
Guardians day and night
Devils not so daring
But hiding in plain sight
Surrounded by White Light
Marching to God's Kingdom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Release Clarity Opportunity - Inspired By The Words Of Mj Lemon

Release me
From madness
Craziness
President
USA
Release me
From damn hate
Racism
Killer cops
Such evil

Clear path
For saneness
Happiness
One such god
One country
Clear path
To divine
Angelic
Messengers
For God's Love

It is now
Opportune
Damn moment
To reflect
To inspect
Navigate
To freedom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Practising Positivity - Inspired By Mysterious Gray Matter By Dr Antony Theodore

Practising Positivity - Inspired by Mysterious Gray Matter by Dr Antony Theodore

Waking one minute
Earlier today
And every day
And in that minute
Do something darn new
Splash ice-cold water
On your tired face
Stand on your dead head
Listen to new song
Feed birds and squirrels
Say 'hi' to stranger
Coffee for homeless
Laugh with the children
Well, you get the drift
And that spare minute
Can be day or night

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ode To Kerouac's Beast - Inspired By Susan Williams' Comments About My Kerouac Poems

She was a monster
Goddam had to be
To put up with me
Couldn't help pounding
The hell out of her
Day in and night out
Goddam booze and drugs
Cursing all night long
Never any sleep
But she was my love
She was my passion
Cried when I tossed her

In garbage heaven
Lives my typewriter

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Diamond Dove - For Susan Williams

Diamond Dove
Sparkling at night
Soul in her eyes
Love in her heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dying So Alone

Savouring
Staleness
Of bread crumbs
Remembering
The holocaust
God's forgiveness
Crying in despair
I die so alone

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Teaching Compassion - Dedicated To Zelene Blancas

Another
Heroine
Has just died
Wiped out by
Pandemic
Humbled by
Video
Of teaching
Children love
Grade School love
Hugging one
Another
She died on
Her birthday
Celebrating
In her heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

New Year's Resolution: Walking Up And Down Stairs

As I walk up the stairs
I think of obstacles
The deadly pandemic
The damn grisly death toll
As I walk down the stairs
I think of challenges
Rewarding the heroes
The keen front line workers
As I walk up the stairs
I question my damn faith
Priests abusing children
Popes living in damned wealth
As I walk down the stairs
I'm restored to great faith
Spiritual leaders
Uniting in One God

As I climb the stairs
I look up to God
And walking down stairs
I cry in laughter

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Showdown In America

White cop black cop deadly cop
Now feeding the sinners' crop
Rage and indifference
Creating such offence

Killer cops everywhere
Targeting blacks from nowhere
Battle fatigue settling in
Blurred vision leading to sin

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

You Forgive Me?

So much damn pain
I'm hypnotized
To so submit
To damn fear

I know I'm human
Yet so belittled
Question existence

I'm Death now
Thanks to you
I see you

You forgive me?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Inroads

First sunlight
Piercing through
To other
Side darkness

Breaking for
Fastness of
Life so gorged
Of boredom

Munch for lunch
Life is still
Water bursts
Confusion

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Your Spell

Nothing
Short of
Damn word
Can tell
Your spell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Nearing The End

As I live now
And fading fast
I see White Light
In damn darkness
My heart so crushed

Richard Wlodarski

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Mirror's Reflection

As light beckons
Darkness follows
Mirror's reflection
Casts such damning doubt

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Progressively Backwards

As I take
Step forward
Two damn steps
So backwards

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mentor

You've inspired me
To write once again
To see the light
Where there's darkness

You've opened mine eyes
From such damned blindness
Once destroying me
Now restoring soul

Your true heart and soul
There for rock and roll
Helped me find my goal
Through hole in my soul

You once a stranger
In my native land
Now my new-found friend
Surely a God-send

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Power Of The Mind

It's another morning
Damn bleak and so bleeding
The sun ain't shining
And I'm not smiling
Dark clouds of doom pouring
Rain reigning in despair
Depression just stifled
For moment of repair

Sun suddenly breaks through
Lightning killed by light
Splattered by the damn soul
Such life reawakens

It's another dead night
Nightmares still break on through
Fighting to rob my life
Dreams have now snuffed them out

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Overjoyed

Such depth
To in-depth
Of the soul
Always cry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No Life

Such death
In life
Cries out
For more
Not dead...no life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Searching Eternity

We sang hymns together
Danced to the tunes of gods
Searching eternity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Forgive Damn Fool

How I so suffered
Through the damn blindness
In both you and me

How I so cried
In mid of night
'til morning light

How I so pried
Out of my life
Morning's desire

Forgive this damn fool

Richard Wlodarski

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Innocence

How about we sit down
Like innocent children
Nothing to win
Nothing to lose

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Eternity

And this life's
Just mirror
Of second
And the third

And we're so scared
Of this damn death
Continuum...

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Getting To Know

Getting to know
My lonesome self
At end of life
I wanna cry

Getting to know
This goddam life
Now so damn late
I won't wake up

Getting to know
Just you and me
We're so lonely...
Eternity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Highway Heaven - For Leonard Cohen

You bared your damn soul
For something greater
Than this rock and roll
Far darker smarter

We cried all night long
The night that you died
Marianne's spirit
Visiting that night

Suzanne resurrected
Jesus redirected
Such damn lonely souls
To highway heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Is The Rhythm

Such is the rhythm
Of this dismal day
Some have nothing to say
Some ramble on and on

Such is the rhythm
Of this crazy night
Some speak with such great fright
Some howl at the moon

Such is the glum rhythm
Of different drummer
Some bang with great rage
Some bang all day long

Richard Wlodarski

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Non Poet

Can the non poet see
Through the eyes of blindness
Light blazing through the skies
And knowing when one dies?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Martial Law Histrionics

Arrest vengeful toddlers
Read them the riot act
Tell them Donald Duck
Is a goddam quack
Expel angry G.I. Joe
Vote in the peaceful Barbie
And restore democracy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Guidance

To type my way
So right of way
In my dismay
Thank God for pray

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

One God

No god
Just One
Guides us
Through All

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost Life

What the goddam
'bout this lost life
Wakin' to mournin'
Starvin' 'til thirstin'
Dyin' forever
I can't cry no damn more
Refuse to be your whore

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Exhaustion

I'm not
Alive
'til I'm
So dead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Progressive Calm

I'm so gone
So damn dead
Way ahead
Of your dread

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sacred Cow

I'm dead now
Where's the cow
In sacred
When you're dead

Richard Wlodarski

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Mourning

World's apart
Not forgotten
By begotten

Richard Wlodarski

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Entity

You are sure
You're damn dead
'cause I'm still
Writing now
...And that's you!

Richard Wlodarski

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Still Alive

I'm not yet
So damned dead
Cheated God
Still alive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Gonzo Speaks His Mind

Screw you society
Goddam morality
Screw your insanity
I'm your reality

I ain't worth
A goddam
But ain't dead
In your head

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Damn Prejudice

Don't give a damn
'bout your mistakes
Damn excuses
Such prejudice

Excuse me
I just lied
You had feigned
Empathy
To brethren
And I'm scared
I'm just pale
On your scale
I'll prevail
Despite your evil
'cause you're more damn scared

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cleverly Foolish

Sometimes
Such a
Damn ass
Other
Time now
Human
Boring
Always
Alert

Richard Wlodarski

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Good Friendless Night

It was a good night
In spite of no friends
No guides along way
Lighting my door's path

Richard Wlodarski

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Slave To Satan

A hole in my soul
When I lost my role
Tears piercing my eyes
With such damn wretched lies

Sunlight obscured by darkness
Can't impale my blindness
Searching for light I stumble
And become slave to Satan

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hemingway's Blues

I hear
Cuba
Coming
Around
The bend
Ernest
Talking
Cursing
Now muted
Can't hear
The meaning

He's trying

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Quiet Reflection

When jungle's sound asleep
Cougars have gone to bed
So alone by themselves
One more night loneliness
When tigers can't attack
'cause they've lost their damn spark
Eye of the tiger blinded
By the cougar's arrogance

While lion sleeps
Eagle has landed
Owl's watchful eye
Keeps perfect balance

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Great Man

He's a great man
The president
Neither racist
Nor pacifist
He's truly a patriot
And not a damn hypocrite
Sure he didn't serve in war
More than evened the lost score
A hero in social media
A scoundrel with the goddam fake news
Orange colour of pumpkin
He's seen as the damn bumpkin
Trying to build new Berlin Wall
Boost his ego make them so small
Just make America great again
So he doesn't take the last damned train

Richard Wlodarski

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Free Mind

I ain't no saint
Don't circumvent
Bastardly vent

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poor Self Esteem

I ain't worth
Such a damn
As to screw
Your life's worth

I'm...human

Richard Wlodarski

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Fed Up

I'm dead tired
Of such shit
Makes my head
Rewired

Richard Wlodarski

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Black Clouds Dispersing

I don't taste
This damn life
When I wake
To black clouds
When life's bitch
Has cursed me
Bleak day there
Not here

I so wake
In respect
To Good Life
And I thank God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Predestined...No More

Should I have
Takin' halfback
Wouldn't be fullback
In this paperback

Richard Wlodarski

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Lost...In Life

I now wake
In damn waste
Such distaste
For Mistake

Richard Wlodarski

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Broke Not Busted

Busted
No dough
For show
Forego
Damn fame?
No goddam
Shaming way

Richard Wlodarski

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All That's All

And the rain falls
And I'm appalled
By the drabness
Of such damn all

And the stars shine
And I'm enthralled
By the brightness
Of such damn all

And the night falls
And such gods beam
By what beauty
Of All That's All

Richard Wlodarski

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We Shall Celebrate

Hope that you love life
That you would survive
Loneliness of nights

Hope your cares are gone
In darkness of night
Bright dreams prevailing

Hope your goals are gained
In what's lost tonight
And found tomorrow

Know that love overcomes
We will surely survive
And we shall celebrate

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In This Moment

There in this
Such moment
Breath away
Now swallowed
In such depth
To freeze death

There in now
Such moment
We recall
Heavenly
All that's life
Divinely

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Something

Something 'bout
The sunrise
Makes me rise

Something 'bout
Afternoon
Mournin' too soon

Something 'bout
Evening
Disconcerting

Something 'bout
This last night
Made me cry

Richard Wlodarski

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Silence

Sometimes
Damn's best
Be deaf
Not hear
What scars
My heart's love
Be silent

Richard Wlodarski

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Atheism

Who do you love
When God is dead
No friends in sight?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Pillar Of Strength

When I see
You so strong
I'm weakened
Yet, strengthened

I thank you
And such God
For angels
Such as you

When I'm down
And so out
Can't think now
You are there

You're my sight
In blindness
My hearing
In deafness
My heart
In life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Real Criminals

Need I cave in
To a system
That abuses
Humanity?

Should I wake
To your sins
Go to work
For your crimes?

Should I listen
To your dispatch
Of feigned response
Pretend I care?

Should my morning
Be damned darkness
As your damn greed
Penetrates Soul?

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Richard Wlodarski

The Gift Of Life

Keep my heart
Damn beating
When almost
Goddam dead

Keep my eyes
Damn seeing
When blinded

Keep ears
Damn hearing
When so deaf

Keep me alive
'cause I strive
For your damn jive

Donate
My heart
For life
Donate
My eyes
For sight
Beyond
Donate
My lungs
Fresh breath
To death

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's No Phoney

I make
No damn
Shit faced
Sorry
That would
Make me
Phoney

I so
Damn hate
Phoney

Believe

Richard Wlodarski

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No Respect

Why they shit on me
When they've buried me?

Richard Wlodarski

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Godless

I will not write
To your cold heart
'cause I'm heartless

I will not see
Your damn blindness
'cause I'm sightless

I will not hear
Screams of agony
'cause of my deafness

I will not taste
Beautiful life
'cause I'm lifeless

Don't shed tears for me
For I am now godless

Richard Wlodarski

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No Doubt

There is no doubt
In such higher
Of this power
So let's shower
Us all with love

Richard Wlodarski

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Never Dead

The old never dies
As the moon falling
And the sun rising
Life's again breathing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ghost Rising

I ain't got no
Motivation
Retardation
In starvation

I ain't done yet
I'm coming back
From this damn grave

Richard Wlodarski

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Refitted

Who am I
God's such love
Neglected
And somehow
Refitted

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Washed Up

Just damn washed up
In such dirty
Washed out laundry
But...I don't quit

Richard Wlodarski

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Eternal Write

I will still
Write you when
I'm so dead
'cause I care

Richard Wlodarski

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She's My Life

She's my life
Ties my tie
Slackens noose
When I'm goose

She's my blood
In life's flood
Can't get enough
Of her love's stuff

She binds me
To her love
But I'm free
Without her

Richard Wlodarski

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Cougars

Wild cougars
Couldn't drag us
Bastards away
Wild wild cougars
Lost in their lonely ways
Dragging such damned lost souls
To their damn wretched graves

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Parting As Friends Never Works

What am I now
Supposed to do?
Deserted me
Want to stay friends?

Are you kidding me!
We searched each other
Mind body and soul
Discovered One God

Marriage was out there
So damn close for me
Never thought 'bout children
Too much love for brethren

Even as you departed
You wanted me to go home
Home with you to damn Poland
Desert family and friends

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I loved you more than
The light of this day
The song of nature
The Word Of One God

And then...you were gone

Richard Wlodarski

Redemption Road

How 'bout
You just
Give up
No words
To get
Damned out
Screwed them
Killed them
Sent them
To hell
Now saved
Jesus
Thank God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Killer Self

Run run run
How far did
You damn get
Before you
Discovered
You damn killed
That human
Part of you
Part of me
Just human
Now damn dead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ontario Is Discovery

Northern skies
Damn full moon
Wolves howling
Breathless stars
Quite dizzy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Now That I'm Dead

I just
Wanna
Hear
Your heart
Beating
Keeping
Just us
Alive
Now that
I'm dead
And you're
Alive

Richard Wlodarski

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Kerouac's Anguish

I wanna cry
And don't know how

Richard Wlodarski

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I Care

You think
I don't
Give a damn
About you

I Give A Damn!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lack Of Soul

I must lack a soul
'cause I don't give a damn
'bout your rock n roll

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Black Dog's Visitation

On such nights
When I'm death
Angels come
Devils fly

I'm alive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Take Five

Take five now
Last such call
For pristine
Life's last call

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Blood

Let me bleed
'til I'm dead
Then I've lived

Richard Wlodarski

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Kerouac's Suffering

I ain't worth
Such God's love
'til I've suffered
Granted you love

Richard Wlodarski

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Kerouac's Sorrow

I'll
Now cry
For you

For my
Sorrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Dream Escape

You damn messed up
As football star
Or didn't you?
Couldn't forgive you

You wrote such
Profound words
Baffled mind
Scattered sound

You were so
Crazy shy
Even in your lie
Until when you died

Richard Wlodarski

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Door Mat

Don't treat me
Like damn shit
When you're pissed

Richard Wlodarski

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Death Of The Word

Screw them
Bastards
Who killed
The damned
Sacred word

Richard Wlodarski

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This Catholic's No Devil

I ain't sellin'
My damn pure soul
For a goddam whore
Just want some pleasure
Without the bullshit

Richard Wlodarski

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Beat's Curse

You screwed me
On such night
Every night
I forgive you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Skid Row

Desolation row
Wicked skid row bums
Eat cheap spaghetti
Stare at graffiti
Lives in misery

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No Mistake About My Mistakes

I sit there
In such crap
Damn darkness
Light evades
Darkened soul
Yet I wake
No mistake

Richard Wlodarski

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The Kerouac Experience

Experience
The damn mindset
Of Kerouac

Richard Wlodarski

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Kerouac's Thoughts

His such thoughts
In my mind
Daring me
To be free

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Visiting

Your spirit
Is quite there
When I wake
And visits me
In my dreams

Richard Wlodarski

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Damn Plea To Rappers

Sing it
Without
Foul
You're no
Lame duck
You got
Big balls
You got
Damn guns
Machine
You got
Damn drugs
Higher
You got
Women
Of sin
Damned men
For kill
You got
The world
But not
Damned you
You screwed
Them you
Condemned

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Migrating Humans

None of us
Are stupid
We're here
For the damn
Better good
The sooner
We trust that
The better we
Will soon migrate

Richard Wlodarski

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Maybe Jesus Or Satan

Maybe I was meant
To be innocent
Grown into Christ
Man of the cloth

Maybe I was meant
To be damn devil
Grown into damn sin
Hangin' out with Satan

Maybe I was meant
To be just human
Grown into just love
Disciple of God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mafia Love

Mafioso
Italiano
Breaded in love
Dreaded in crime

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Eternal Friendship

Your sudden death
Keeps me alive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Addicted To Life

Even
The worst
Addicts
Have dose
Of life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Artistic Value

Did his friends
See his art
Before him?
After him?
Or with him?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In Stilled Life

He's screaming
At damn me
Wake me up
In stilled life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cloak And Dagger

Secret agent man
Maybe your neighbour
Maybe your best friend
Maybe God's disguise

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Wake-Up Call

You've been
Waking
In your
Dreaming
Just damn
Nightmares
But woke
You up

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Just Can't

"I Just Can't"
Three small words
Tres petite
Yet, so big
Damn looming
Out of mind
Into life
I just wait
And then die

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Astral Travel To Death - For Jim Morrison

Breaking on through
To the other side
Listening to...
Your damn spirit
Spirit of love
Crying for life
Dying in strife
Travelling in astral
And never coming back

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Venom

Damn you TTC
For audacity
To applaud yourselves
In COVID-19
You're not the victim
Of damn killer shark
Healthcare workers are
Hats off to them dare
Kill my family

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Orgasmic Self Discovery

In orgasm
I discovered
I had been so lost
All through my damn life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soul Love Dies Tonight

Your love
Like moon
And stars
Dark lit
Stars' night
Moon beckons
Wolves tonight
Sky timid
Like virgin
On pregnant
Lonely night
Your soul love
Dies tonight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Stolen Lost And Found

Maybe when I'm dead
You'll understand
I was kind, yet jerk
No compromising
Maybe when I'm lost
In your stolen soul
You'll find my heart
I'll find your soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mystery Night

Snowflakes dancing
In the night sky
Hypnotizing
The moon so bright
Spotlight shining
God creating
Mystery Night

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No Man No Cry

No man not to cry
No woman no cry
No man shedding tears
No woman meant to cry
No man damned to scream
No woman not heard
No man damned to hit
No woman to touch

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Into Life

Damn lived
Into
Such death
Just dead
Woke up
To life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Deja Vu

Every thing
That has happened
Had already
Happened once
Maybe twice
Even more
Accept this

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Old School Giggles

Antique typewriter
Giggles when phone rings
When laptop's working
When TV's playing
Children googleing
People twittering
Really starts laughing
When all are crashing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Godfather To Satan

To be cursed
By priest's sin
To be sick
Everyday
Mind and soul
To disown
Family
Be outcast
And outlaw
Godfather
To Satan
And then die
Misery

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Redemption Song

Can't you
Feel
The sun
On face
Embrace

Can't you
See Dove
White Light
In fight
Embrace

Can't you
Hear
Peace Train
Coming
Freedom

Can't you now
Truly taste
Redemption
God's Love
Heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Diving Into The Void

Don't know my name no more
I don't know the damn score
I can't see the sun
On summer's morning
'cause I am mourning
Can't see the sunset
'cause I'm damn depressed
But will rise survive
In spite of deep dive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Serenity

There is tranquility
In writing poetry
Eyes waking to now see
God's majestic beauty
Listening to nature
Hearing voice of reason
Hugging the tree of life
Embracing all that's good

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

My Write For Rights - For Jani Silva

Born in wilderness
Breathing such fresh air
Drinking clean water
Farming precious land
Hugging trees of life
Loving animals
Respecting God's gifts

Now she's in hiding
Death threats from The Greed
Assassins preying
On the innocent
Children of One God
Stone-cold predators
Of one such Satan

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Instant Karma

I cried when
He killed you
My rage such
I would have
Murdered him
Splattered brains
To the ground
My love such
Imagine
Forgiveness
Jesus there
Heaven there
Karma screams

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Cry Of Lost Sorrow

Confessin' the blues
When I'm in the snooze
Can't think what I had to lose
You had left me with no clues

Cursin' the damn blues
Drinkin' so much booze
Left with nothin' to choose
Curse more and I damn lose

I lost you long ago
I cry for tomorrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Free To Dream - Inspired By Day Dreams By Nosheen Irfan

The language of our dreams leads
Us souls to our destiny
Let's fall off the cliff
And fly to freedom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Small Crime

This ain't no time
To trick the rhyme
Ain't no damn time
For this small crime

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Better Than Disco

Don't you don't you want
This damn pandemic
To cease and desist
To make us exist
In land of disco
Round and round we go
Back to the limbo
Damn let's twist again
Like just last year
Let's cha cha cha
Instead of blah
Let's never ever
Goddam surrender
Let's goddam whip it!
Whip it! Whip it! Now!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost Souls Awaiting Heaven

And when the lights
Went out this day
To souls' dismay
We had to pray

When the darkness
Left us to pray
In evil's prey
We saw The Light

In That Light
We followed
Such lost souls
Gave them Light

In Their Light
They gave birth
To Such Love
Heaven waits

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Youth And Age

To be young again
In time of sorrow
Not so long ago
My damned tomorrow

To be so young again
Through eyes of tomorrow
See life's lost now
Without regret

To be not so young again
Life's tortured self revealed
In this life's concealed
Such god's life revealed

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Rebirthed Night

Eyes showed such sadness
In time of deadness
Crying while laughing
We so died lonesome night

Ears showing deafness
To quieting loudness
Listening up boldness
We so lived lonesome night

Heart sharing such love
To fiery cold
Melting Satan's hate
We rebirthed tonight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Eternal Sunshine Of The Spotless Mind

Peace of mind
Happiness
So carefree
She once danced
In the rain
Sang love songs
Wrote poems
Viet Nam
On the brink
War in life
Marriage storms
Tragedy
The drug cure
Spotless mind
Heaven waits

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ain't Nothing Like...

Ain't nothing
Like true self
Ain't nothing
Like the sun
Shining light
On dull day
Ain't nothing
Like late afternoon
Following shadow
The sun behind me
Ain't nothing
Like sunset
No regret
Ain't nothing
Like Ginsberg
Howlin' at
The full moon
Ain't damn nothing
Like my fast life
Ending so soon

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Up From The Dead

No strong wind
So damn cold
Can't go wrong
Too damn bold

You and I
Will weather
The damn storms
Together

We will shelter
From blistered storms
Of depths unknown
'til we are known

I am so dead now
So resurrected!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Without You Me

I don't know now
How I feel
'bout this damn life
I give a damn

I don't know now
How my truth sees
The mystery
Without you me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Baring Our Souls - Inspired By Nude Yes Not Naked By Me Poet Yeps Poet

When we poets
Bare our souls
We stand naked
In God's presence

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Fool's Education

I ain't damn stupid
In spite of learning
You ain't too damn bright
In spite of teaching

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Enlightened Learning

Hey, teach wanna learn
Hey, student patience

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Conditionally Well

If it ain't sick
Keep it damn well
If it ain't well
Make it damn swell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Constipation

I'm in such goddam hock
I can't eliminate
Why even regret
It's the same old crap

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Did Me Right

Mom and dad
Did me right
Let me see
The damn light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Death Of The Handshake

The handshake is damn dead
Now hands in namaskar
Clapping hands together
The Japanese bowing
The Chinese foot dancing
The poet's heart touching

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Goin' Home

Goin' home
This last night
Such long time
Without bread
Without broads
Without sex
Without name
Still...I'm sane
Still...I'm game
Life's insane

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Town's Drifter

When sun goes down
No one's around
In this lonesome
Damn scary town
I'll be around

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hungry

Love of
Money
Honey
Sugar
Baby
Hungry
Destroys

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Procrastination Blues

I can
Only
So die
If not
Fully
Alive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Birth Of Sin

Christ died
For me
Yet, sin's
My name

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Winter's Love

Snowflakes
Fallin'
Dancin'
Cryin'
Out for
Such love
God's Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God Delighting

Even during
The pandemic
Things do not change
The sun rising
The birds singing
The noon delight
The stars so bright
Full moon rising
Wolves howling
Nature birthing
God delighting

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Vicious Cycle

I only
Now cry
When can't
Laugh now
And then
Just sane
After
Insane

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Angel Of Parkdale

Angel's eyes pierce
Such goddamn blindness
Satan blinding
To God's seeing

Angel's ears pierce
Such shattering deafness
Devilish loss of hearing
To God's such great understanding

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

It's Ok To Cry

And with eyes
So damn dried
Tears dead
Waiting to cry
Angels whispering:
God is listening

It's OK to cry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Deathly Deliverance

They were couriers
Shot for the message
Their angry spirits
Still haunt Black Widow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost Communication

Words spoken
Lost on the
Deaf and dumb
They hear
But can't speak
Don't succumb

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Recycled Car

Bicycle
Like a car
Daddy's in charge
Teaches me now
Rode damn cycle
All my damn life
Abandoned car

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Asking God For Such Love

Wish I was little boy
Of only sheer five
Starting kindergarten
Good teacher by my side
Finger painting such art
Drinking warm milk napping
Dreaming of being good
Asking God for such love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ice Storm Melting

Watching people
As storm clouds form
Interesting
Warm hearts melt ice

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Bye Pandemic

Wash your hands
Do social
Distance dance
Wear face mask
Cheer bye
Pandemic

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dressed To Kill

Dressed to kill
Damn hatred
Prejudice
Racism
His slick dress
Kills the lies
All the sins
We suffer
In distress

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Power To The People - Inspired By Cyber Monday Tanka - By Chenou Liu

Down with Amazon
Down with damn robots
Power people first
Power to people

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Shortbread On Shorted Life

Shortbread life
Morning's dead
Afternoon
None too soon
Evening
Damn bleeding
Shortbread love
Keeping me
Damn alive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Higher Communication

We don't need
More to say
Damn nothing
Understood

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Why Suffer

Why suffer
Such damn pain
When relief
Is just now
Around the
Right corner

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life Is Good

To not talk
'bout the past
Move forward
To end's goal
Remember
Life is good

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Saturdays

All
Lost Saturdays
Are newly-found

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Finally Free

Good night, my friend
Life has been kind
To you and me
Thank God we're free

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Done!

Job's done now
So complete
Fait complit

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Welcoming Back Home

I'm so damn lost
Found some freedom
Newly-found soul's cry
Welcoming back Home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Aged Youth

When I was young
Misunderstood
In such damn times
I walked aged
In such wisdom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Down To The Wire

He stung him like a bee
Great Muhammad Ali
Chuvalo on the go
Was his damn greatest foe

A tough match like none other
Black boxer on white fighter
Brutal punches to his face
Ended up in no disgrace

The butterfly boxer
Versus lion tamer
Punch punch punch
Ouch ouch ouch

Went down to the wire
The fight wasn't dire
Ali had met his match
Canada's finest catch

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Andy Warhol In The Making

The artiste's artist
Damn hard at such work
Painting from his soul
Mural of tale
Of the damned junction
Restless souls drinking
Communicating
With spirits of past
Devon's sole mural
Warming their hearts

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Timeless - Inspired By Haiku: Vacant House By Pallab Chaudhury

Timeless peace
And beauty
In God's hands

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost In Forever

I'm so lost now
More than ever
In forever

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Ruining Of Poetry - Inspired By A Poet I Am Yes Sir By Me Poet Yeps Poet

If all poetry
Were "as simple as
Sugar is to tea"
We would be ruining
The art of poetry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Great Show

The Great Show
Of your life
Remember
The blind sights
The deafness
The tasteless
Touch not felt
Heart so lost
Soul not found

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Silently Closer To God - Inspired By Whisper By Kostas Lagos

In silence
I hear
God's whispers

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Where Is Home?

Just enough
To get me
Close to home
Not enough
Quite enough
To where's home
Where is home?
Memere, please
Where is home?
Dying now
To just know
Where heart lives
Where soul dwells
Not knowing
Where is home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In His Lost Shadow

Do you care
If I'm dead
Your shadow
Following
Your lost son
'til he was
So reborn

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Pinching Won't Wake Me

When I wake
Please touch me
Sight to see
Such glory
Hearing such
Great music
Now touching
Majesty
Please pinch me
To wake me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Atonement

Woke up morning
Distastin' night
Brain's a stirrin'
For some groovin'
Music to likin'
Playing in background
Of my last damn sound
Mind in the foreground
Tastes sins of the past
Cries for forgiveness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ain't Got Damn

Ain't got damn
Without you
Got no light
Got no sound
Got no touch
No feel
No damn sense
No damn heart
No damn soul
Without you
The sun's moon
Moon's darkness
Wolfing me
Without you
Grains of sand
Washed away
Forever

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Time To See

Time to see
The damn light
In darkness
Embrace it
God's gift now
For today
Tomorrow
Forever

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Man And Woman

No man ever drowns
When he's drownproofing
No woman ever dies
From the constant bitching

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Emotions Prevail

Couldn't think
Of that much
To now say
So I cried
When you died

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Resurrection's Fear

All life is dead
Yet, I'm alive
Resurrected
I'm so damn scared

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mind's Onslaught

So much to do
Damn tomorrow
Can't remember
Just yesterday
Crying today

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Death In Bad Habits

To screw the night away
In such goddam habits
Devoid of humanity
Desperate for sanity
Highway to fiery hell
But what the damned hell I'm dead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Higher Education

Oh, Lord I wanna
Learn to be humble
Forget 'bout tumble

I wanna learn to be kind
To each and every kind
That puts us in this bind

I wanna learn
'bout diversity
In you and just me

I wanna learn 'bout white
How we're not always right
'bout colour of non-white

I wanna learn
About One God
Holy Spirit
And One Jesus

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Meeting In The Afterlife

And when I die
Am born again
And see you now
And then again
Will I see
Angel eyes
And now laugh
Or when cry
Will I now hear
Nightingale

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Love Today

Don't know
'bout this
Moment
Because
Yesterday's
So far gone
Today's not
Happening
Tomorrow
Such future
Less sorrow
To borrow
Wonderful
Such great life
Oui, memere
Oui, je t'aime
Aujourd'hui

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Procrastination

Ain't got much time
Moment's precious
Death's now calling
And I'm so late

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Killing

I'm stoned dead now
No sense crying
The booze and drugs
Did the killing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Damn Crying

Such creatures
Big and small
So haunt me
Day and night
I am crying
Can't stop crying
All day and night

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Old Soul

The old soul
Rock N Rolled
Heaven's Hell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Last Vision

No more crying
For lost dying
Eyes can now only see
Other reality

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The All- Forgiving

Entrenched in
Goddam drugs
Alcohol
To save me
My damned soul
I cried out
To my God
No answer
To save me
My dying soul
Still no answer
I screwed Him
Damned myself
Jesus cried
Saved my soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Time To Call Peace

Can we now call it peace
In this time of disease
When world leaders
Are such losers?

Can we find friendly face
In all this damn disgrace
Leading us all to grace
A good civilized base?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Gerard Calling

Stay close to me
I'm almost dead
Now than later
You make me better

I feel Heaven now
Gerard is calling me
I'm still so goddam scared
The White Dove sits there...stared

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Last Call

Such damn last call
For alcohol
My brain's on fire
For such desire
Body can't fathom
The ghostly phantom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Wayward Paradise

Focused on Havana Cuba
Thinking 'bout California
Soaking tobasco
Thoughts 'bout Mexico

Beating my damn mind
'bout wandering kind
Lost in mind of jazz
In time of pizazz

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For Amy...Wherever You May Find Her

Lost my friend dog
While camping
Found her freedom
In the wild
Adventure now
Has just begun

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Pilgrim

Once a pauper
Lost in diaper
Now a pilgrim
Found in Kingdom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Born In France

To taste croissant
In home of France
Baquette to go
With wine and cheese
To rise above
Eiffel Tower
And be so pleased
Nothing to sneeze
About in land
Of romantic
Squeeze in the please

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Take Time

Take the time
To see sun
Life's light now
You're alive

Take the time
To see moon
Howlin' now
You're not dead

Take the time now
To touch spirit
Of all that's life
You're God's image

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Eternal Body - Inspired By Triano Hi By Me Poet Yeps Poet

Time ages
My body
But spirit
Forever
Very young

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Only Elvis

Only Elvis
His twin brother
Damn...so still born
He cried all life

In such damn
Loneliness
Discovered
His lost soul

Sang his
Heart out
For love...
Brother

For love...
Mother

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Allen Ginsberg's Secret

Sleep all day long
Miss morning light
Such sun's delight
For what I long

Wolf's howling tonight
Ginsberg so damn bright
Whispers to me in delight
Secret's secret such damn fright
And...I'm on the road again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Want To Live

Lost in damned
Goddam void
Drowning now
Going down
Down down down
Want to live

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Whispering To God

As I write tonight
In eyes of full moon
The stars my witness
Tears now falling
Joy and sorrow mixed
Heaven's scent now smelled
Hell's descent tasted
I whisper to God:
I really Love You

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ciao, God's Friends

Where it began
We don't know it
Maybe covert
Damn introvert
Napoleon
Goddam complex
Oedipus mix
Freudian kicks
Gestapo shits
Trumpian fits
Made in China
Mau ciao, God's friends

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

When Death Is Near

Known you're dying
Do you keep fighting
Inhaling more life
Or exhaling death?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hat Check

Check your egos
At the damn door
Your talent's more
At the damn core

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Trump's Death...America's Birth

The ghosts have risen
Along the highway
America's death
Now resurrected

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Superior Rescue

Diving into
The damn unknown
I swim with sharks
Dolphins' rescue

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Peaceful Death

Looking into
The eyes of Fate
God on my side
I die in peace

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Fading Into Night

Softly we fade
Into the night
The moon glowing
The stars twinkling
Angels watching
One God's wonders
Protecting All

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Karma

In gratitude
In debtitude
In attitude
Karma's
The same
We blame
For lame
We're dead
Alive...
'til then

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Self-Isolation

Now feels
Like prison
Another
Damn lockdown
Yet, the birds
Still singing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Animals And Humans

Non-human
Animals
Live in now
Humans can't
Invent hope

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Infantile Swimming

Thrown into the pool
Too damn scared to swim
Yet, momma is there
Fear goes away

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Grave Poetry

Going
To my
Damn grave
My poetry
Buried inside
Creative me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life's Toughest Struggle

Life's toughest struggle
Sorrow leading to
Grandest victory
Freedom of the soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Prayerful Fear

Only when
I now pray
Am I scared
For short time
Then Jesus
Drives fear
Far away

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Devil's Sheep

Moon's only
Damn half-full
Wolves so scared
Devil's sheep

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Wallflower Learns To Dance

So damn shy
'cause of scars
Cornered now
No escape
Wallflower
Learns to dance

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Bored Stiff

How bored
With life
Just now
Then dead
Reborn
I cried
To live
Again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

With All Due Respect

With all due
Damn respect
I don't give
A goddam
About you
Just damn me
Living so
Recklessly

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Beat Heaven

Summer sun
Sweats damn sin
Off devil
Sending one
Kerouac
Heavenly
On the road

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost...Never Forgotten

Just last night
Glimpse into
Yesterday
Saw your love
Frailty
Becoming
You and me
Cried just once
Died once more
Moved on now
Tomorrow
Welcomes us
As heroes

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

This Now

Take you back
Yesterday
Forget day
Lest hour
Just moment
This this now
Sweet moment
Cries out now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Promise To God

Just about
This damn time
To resolve
Just promise

I promise
To seek out
Only good
Understood

I promise
To dissolve
Negative
From my life

I promise
To One God
To just Love
Understood

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Damned Progress

Screw the damn tech mech
That can't hotwire
The hotshot car
Getting him to
Destination

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Crazy, Man

I'm a damn jerk
Wasn't born one
Somehow, once
It became
Without my
Sanity
To my damn
Sanity
Goddam nuts
Coconuts
Crappy mess
What goddam
Insanity
Morality

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Brain On Fire

I can't think straight
Brain's on fire
Too much to damned
Too little sane
Can only hope
I don't die now
Way too early

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Liar

I can't goddam wait
To get out of crap
Goddam it I lied

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Limbic Resonance

Your spirit's there
My life here
We're damn near

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

She Touched Our Souls

She touched our souls
In so many ways
She laughed through heartache
Made us cry with joy

Karen on our mind
Making all of us find
One good thing about ourselves
In such darkening sadness

Crazy how she touched
Pieces of our hearts
Made us joke made us cry
And made us wonder why

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Left Alone

Leave me
Alone
I just
Wanna
Damn live

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Vietnam

American
Goddam soldier
Lost in freedom
Killed for godless
Only to die
By his own hand

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Not Long Enough

Guzzling
The damn
Brandy
Waiting
For fine
Champagne
Happy
Damned New
Year

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Slowed Romance

I no longer
Wish to just dance
In the slowness
Of this romance

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

After Crying Slowly

To write
Only
Because
It's right
And it feels
So goddam right

To speak
Out of
Deafness
And reach
Out to
Learnedness

To touch
One's soul
After
Crying
Souly

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

The Misadventure Of A Bruised Ego

Gave it your best shot
But better man won
Biden fair and square
Through democracy
In land of the free
Victory defeat
In golf game of life
You missed the damn (w) hole
You screwed the eagle
Kissed birdie good-bye
You're no champion
And you're no loser
And yet, somewhere deep
In your shattered mind
Lies a bruised ego
Always on Alert
Ready to damn fly
Fly like an eagle
It's time to free it

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Rheumatoid Blues

Goddam
Trembling
Winter's
Coming
It's just
Summer
Now so
Damn dead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hangover

Wakening
To goddam
Awful blues
Full of life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Bittersweet Life

I'm brandied
For candy
Just watch me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Bluesy Talk

Talkin' to you
Through words of blue
Do you even
Damn understand?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Passion For Music

Jazz me up
'Til I die

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Guardian Angels

Here's to the
Angels on high
Watching out for
Goddam whippers
Of damned Satan

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Barfly

Kerouac
Bullshit, friend
Your days are
Damn numbered
In damned bars

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Patio Heaters

Heartened
Heaters
Wakened
Cold life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Jameson's Dead...Still Alive

His humour
Both saddens
Enlivens
Poor old me

Bartender
Another
Jameson

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In Spite Of

And I promise
Myself just this
I will rise
In morning
Cheerful
In spite of
Just so sad

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mobile

I will stand
Here now
Even though
Paralyzed
I will now
So damn rise

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God's Gifts Everywhere

God's gifts everywhere
Sun rising life breathing
Children's laughter playgrounds
Adults children swinging
Buskers singing dancing
Seniors watching smiling
God's angels just laughing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

This Passion

Ain't worth livin'
If not writin'

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Seeking God

Not yet lost
In the void
But almost
I seek God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Won

We were soldiers
Lost in battle
Of goddam words
Kerouac won

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No Credit Gonzo

Charge it to
Grand Master
I don't have
Damn credit

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God's Always

He's leaving now
Footprints in sand
My mind's imprints
God always there

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Children's Fright...Adult's Flight

Deserted
The park is
Autumn night
Cold clear
Wolves' full moon
Halloween
Children's fright
Adults' flight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulful Poet

I don't speak
To deafness
I don't sing
To heartless
I don't write
To ruthless
I'm a poet
Lost in despair
Souling life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Time To Roll Again

Time to kick stand
Cycle of life
Time to attune
Deafness is dead
Time to jolt the heart
Love is in the air
Time to wake up to life
Death's around the corner

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Peace Of Mind

To know that
Love is Light
Darkness can't
Prevail

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Duty's Love - For Author Unknown

In tedious work
I found such love there
In children's smiles
In their parents' love
In my great blessings

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Rehab In Progress

When eyes so
Damn blinded
By the drugs
Your hearing
Damn deafened
Your heart so
Damn frozen
You feel
Damn nothing
Then you pray
There's a God
And you live
One day more
And give thanks
To One God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Satan's Boxing Match

Trapped in debt
I kill self
By killing
My brothers
And sisters

I now so repent
But not satisfied
I keep on killing
Forgiven by Church

Satan wins Round 1

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Unicycle Baby

Trailing my daddy
Makes me wanna cry
Wishing to be bicycle
To so lighten the damn chore

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Baby's Success

Baby steps to success
Trial and error now
Such frustration at first
Great satisfaction lasts

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Blindness - For Gustavo Gatico - Victim Of Human Rights

In blindness
I can see
Even more
Injustice

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Autumn Blues - Inspired By One By One By Susan Williams

Like the leaves
Withering
The sky dies
Loneliness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hunter's Baseball

I dodged the first
And the second
Missed the third
Strike 3 OUT!
Better late
Than never

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Experiencing Gonzo

How about all
All this damn crap
I deal with
Just to damn write

How about you wake
For creepin' damn sake
Feel the damn snake
In your worst mistake

How about you taste
This writer's damn life
Before accusin'
The damned amusin'

How about I shoot to kill
Just for the damn creepin' thrill
I ain't no goddam saint
I won't die in damn faint

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Gonzo Versus Kerouac

I ain't do damn Kerouac
Livin' life in the damn sack

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life That's True

Don't ever lie to me
My nightmares betray me
And you damn forsake me
A dream of life that's true

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Devilish Saint

I need not
Be a saint
To act like
Such devil

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

His Shadow My Light

Kerouac's spirit
Is so damn alive
Haunting me day's long
Shadows every move
Haunting me lights out
Dreams despairing now
Welcoming nightmares
Fear freezing fright
Yet his light shines on

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

That Ecstatic Word

Let my word
Like that note
Of that mad
Sax player
Take you to
Ecstasy
On way back
Then around
To pillars
Of heaven
When's enough
One more time
'Til you die

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Angels Everywhere

Another such child
So goddam abused
Another one dead
Life's crying murder
Angels' presence there

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God's Baseball Game

I had just
So damn learned
That I died
Not knowing
About life

Strike one
Game's on
'Til One
Says none

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Close To God's Home

'Cause I am
Who I am
I will cry
'Til I die
And then laugh
Knowing that
I had lived
I had learned
Closing Home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

So Very Alive

Heaven's
Ascent
Damn stopped
Satan
So capped
The road
Blocked now
Not dead
Very
Alive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Thank You, Lord

Thank You so much
For letting me
This one more day
Enjoy life
See sunrise
Birth of day
Afternoon
None too soon
Such sunset
Eyes cry out
Heart absorbs
Such great joy

Thank You one more day
To make this life count

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Preying On God

There are wolves
Among sheep
Preying on
Innocent
Asking One's
Forgiveness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Don't Feel At Home In This World Anymore

I don't feel at home
In this world anymore
Prisoner in my home
Stranger in stranger land
Now nowhere to damn go
Write me a damn letter
With Return To Sender

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I'm Reborn

I've discovered
I'm not alone
Mine eyes once
So blinded
Have seen light
In darkness
Mine ears
Once deafened
Polluted
By such screams
Have heard songs
Angelic
My kind heart
Once frozen
Has softened
Such great warmth
Now melting
Into Soul

I'm reborn

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Lies Ringing Truth

You pretend
To listen
Far away
In your land
My words stand
In stoned mind
Filtered now
Through songs blue
Lies ring truth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ragged Clothing Begging

There...is the beggar
Ringer of such truth
Hunger screaming
Death forsaking
Crying for love
Her hand touching
Humanity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Infamously Old

I so hated
To die so young
Yet, eternal

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Milking The Brandy

Can't spit
Into
Brandy
When milk
Is warm

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Low Road

I'll take
The low road
To high road
So saintly

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Other Worldly

There is now no
Other worldly
Good than Spirit
Resting in Soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hibernation Is Dead

I'm resurrected
Lost hibernation
Eyes no longer blind
Seeing inner light
Ears no longer deaf
Hear angels singing
Heart no longer cold
Cries out for God's love
And finds its soul mate

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

John The Baptist Raging

Take me down
To river
Where was born
The Baptist
Patiently
So waiting
Sinfully
Damn screaming
Jesus Christ

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No More Screaming

When all's lost
Nothing found
When dreams drown
Nightmares found
When eyes blind
Sight unseen
When ears deaf
Songs so unheard
When heart's so cold
Softens melting
Into your soul
When life's threatened
Death now beckons
I scream no more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hotel We're Born

Welcome to the
Hotel We're Born
Such miracle
Not to be scorned

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Miracles

God works wonders
Through his angels
We are so blessed

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Angel Is There

In blindness
Angel's there
In deafness
Angel's there
Not alone
Not today
Tomorrow
Not ever
Angel's there

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ultimate Choice

Naturally
Free to return
To my birth Home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Temporarily Depressed

Hidden in sad face
A frown emerges
A smile blossoms
Then laughter erupts

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I'm Just Damn Me

I ain't no saint
No damn devil
I ain't evil
Nor so damn good
I ain't no curse
Nor good omen
I ain't godly
Nor humanly
I'm just damn me

Better behave

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Death Of Fear

Tumbling
Into
Darkness
Deeper
Deeper
Deeper
Fear
Stifling
Damn breath
Fear
Crippling
Body
Fear
Winning
Gambling
On life
Spirit
Waking
Seeing
The Light
Sharing
The Light
Fear
Dying
Dying
Dead now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Motivational Gift

Maple Leafs jacket
To motivate you
Out of your damn state
No damn wheel chair
For the guitar man
Who makes women scream
No damn walking stick
For this damn cool guy
No sorrowful blues
For the man with clues

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Fear Rising

I can no longer
Sit in seat of God
With Satan on track

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Contemplating One God

I sit in wet
Dreariness
Of such cold night
Contemplating
Life and One God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

When God Was So Alive

We used to
Hold hand in
Such soft hand
Touching clouds
Whispering
To angels
When God was
So alive
Then we died
With One God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Light Of Union

Total stranger
In my damn life
So goddam kind
Did I deserve
Such compassion?
Light of union?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Jewish Passover

We broke bread
Just after
Making love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Psychoanalysis - For Woody Allen

Love's not lost
In such guilt
Innocence
Just now found

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No Such Doctor

I'm not a damn
Bitchin' doctor
No such damn thing
Goddam depraved
Degenerate
Suckin' the blood
From wasted life
I'd rather die

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

When The Saints Are Marching In

No regrets when
Saints are on watch

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Beautiful Dirty

Laundry dirty
Yet, so damn clean

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulful Learning

Blindness cannot see
Deafness can't hear
Cold heartedness
Can't feel warmth

Yet, souls learn to see
Souls learn to hear
Souls learn such Great Love
All Love is God's Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

So You Can Laugh

I feel your heart
I was there then
Where you are now
When you had cried
I felt sorrow
When you had laughed
I laughed with you
Your heart now deadened
My heart now softened
I now cry for you
So you can just laugh

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Self Responsibility

Still damn responsible
After all these years
I grow into such life
Keeps soul searching for length

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Thanksgiving Thanks

Thank you, Lord
For mine eyes
To thus see
The morning
Sun rising
Evening
The stars moon

Thank you, Lord
For ears
To thus hear
All birds singing
Children laughing
And God smiling

Thank you, Lord
For my nose
Thus smelling
The fragrance
Of the rose

PoemHunter.com

Thank you, Lord
For my health
Such great friends
Family
Good life

Richard Wlodarski

God Is Waiting

And when the sun
Rising for mine
Such sleepy time
I can't now wake
Angels whispering:
God is waiting Now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Finding Heaven

When the sun rises
And the bluebirds sing
And God whispers:
Just wake up now
I will have died
Finding Heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Last Call

The wind
Freezing
My heart
As I
Think of
Just you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Oneself

Just be
My self
Angel
Will take
Care of
The rest

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Humanoid

I ain't
Bandit
I ain't
The law
I'm just
Human

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Search And Find

I searched
And searched
Only
To find
The search
Been found

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost And Found Love

I lost you
Then I found
My true self

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Staying Alive

I only write
'Cause I'm human
Breathing stale air
Killing my soul
Poems full of life
Keeping me alive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Then...Love Has Been Found

And when the man
Sings his heart song
Cries his heart out
Soaking her soul
The White Dove flies
Love has been found

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Werewolves Of London Calling Police

Once the songs were played
You hadn't listened
You played your damn songs
I tried to listen

You were paralyzed
Both mind and body
Communication
Ceased from both parties

Mexican stand-off
In this damn dive bar
Silence still waiting
For the damn police

Bullets shooting up sky
Halloween waiting now
WEREWOLVES OF LONDON blaring
Damn cops hear the screaming

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poor Boys Of Nowhere

Growing up nowhere
Lived in Parkdale
Damn rat-infested
Cockroaches here
Snitches everywhere
Breathing such despair

Woke up one morning
Couldn't even breathe
Satan at my throat
Angel in mine heart
Redemption my road

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Failure's Success

When I have failed
I have learned much more
About true success

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Heart Crying Out

My heart cries out
For all children
Abused so much
Over over
Soldiers willing
To die for peace
People willing to
Die for some great cause
Love fighting
For death's sake

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Fear Is The Lie

Fear lying
So damn dormant
So rises now
Causing chaos
Fear the lie
Afraid of truth
Tears the spirit
Plunging into hell
Satan waits with joy
Soul damn terrified
Solely remembered
Brings forth the White Light
Satan remembers
Loses this damn round

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Disappointment's Love

Disappointing you
I have hurt myself
Knowing you love me
I still love myself

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Anger's Love

Yelling at poor me
Shows me your anger
Angel self hiding
Guiding us to Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Leaping Into Love

Unlocking the door
Of fear's damn cell
The mind waits next move
Heart listens within
And crosses threshold

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God Crying Out

Boss man shouts
We shudder
God cries out
We deliver

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Damned Life

We were sailors
On the voyage
Of this damned life
Shark intervened

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Deathly Communication

Let's not wait
'Til the end
To speak from heart
Than from the mind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Wallflower

When you don't belong
Should the room be lost?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Why I'm Here

I have forgotten
That I am complete
One with such One God
When I am in pain
I must remember
That I remember
When I feel lost
I will souly trust
True identity
That's why I'm here

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Creating Good And Evil

Such darkness
Scared of light
Chooses evil

Such lightness
Scared of dark
Chooses good

Darkness melding
Into the Light
Where there is faith

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Abandoning Fear

Fear, companion
Throughout my damn life
Need you no longer
Give you permission
To abandon me
Thank you so damn much
For protecting me
See you in next life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Living The Moment

Am I here now?
Don't think about it
Just live the moment
Experience it
And the next...the next
'Til there's none other

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ascent Of Holy Mountain

Fear's chains
Clinging to
My ankles
As I climb
The mountain
Tamaplais
Kerouac
On my back
Gerard's there
Guiding me (us)
To the top
Tears joy
Reached One God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Catching God's Attention

Believing
In loving
The One Self
Gets The One's
Attention

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Heaven And Hell...Revisited

To go
Beyond
Such Love
Mirage
Such Hate
Satan's
Damned hate
Love of
Jesus

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Having Touched Mine Angel Self

In fallen sleep
The rush of wind
Such freedom now
Such abandon
Divine's presence
Having now touched
Mine Angel self

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

All That Is One Love

In this now moment
Choose to so breathe out
The dark illusion
False reality
In this now moment
Choose to so breathe in
True reality
All that is One Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Illusionary Schoolroom

All that's ever
Been so written
On the blackboard
Is now erased
It was perfect
The thoughts remain
For the next class
Now this student
Is the teacher

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Still Meowing

Mine now nine deaths
Not quite enough
To stop this cat
From still meowing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Meditating

I sit in darkness
And see the White Light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Change Moving Me

Change moving me
From this chamber
Of damn darkness
To house of Light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

How Much Does It Matter - Inspired By Possible Futures By Daniel Brick

How much does
It matter
That poets
Write day in
And night out
Fall asleep
Dreaming of
Their brave hearts?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love's Surprise

All the doors
The windows
Of the mind
Now open
Love just may
Now surprise

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Meeting God

Journey to no end
To eternity
Then meet the One God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cuckoo Nicholson - For Jack The Knife

When all hell
Breaks damn loose
Should you lose
Your caboose?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost And Found Family

Childless
I found Son

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Damned Lost

I'm so damn lost
In all that was
Ever so found

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

All-Consciousness

In One God's moment
Through eternity
No damn intellect
Just All-Consciousness
Of all that just is

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poor Wealth

Breaking bread with
The destitute
The endangered
Beings of Light
Became wealthy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Truly Deceiving

In falsely
Believing
Fearing death
Life escapes
Death captures

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Joy To The World

All the struggle
The confusion
All that fear
Is illusion
Now I am free

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Forever The Light

Standing in fear
Doorway of black cave
Angel's light beckons
Courage now summons
Such darkness transformed
Forever The Light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God's Not Dead

Angels everywhere
Dying for Your Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

One Light

I am The Light
That remembers
Then just forgets
Shedding One Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Great Comfort

I am the
Solid rock
With Angel
Half of me
Standing ground

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Enlightenment

All so perfect
The Light dances
To One God's Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Mind's Confusion

Mind, I love you
But you just can't
Now understand
My heart's content

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Dance Of Eternity

God leads the dancer
'Til the dancer leads God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Salvation Army Of Students

Lonely students
In dark schoolroom
Need to only
Switch on the Light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Angels In Disguise

Fallen angels
Everywhere
Serving One God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Recycling Lives

Tapestry
Of one's life
Delicate
Yet, so strong
Many lives
Into One
He waits so
Patiently

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lives Like An Onion

Like a bitter onion
Layer upon layer
The lives peeling away
Till that Beautiful Day

Richard Wlodarski

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Night Hawk

So late
Into
The night
No time
For Day

Richard Wlodarski

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Pool Sharks

The perfect pool game
Lost to the pool shark's
Smell of blood money

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Devil's Poker Game

I lost dem damn cards
Not meant to be in
This goddam shuffle
Poker face so lost
To goddamned Satan

Richard Wlodarski

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Modern Day Pinocchio

The make-up artist
Could not cover face
Her shiny nose knows
Such Pinocchio

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Wrong Perfecting The Right

In perfecting
The damned perfect
I am so wrong

Richard Wlodarski

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Mind Melting Into Heart

Rebellious mind
Such warming heart
Such touching soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God's Accounting Mistake

So many
Goddam wrongs
God must have
Made mistake
In sparing
This sored life

Richard Wlodarski

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Sheepish Wolves

Wolves lost
In sheep's
Clothing
Howling
At moon

Richard Wlodarski

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The Light Within

All us humans
Have potential
To be so great
By spreading Light

Richard Wlodarski

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Keeping The Faith

Paralyzed now
I woke today
To walk some more
To sing some more
To laugh some more
Keep hope alive

Richard Wlodarski

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Tomorrow's Gone

Damn too tired
To worry
'Bout tomorrow

Richard Wlodarski

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Life's Short

Relax
Just now
And then
Life's short

Richard Wlodarski

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God Never Says No

Life created
So masterful
Hell's bells ringing
Angels singing
God responding

Richard Wlodarski

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Just Decide

The shorter the life
The quicker moment
To just now decide

Richard Wlodarski

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In Choosing Darkness

In darkness
No absence
Of God's Light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Victim To Creator

I own negative
And now disown it
No longer Victim
Now The Creator

Richard Wlodarski

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Consciousness Rising

The blade of grass
Is now the lawn

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Flowing With Consciousness

Flow may I
Towards Light
Darkness lies
Evil dies

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Illusionary Path

In this dark path
Of illusion
Such Light there now
Road is clear

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lust For Light

From prison of hell
To schoolroom of Light
The darkness faded
God guiding my way

Richard Wlodarski

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Complete Human

All that is good
And such evil
In physical
Safely Divine

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Infantile Learning

Baby screams
To be heard
God listens
And now guides

Richard Wlodarski

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Lost Realization

Once I knew God
Then lost myself
To Archangel
Now lost on Earth

Richard Wlodarski

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Co-Creation

When did I
And One God
Decide to
Make me one
Good human

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Search Ended

So damn lost now
Found tomorrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No Regrets

I lost this night
Tomorrow is
Another day

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In Search Of Soul

The potter of the clay
Outer reality
Obscured mirror image
Reflects inner self

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Which Direction? - For Ancient Buddhists

Facing right direction
Keep walking to Heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

To Be With Spirit - For Shakti Gawain

Waking to darkness
Searching for the Light
Now meditating
Energy regained
Such power restored
I Am With Spirit

Richard Wlodarski

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God's Show

One God provides
Entertainment
For us for free
It's our duty
To find wondrous show

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lessons For Humanity

We the slaves
Blackened by
Such colour
Damned for life
Lessons for
Humanity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Outcasts

We the outcasts
Liberated...

Richard Wlodarski

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Lone Wolf

Lone wolf crying
In wilderness
Dies so lonely

Richard Wlodarski

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Eternal Loneliness

Lonesome angel
On God's
Love's wings

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

All Life Is Black

All us
Whiteies
Blackened
By sin
Have lost
Real
Good life
Lost touch
Our brothers
And great sisters
Are same as us
Maybe greater
Yet, we Hater
Are much lesser
Than Creator
Time to now Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life's Drummers

We sinners
Out of tune
Waiting for
Lone drummer
To beat us
To rhythm

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

All Lives Matter

All flavours
So needed
In this soup

Richard Wlodarski

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The Devil Done Me Wrong

Hey, you damned one
Born of One God
Turned damn devil
Where you went wrong?
You weren't damn one then
You had such great heart
You once saw God's Light
When you had almost died
The light had so damn dimmed
On your road to damn sin
You resurrected to stardom
Then your white tarnished heart
Somehow got so evil
You said: Screw You Satan
And went back On Right Path

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Scary Scary Night

The night's lost
Its glamour
The moon full
Half empty
Starry night
Polluted
City's sin
So obscured

Richard Wlodarski

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Final Copy

No more wars
To damn win
Vain glory
All that is
Such Great Love
Will conquer
Win God's Love

Richard Wlodarski

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Divinity

Molded from such clay
The bold artistic
Physical body
Searches for the Divine
Energy Creator
To rest in such Great Peace

Richard Wlodarski

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Space Suit Body

Just like a space suit
Physical body
Suits up for this Earth
Then changes for Home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Human Adventure

In exploring mind
Such great adventure
Learning about life
Such pleasure seeking
Then returning Home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God's Angel In Blue Jeans - For Judith Stanton And Pat Rodegast

Life's bluesy blues
Meet such angel
Dressed in blue jeans
And gray sweatshirt
Van on highway
To adventure
Laughing with life
Fulfilling Plan
Of Salvation

Richard Wlodarski

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Such Wonder - For Ram Dass

We the soul
Created
By One God
And The Self
In body
Live this life
And then die
Move on to
Such Wonder

Richard Wlodarski

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Life - For Ram Dass

In the prison
Schoolroom exists
Life's great battle
Merely a dance

Richard Wlodarski

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Spiritual Transmission - For Ramakrishna

Flowers so blooming
Bees uninvited
Spirit awakened

Richard Wlodarski

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True Love

All that I can do
I will do for you

All that I can see
I will see for you
All that I can hear
I will hear for you
All that I can taste
I will taste for you
All that I can touch
I will touch for you
All that I can feel
I will feel for you

All that I can love
I will love for you

Richard Wlodarski

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Gerard's Soul

I see Gerard's soul
In the butterfly today
Flying free to and fro
Just like it was yesterday

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Beat To The Punch - For Ernest Hemingway

Beat to the max
From such damn war
Can't now comment
Suffer too much
Boys with big toys
Killed my child
Adult's dead too

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Creative Gravity For M.J. Lemon

Like stars grouping together
Forming such great galaxies
Creative Gravity
Now coming together
On One Poem Hunter

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Music Out Of Tune

Jazz just not the same
After you damn died
Piano out of tune
Words so distorted
Devils blowing the horn
Angels singing divine

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Satori

So goddamn drunk
Need satori
"Kick in the eye"
So suddenly
Damn awakened
On Satan's path
Jesus happy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Desolate Angels - For Jack Kerouac And The Beat Generation

We were once angels
Lost our damn way
On lonely highway
Heaven is waiting
Guiding our way

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Always Be The Water

Always the water
Not the frog at pond
Always the water
Gently down the stream
Always the water
Not the scorched river
Always the water
Not caught fish at lake
Always the water
Keeping one at bay
Always the water
Tranquil Peggy's Cove
Always the water
The Great Godly See

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Change The Word Change The World

Change the N-word now
Change it forever
Make the world better

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Explained! - Inspired By Explain This By M.J. Lemon

Pain comes not
From Satan
It comes from
Just One God
Creator
Of Body
Work of art
Perfection

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God Never Shuts Up

Nature is born
Like God's Child
The sun rising
The sun setting
Child seeing
Child dying
Cycles reborn
Death so unknown

God speaks Always

Richard Wlodarski

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Poem Hunter

Poem Hunter
Is a haiku
World's away

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No Friend To Alzheimer's

My tired old bones
And more tired mind
Seem so damn restless
Active body
And active mind
Wonderful cure
For Alzheimer's

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Unchained Mind -Inspired By We Are Chained Everywhere By Dr. Dillip K. Swain

Four bare walls surrounding me
No food no tea no coffee
Meditating on No-thing
Jesus sending an angel

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Plea To The Self-Righteous

Unbelievable
So damn surreal
Non-doctors non-nurses
Ordinary people
A stream of white face masks
Just one not wearing one
Stranger in such strange land
The only one not conforming
Not because I am a rebel
Not 'cause I'm uncomfortable
Just 'cause I am afraid to die
History of breathing problems
I don't want to damn suffocate
I respect life more than you think
I respect your life and my life
So please just give me some damn space

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

True Power - Inspired By Troll By Edward Kofi Louis

Power to the people
With such great love and peace

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kindergarten

Kindergarten
Taught me so much
How to brush my teeth
How to wash my hands
How to take a nap
How to be so kind
How to show such love

Kindergarten
Saved precious life

Those full of hate
The damn racists
Didn't graduate
From kindergarten

Richard Wlodarski

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Of Such Life - For Black Lives Matter

Enough pain
To last life
Endured such

I am not
Your damn slave
Whipped to death
For pleasure
I am not
Your sound board
Deafening you
You listen not
I am not
Your eye sore
To destroy
Resurrect
I am not
A mouthpiece
Spouting filth
Racism

PoemHunter.com

I am such
Of same blood
As just you
Your brother
I do bleed
When you cut
My warm hand
But don't arm
I do scream
When you hit
Hit hit hit
But don't quit
I do see
When you poke
My eye out
But not blind
I feel
Your damn pain

Not that worse
Than just mine

I forgive
You racist
For you are
So damn blind

Richard Wlodarski

You Saved My Soul - In Memory Of Theresa - For Fast Eddy

You opened my heart
To all that is good
When it was so dark
You so understood
Put on Sinatra
To set the sweet mood

When I was damn blind
You showed me the light
When I was so damn deaf
You whispered words of love
When I had no appetite
You so satisfied my soul

When fear paralyzed me
You stroked kissed me set me free
When all seemed so very damn lost
You sparked the flame lit the fire
When love was now alive
Jesus whispered to you:
Your life's mission...complete

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Happy-Go-Lucky Victim

You're young and carefree
I truly get it
You're invincible
I truly get it
You're irresponsible
Yes I truly get it
You don't wear a face mask
I don't really get it
You don't wear safety gloves
I don't really get it
You don't physical distance
And that I really don't get
You throw caution to the wind
Hug and kiss so many friends
Eat from same plates drink their drinks
Party like no tomorrow
Condolences to parents
She was so happy-go-lucky

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Who Stole The Show?

I took to pen
Nothing open
To starving soul
Damn dead tears
Crying out now
Who stole the show?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

My Poor Self -In Memory Of Theresa - Dedicated To Fast Eddy

My poor self
Wearing heart
On my sleeve
Your Rolex
You slaved for
On my wrist
My poor self
Listens to
Sinatra
Doing it
His damn way
My poor self
Dreams night long
Of you, friend
Seeing you
Hearing you
Touching you
My damn poor self
Daydreams of you
All the suns through
All the moons through
All my life through
My damn poor self
Crying out now
For the days missed
The nights longed for
The souls searching

My damn self dead...
And still alive...
Waiting for you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Father's Day Like None Other

It's Father's Day today
Not quite like yesterday
The silent enemy
Forcing us to be friends

It's day for fathers to share
Experience from wisdom
Sons and daughters to listen
Just sit and really listen

It's Father's Day like none other
Time for us to come together
To toast to small victories
Forget forgive the losses

It's Father's Day pray
Dogs playing with cats
Wolves not preying on sheep
Angels not in harm's way

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

So Good To Be Alive - Inspired By Pain And Suffering By Susan Williams

It's so good
To be alive
Feel the sun shine
On this weathered face
Hear the nightingale
Sing such melodies of love
It's so good
To be alive
Dance in the rain
Walk in the forest
Ride the white stallion
In mountains touching God
It's so good
To be alive
Walking along the beach
Thanking God for these days
Tracing the footprints
On the shoulders of God
It's so good
To be alive
Painting the canvas
Of this wondrous life
Feeling the pain
The suffering
Of Jesus
And His Tribe

Thank you God
For Just One
More such day

Richard Wlodarski

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Friend Cursing God

When all seems in vain
Riding this last train
When heart eyes crying blue
Heaven's speaking to you

When all seems so lost
Never to be found
When laughter is gone
Crying is life's game

When sun's fighting clouds
Thunder and lightning
On the horizon
God's screaming to you

When breathing is shallow
And you see your shadow
God's light is in your heart
Keeping fire blazing

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Mister President

Mister President
Maybe just maybe
You're not a racist
Nor supremacist
Not an atheist
Not an egoist
Not divisive
Not dangerous

Mister President
Maybe just maybe
Your sense of fake news
Media versus you
You're not the enemy
Them bastards killing you
Challenging your ego
Always bullying you

PoemHunter.com

Mister President
Maybe just maybe
You're privileged white
Your tan just masking
Your sick damn whiteness
Your anger masking
Your low self-esteem
Not intelligence
Just aggressiveness

Richard Wlodarski

Faith In One God

We are brave soldiers
Fighting one damn war
Invisible foe
Yet, we are so blind

Facing the Masked One
Standing our ground
Two metres apart
He spits in faces

Yet, we fear not
Wearing masks and gloves
Protection of God
Satan tries in vain

Many infected
Too many now dead
Derailed yet, stout
Show faith in One God

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Thunderbolt - Inspired By Thunderous Applause By Robert M Smith

Hit by lightning
Thunderbolt lived
Survived nine lives
Thunderous applause

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In Silence...Poetic Speech - For Daniel Brick

Mind still
Now speaks
Silent
Poems
Passion
Still born

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Victorian Selfie For Trudeau

All prim and proper
Victorian too
In dress and morals
Century before
The internet age
Digital psyche
So existential
Proof positive
The world's first selfie

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Word With God

I spoke with One God today
Asked Him to make us one colour
God replied: In mine eyes, you are
You are all mine one children

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Radio My Friend

You were there for me
When internet
Wasn't yet found
For them to surf
Stars overnight

You were there for me
TV black and white
The Shadow looming
Shivers down my spine
Nightmares born at night

You were there for me
Hockey play by play
Great baseball home runs
Music day and night
Memories just right

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

All Is So Mute

The sun also rises
As the death mount still soars
The birds also sing
As choirs die out
The saint still preaches
As devils party
The homeless still starve
As the rich pig out
Death is still born
As life goes on

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Covidiots

All his life a loner
Then social butterfly
They were not all his friends
Some were complete strangers
Totally self-centered
Self-absorbed so selfish
So sunny that spring day
Lively conversations
Jokes aplenty laughter
Children playing alive
None wore masks to save lives
Solely superficial
None wore gloves just baseball
They shared good food and drink
Drank from chalice of life
They are all so damn dead now

He was granted one more life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Billy Goat And Santa Claus

I feel like
A cross between
A mountain goat
And Santa Claus
Agility
Climbing mountains
Bearing such gifts

Santa never dies

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Damn Greed

You killed so many people
Via strokes and heart attacks
You could have saved them
But no compassion

You died yesterday
Not stroke heart attack
Not even cancer
Will you RIP?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Polish The Polish

Let me be brave
Face the danger
Then some and now
Let me see
In the dark
Real light
Let me hear
Your muted words
And sing now
Let me taste
Forgiveness
And love now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Killer Dance

Six feet back
Right on track
Doing COVID
Stomp it stomp it

Don't touch face
Don't touch eyes
Wash your hands
Kill it kill it

Wear your mask
Wear your gloves
Wash your hands
Isolate

I got guts
You got guts
We got guts
Damn it damn it

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Do the COVID
Damn killer dance
Wake up alive
To no more strife

Richard Wlodarski

The Sun's There To Stay

Look out the window
Take such a deep breath
Enjoy this moment
Make it a great day

Look out the bay window
Put your hands together
Clap for front line workers
Bravely fighting for us

Look out the window
Into their sad eyes
Window to their souls
Rejoice for your life

Look out the window
Up at God's blue sky
No clouds hanging there
The sun's there to stay

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

We Cheer You - For The World's Front Line Workers

Bang a pot
For the lot
Who has what?
Guts guts guts

Beat the drums
For the chums
Who have what?
Guts guts guts

Hit a pipe
For the gripe
Against what?
COVID COVID COVID

Make some noise
For the boys
Make some curls
For the girls

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Let's all scream
For the dream team
Who save lives
With their jives

Louder and louder
Farther and farther
Let them hear you
Say: I LOVE YOU!

We love front line workers
All you nurses doctors
Personal support workers
All of the ace counsellors

We're banging the pot
For the whole great lot
'cause you really got
Guts! Guts! Guts!

Richard Wlodarski

Hero Or Fool?

Keen sight
But blind
Good hearing
But so deaf
Such great taste
Yet tasteless
So damn brave
Yet spineless
Footing the bill
With their money
Opening economy
To such damn further collapse

Is he a hero?
Or such a damn fool?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Dying Prophecy - For Nostradamus

The twin year
Has now arrived
The queen has risen
From her dying sleep
And has kissed mankind
Her breath from the east
Suffocating world
While children dreamed
Nightmares invaded
Country with seven hills
The Pope felt so helpless
The Devil so damn strong
As she stole all those lives
She tried to destroy world
Mankind's faith now tested
Cleansed her of her damn sin
And reversed prophesy
Nostradamus now sleeps

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mind, Mind Mend Me

Mind, mind mend me
This dismal day
And every day
When clouds of darkness
Prevail today
Let the sun shine bright
When storm clouds of doom
Penetrate black dog
And biting anguish
Attacks gentle soul
Let spirit so rise
And embrace my heart

Mind, mind mend me
This Greatful day
Gratefully I
Send thoughts to you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

He Murdered With Pizza

His youth didn't betray him
He was smart and damn cunning
Vengeful for loss of parents
Victims of COVID-19

Best pizza in the city
The Carolina Reaper
That's pizza worth dying for
And such a plot was now hatched

The orange haired evil one
Damn killer of his parents
And half a million people
World's greatest pizza lover

Really nastily hot
With Grim Reaper tail
First bite sweet to the taste
Like silver tongued devil

PoemHunter.com

The boy read devil's mind
His beautiful sister
Of the same persuasion
Would feed and kill the beast

Devil feasted on luscious lips
Curvaceous body slow dancing
Her hips hypnotizing the savage
Moaning feeding killer food to him

Save for one tiny bite
Carolina Reaper
Occupied the damned space
By Satan's dead servant

Richard Wlodarski

The Mask

The mask is now
Not for Zorro
For you and me
For tomorrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Little Bit Of Soap

A little bit of soap
On your such grubby hands
When COVID-19 lands
Will help you to cope

A little bit of soap
Will wash away tears
And some of your fears
Because you're not a dope

A little bit of soap
And little warm water
Is not such a bother
For one who's not a mope

A little bit of soap
Or hand sanitizer
Makes Trump's deodorizer
Grope its way along tight rope

A little bit of soap
And social distancing
Will wash out this damn sting
Bring end to cope with hope

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Social Distancing...Or Not?

You may feel like
You are in prison
Can't see the daylight
Want to see sun rise?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Still The Underdog

Another underdog am I
Miserably forging the night
Solely working the graveyard shift
Passing haunting cemetery
Full moon awaits still wolves howling

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Being Apart Is Better For Now

Being apart
Better for now
Better don't see
Eyes of such grief
Better don't hear
Your frightening screams
Better don't taste
Fruit of passion
Better don't smell
Primal fear
Better don't touch
Your cold body

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Celebration Of Life

Dead in COVID-19
Black-out drapes fully closed
No food in the damn fridge
Beer too warm to drink
Water too damn dirty
Clothes not fit for washer
TV's too depressing
Life is so surreal
Thank God nightmare ended

Lucid dreaming today
Alive in the virus
Black-out drapes now opened
Healthy food in the fridge
Cold one for victory
Water so refreshing
Clothes dapper for dating
TV's awakening
Life is so beautiful
Thank God dreams restarted

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Great Courage - Dedicated To The World's Front Line Healthcare Professionals

What is courage?
Waking up almost dead
Just to feel alive
Going to work to save lives
Risking one's life for their lives
Fighting day in and day out
Never seeing enemy
No weapons no gloves no masks
Where are those respirators?

What is courage?
God's chosen few
Front line healthcare
Professionals
Staying so calm
In face of death
Reassuring
Humanity
That All Is Well

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Political Laundromat

Hands dirty
From laundry
Killed millions

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Stop The P

A little bit of soap
For your damn shaking hands
A whole lotta love
For your shaky heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Wise Poet

Seeing the king
Solemnly sad
The wise poet
Meditated
"This too shall pass"
Words from One God
From one poet
To such wise king
From such wise times
To such tough times

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Drinking Corona During Corona

Gonna stockpile tuna
While dreaming of fishing
Gonna cook some pork and beans
While thinking of camping
Gonna wear mask and gloves
While going to work
But shit, can't even take a regular crap
Because hoarder bought all the toilet paper

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Let Happiness Rain

Such dark clouds
Threatening
Another
Flu-like storm
Clouds bursting
God crying
Death ruling

Storm has passed
God's Children
Heard His pleas
Adhered
To God's Rule
Sun bursting
Laughter rains

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reflection On Life's Journey

If I would have died
Suddenly today
Would I have just laughed?
Or would I have cried?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God Versus Pandemic

Such brave souls
Venturing
Into night
Enemy
All around
Blindness now
Can't see foe
Fear strikes
Paralyzed
Mind body
Soul seeks help
Call to God
God sends Light
Fear dead
Life moves on

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mardi Gras

We sing songs of joy
Disguised in sorrow
We dance Dance of Life
And die tomorrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Plea To My Poem Hunter Family

My fellow poets
In the name of God
Please stop bickering
Please stop the trolling
Please stop the lie-ing

My friend-ly poets
In the name of God
Please start remembering
We are all God's children
We all learn through mistakes
And we are corrected
We all learn through such sins
And we are forgiven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No End To Beginning - Inspired By What Will Happen By Sandra Feldman

There is no time
There is no-thing
There is just now
Now we begin

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Black Moon Rising

What kind of
Life steals
Damn daylight
Forsakes light
For darkness
Howls at moon

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost Shepherd

I am awake
Yet so asleep
Blindness
Waiting
For sight
God's light
Guiding
Through night

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Saint Of Dogs

He sits there
In forest
His eyes closed
Heart open
Soul searching
Dogs calming
His spirit
Thanking God
For his friends

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Welcome, Universe - Inspired By Divinities By M.J. Lemon

The writer
In solace
Fishing baiting
Waiting silent
Hears angels
Divine singing
Reaches upward
Suddenly grasps
A word a note
ODE TO JOY is born

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Glorious Fields

Buddha and Jesus-fields
In every direction
We shower them with love
Most blossom with God's Love
Yet some wither so soon
How do we say goodbye?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Moment With The Eternal Sky - Inspired By Dancing Barefoot By Leeann Azzopardi

Let's all now wake up
To call of rooster
And have a booster
With Wayne and Schuster

Let's face this beautiful day
With God's love in our hearts
Let us still the mind
With angels to find

Let's cherish precious moment
As if it were our last
Let's open mind and heart
To the eternal sky

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Solemn Promise To God

So damn scared
On that ledge
Jagged rocks
Flared nostrils
Heart pumping
Like damn hell
Mind stopping
Praying to God
Knees shaking
Vibrating
Body dead
Mind frozen
God I'm scared
Can't damn move
Precipice
Road to hell
Can't die now
Way too young
I speak now
With One God
Make promise
Spread His Word
If He spares
My life now
Like before
Word of God
On my lips
In your heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Taste Of Tea

Tea Chinese
Sprinkled
Spring water
Cold pure
Mind quenching

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Body Alert

Wellness mind body
Resting meditating
Living

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mountain

Mountain
Endless dust
Endless time
Buddha
Meditating

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hiking

Dancing nimbly
Boulder to boulder
Like Zen singing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Porridge

Porridge melts in hungry mouth
And sticks to the stomach

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mt. Tamalpais

Fog-covered sacred mountain
Indians pride and joy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Pandemic

In my solemness
No words no kisses
To soften the blows
Harsh reality

Such a soul friend
Praying with me
Pandemic end
Born just to die

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Life

We live this life
Experience
Joy and sorrow
Love and such hate
Happiness sadness
Life and then comes death

I shall smile
As sun rises
Breathe in new life
Thank God this day

I shall cry
With great joy
At sunset
Praise God's Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Remembering Adam

I remember you
Life of the party
Always a joke or
Two three all night long

I remember you
Always a smile
Even for stranger
All day and night too

I remember you
Those summer fun days
Friends' sun-lit porches
Great conversations

I remember you
The movies car rides
Burgers and milk shakes
And all our friends

PoemHunter.com

I remember you
All the great music
Born To Be Wild
And Color My World

I remember you
Always as a friend
And 'though you're elsewhere
You're here always

Richard Wlodarski

Home Sweet Home

Finally
So damn free

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Now Such Friend

On the road
Found true home
Hobos lost
Now so found
Cold cold heart
Found such warmth
Harsh critics
Became friends
Satan found
God then lost
Now Such Friend

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost And Found Key

Some people
You share this
Lock you up
Make you find
The lost key

This person
Found that key
Long ago

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Writing From Beyond

Ain't no way now
I stop writing
Got his attention
He's so mesmerized
Helps he's hypnotist
He understands this
No fear no shame
Just gratitude

From me two

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life Exists Beyond

I believe in
Such miracles
I've seen them
Manifest
In my life
I need not
Convince you
Agnostic
Atheist
Life exists
And beyond

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Now Die

I ain't past
This damn night
Such werewolves
Damn howlin'
For the damned
Moon's so full
Stayin' cool
So damn scared
But I'm cool
Now I die

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Devil Stewing

I will always sing
When I wake eyes bright
Seeing feeling sun
I will always sing
My Glory for You
I shall in depths of blue
Transpire to such heights
That makes devil so stew

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Haunting Lie - For The Persecuted

To damn lie
And yet, not
So feel
Like lying
'cause they lied
All along
And I died

I came back
To haunt them
With this pen

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Vicious Truth - For Henry Miller

How I came about
This damn vicious truth
Doesn't so matter
Will now live by it
And in so doing
I shall extract lies
And set us damn free

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Living Truth - For Nisargadatta

I believe in
The Living Truth
To treat you and I
With total respect
To so love myself
I can love you more
All else is waste
Of energy
And precious time

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hurting And Comforting - For Olive Schreiner

I pray this morning
Refrain from hurting
Others to be sure
Myself so certain
Comforting sad ones
Spirits me away

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Divine Traits - For Ralph W. Sockman

Such gentleness...angels
Such great strength...Jesus
Such kindness...God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Relatively Happy

Let's not be lazy
'bout being happy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No Damn Words For Creditors - For Dr. Hunter S. Thompson

There are no damn words
To express such scorn
For the blood-sucking
Heartless dam robbers
Of the heart and soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Versus Satan

His spirit
Dwells in me
So haunting
Not in such
Scary way
Flameless light
In the dark
Now seeking
Such refuge
Devil come what may
Disheartened this way
Kerouac's back
In the attack
Feeding such great love
Satan's on the run

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

There Is This Work - For Rainer Maria Rilke

I have such strong love for life
And such great passion for work
Knowing and believing
I'm taking part in Plan
To make this world better

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Journey's End - For Ralph Waldo Emerson

Each step I take
Makes me smile
And then just laugh
Knowing success
Is journey's end

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Smiling Strangers - For Thich Nhat Hanh

To smile at
Just one stranger
May bring laughter
To both humans
Thus, relieve grief
Was it so hard?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Highest Good - For Deepak Chopra

To live in balance
Mind body spirit
Pure as virgin snow
Melting in God's warmth
Brightest good of self
Highest good of Earth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Spiritual Wealth - For Alex Noble

To be of service
To The Almighty
Glimpsing the nature
Of Divinely Good
Inspired to reach
And touch The Spirit
Be at peace with Self
Much more than money

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Finding Passion - For Ralph Waldo Emerson

Brave soul that I am
So adventure bound
Course map in my hand
Stars as my compass
I follow new path
Critics don't hinder
Skeptics I laugh at
I have found passion

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Trudeau's Face

To wear black face
For sake of love
Love for the race
Not their disgrace

To wear brown face
For love of race
No apology
My sincerity

To wear my white face
With no such disgrace
For the face All Race
In all its beauty

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Vulgar Hero - For Alfred North Whitehead

Vulgar hero
Flying off screen
With brutal force
Courage not in tact
Virtue left behind
Reason not yet seen

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Brave Heart So Endured - For Pam Brown

Terror has seized
My heart and soul
Integrity
Floating on by
Yet, by brave heart
Have so endured

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Striving For Truth - For Mother Jones

I am not afraid of the pen
Whose ink has so damn drained my blood
I am not afraid of the scaffold
Whose wooden head I now so absorb
I am not afraid of the sword
The pen is so damn mightier
I will open my just brave heart
And always strive for the pure truth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Basis Of Morality - For Senator John F. Kennedy

I now do what I must
No longer yielding
To consequences
In spite of mountains
In spite of damn sharks
In spite of heart attacks
I base my damn true self
In such morality

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Like George Chuvalo

My brother Henry
Like Champ Chuvalo
Round after round he goes
Taking so many blows

Life has dealt him lemons
And such bad poker hands
Yet, he has heart of gold
And won't be undersold

In great stormy weather
He sees silver lining
In times unfortunate
He gives to the homeless

My brother Henry
Like Champ Chuvalo

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Divine Meditation -For William James

When I meditate on Divine
Body so totally relaxed
My mind focused on harmony
I feel so deeply alive
My inner voice speaking to me
Acknowledging the real me
And thus, I shall follow sane voice

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetic Lifework For Theresa Helburn

I write with such passion
'cause life depends on it
Works of poetic rhythm
Dancing to beat of my heart
During stifling writer's block
My heart seems to skip a beat
As if to say: life is short
Writer's block stops so quickly

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Action -For Mahatma Gandhi

I just act now
Not from the fruit
Apple ripened
Fallen to ground

I just do right
May not have strength
May not be young
May get lemons

But I do and act right
When I do and act wrong
The apple is sour
The lemon is bitter

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Follow No Path - For Author Unknown

I have followed
Way too damn long
The chosen path
Such destruction

I now follow
Far damn too late
Where there is no path
And leave trail

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Meeting Of Many Ways - For Susanna Tamaro

I now arrive at this
Meeting of many ways
I know not which to choose
So I now choose to pause
Nature's time to reflect
Regress to mother's womb
Trust God to let me live
And breathe freshness of world
I choose no distractions
So patiently waiting
For some kind of omen
Stillness pervades my mind
My body so relaxed
Heart has spoken loudly
I rise follow God's Path

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Harbour- For Seneca

I am headed
To the harbour
Of such great peace
The wind freedom
Waits for me there

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Great Cause - For William P. Merrill

I give myself
Both heart and soul
To such great cause
Heart would attack
Soul would wither
Be it other

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Secret Of Making It Work - For Eileen Caddy

I deeply desire
To keep my goal alive
I have the faith belief
That it will indeed work
I hold definitely
The clearest of visions
Step by successful step
Not one iota of
Doubt or disbelief
This is my desire
My such great passion
That even such death
Will not take this life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Keeping Kerouac Alive - For Daniel Brick And M.J. Lemon

I thoroughly believe
In writing with passion
And such a belief
Makes it so happen

Nothing was happening
With the Kerouac book
'til I deeply believed
In synchronicity

Soul poets Brick and Lemon
Were steering the battleship
Through deeply troubled waters
With I/Kerouac's spirit

The ship weathered the storms
With Captain Kerouac
And the damn mighty crew
Kept his spirit alive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Innocence Guilty Of Sin - Inspired By Innocent Or Guilty By Howard Simon

Born innocent
Into such sin
Innocently
We traverse life
So sinfully
Now innocence
Guilty of sin

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Meets Ginsberg

Lone wolf
Howling
At moon
Sheep's pasture
No manure

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Pure As The Virgin Snow

Visions of heaven
All day and all night
Angels giving comfort
From Satan's goddamn hell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Damn End

I'm death now
How I cry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Hippies

Generation
Of damn pussies
Mooning
Life's sun

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

We Were Once...Brothers And Sisters

We were once...brothers
Sharing the same land
Waking to the warmth
Of the summer's sun

We were once...sisters
Sharing this same land
Laying our heads
To the barren moon

We were once...
Such great sons
And daughters
Loving neighbours

We were once...lovers
Of the sun and moon
Sharing this great land
Until such high noon

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Life Ignored

Bottom line:
Screw them all
I damn tried
Just ignored

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I'm Dyin'

Are you
Damn well
Kiddin'
Life slidin'
You're cursin?
I'm dyin'!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God's Present

Such jubilation
Life's celebration

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No Damned Drugs

I will fly
So damn high
On life's sigh
Never cry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In The Name Of The Father The Son The Holy Spirit

Nothing's worth
Such damn pain
God wouldn't
Forgive this
Worldly sin

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Writer's Nightmare

Yo, I can't damn well crap
When I'm constipated

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Forward Ending

The end
Begins
When life's
At end

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Now Catch 22

Why tolerate hypocrisy
When you can live in misery?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tragic End

No longer
On The Road
Damn Dead End

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Honest Question

If you now speak
What you feel
Will you embrace
Such honesty?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Only...Human

To only cry
And not shed such
Tears of pain
Tears of joy
Only...human

To only see
And thus shed light
In such damn blindness
What's so great wisdom
Only...human

To only hear
Lost sounds of damned love
Blissful harmony
With this sacred life
Only...human

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Damn Pain

This is pain...
Such damn pain
Wakin' up
Feeling dead
Not alive
To touch you
To touch me
Such is pain
Can't goddamn
Stand this life
Worse than hell
Yet, I wake
Go to work
Pay the bills
Tortured such
Just human
Lost in life's
Dilemma

PoemHunter.com

Yet, I wake
And so lost...

Richard Wlodarski

Wanna Go Home...Where I Belong

Take me back
Home again
Where I belong
Not in cesspool
Devil's playground
Not such shit's life

Take me back now
There I belong
At Heaven's Gate
Where St. Peter
Welcomes devil
In such damned we

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

So Precious...Life

Sometimes
Brightness
Seems like
Darkness
And haunts
Damn soul

Suddenly
Jealously
Light captures
Tortured soul
And makes life...
So precious

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Fake It Forward

Yesterday was
Just tomorrow
In dark disguise

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Pain

Really
Don't like
Liquor
It's quicker
For the pain

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dr. Sax The Shadow

The shadow
Doesn't need
The damned light
Follows me
Everywhere

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Darkness

Candlelight
So lost now
Like my soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Technique

Writing with speed
Of mastermind
To forget death
Master my life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Your Cool Cold Heart

Not warm enough
For this cold heart
Your damn coolness
How's that for heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dulling The Mind

What's the point
Of dullness
Of sharp mind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Aces For Jack

Time to call
The damn bluff
Poker faced
Damn shit faced
Aces for Jack

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Getting An Ulcer...Just For You

I'll cry when
I damn feel
The need for it
Now I'll sit
On the damn pain
Absorb the crap
Get an ulcer
Blame it on you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Scrooge Revisited - Inspired By So So So By M.J. Lemon

If you hate Christmas
Here is what you miss:
The awesome joy
Child with toy
A child's wonder
Santa Claus ponder
That holiday cheese
A little more please
Holiday cheer
Nothing to fear
Season's goodwill
MasterCard bill
So much gaiety
And such liberty

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Then We Were Three - Inspired By No Escape By M.J. Lemon

Time after time
Way before time
When God was One
We met as two

One was so lonely
God gave us freedom
To share such great love
Then we became three

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Just Don't Damn Hate

How hate Justin Trudeau
When you got racist Trump
Homophobic Putin
And Satan's dictators?

How hate democracy
In face of hypocrisy?

How come just
Not damn hate
Not too late!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No Time For Friends

No time for friend
Watching the news
What's new with you
My newborn friend

No time for friend
Groceries end
Got some food for
Me the homeless

No time for friend
Damn internet
Is your new friend
Such loneliness

No time for friends
Technology's
Stolen this heart
Dead without love

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Born Senseless

Born blind
No sight
To see
Prejudice

Born deaf
Hearing
So damn screwed
No words hurt

Born speechless
No reckless
Words to shout
I'm so dumb

Born so damn poor
No silver spoon
To shelter me
From hypocrisy

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Waking Up God

When there ain't no sunshine
And the weather ain't fine
When you ain't got a dime
And you're in your fine prime

When clouds of despair set in
And you know you just can't win
When the storm is brewing
And you are still sleeping

When depression is winning
And you're not in the bidding
When Satan is calling
And God's not listening

That's the time to start screaming
Pounding hell out of pillows
Taking a damn cold shower
And waking up God to you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

By The Grace Of Candlelight

I write in blackness
Of such lonely night
Searching ray of light
Blindness prevails
Yet eyes search for soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sun's Delight - For Bonnie

The morning sun
Brings such great warmth
To the cold sons
And cool daughters

Afternoon picnic
Baquette from Paris
Wine from Italy
Cheese from Espanol

What goodness
To my soul
Simplicity
So wrapped up in
Such great kindness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For The Sake Of Fashion

Is the hole
In your jeans
Compensating
For the hole in
Your damn lost soul?

Are you shoed
Sockless feet
Regressing you
To hippiedom?

Are your plaid shorts
In damn winter
Disguising your
Frigidity?

Are your super
Cool high heels
A cold war against your
Napoleonic complex?

Is fashion killing
Or saving your sole?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Show Must Go On

I'm lost in hope
Somewhere between
Damn depression
Desperateness
And ending it
But I just know
Life must go on
Show must go on

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lifespan

Yesterday
Lost today
Just buried
Tomorrow
Will go on
Less sorrow
For morrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Want Reassurance

I'm going now
To such damn sleep
Wanna see Gerard
And all the angels
Want reassurance
For this wasted life
Have I fucked My God
Have I screwed Satan
Have I so wasted
The preciousness
Of this lost life?
I think not
Yet death is
So cruel

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Feeling Death

Tragic desolate soul
Traversing universe
Guided by The Spirit
Out of my goddamn mind

Brandy is fine
Uppers quicker
Slow blow by Ginsberg
Softens the all else

New York's not my home
Wolfe would have howled
At stark raving moon
I feel his death

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Death The Adventure

Death's not the end
Just beginning
Of adventure
Yet so unknown

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soul Buried Alive - For Women Bullied

Have you ever really looked
Into Melania's eyes
Did you see it?
Or hear it?
The look of fear
Her soul whispering:
Please! please free me

She cried earlier
Her eyes still so puffed
A ton of make-up
Couldn't hide the scars
Her body fatigued
Fragile mind scorched
Soul buried alive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ready To Cry - Inspired By What Happened Later - By Ray Robertson

The afternoon sky
So polluted now
Cars' poisonous fumes
Breathing in cancer
Reading Robertson
What Happened Later

Tender raindrops
Sprinkling my mind
Washing darkness
Once prevalent
So decadent
Now so obscured

Ah! life is so fine
I'm ready to cry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Prepared For The Past - Inspired By Richard Bach

The full rain
Sneaked up now
Lonesome me
Peering in
Window to
The dark past
Rick's far cry
From Dicky
Rich sitting
Observing
Trying hard
So damn hard
Not to cry

I'm ready now
To watch and cry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Politics Of Skating - For Ron Mclean

All those years on Coach's Corner
All those great moments and memories
All the trials and tribulations
All the tears of joy and sorrow
All the great goals and memorable stops
All those super awesome Stanley Cups
All those great wins and awful losses
All the crying and bitching
All the laughing and dancing
The politics of skating

You were my best buddy
Like a brother to me
I'd take a bullet for you
We laughed and cried
So together
We shared some great moments
So very together
You always let me talk
Always have the last word
Always gave me thumbs up
How's that for together
You cared 'bout my politics
Not politics of dancing
But politics of skating

Like good Old Blue Eyes
I did it my way
And you shared highway
We toughed rocky road
Weathered the damn storms
Fought to very end
Wait a damn minute!
Not to the damn end!
You hung me out to dry
Left me under the bus
Politics of dancing
You couldn't bite the bullet
In spite of your last thumbs up

PoemHunter.com

I guess I'm going out skating
I know you're going out dancing

Richard Wlodarski

An Apology In Order To Remember - For Coach Don Cherry

Hey, great Coach Cherry
We love your brevity
Your creativity
Your sense of liberty

Hey, Coach you're the damn best
Ages ahead of rest
We love how you dress
And how you caress

Don, we love how you laugh
And make us really laugh
We love colour of your speech
Though, at times, it makes us screech

Hey, Mister Don Cherry
Welcome to this country
Of opportunity
Where everyone is free

Hey, Mister Liberty
Welcome to the city
Of respectability
Where you do your witty ditty

You seem to hate Ruskies
And resent their freebies
Turbans seem to be your dislike
And you want them to take a hike

Your commentary's been colourful
It's made us feel quite wonderful
But this time you've crossed the border
And made us feel lousier

I say to you, Mister Cherry
And so very respectfully

PoemHunter.com

It's time for an apology
To best city of diversity

Richard Wlodarski (c)2019

Richard Wlodarski

I Would Be True

I would lie...to be true to you
I would sin...to love you more
I would be weak...to have your strength
I would be spineless...for your courage

I would be friend...in thine enemy
I would be so giving...in your indifference
I would be humble...in our celebrity
I would look to God...and be spirited away

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

It's All I Have - For Hubert H. Humphrey

I am just me
Speak from my heart
Taking some guts
It's all I have

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Basic Decency And Goodness - For Pablo Casals

In my basic
Decency
And goodness
I listen
To my heart
To your heart
And share God's Love

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Passionate Work - For Rabindranath Tagore

In duty of work
I find such great joy
My acting needed
To find this passion

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Predominant Duty - For Charlotte Perkins

It was my duty
To find such fine work
And to so do it

Fulfilled my duty
I found such great work
And truly did it!
Even, so dug it!

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Work As Love In Action - For Jeane Pinckert Dixon

To work as if
Love in action
To see all work
As good for soul
With hands to mold form
With heart to shape love

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Real Satisfaction - For James Freeman Clarke

Sign of a good person
One who has so matured
Way beyond their years
To greatest of success

Sign of a great person
So inwardly mature
So at peace with oneself
So worldly successful

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Meditation Of Value - For Carol Pearson

In thoughtful walking
Such meditation
Focuses our
Attention on such:
What is so damn wrong
With this state of mind
Condition of world

In meditation
So pure and simple
With body so loose
And mind so relaxed
Thoughts are suspended
Allowing such bliss
To participate
In world of love peace

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Simple Root Principles - For James Allen

These root principles:
Awaken
So happy
So alive
Be thankful
For such life
Treat everyone
With great respect
Those so worthy
And most lonely
Open your heart
To those so loved
And the loveless
Your just reward:
So successful
So beautiful
So happy life

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This Is What I Shall Do - For Walt Whitman

I shall awaken
And touch this pure earth
Glorify in sun
Love all animals
Even the beastly
I shall despise riches
Give alms to the homeless
And share my damn poor wealth
With those who are tasteless
I shall stand up for
Those so damn stupid
Eerily crazy
Devote my income
To those so damn poor
Labour for justice
Above all...hate tyrants

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Choose Now Your Rightful Future - For Alice Walker

We always have the right
To opportunity
To choose the best or worst
In life complicated
That choice will make us happy
Or damn right miserable
Choose now your rightful future

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Beyond Viagra

Waking this morning
Feeling so depressed
So damn cold outside
And so cold inside
No sun in sight
Gives me such fright
Showering in cold
Plumbing is so old
What's new? So is mine.
What is new...I'll be fine!

Waking next morning
Feeling so refreshed
Beautiful outside
So much so inside
Sun everywhere in sight
Giving me light and might
Showering in heat
Plumbing is so sweet
What's new? So is mine!
What is new... I'll be just fine! ! !

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Politics Of Dancing - For Prime Minister Justin Trudeau

Hey Mister/Ms. DJ
Aren't you so damn tired
Of playing the same songs
Over over ditto
Not ditto for just me
Audience is restless
Revolution coming
John Lennon so rising
CIA murdering
The Beatles avenging
Cuba modernizing
Trump accelerating
Trudeau now uprising
Comeback with a vengeance
Dictators thirsty
For so much damn blood
Politics of dancing
To damned dictatorship
Or true democracy

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A Person Of Value - For Albert Einstein

I shall strive
To not be
Successful
Millionaire
In such wealth
Possessions
Possessive
Abusive
Disruptive

Instead, I shall
Strive to so be
Of such great value
To humanity

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Such Passion - For Jenny Craig

I shall strive to so live
Not once in awhile
But day in and day out
With greatest of passion
For health inner beauty
And Earth's Security

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Such Is This Belief - For Ozora Davis

Such is this belief...
To awaken with
Such great breath of life
To listen to
Music of life
With Ode To Joy
To sense the wonder
In mind of children
To soak in nature
Refresh in such art
Of books film music
To find passion
In life and work
Such is my belief

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Meditation In Action - For William Ellery Channing

In meditation
I found such freedom
To live happily
With great modesty
I found elegance
In antiquity
Such poverty
In luxury
I found such great wealth
In being worthy
More rich than wealthy
I thought quietly
And talked so gently
Then acted frankly
I listened to
Magic of night
Music of day
Sounds of silence
Cries of babies
Screams of homeless
With an open heart
I journeyed through life
On brave adventure

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Simple Great Things - For Robert Louis Stevenson

Ah! To wake this day
Breathing in such life
Sunlight in mine eyes
Flowers in garden
Such great work at hand
One God's Path right there!

I shall not grasp
At shining stars
Will do such work
Plain and common
Yet, so honest
So passionate

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Great Simple Things - For Sir Winston Churchill

Simplicity is great
Greatness simplicity
There is hope
For freedom
Such justice
In mercy
Such honour
In duty

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To Waste Wisely My Life - For Thomas Dekker

To waste wisely
My forlorn days
Sleep peacefully
Dream blissfully
Through all hours
Of The One's night
And Coming Day
To be gentle
To beast burden
To be kind
To All Kind
With love in heart
Laughter in soul
To greet the day
With reverence
Opportunities
To ever behold

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May We Find The Way- For W.E.B. Dubois

May we find the way
With voices of work
Sacrifice even death
To end poverty
Dead straight in its tracks
To murder murder
To hate all such hate
As to love All Love
May we find the way...
To meet these damned tasks

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Dare To Be True - For Francis Bacon

To be true
To oneself
To view weakness
As strength somehow
Acknowledge it
Analyze it
Find victory

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Shiny Truth - For Robert South

A shiny nose
Doesn't speak truth
A shiny face
Speaks and shares truth

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Integrity - For Pam Brown

To live by such
Integrity
Like such fine glass
Truth to bear now
And every day
Clearly invoked
So understood
Reassuring

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We Repected Your Laws - For Chief Joseph

The truth shall be
Soon revealed
The disgraceful lies
Shall come to the front
We were not the first
To break your Bargain
We treated with respect
Expecting same respect
These laws were so good
We learned from our fathers
They had learned from their fathers

These laws are damn good!
We learned them from God

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Kindergarten Bully - For Robert Fulghum

This morning I shared
Breakfast with homeless
Played fair with bully
Sharing my story
He said he was sorry
I felt his agony
He learned some and thought some
Made lives less worrisome
He's now drawing and painting
Singing and dancingworking
He made me wonder
At Sense of Wonder
As he now followed
Golden Rule of Love

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Work Play Live - For Stuart And Linda Macfarlane

To work with such life
That so defies death
And then celebrate
With play of children
And live in the love
Of God And Mankind

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All That I've Got - For Janis Joplin

I so damn erred
Compromised self
All that I had
Poof! ...lost this life

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It's Simple - For Meryl Streep

I believe simple
To be so damn good
And good is simple

As simple man
I speak from heart
And ask for same

My heart speaks to me
And shares the secret
To simplicity

It's simple:
Make the most
Be the best
Share the rest

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Open Beautiful Mind - For Oprah Winfrey

I believe that I am
Strong as faithful David
No Goliath can slay
My most powerful mind

My body may be weak
Eyes may be near blind
Ears close to deafness
Yet, my mind is so strong

I believe that I am unique
My taste so damn diversified
As to touch All within Thine heart
With an open beautiful mind

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Such Fire Within - For Abraham Lincoln

I am so bound
To light within
At first, a spark
And then, a flame
Then, such fire
Burning brighter
Within the flame
Within the soul

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Keep Moving - For Oliver Wendell Holmes

Not so much
Where I am
Not so high
Nor damn low
Don't matter
What matters...
Spring from low
To damn high
Keep moving...

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A Life Worth Living - For Herbert Casson

To have this
Sole purpose
Of writing
From the heart
Day in and
All night long
Losing sleep
Yet refreshed
From passion
That is life
Worth living

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I Am Weak

I am weak
'cause Satan
Stole my soul

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I Am Strong

I am so strong
'cause I believe
In mighty David
And not Goliath

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To Taste Blood Of Jesus

Today I am brave
I stand up in faith
For just One True God

I see sameness
In the colour
In the culture
In religion

I just hear
Music of soul
I only taste
Blood of Jesus

I die
In peace

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Who Is This?

Who is this
Man in black
Sight unseen
Blinded by light?

Who is this
Damn stranger
Invading
Lonesome night?

Who is this absurd
Donald McDonald
Eating beat burgers
Tweeting late at night?

Who is this
Billionaire
Real estate
Extraordinaire?

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Who is this
Common man
Powerful
Yet, so weak?

Who is he?
So irking
You and me!

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Abortion

To now just say
Don't give a damn
What wasted life
So aborted

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Even Now

Even now words fail
Emotions prevail
Words spoken not long ago
Now lost in such damn sorrow

Even now heart broken
Message so mistaken
Buried in lonesome heart
Resurrected tonight

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Doctor Sax Salutes You

Here's to you, Jack
On the fiftieth
Anniversary
Of your rotten death

You died way too young
Missed out on old days
Could've been great days
The twilight years
Duluoz Legend

Certain Doctor Sax
Haunted you so long
Such lonely shadow
In your lonesome life

Your secret lover
Not making the grade
Yet so greatly loved
Don Juan would be proud

Personal angel
Guiding you through life
Maybe sent by Gerard
As proof of afterlife

So now your visions
Are reality

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Naturally High

Love's like
Angel
Flying
So high
On God

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Divinely Human

She's such of
Not this earth
Not heaven
Not damn hell
Nor this plane

Not Plain Jane

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All Talent

No such thing
As lack of
Damn talent

Brain ain't dormant
Thrives on yours/mine
Creative source

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Gonzo's Lament

I'm not such
An asshole
You wouldn't
Take me home

I am such
Damn human
And only...
Such is true

Such as we
When we can't
Please them dames
Serve them pricks

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Love's Dead

Love's now dead
Christ no God
In my sight

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We Cry Then

I cry then
When love's dead
When love's heart
Abandoned
Seeks solace
In damn hell

I so cry then
When we cry then

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Life's Hold

Dreams despair
When nightmares
Cometh in
Such repair

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The Killing Of Gonzo

'cause the shit
Comes from me
When I'm stoned
I'm dethroned?

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Living Dream

Those that dream
Nightmares come
Those that live
That damn dream
Nightmares succumb

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Faith

Don't wanna die
In misery
I'm misery
Just be happy

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Kerouac's Forgiveness

I'm so damned drunk
On godly show
You set me up
I forgive you

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Ignorant By Blessed

I'm so blind
To the light
Of such love

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God's Love...Satan's Hate

No such love
As love lost
God so loves
And forgives

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Utopia

Only love
Will win this...
World of peace

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On The Road...Again

Left this lonesome road
To new adventure
Met up with One God
And saw the White Light

I am so...renewed

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Dead With A Smile On His Face

The president is dead
The babies are crying
Or is it they're laughing
Sometimes it's hard to tell
But he passed splendidly
Such a damn haunting smile
Wife will always remember
As will the Americans

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Beautiful World - Inspired By Kindness By Yoonoos Peerbocus

Imagine a world
In which every day
We all cared and shared
One act of kindness

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Shame In God's Name

The drab blackness
Of the scared robes
And damn dresses
Shivers to brain

Child am I
Priest is damn he
Nuns from damned hell
Raised to rebel

Catholic am I
And have always been
Proud yet damn ashamed
Such damn cryin' shame

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Simply Thrilled

I write these words
And sing these songs
Just to get thrill
From you and me

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Slavery

Can I write
This soul's words
No judgment
From neither

Can I speak
So wholesome
And not cry
At your sigh

Can I touch
Your lost soul
And be free
Slavery

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Peaceful War - Inspired By No Need To Be Mean By Gajanan Mishra

Boldly forward march
With no guns no swords
Just army of words

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For Poetry's Sake

He sits in dark lonesome
Candlelight sees pure heart
Eyeing blood of poet
Burning art for money

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The Raptors' Victory March

The Raptors' Victory March

Baby face goin' down hard
Raptors gonna skin his lard
The Raptors gonna make you hop
To the Stephy Curry Flop

Steph Curry is sweepin' the floor
Raptors bouncin' back through the back door
The Raptors in the Dragon's Den
Turnin' boys into real men

We The Other are the brothers
And the enemy of Warriors
We The North know the game
Courage is our name

We gonna make them sweat
We not gonna lose this bet
We The North are here to play
Keep the mighty Warriors at bay

The King gunnin' the rim tonight
Snappin' at Warriors with his bite
What a damn awesome beast
Takin' Raptors to The Feast

Stately Warriors dead from the fight
Slowly losin' their mighty might
Lowry's no longer in the bowery
He's now washing up the dirty laundry

The Warriors' seasons have been breezy
The giants not goin' down so easy
Those in the know really know
Raptors can steal the show

Pascal torpedoed the battleship
And made The Raptors do the flip

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He glued the elastic Shaq
Done made The Raptors' comeback

The great Kawhi effect
Making Warriors defect
Unshakeable Leonard
Leading powerful herd

Cool calm collected
Warriors dejected
Raptors screaming for the top
Makin' Warriors do The Flop

Raptors winning the glass
Show how they have damn class
Losers on the line
They come out damn fine

Quiet but relentless
Raptors show no distress
In chaos don't panic
That's Leonard's magic trick

Kawhi Leonard king of buckets
Givin' Raptors golden nuggets
Lowry The Raptors glory
Nursing Raptors sports's story

The King owning the rim tonight and every night
Teaching the biggies and lonesome losers how to fight
The Raptors are gonna kick your butt
Teaching the damned Warriors The Soulful strut

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Sinfully Resurrected

I was born a god
Redeemed to just man
Traversed such solace walk
To be with God again

I saw death where once
There was such great life
And I died there once
Then resurrected

I heard such muck
To God's offence
Weathered The Stone
Became dethroned

I left more than a man
Beyond God's greatest plan
I depart with my sins

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Born to be a man
Weathered such a god
Didn't have a plan

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Carpe Diem

Seize the day
This moment
That moment
Every
Such moment

This morning
Sun shining
Positive
Mood swinging

Afternoon
Such delight
In the park
After dark

Late in night
Stars shining
Brainstorming
Life planning

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Inward Bound

In my silence
I spoke with God
Lost my fear
And found my soul

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Doctor Prescribed

I rot in my grave
Only to damn see
Words frozen in time
Melting into soul

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Ignorance Blessed

'cause I'm crap
Didn't know
How far I would go
'til I lost my soul

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Damned Feelings

I never ever cry
Never ever learned how
So you expectin' me
To see you feelin' me?

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Conviction

When the damn times
Seem so lousy
There's never break
Screw them damned hicks
For heaven's sake
I can't and won't
Screw their butthole

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Cesspool In The Cool

Where the hell
Is damned life
That smells like
Such heaven
And tastes like
Rotten hell

God give me
Divine strength

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Desolate Row

I will die now
So you can see
How screwed up I am
Because of your scam

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Hell's Angels

So I bathed
With the damned
Hell's Angels
And messed with
Golden Rule
Sinned as hell
And screwed God
I'm just damn
Freakin' human
Are you much less?

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Atlas Shrugged

I do think
I am not
Of this world
I cannot
Damn conform
To screwy restrictions
I try try try
And die die die
What the hell
Why not die?
'cause I now live
Wanna so live
Yet, death's not far

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Just A Celebrity

Hey, friend Sean
What you penned
Damned lately
I miss you

I pretty much think
You understood me
'though screwed like me
I think they 'scused us

We were such tough rebels
Lost in our scruples
Damned beyond recognition
Stillborn in this condition

Now we're so grimly lost
One will surely survive
The other so dead
In barren desert

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Miscue

Maybe you don't
Appreciate
Where I come from
So, just, screw you

I don't always
Get your damn drift

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In That Within Pause Lightness - Inspired By In That Without Pause Darkness By M.J. Lemon

Some see challenges
In obstacles faced
Some see such obstacles
In challenges stone-faced

I choose to see White Light
Where the black dog resides
And thus, unleash freedom

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Brilliance Destroyed

Shit couldn't you wait
A little longer
Before you ended
Your damn brilliant streak

I wasn't quite ready
For your magnificence
In mine innocence

Hell did the damn drugs mess you
Or did you just say: Damn you!
Either way we so miss you!

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Unfed Heart

Sing your damn song
Of innocence
Purify soul
But I'm still lost
And petrified
My legend's dead
Head's no more fed
My life's been bled

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Fake But Damn Real

Macho's been
Persona
Charisma
Of Gonzo
Deep inside
Scared shitless
Of damn life
Messed up drugs
Killed my blood
Stole my soul
Over proof
Is damn dead

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Death, Aside

You brushed aside damn death
For so many years
You were too really strong

Those shitheads there and elsewhere
Couldn't feed your screwin' head
Heineken and all that damn crap
Was just part of your bitchin shtick

Your brilliance scathed our ignorance
In the guise of such damn arrogance
Pissing on all that is sacred
Resurrecting damned perfection

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Fear But No Loathing

Doctor theatrical nut
Loved kicking klutz in the butt
Feared feeling insecure
Never observed Golden Rule

Gonzo king of writing life
How you thrilled us with your spite
Screwed with our heads day and night
Raped us of our innocence

Raoul Duke sneaking out of hotels
And breaking into our motels
You stole our lost virginity
Sacrificing your damned liberty

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Requiem For Lost Souls

Will I praise you
At time of death?
Will I see through
Your soulful eyes
World's blind justice?
Will I hear through
Your acute hearing
Dolphins' stirring song?
Will I smell through
A prolonged nose
Your damn worst lies?
Will I taste through
Such sorely mouth
Your food for thought?
Will I touch through
The grace of God
Immortal soul?

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One God's Mind

In One God's mind
There is no time
There is no space
There is no race
There is no war

In such One God's mind
Immortality
Infinity
Unanimity
Universal peace

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Darkest Night...Brightest Morning

Cold darkness
Haunting night
Wolves howling
Abruptly
So silenced
The full moon
Now obscured
Deadened sky
No sounds heard
Deathly hush
Stiff body
Lies frozen
Angels sing
Breathing life
Into life
Morning shines
Much brighter

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Breathless

Black dog is howling
Night's damn depressing
Full moon beckoning
Sunrise is coming

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Things Lost In The Fire

Somehow I lost my calling
Woke up one lonely morning
Feeling more than damn depressed
In such pain and agony

Black-out shades hiding sun
Shielding me from the fun
Guardian angels lost
Crying out for such help

Sleep seems so comforting
Life's so damn depressing
Angels surrounding me
God's whispering to me

Daytime transcends nighttime
Dreams overcome nightmares
All once unstabilized
Now so damn stabilized

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Fake President

Trump the grump
Is a stump
And damn bump
In the hump

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Fashionista

Such shame on you
Fashionista
Selling your soul
For wasted goal

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Depressed Genes

In your torn off jeans
You make mockery
Of such poverty
In name of fashion?

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Untimely Death

I'm dead now
That I've seen
The obscene
I'm dead now
That I've heard
The absurd
I'm dead now
That I've smelled
The upheld
I'm dead now
That I taste
All the waste

I'm dead now
To feel
The unreal

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We Are All Global Citizens - For Pope Francis

You and I are One
One with just One God
One to be free
Of prejudice
One to see beyond colour
We are of just one color
One to hear beyond hate
As One We can solely love
One to taste such World Peace
As One We don't know war
One to smell such evil
As One We don't know sin
One to touch All That's Love
In Such Glory Above

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Intentions

My solemn silence
Hears Word of God

My backward path
Is not wayward
God's directions
Mine intentions

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Me Too We Too

Your words heard
So deafened
By blindness
Of justice

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Cheeky Bastard

You so feistily
Defy you and me
Your brazen smile
Intimate mile

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No...Wait

No...wait
Mom dad
I'm not
Ready
To be
Born yet
Not for
Donald
Putin
Korean

No...wait
Mom dad
What you doin'
Crucifyin'
Me to damn hell
Please wait 'til swell
Time's history
Before this damn
Wrong pregnancy
Houston...no problem

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Wicked Awesome

Wicked Awesome
It's a beer
Also invite
For you and me
Let's go and see
Reality
Let's fly to the moon
Now so very soon
Let's climb God's mountain
Throw coins in fountain
Let's immerse in such
Godly poverty
To end misery
Let's join the damn race
To humanity

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The Man From Porlock

Man from Porlock
Dressed all in black
Black fedora
Covering grave
Stoned face searching
My frozen stare

Man from Porlock
Nonthreatening
Disconcerting
Disrupting sleep
And artistry
Stole my talent

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Quandary

When obeying God's Law
I feel such freedom
When resisting
I am shackled
With such great sin

Richard Wlodarski

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Unheeded Contemplation

In window
Unheeded
Such prayer
Makes God cry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

My Contemplation

In contemplation
I speak with One God
I hear One Word
And all is so sound

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Satan's Envy

Mother Nature
In her glory
Blesses mankind
With such beauty
Satan's envy
Destroys God's All

Richard Wlodarski

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Knot Untied - For My Godmother

She taught me
To tie shoes
Touchingly
Lovingly
When she died
Knot untied
'til I died

Richard Wlodarski

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Solitary Jesus

While in prison
Christ prayed for mankind
For maturity
For such liberty
For such divine peace

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Retreat

Let us now retreat
Into holiness
Accepting One God
Moving into peace

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Angels

Angels abound
In light of day
Our blindness
Keeps them away

Richard Wlodarski

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Missing Out

In my solitary
Of Christianity
I deprive myself of
The other religions
And miss out on One God

Richard Wlodarski

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E.T. Revisited

We welcome you
To Planet Earth
We live in peace
Yet, war's the scorn

We need your help
Or we'll die
We don't know you
You don't know us

Your visit's welcomed
In such damning time
My language sets rhyme
For this planet's crime

We welcome you
Possibly friends
Truly believe
In endless peace

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Richard Wlodarski

Never Had The Courage

Never had such a son
To love him how I should
Never had such great love
That easily I could

Never had self-esteem
Not even in best dream
Never had such a godson
Whose love I wish I had won

Never had courage to say
That on my very worst day
I wish I had you as son
Knowing this life I had won

Never ever in shredder
Should we make it damn badder
I just wish we could now speak
About what makes us so weak

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Richard Wlodarski

War's Aftermath - Inspired By Blue By M.J. Lemon

He hit her in such moment
Of vulnerability
An episode of such stress
Triggered by PTSD

Her tears in swollen eyes
Reminding him of sniper
Mere child scared to death
Bawling as he wipes her out

She understands his pain
And suffering she tries
To be so courageous
With such a crippled life

He can't understand her love
It's been totally replaced
With such fear and damn rage
He prays for meeting in heaven

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

False Prophets

Let Trump fire
Guns at Fort Knox
Summon the dead
With such promise
Of God's Judgement

Let gold bullion melt
And pave bloodied streets
Let sweat of miners
Be so damn pungent
That Trump so vomits
To sicken his soul

Richard Wlodarski

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Politique Macabre

Maybe just maybe
I don't laugh enough
Smiling's so damn tough
Laughter's not for me

Maybe just maybe
I don't cry enough
Tears such a strain
Make my life a drain

Maybe just maybe
I don't play enough
Teasing is not for me
In life of misery

Maybe just maybe
I don't dance enough
Politique macabre
Not for this damn author

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Richard Wlodarski

We Such Poets

We such poets
Called into life
Must write and sing
'bout injustice

We must bare our souls
Brace against prejudice
Suffer indignities
Live in such agony

We must live in solace
Yet, remain so social
We are deemed such pilgrims
Yet, we are true prophets

We write to be seen
We sing to to be heard
We listen to God
And deliver Word

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

The Rightful Wrong Way

Mine intentions
Are so darn good
But unique way
May be backwards

Lost in the forest
God guides my soul's path
My solemn silence
Hears Word of God

My backward path
Is not wayward
God's directions
Mine intentions

Richard Wlodarski

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Bona Fide Self

I can only be
What mine eyes can no
Longer damn make out
In this misery

I can only be
What my deafness shouts
In sounds so unheard
That makes me a nerd

I can only be
What my mouth can speak
In such tongues unknown
Professin' the known

I can only be
What's inside of me
And not damn worry
'bout the scrutiny

Richard Wlodarski

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True Self

I can only be
What mine eyes can no
Longer damn make out
In this misery

I can only be
What my deafness shouts
In sounds so unheard
That makes me a nerd

I can only be
What my mouth can speak
In such tongues unknown
Professin' the known

I can only be
What's inside of me
And not damn worry
'bout the scrutiny

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Freud's Trip

Cry me to sleep
With all the sheep
Nightmares abound
With the wolves' sound

Richard Wlodarski

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I Write

I write
Only
To see
Blindness
Hear
Deafness
Damn taste
Stupid

I write
For now
'til blind
'til deaf
'til taste
Blindness

I write
For now
'til deaf
'til taste
Deafness

I write
For now
'til taste
Tasteless

I write
For now
'til can't
No more

Richard Wlodarski

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The Cup's Coming

God's tears of joy
Falling on pavement
Creating puddle
Colder temperature
Frozen memory
Of child's ice rink
Children skating
Playing hockey
Santa's coming
To Toronto
Stanley Cup now
'round the corner
Children playing
Children laughing
Adults howling
The Cup's coming
Start parading

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Grit - Inspired By Sh Sure By M.J. Lemon

Courage
Stutters
Briefly
And then
Speaks
Volumes

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Intelligence In Nonsense

Sitting next to
A natural
So damn funny
Such a comic

Words so inspire
The sound of silence
Such intelligence
At par with nonsense

Far too damn smart
For this short cut
Christ kill the sin
'cause Satan's in

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulful Existence

I solely
Exist for
Divine Soul
And welcome
My return
To His Home

Richard Wlodarski

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Thoughtful Heart

My heart now
Openly
Receives thought
Patiently
Waits for more

Richard Wlodarski

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Book Of God

In my reading
Of Book of God
With eyes thus closed
And heart open
Such happiness
Now surfaces

Richard Wlodarski

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True Path

In my blindness
Slowly tapping
My way to truth
Never glancing
The backward path

Richard Wlodarski

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Virgin Once More

God's creation
In the state of
Virginity
Asks permission
To remain pure

Richard Wlodarski

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Why Seek Death Penalty

Why seek death
Penalty
Psychopath
Lost God's path
Sociopath
Not on This Path

Why seek death
Penalty
God's children
Gone so wrong
When God made
The damned wrong

Why seek death
Penalty
To end life
When God gave
Precious life
To end life?

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Your Brother

I'm neither man
Nor such a god
That you fear
Such a seer

I'm your brother
One with One God
Lovin' ev'ryone
We are All Just One

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Thomas Merton's Anguish

I no longer
Have such once faith
My eyes blinded
By devil's light

I no longer
See the sparkin'
In the lightnin'
Of believin'

I no longer
Hear the roar
Of such thunder
Of great power

I no longer
Able to touch
The face of love
In dance of life

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I no longer
Feel passion
For labour done
For goals propelled

Richard Wlodarski

Let's Just Move On

In your damned
Perverted
Guttered mind
Do you see
You and me
Or just you?

In you, pervert
Am I object
And you subject
Of your reject
In such neglect?

I'm damn tired
Of all the shit
That you've sheltered
And we've weathered
Let's just move on

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

You're Friend

I'm so screwed
Why can't you
Just leave me
Damn alone?

'cause you're friend
You see light
Within me
Past darkness

Because you're friend
You hear words
Not yet spoken
Perhaps, deadened

Because you're friend
You speak softly
Yet, so profoundly
Emphatically

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Because you're friend
You understand
My lasting pain
Life without gain

Richard Wlodarski

Ode To Opioid

Should I just sit here
In this cesspool darkness
Scared way beyond damn hell
About God Almighty

Should I dwell on this shit
That's forever there
Driving me so crazy
And getting me nowhere

Should I bury the hate
With these soul destroyers
Drugs messin' with my head
And my love for parents

Should I wake when sun's shining
Try hard for new beginning
Should I open up and trust
Or keep shutting out my life

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

True Religion

Take me into
Your pure bosom
And now welcome
Your just true God

Take me into
Your human's trust
Give me your love
Forgive all lost

Take me into
The soul of you
Welcome Spirit
Thank Almighty

Take me into
The Heart of Love
Welcome One God
Adhere to Peace

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Loaded Gun

When you load
That damned gun
Don't think 'bout
The damn thief
Don't think 'bout
A killer
A rapist
Or child
Molester

When you load
That damned gun
Don't think 'bout
Politics
President
NRA
Religion
Hypocrites

PoemHunter.com

When you load
That damned gun
Don't think 'bout
Your neighbours
Your good friends
Relatives
Family
Think about
The child
You just killed

Richard Wlodarski

Dual At The Jukebox

Two damn outlaws
Each in own right
Fighting at the jukebox
Each needing their own songs

Two toonies for the killing
First for the modest billing
Second for the night's chilling
Outlaws dying in the reckoning

Two lonesome strangers...testing
In the bad moon's rising
Warring for the surrendering
There's a Peace Train coming

Two beings of a human kind
Lost in one night's solace
Crying searchin' for stolen tears
Two outlaws...each in their own right

Richard Wlodarski

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Not One Teardrop

Not one drop of alcohol
For destiny's final call
Not one teardrop
For the latest flop

Not one last call
For my dead fall
Not one teardrop
For the longest stop

Not one last smell
Wishing you well
Not one teardrop
For the starving crop

Not one last taste
For my life's waste
Not that one teardrop
Stopping me from the top

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Justin

Justin just not ready to destroy the economy
Just not ready to contribute to poverty
Just not ready to stop mail delivery
Just not ready to hurt or kill somebody
Justin just ready to energize youth and the elderly
Just ready to put a timely end to poverty
Just ready to continue regular mail delivery
Just ready to bolster the stop drinking and driving cavalry
Justin looking at pot and medical marijuana responsibly
And envisioning what those other guys cannot and will not see
Canada is sick and tired with Harper's sorrow
Canadians are ready for Justin's tomorrow
In his true blood from the Trudeau family hood
Justin's politics will put you in the right mood
Voting for heart and brain
And not what is insane

Richard Wlodarski

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Ode To The Canadiens

Thunder and lightening
Montreal preparing
For day of reckoning
Ending The Leafs suffering
Lightening striking first
Making it cause for worst
Tears will soon burst
True fans at their worst
The team from the cold
Are about to fold
The team from the hot south
Kicking them in the mouth
The best team not eating their Shreddies today
Joining the other team from the land of the cold
Retiring them to play golf in the land of the gold
Leaving them Sitting On The Dock Of The Bay

Richard Wlodarski

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Let's Let It Go

Sitting in his ivory tower sweating
Lot of weight on his mind and body
Schoolyard bully fierce façade tears inside
Helpless boy/toy man desperately trying not to cry

Lost his way one day someday somehow
Daddy's gone mommy and family enabling
Big brother crippling demise coming
Hey, bro let it go stop the carnival show

Waking up brutally facing harsh reality
Hung over stop over cross over
Diseased child of wealthy anarchy
Slave to other's and his own stupidity

Yesterday's gone tomorrow's happening today's beginning
Handcuffing is a miserable state of being
Capitain carpe diem screw them carry on
Life's too short in the long run so move on

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Richard Wlodarski

Point Vierge

Dawning of sky
Yet without light
Such awesome sight
Perfect silence
One with The One
Father now seen
Opens mine eyes
Without fluidity
I begin slowly speak
And ask The Almighty:
Is it time to now be
Answers "now or never"
I wake become human
Touch all humanity

Richard Wlodarski

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Discover God

When mind is bleak
And so damn dead
In house and church
Work sweat out sin
Discover God

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Disunion

When I'm in disunion
It's so much easier
For me to hate your sin
Than to love and forgive

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Sermon

I have learned more
In depth silence
Of the sermon
Than loquacious
Hand gesturing

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Love Thine Enemy

To begin to know who You are
I shall begin with forgiveness
Of mine such greatest enemies
And then learn to love them with might

Richard Wlodarski

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Ecological Balance

We must learn
To share land
With brothers
And sisters
Animals
Little birds
God's creatures

Richard Wlodarski

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Christ Always Forgiving

One cannot question Christ
Christians should be questioned
Christians forever sinning
And Christ always forgiving

Richard Wlodarski

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God's Pilot

I'm just God's pilot
Guiding such mankind
To eternal peace
In spite of damned war

Richard Wlodarski

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God's Task For Me

What is this task
Evading me
That God's challenged?

Richard Wlodarski

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Sober Habit

I acquire
Sober habit
Of reciting
All That Is Good

Richard Wlodarski

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Secret Work Of God

All God asks
Is that you
I and we
Be quiet
And open
To the peace
Attentive
To secret
Work of God

Richard Wlodarski

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Beginner

I hate being
A beginner
And will be
A beginner
For rest of life
'cause we are all
Just beginners

Richard Wlodarski

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Sweet Suffering

To so damn suffer
Without reflection
Without trace of hate
To so damn suffer
Without impatience
For end of suffering
Such is life of Christian

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The Mercy Of God

The Lord Almighty
Waits so patiently
Forgives easily
The One understands
So mercifully
All sin forgotten

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Enemy Is Not Such

Mine enemy is not savage
Perceives me to be damn savage
I once thought he was so savage
'til he saved me from the savage

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Frozen Christian

As a Christian
I can only
Hope for faithful
All else frozen

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Direction

Why when in need
Of direction
Do I not ask
Such tough questions

Richard Wlodarski

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Silent Body Silent Heart

Silent heart
Purified
From useless
Destructive
Damn evil
Human thoughts

Silent body
Now seemingly
Naturally
Beautifully
Floating in space

Richard Wlodarski

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Grace

In meditating
I've received God's grace
Fortunate enough
To have received it
I pray for more grace

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Consciously Spiritual

I am consciously
Spiritually
So very aware
Too aware be there
Something to no-thing

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Recollection

I recollect
Alert spirit
As mind so fades now
Memory's not dead

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Follower Of Christ

I do not profess
To be monk or saint
But Christ's deep meaning
In heart day and night

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Worthy

Christian or not in heart
We're all worthy of love

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PoemHunter.com

Fallacy

A fallacy is
Saint doesn't know sin
How 'bout right from wrong?

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Praying For Peace

In praying for peace
Asking God to push
All of the world leaders
To pray and do penance
And acknowledge their guilt

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The Art Of Praying

When I pray
Meditate
I relax
And just trust
The process
So knowing
God's guiding

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A Christian's Loyalty

Just like Jesus
Risen from death
I live in Him
Loyal to Love
And the truth in
Everything

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Work

Sound healthy work
Does feed my soul
Unnatural toil
Only feeds the devil

Richard Wlodarski

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Desire

I so desire
For roof over head
Home within a home
Three square meals
One for homeless
To be loved
And share love
Win God's trust

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Judgement

Standing back from world
Judging poverty
Judging anarchy
Judging blasphemy
Judging evilness
Time to remake world

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Such Faith

In my calling
To wilderness
By Almighty
I have such faith
In God and Man

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New Man

I have been called
To be new man
To participate
In new creation
The work of mercy
And not damn power

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In All That's Silenced

In such deep silence
I have learned Your Word
Wish It to be heard
In all that's silenced

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Haven

As a Christian
Welcomed new home
My city church
Such solitude
Devil stole heart
Of all that's good

Richard Wlodarski

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Altered Flowers

Simple flowers
Strewn on altar
Of Almighty
So much simple
Shouldn't be there

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Masked Devil

Sunlight on priest's virtues
Darkness on his evil

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No One Like God

Although I love God
I can't be like Him
To love Him perfectly
Does not make me like Him

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Negligent Of Psalmody

Lord have mercy on me
Such a goddamn sinner
Negligent of psalmody
May my soul now rest in peace

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Forgiveness?

What is this work of God's will
Of one who is a pervert
Is he in God's servitude
Only to be forgiven

Richard Wlodarski

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We Are One With God

Neither Protestant
Nor such Catholic
Nor non-religion
Will tear us apart
We are One With God

Richard Wlodarski

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One Kind

My duty to you
Not just one human
But all of mankind
With The Almighty
Is to serve One Kind

Richard Wlodarski

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Such Great Peace

We are One Nation
We are One Great God
We are One Great Love
We are One Great Peace
Thus, We Shall Prosper

Richard Wlodarski

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Illusion Of War

God's enemy is no one
Should I have the right to say
That even in the Cold War
My perceived enemy was

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Desert

In the desert
There is such life
Beneath this life
Like in us all

Richard Wlodarski

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God's Love Rules

When all religions
Understand God's Love
Armageddon
No longer more
Just Paradise

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Mom's Blindness

Memere separated
Me from Catholic church
We were so damn devout
But she was so blinded
By its hypocrisy

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Old Fondness

The old fondness
Of sisterhood
And brotherhood
Brings solitude

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Depths Of Silence

In such silence
There are no words
To desribe peace
God's Divine Love
And the soul's quest

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The Cell's Teaching

When I have sinned
I've sat in cell
Darkest of rooms
Been taught all things

Richard Wlodarski

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Tiger Within

There's a tiger
Within us all
Not familiar
At times cries lone wolf
Knocked halfway 'cross jungle

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Submission

In depths of despair
I have submitted
To Almighty's will
Perfect confidence
In one Jesus Christ
Experienced peace

Richard Wlodarski

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Easter

On Easter Island
I renounce my dread
Of newness freedom
To live in Easter

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Being Is Born

In such great silence
Smoke is now cleared
Fire in soul
Resurrecting
Being is born

Richard Wlodarski

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Mask

Halloween time to be free
How so alienated
Society's misery
Divides me against myself
Puts on a damn mask on me
Sweating guilt sin I'm now free

Richard Wlodarski

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God's Spark

I used to hate my job
Thought it so degrading
Then God sent such angels
His Foresight sparked my might

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Lost My Head

Even if you behead me
You can't stop my love for you
You thought I was your enemy
I was your friend; I forgive you

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Pure Black Sheep

I was good Catholic
Mom wanted me as priest
Black sheep in family
Saw damn hypocrisy

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Newfound Freedom

I contemplate
My solitude
I share with poor world
My newfound freedom

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Snakes

I live with snakes
Keep out of way
Know that's way
Of God's way

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War

God does not make war
I am not damn war
You are not damn war
We are not damn war
Shame this damn made war

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Purgatory

I sense the souls
Lost in attics
So damn condemned
Once Such Spirits

Richard Wlodarski

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We Are One

The People of God
Who's to say who they
Afer all, We're One

Richard Wlodarski

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Encounter With Christ

Entrenched
In faith
So scared
'til Christ
Met me

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Sole Praise

In total emotion
My praise of Almighty
Is without such order
St. Augustine might cry

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True Wealth

Without title
A just poor man
I read Bible
Became wealthy

Richard Wlodarski

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The Cement Cross

In the midst
Of the woods
Cement cross
Copperhead
So damn dead
Christ alive
I killed self
Born again

Richard Wlodarski

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A Christian's Experience

I do not need
To read Bible
To experience
Christianity
Live to embrace God

Richard Wlodarski

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All That's Ever Been

All that is...
Ever been
Such Great Love
Is now and
Forever
So restored

Richard Wlodarski

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Klutz

I am such a klutz
In my clumsiness
God loves me much more
My imperfection
Leads to perfection
In His School of Love

Richard Wlodarski

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Alien's Quest

Alien's quest:
The secret of
Humanity
Its denouement:
The capacity
To such Higher Love

Richard Wlodarski

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Tricks And Short Cuts

As in ordinary life
So in spiritual life
There are no tricks
And no short cuts
But lots of fun

Richard Wlodarski

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What Would Make God Happy

If only to be
So somewhat content
With such personal
Secret happiness
Would make God happy

Richard Wlodarski

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Human Being

I wish to remain
Neither more human
Neither less human
Just as humanly
Possible as God
Created Human

Richard Wlodarski

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Such Solitude

It is quite wondrous
To experience
Such great solitude
In such multitude

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Solitary

Although solitary
I am true one with you

Richard Wlodarski

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Free World

I answer God's call
To free world of greed
Free world of hatred
Free world of murder
And build world of love

Richard Wlodarski

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Transcended

Battered body with Christ
Soulful heart with Buddha
Divided within self
Transcended in Jesus

Richard Wlodarski

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God Is Freedom

Never fully free
I turn to One God
To daily free me

Richard Wlodarski

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Merciful Sinner

Whenever I sin
I feel mercy
His Light fills body
And touches my heart
Such tears of joy

Richard Wlodarski

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Quest

I can only
Find the vast world
By now searching
My inner world

Richard Wlodarski

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Near Death Experience

I was tortured
But didn't fall
Into abyss
Prayers of the poor
Were heard by the Lord
He called out to me
Gave me a new life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In Silence

In silence
I speak not
Hear not
Yet, spirit
Speaks volumes

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In The Silence

To live with Father
By blood of His Son
To see the Divine
In all that's alive
To be here now
In the silence of
All That Is Holy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

What Books

What books assigned
To these cycles
Of such short life
May prolong it

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

True Worship

It is one thing
To worship in
This place called church
All together
Yet another
Altogether
To worship in
Center of Heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Vanity

How vain am I
To take myself
Seriously

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Vanity

How vain am I
To take myself
Seriously

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Calling All Poets

Such Spirit of Life
Calling all poets
To harvest All Good
All that is Holy
To end all that's war

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ain't No Saint

I ain't no saint
Make no formal
References
To Almighty
Simply know
All is Good
God is Good

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Solitary Man

I strive to be
Solitary
Less productive
More prayerful
More leisurely
And more godly

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PoemHunter.com

Humble

In meditation
I reach inner truth
To remain humble

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Living In Hives

I am troubled
Living in hives
God's call shouts loud
Yet, Im deafened
Condemning self

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Nothing That Is Not God

There is nothing
That is not God
So in Cold War
Let's recognize
The Almighty
And be As One

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Problem Of Suffering

Even God can't resolve
Problem of suffering
So let's not suffer more
And even the damn score

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Mercy Me

I know mercy
For him and her
Yet, I do not
Know mercy me

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Change Ourselves

We may choose
Not to change
Religions
But let's choose
To now change
Ourselves

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Selfish

I am so damn selfish
My life so damn involved
I lose track of His Love

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Blissfully Ignorant

I know not the Bible
But do know Word of God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poor Man

Such a poor man
To have to sit
And wait take bait
'til it's too late

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Yearning

Don't know better
Than the damned rest
Yet, I so yearn
To today see
New perspective

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Mercy

I ask God for mercy
In my life of damned guilt

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PoemHunter.com

Heart Cries Out

In midst of darkness
I find such Pure Light
Mercy is given
And my heart cries out

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Hermit's Heart

In some ways
A hermit
Very close
To One God
Yet, brother
So struggles

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Saintly Love

I am no saint
Contemplative
I forgive sin
And love Your Heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Darkness Cannot

The Word of God
Is such Pure Light
Darkness cannot

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Going Beyond Death

As a poet
I must now strive
To surpass death
To witness life
And give such thanks
To Almighty

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Churches

The Church of Cable
Such monopoly
On all that's so bad
The Church of Truth
Community

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Experience

Desert area
Of my frozen heart
Now so barricades
Damn explanations
In such great favour
Of experience

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

State Of Mystery

I, with you, so beautiful
I, with you, so pathetic
Confused, we so damn struggle
In this state of mystery

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Freedom To Pray

Freedom to pray
In land of free
Where colour's One
Where race is One
Where God is One

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Easier To Forgive

I acept joy of being known
Consolation of forgiveness
I find it so much easier
To forgive sinner earlier
Even before sin may happen

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Prophets

Prophets have spoken
Mine eyes now open
Ears not now closed
Shout about God's will
Shout about God's truth
Shout 'bout God's justice

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

All Is Light

We, of Life
All that's God
Live in Him
In through Him
All is Light

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PoemHunter.com

Christians

As Christians
We must know
Understand
Way of Cross
Otherwise
Life is war

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Freedom

I maintain freedom
From superstition
From all blind taboos
From formalities
Of religious State

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Gratitude In Solitude

When I'm in the woods
In the rain at night
Think of solitude
And such gratitude

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Intuitive Understanding

I intuitively
So greatly understand
The presence of God
And I am honoured

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Inner Search

I can only find God
Through thorough search of Self

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

My Word Sucks

My word sucks
When not seen
When not heard
When not felt
When not touched
By my heart

Richard Wlodarski

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Guilty

I am so guilty
Of not listening
To God's Majesty
I ask for His Love

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Resonance

Thank You
From friend
Of God's
Great Love

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Simple Man

I am such a simple man
Left to The Almighty's plan

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Risen

I have risen
In spite of sin
Can't say I won't
Sin no damn more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Demented Inn

Satan holds me prisoner
No damn room for Jesus Christ
All is so damn demented
Yet, I feel Forgiveness

Richard Wlodarski

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More Lonely

I awake in
Natural dark
Naturally
Flourescent light
Shines so coldly
So bitterly
Go back to sleep
Damn more lonely

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Profound Spiritual Movement

Let the non-violent
Now unite and converge
Upon Holy Trinity
Such spirituality
To combat all corruption

Richard Wlodarski

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Priorities

Should we not be
Much less concerned
About birth control
Than nuclear war?

Richard Wlodarski

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Forever Rain

Without the center
And without the heart
Of deepest of faith
Only violence
Only injustice
Only confusion
Will forever rain

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Couldn't Care Less

I have followed my conscience
I experience fear
And yet, I could not care less
What you truly think of me

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Lord Have Mercy

With eyes not opened
To need for mercy
I sing Lord Have Mercy
For those truly in need

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Beyond - Feeling Prayer

In my solitary
Beyond - concept prayer
I lay to rest my bare
Dark soul beyond such thought
Beyond - feeling prayer

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The Rite Of Praising

In meditation
Where there is no-thing
And such great silence
I praise the One God

Richard Wlodarski

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Gluttony Makes It Dark

Her lovely smile
With her outstretched hand
Such extinguished light
With hand so empty
Poverty drawn to light
Gluttony makes it dark

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Non-Consolation

Somehow I will always help you
For you have more than you can bear

Richard Wlodarski

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Not Right But Sincere

May not always be right
But always sincere

Richard Wlodarski

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Possessed By Possessions

What price to pay
To sacrifice
Human values
For possessions

Richard Wlodarski

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Selfish Love

I have been selfish
Seeking happiness
For myself alone
Spirit now deadened
Seeks unselfish love
Infinite sharing

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Walking With Jesus

In such sin of poverty
Read poems of St. John Perse
His rich words those of One God
So moved me in such splendour
In such great depths of despair
Walk hand-in-hand with Jesus

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Illusion

In such deep silence
I hear nothing
In isolation
I fear no one
In my illusion
Trust God's solution

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Know All's Well

Only when not all is well
God makes it so well for us

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How Good We Are

Am I less good than you?
Are you less good than me?
Do we know how we're good?
How good we really are?

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Godly Offense

How I offend God
By not enough praise
Yet, my heart is full

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Dare

Dare to be a saint
In a world of sinners

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Instrument Of God

As instrument of God
I am so defective
Yet, God fine tunes me
Into perfection

Richard Wlodarski

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Possessed

I leave behind
My possessions
Because I'm now
So possessed by
One Jesus Christ

Richard Wlodarski

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God's Nourishment

I look no further
Than One God's Soul Love
To be inspired
And my heart pours out

Richard Wlodarski

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No Dance Alone

Neither wheat
Nor cockle
Neither prince
Nor tramp
Neither god
Nor human
Dance alone

Richard Wlodarski

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Reborn

I touch the Ground
Feel the weeds
Cry for lost souls
And I'm reborn

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Inner Voice

I need this silence
And such solitude
To enable Voice
Of mine own true self
To be heard one time

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In Praise Of Psalms

In the palm
Of the psalm
Is God's Love
And Union

Richard Wlodarski

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Human Again

Without cell phone
Or internet
Or damn cable
I feel so
Human again

Richard Wlodarski

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Hermit

In solitude
I see your damn
Degradation
I forgive you

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Yield

I fear
That I've sinned
Unwanted
Yet, yielded
Damn head-on
Oblivion

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This Holy Friendship

How much we have in common
That bridges our friendship
How holy this common ground
That survives the greatest odds

Richard Wlodarski

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Satan's Damn Fright

In my acts of such sinning
I empathize with sinners
I agonize over guilt
I scream with such damn terror
That Satan takes a damn fright

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Cold Question

Where is conscience
In the cold war?

Richard Wlodarski

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Conceiving Miracles

To throw to the winds
My inhibitions
My limitations
And assist Holy Spirit
In conceiving miracles

Richard Wlodarski

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Simply Scared

Deeply honest
Such simple life
Of true prayer
Calls out to me
Yet, I am scared

Richard Wlodarski

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The Great Joy

The Great Joy is upon us
Obscured by clouds of darkness
Suspicion hatred distrust
The Prince of Peace descending

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Simply Awesome

Bread sustains my life
Water refreshes
God's awesome presence
Guides my adventure

Richard Wlodarski

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Scent Of Life

Morning rain refreshes
Animal life pine trees
Afternoon sun warming
Pine trees scenting such life

Richard Wlodarski

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Blessed Writing

May St. Benedict
Bless tired writing
And may God make it
That much more succinct

Richard Wlodarski

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Wrongness

I hate
That you
Hate me
And fear
Your wrongness
I have faith in God
Trust humanity
To acts of kindness
Hope your cruelty
Will be forgiven

Richard Wlodarski

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Cuban Dream

With eyes tightly closed
I see the full moon
As I'm transported
To Cuban heaven

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Let Me Die In Peace

Road kill
No more
Pagan
Not saint
Author
Not star
Deadbeat father
Not some martyr
Just a damn human
Not superhuman

Let me die in peace

Richard Wlodarski

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He Is Life

Work me through this stuff
'til I'm shy no more
Hold me so damn tight
So I do not fall

Speak softly
With full force
Hear me
So loudly

When night falls
Moon is full
Wolves howl
He is life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Common Thread - Inspired By Would They? By Susan Williams

Unite as one
A common thread
Between us all
Nature's setting
Swimming walking
Cooking laughing

Work with children
See innocence
Such honesty
Humanity
In the making
One common thread

Richard Wlodarski

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World Peace Day

May our enemies
Rest on this World Peace Day
Choosing not to see
Ourselves as foes
Arming ourselves
With only God's Love
Now remembering
Only in Heaven
We were once brethren

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Frozen Heart

In my heart of coldness
And indifference
I ask Almighty God
For help and forgiveness
Of such great helplessness

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One With God

In meditation
I see nothingness
Free of sin
Illusion
Just Pure Truth
One With God

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Identity

Searching now for
Identity
Chiefly, in God
Then, other souls
Thriving for Love

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A Member Of The Human Race

I bathe in joy
Being human
One with Jesus
Christ God Himself
Shining like Love

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Doubt

I do not suppress doubt
Indeed, I welcome it
Faith tells me to doubt
To face it head-on
To break on through it
And thus, accept God

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The Measure Of Man

How small is man
So damn petite
When at damned war
Yet, a giant
When at such peace

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History

Within me
History
A new kind
To be sure
Old history died
When new-found peace lived

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Prepare To Die

In my search for One God
Am I ready to die
In order to see Him?

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Aloneness

In my aloneness
I am my true self
And I remind you
Of truth in your self

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Hearing God's Answer

I have prayed
And heard God's
Just answer
Now I must
Pray and act

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I Am So Blessed

In my solitude
I feel such pain
Such damn poverty
Yet, I am so blessed

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Melancholy

Birds wake before dawn
To enjoy the day
I wake long after

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Saint And Fool

The saint is
No wiser
Than the fool
Both have seen
God as Good

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Virgin Mother Of Christ

Envisioning
All poverty
All the wisdom
Of all the saints
I now fully embrace
Virgin Mother of Christ

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Monk

I am a monk
Silent withdrawn
So observing
What's killing me

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Adversary

To face agony
Forgive enemy

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Such Damned Bully

Isolated
He speaks lonely
Drowned by contempt
Such damned bully

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God Calling

When God calls
I answer

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Weakness

Such damn weakness in me
To so welcome other's
Wrong answer to problem

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Sameness

Let us embrace sameness
In likeness of One God

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God's Love

Why poison the mind
With such prejudice
When God's Love wins All

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Forgetting Unworthiness

I choose to forget
My unworthiness
And now dare to soar
To heights yet unknown
All in God's likeness

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Birds

Birds sing
And fly
Freedom

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Less Ordinary

I shall strive to be
Less ordinary
And in new-found freedom
Soul will find my vision

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Prisoner

To be imprisoned
By one's violence
And such selfishness
Of this mirrored world
Slave to damned Satan

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Within/Without

Within ordinary
Extraordinary

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Ordinary

Such an ordinary man
Yet, so very much God-like

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Humility

In moments of such pride
Accept humility

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Word Of God

God's Word
Just Word
Shall Save
Us All

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Sanity

Within anxiety
Lies shred of sanity

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God's Beauty

To see God's beauty
Firstly, in just me
And then, restore it
In humanity

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Pure

To be pure of heart
Free of jealousy
Shutting out envy
Melting resentment
Ascending with God

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Purify

To not eat filet mignon
Instead of lean hamburger
Not drink the best of wines
Instead of spring water
Purify my brother

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No Excuse

All that is good within me
Does not excuse the evil

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Solitude

In solitude there's peace
In peace there is One God

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Task And Destiny

My task is to find peace within
My destiny to share without...

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No Problems?

Full of fear
Anxiety
Yet, no problems?

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No Problems

I have no problems
When at peace within

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Your Light

In, and of, Your Light
I find no darkness

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Strive

To strive for emptiness
In moments of fullness

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No Desire

When I feel emptiness
No desire for fullness

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Such Darkness

In depths of darkness
God sheds Divine Light

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Goodwill

Shared goodwill
With open
And humble
Same sound mind

Richard Wlodarski

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God's Love In City

In polluted noise
Of concrete jungle
Oneness is heard
Through the deafness

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God's Love In Nature

God's voice heard in Nature
Echoes in rhythm of heart

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Sound Of Fear

In the depths of despair
I cried loud and so hard
The Oneness heard sound of fear
Silenced it with a cherished hymn

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Waiting Sunrise

Such is the night
A damn full moon
Waiting sunrise
For fulfilled life

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No Time

Sun rise and set
Only to find
There is no time
In Cuban mind

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Cuban Blood

Let me lie on beach
Feel sands of time
Witness history
As pure Cuban blood
Courses through my veins
And touches my soul

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Cuban Soil

I sit and wait
For sun to shine
On Cuban shores
For eyes to see
Such happiness
And misery
For heart to
Feel such
Cuban soul

I watch and touch
Cuban soil

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Imagine Love

Believe the world
To be better
Without colour
No white no black
No brown no red
Neutral instead
We're One Colour
One God's Colour
Equality
No misery
No poverty
Imagine Love

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Such Is Love

To find joy
In simple
Pleasure of
A smile
A laugh
A hug
A touch
Then return
It tenfold
Such is love

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Weinstein's Last Supper

Flunked touch test
Slap in face

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Bad Taste

Flunked taste test
Left bad taste
In my mouth

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Not Bright Enough

Flunked eye
Exam
Didn't
See it
Coming

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Not Loud Enough

Flunked hearing test
Didn't hear
Doctor call out
My goddam name

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Good Fortune Awaits

Found a pebble
On gravel road
Stone on footpath
Rock on town street
Gold mountaintop

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Ebb And Flow - Inspired By Expunge By Bernard F. Asuncion

Let the
Tears
Flow like
River
When dry
Rise up
And climb
Mountain

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Appetite For Life - Inspired By Just A Skimmer By Susan Williams

If only
To now take
A grand bite
Instead of
Just petite
To truly
Taste such life
Savour now
Every
Single day
And thank God
For His Gift
Miracle
Of this life

Richard Wlodarski

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Born Again Christian

Scary damn lonely
On highway of life
Hitchhiking to hell
Paradising swell

Lost soul meeting Satan
Engaging in this pact
To selling his damned soul
Meeting up with Jesus

God taking a hike
Leaving soulless soul
Fighting wrong versus right
On the road to White Light

New-found soul forsaking
Screwing damned devil
Baring his spirit
To the One God's Soul

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This Bus Full Of Strangers

This bus full
Of strangers
Limousine
New-found friends

Stockbroker
Tipping me
To such wealth
Now leads me
Poverty

Grade school teacher
Now informs me
Students dying
Of poverty
Such misery

Wealthy fool
Teaching me
Poverty
Damn smile
Such false pride

Homeless friend
Such stranger
Speaks damn truth
Poverty
Turns to wealth

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Scorched Cardinal Feathers

Naked they stand
In front of God
No robes to hide
Their vile sins

Blinded by light
Deafened by sound
Enticed by Satan
They're cowering now

Jesus projects their lives
On such towering screens
Every minute detail
Not one damn thing to be spared

Scorched cardinal feathers
Smell up purgatory
Sins of holy fathers
Have now been so avenged

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Star Energy

Now so energized
By the magical
Power of his gloves
Worn by hockey star
Soon to be world class
His team now ready
To win Stanley Cup
My team gearing up
For awesome book launch

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Hypocritical Oath

Will you cry for them
When they commit sin
The deadliest one
Taking their own life?

Will you think about
You so raping them
Of body and mind
For your damn pleasure?

Will you ask for forgiveness
And be absolved of your sins
By hypocritical oath
Of the damned lost and found church

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In But Not Of This World

Unlike
Other
Children
Solitude
His comfort
Heavenly visions
Dear companions
Pain and suffering
So damn very young
God having mercy
Asked him to come Home

Richard Wlodarski

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Hypocrisy In The Damned Church

Are we the
Damn only
Religion
In the world
That is such
Blasphemy
To One God?

Do these priests
Really cry
When they test
Innocence
Of children?

Do they see
The damn pain
Suffering
Torturing
Of young souls?

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Do we see
God's creatures
As humane?
So kindly?
Considerate?
Compassionate?
Then lock them up!

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What's Goin' On

What's goin' on
Got musicians
Selling their souls
To rotten brats
Waitin' on them
Kissing their feet
Wipin' their ass
'cause they're spoiled

What's goin' on
Comedians
So serious
Damn Lenny Bruce
Man's got rhythm
Got goddamn soul
Makin' us roll

What's goin' on
Goddamn humans
Kind bartender
Full of damn wit
Downright charmin'
Crazy darlin
To the damn likes
Of you and me

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Kerouac Ain't No Saint

I ain't
No saint
Halo?
Goddamn
More like
Damn hair
Stickin'
Out there
Nowhere

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Political Schmuck

Just like you
I can snap
This moment
Right damn now
Or next day
Or some day
Come what may
No matter
What they say
We can snap

So what the hell
We screw the schmuck
Who lost his luck
His damn last buck
'cause he was stuck
Who passed the buck?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Big Gut Small Soul

Tragic to say
Of weak-minded
Such soul-deprived
Damned president

Spits out such crap
From such big mouth
Doesn't listen
Rhyme or reason

Stuffs foul mouth
With damn junk food
Not food for soul
No god his goal

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Southpaw

Although not
Left-handed
Remember
Days of old
Such classmates
Were so bold
Always sold
To devil
Catholic nuns
In their damn rage
Storms of fury
Such damn abuse
Of innocent
Crying children
Flaunting their God's
Imagined will

Devil laughing in that sad day
Jesus without much of a say
Forgave the nuns and the devil
God smiled welcoming them Home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Superficial Smile

Behind
The fake
Smile
Used car
Dealer
Selling
Lemons
The slime ball
Snake oil
Huckster
Peddling such
Miracle
Medicine
Funeral
Director
Conducting
Symphony
Of lost souls
Bleeding them
'til they die

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Respect Yourself - For Aretha Franklin

Respect people
Equality
Embrace their soul
Live in common
God's sole terrain

Respect yourself
Oneself Godself
Comprehending
Liberating
One God's Soul Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Amongst The Nuns

I was so damn scared
Of those blue-nosed nuns
Professing to be
Holier than thou

I saw Jesus crying
When they were punishing
Gerard full of remorse
Kneeled and prayed to God

I felt his soul's presence
Comforted I stood tall
In the damned majesty
Of these black-clothed sisters

Absolve me Jesus
They had stained my soul
Prayed day and damned night
For Your Forgiveness

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Die In Peace

Soul to be left
So damn alone
At the mercy
Of damned Satan
Merciful God
I die in Peace

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Veiled Writer - Inspired By Archer By Dillip K Swain

Enemy
Amongst us
No bow and
No arrow
Deadlier
Mightier
Than damn sword
The pen is
His weapon
Of first choice
He strikes heart
Buries soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Beat

Life's no stranger
To this damn street
Kerouac's life
Never missed beat

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Bring Me Back

Bring me back
To time when
Life's simple
Doors open
To neighbours
Love's open
To strangers

Bring me back
To time when
We all talked
Family
Not just friends
But strangers
Off the streets

Bring me back
To time when
Love's real
We did care
We still care
And God's there
For the share

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Just A Love Song

To write you
These damn words
Coming from
Somewhere else
Not my heart
Not my brain
Don't know where

To write you
I Love You
Feel it
Death knocking
Life stalking
Embracing
My lost soul

To sign you
Love always
Meaning now
Hearts sealed
Me and you
You and God
Me and God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reflections On Town And The City

Feeling sentimental
For that cool swimming pool
For that swell fishing pond
For the best of damn friends

Feeling incremental
About Ney York City
About the damn dope fiends
Stuff that ain't so pretty

Miss the country fresh air
Sunrise clearing my head
Hanging around my friends
True friends living simply

Miss suffocating smog
Spoiled brats holes in head
Theater of the absurd
And goddamn mistresses

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Poem From Tortured Soul

To write in rhythm
Of such lonely night
Amidst starry sky
And God's watchful eye

To write such words
That drain my soul
But offer Love
To One Above

To write this night
What so tortures
My lost damn soul
Be forgiven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God Sheds Light

Just one quiet night
Of such restful peace
No more damned nightmares
No more damned visions
Of some afterlife
Just some normalcy
To now set me free

In my darkest room
God sheds some damn light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Remorseful

Forgive me
My father
For your sins
Forgive me
For my birth
And for yours
Forgive me
For abuse
For discourse
Forgive me
My Jesus

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

My Starvin' Hell

Never of your
Damned blood and soul
So blue collared
Testily scarred
Rhthmically
Fuckin' damn scared
Your cute heaven
My starvin' hell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Battered Soul

Can only hope
You don't see me
When I'm losing
Track of my soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cooled Down Death

I'm so lost
But not you
You're too cool
So how come
I have lived
And you're dead?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Quality Of Life

What damned life they
Give us lost souls
After this war
The last damned war
And war to come
Fear mongers
Damned peace busters
Destroying life
My fuckin' life
And my damned friends

Toast to lost souls

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Only Just Human

Wouldn't have had it
Any other way
Than to show you that
I really did care

Sometimes I was an asshole
'specially when a wino
All a damn disguise
To fight off those lies

I cry in my grave
And that's no damn lie

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Art Of Singing

I sing only
For such spirits
That are broken
For such lost souls
And when I am
In the shower

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Remembering Youth And Death

Remember
When I was
So damn young
Life was fun
Swimming naked
Fishing dug it
Good friends so damn crazy
Intellectually
Mama and papa happy
And then saintly Gerard died

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Somewhere In Time

In middle of time
When you were swimming
And I was drowning
You ended up losing
I winding up winning

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Football Or Writing

Caught that
Long bomb
But I
Screwed up?
Hall of fame?
School is out
For football
School's begun
For author

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tremors

Felt those tremors
After he died
At first thought
He's not gone
Coming back
Woke up sober
To the terror
Pa cursed God
Not the same
Ma cried more
Not the same
Church home for Ma
Bars home for Pa
Home not the same
Without Gerard

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Bull Fight

Blood spattered bull
Dying gasping
For one last breath
Of this damned life
Hemingway laughs
Kerouac cries
Genius dies

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Traitor

I damn well died!
And you lied?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Takes Highway (Hits The Road Jack)

What damn life
For writer
To be screwed
In kitchen
Now feeding
Such darlings
Instead of
His damned soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Souled Out

Three dog night
Scampered cat
Jazzed scared me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mighty Comeback

Tackled by Satan
Touchdown in Heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Brothers Kerouac

Cry no longer
For damn lost souls
We've found God's Path
We're in Heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

At Last Fame

Serenade me
My Mexican
Damn chihuahua
'cause I'm hurrah
No longer blah

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Surreal

Don't give
A damn
'bout this
Darn crap
It is not
The real
Serial

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Show Me The Way

Show me the damn way
To oblivion
My lost soul thanks
You damned Satan

Show me the damn way
To bohemian
My dark soul thanks
Such Lucifer

Show me peaceful way
To such paradise
My love so thanks
For Heaven's Sake

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Remorseless

I won't cry
Due to lack
Of tears
I've simply
Lost my soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Wino

Who damn well cares
About wino
Who's lost his soul
To rock and roll

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Just Jazz

How about
Misery
For just me
How 'bout
The blues
Jazzin'
Lost me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost Family

I lost me
Long ago
If not for
My mother
I'm fodder
Much better
Than father
Sorry
Mon pere
Ma mere
Despair
She cared
You dared
We died

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Suffused

Cried for
One damn
Minute
Felt pain
Lifetime

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Pessimist>Optimist

You just
Foothold
Ladder
I climb
To damned
Success

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Found God

So lost
Not found
Searching
Found God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Invaluable

Don't you think
I don't care
'bout my life?
Just not fare?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No Apology

No damn apology
For my damn screwed up life
I spit on America
That scams lost me and just you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Angst Once More

Such damn pain
Not fully
Understood
Cries out in vain

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Empathetic

My life's
Not worth
A damn
If you
Don't care

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tortured Mind

Went to bed
In a rage
Dulled thinking
'bout the killing

Ten years old
Not even teen
Where's her playground?

Eighteen years old
Prime girl in her teens
Where is her life's dream?

Twenty-nine years old
Nineteen more than child
Decade and more than teen
Tortured mind killed their dreams

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Awe - Inspired By Illuminate Earliness By Bernard Asuncion

The chill
Of night
Is warmed
By God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Revered Parents

Ma and Pa
What the hell?
Can't tell you
From my god

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Procrastinator Blues

I don't wanna
Keep on truckin'
'til it's too late
For my last date

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sexuality

Paris ma belle
London my pal

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Freedom From Bullying

Get into mindset
Of that damn bully
To set yourself free

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Damned

Awakening
To the dull fog
Ma mere mending
My holey socks

My God, I'm damned!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lack Of Empathy

I don't cry
For damn saints
And don't laugh
For sinners

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Bruised Ego

I'm writin'
Your damn soul
Bruised ego

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Bullied

I'm such a shit
Wasted on life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Road To Hell

Only found
My damn soul
After damn hell
And the trip back
Was such a gas

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Maddening

I'm listening
Through the screaming
Only hearing
The deafening

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Damed Soul

Singing
For your
Damned soul
Angels
God's guides
Orchestrate
Song and dance
God's son
Jesus
Weeps now
Tears of joy
Jack's soul
Damn saved!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac Is Awed

Only on the road
Do I truly see
Mirrors of the soul
And I am so awed

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Greed - Dedicated To New Jersey Female Victim

Can you sleep
Knowing that
You killed her?

Her damned life
Needed you
Your power

Some sucking
Energy
From your plant

Your damn greed
Stole her life
Can you now sleep
Knowing she's dead?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Power Of Words

One word
Can break
Your heart

One word
Can make
Your life

One word
Can kill
Your life

One Word
God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

My Pa (Mon Pater)

Excuse me
Mon pater
For putting
My life on
Hold for thee

Loved pigskin
Damn hated
Your thick skin
Football gods
Sometimes fall

Blue collar worker
Raised dormant scholar
Founded damn author
Led lamb to slaughter

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Riding Time

The past is passe
The future blasse
The moment's Now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac: The Devil's Saint

I was
Never
A saint
Devil
On back
I sinned
Pleasure
Mortal
Portal
To hell
And back
Confess
My mess
Jesus
Forgive
My soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

So Very Young

Driven and weary
Yet so very young
Inexperience
Now so maturing
Life venturing
Death escaping
Youth still so young

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost Chance

There's only
This lost chance
Of such life

Pigskin star
Broke his leg
And damn heart

Writing stole
His damn life
Satan his heart
God bought his soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Saint And Sinner

Such a sinner
In Satan's grasp
Such redeemer
In Jesus Christ

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Skunk

I got skunked
At damn life
Superstar
Damned flunky
Absorbee
Misery
Yesterday
Damn buried
In today

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Nostalgia

I'm so damn lost
In yesterday
To sense this day

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Troubled Soul

Lost sight
Of light
Long ago
Troubled soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Black And White

I'm not
Used to
Seeing
Blackness
Whiteness
Supreme
Tears
The same
The blood's
The same
The heart's
The same
Only
The song
Changes
Bullies drum
Slaves beat

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No More Sin

If ever
There was God
No more sin
For damned me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

On This Damned Night

Take your shirt off

Show me the welts

On your scorched back

Will hold back pain

On this damned night

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I'm Home

Throw me
Football
Run like hell
To heaven

Throw-me coach
Bounced me back
To passion
As writer

Throw me God
I've found Home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Scorned

There's no morning
This lonesome night
Full moon crying
Lone wolves howling

Cold bitter heart
Emptied of love
Cries out to God
And is damn scorned

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

So Damn Lost

I'm so lost
In this life
Such blind eyes
Guiding me
To despair
I fear
This damn death
Yet Light Shines

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

There's God

In my crazy
Bouts of numbness
I saw the light
Within darkness

In tears
Of such pain
I so cried
With such joy

With death
Around
Lone me
There's God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Shadow

How come so shy
When meeting you
Face-to-damned face
With life's fears?

How come porttrayed
As semi-god
With devil's back
Author of soul?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Professed To Know

You think
You know
Damned me
My heart
And soul
Like God knows
Damned Satan
The evil
In his soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kingdom Come

Screw this shit
Screw Satan
Finally
Found just home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Stained Blood

I'm only dead
'cause you haven't
Seen the damn blood
Wake the hell up

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Scored Spice

Can't stand
This crap
No more
What bore

Where's the whore
Who for sure
Fought for the war
Won the damn score

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Answers In The Dark

Death envelops me
Every damn night
Yet new life is born
Ev'ry single day

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Scorched Heart

There are no
Profound words
To express
My scorched heart

So screw you!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hopeless Romantic

Ain't givin'
Up on you
Crazy doll
Life's too small

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Beyond Bully

You're way too screwed
For dismal self
So just take off

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Moral Fight

To not be
Damn married
To hypocrisy
In my primary

To damn well fight
For what is right
And not give a damn
'bout those crazy pricks

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Speak To Me

Speak to me now
When listening
To hollowed words
And such visions

Speak to me when
Jesus Christ lives
And Satan's dead
Alive again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Living Dead

Just yesterday
I was alive
And this damned day
I'm so stoned dead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Heart's Road

To see
The sun
In your eyes
When crying

To hear
The lone wind
Of whispers
Of dying

To taste you
Your essence
When life's dead
You're alive

To touch One God
In your shadow
And follow road
To redemption

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Damn Night

I'm only
Just lonely
In damned night

The full moon
So beckons
The lone wolf

Fear strikes
The cold heart
Tears reign

Nightmares plague
In spite of
God's welcome

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Touched Soul

Speak me
Your words
Of love
Feel
Your love
And mine
To touch
Your soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lord, Have Mercy

So what kinda crazy
Chicken-shit elitist
Tries to pull screwin' rank
In the scale of life

Born with damn
Silver spoon
Feeding you
Your big mouth

Damn your father
The Golden Rule
He failed so
Miserably

Damn you further
Sins of father
So escalating
Dehumanizing

PoemHunter.com

Pray The Good Lord
Be merciful
To the damned lost
Souls now waiting

Richard Wlodarski

Maybe For My Lady

Maybe I
Didn't cry
Just enough
For us both

Maybe I
Didn't say
I love you
Just enough

Maybe I
Hurt you so
Not knowing
You would cry

Maybe I
Loved you more
Than we'll
Ever know

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Angst

In wilderness
Of such lone mind
Dark thoughts prevail
Such a damn warm heart
Freezes such damned hell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Blind Empathy

You think
You see
In eyes
Of mine
Tears
Of pain
Endured
Hear
Such screams
Devil's
Damn laughs

You think
You taste
My blood
Christ's blood
Sin of
Adam
And Eve

PoemHunter.com

You think
Feel
My heart
And soul
When life's
Killed me

All's left
Such pain
Damn pain
Tortured
Once more

Richard Wlodarski

I Owe You

I owe you
My damn life
Not for the damn
Monetary

I owe you
My damn eyes
For blindness

I owe you
My ears
For deafness

I owe you
My damn mouth
For tasteless

I owe you
My warm heart
For heartless

I owe you
My life's dream
Relentless

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Crossword

Envy the fool
Who so scrambles
The damn crossword
Puzzled by word

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac The Venturer

I'm a venturer
Into the damned soul
Riding the highway
Of the damned back way

Sitting in back seat
Observin' the meat
'bout I'm to meet
In this damn feat

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Predestined

I chose
To die
Before
My time
'cause this
Your damned
My curse
Killed me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Soul

To write you
A love song
Without words
Of such hate

To see you
In your eyes
Eyes blinded
By such love

To hear you
In your love song
So damn deafened
By life threatened

To touch you
Without touch
And feel
Your lost soul

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Angels Outta Sight

And there were
God's angels
Lost in heaven
And damned Satan's
Devils in brew
And angels
Came singing
And devils
So swinging
Jesus piloting
The One God's Loving
Satan maneuvering
Devils fortifying
Angels flying high
Seeing the Great Lie
Satan bracing
Devils chasing
God pulls out light
And scrambles flight

Satan screaming tonight
Having lost one more fight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lonesome Heroes

How 'bout
Those damn
Lonesome
Heroes
Strewn along
The highway
AMERICA

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Death-Cried

Death-cried
Over
Years
Now lost
Lonesome
Tears

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Measured Success

I'm dead
And gone
But for
How long?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Stupidity

Such damn wicked
Stupidity
Now astounds me
I go to sleep

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poor Bastard

Got no money
For such honey
In this damn land
Hypocrisy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Anguish

No damned regrets?
Had more than few

Lost my daughter
Along highway

Lost my brother
My damn saviour

Lost my football
Road to damn fame

Lost my virginity
To some damn scrutiny

Lost my mother
Some rescuer?

Lost my friends
In the news

Lost my life
For damned fame

No damned regrets?
More than my due

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Damn Dead

I so much hate
That I'm damn dead
Can't speak for myself
Out of my damn grave

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Credit

Your fluidity
My lucidity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sometimes Boisterous Is Good

Sometimes
Waking
Screaming
Screw you

Sometimes
Mourning
Morning
Work through

Sometimes
Afternoon
After loon
None-to-soon

Sometimes
Boisterous
Is damn good

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Now That's The End

So scared
Shiftless
Now that's
The End

Have I wronged?
God-devil
Mother-son
Wife-author

Have I loved?
Devil-God
Son-mother
Author-wife

God only knows
And I'm so scared

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Flowers - For Flower Navarre

Like the flower she is
Ever so blossoming
Love in her kind heart
Passion in her soul

Like sunshine on
Beautiful day
God sending love
So Flower may grow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Crazy Dream

Thought I
Gonna
Write this
Damn shit
Make me
Famous
In prime
Prima
Donna
Get old
Not scold
Be bold
For fold
Fuckin'
Crazy
Frog's pond
Drowning
Drownproofing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Pointless

What's the point
Of writing
If can't say
What I want?

What's the sense
Of seeing
If all's blind
In hindsight?

What's the sense
Of hearing
When all's deaf
To music?

What's the sense
Of feeling
Life's lost touch
In heaven?

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

In Vain

I'm so damn vain
'cause I'm insane?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In The Moment

Speak to me
When I'm dead
Don't have time
For your head

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Crazy

Don't know more
'bout the norm
Too abnorm

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Up The Creek

I'm lost
Somewhere

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Natural Born Talent

I don't
Wanna
Damn do
What I
Just do
"cause I'd
Fuckin'
Just die
And go
To hell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Brainwashed

Blindin'
My eyes
When sight
Stolen

Deafening
Damned ears
When sound's
No more

Starvin' the soul
When life's no more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tasting Life

Melt in my mouth
When so frozen

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Crap

What's all
This crap
'bout me?
Can't see
Crappin'
Bull shit?

Full of crap
Hypocrite!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lie No More

Lost in
Spirit
Of lie
Can't die

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Spirit Speaks Up

I can't no
Longer cry
When I'm dead
So screw you
Respect this
You're damn dead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost In Space

No more
Words left
For them
Poets
Artists
Teachers
Critics

Just now thoughts
Memories
Lost in space

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Non Fiction

What I write
Is real
Like water
My fuel
And good food
For my soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Seemingly Godly

To write nonstop
So fluidly
And thoughtlessly
Without worry

Seemingly
So godly

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost Freedom

Spirit wanders
Lost in forest
Hears tree crashing
And finds lost freedom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Killer Shark

Ain't no lies left
In the shark tank

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God's Soul Love

No more time left
This lonesome day
For restlessness
For loneliness

Just enough time
For God's Soul Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God Laughing

Awakened
So blushing
God just laughed

Richard Wlodarski

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Happiness

Lost myself
This sad day
To tears
Of such joy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God Wins

No more
Tears
Of pain
For now

Joy can speak
This moment
Love can hurt
But God wins

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Spirit Returning Home

Such a day
As this last
Absent from
Such a norm

Sunshine breaks
Depression
Meditation
For the damned soul

God's soul love
Awakens
Lost spirit
Returns home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God's Nurturing

Sun rising bold
Morning breaking
Sadness dying
Natural high

Sun Moon Heaven
All God's brethren
Women children
Love is open

Moon dancing
Wolves howling
Hearts loving
God's nurturing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Those Now Born

We are lost and forgotten
The children of Atlantis
Searching for existence
Beyond this mere life

We are the children of Woodstock
Inheriting love and such peace
The children of Hendrix
Looking for a quick fix

We are the children of yesterday
Bidding on a better tomorrow
The children of today
Grounded in such dismay

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Who Cares?

Who gives a shit
About that damn
Fuckin' author
In his damn grave?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Spirit

I'm more
Fuckin'
Dead than
You are
You just
Don't know
I know
I care
I'm dead
Still live
For now
And for
Ever

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Final Curtain

I cry now
When it's late
Way too late
For last date

Richard Wlodarski

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The Blues

I'll sing
You this song
Of damn blues
And now cry

Richard Wlodarski

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Preordained

Once so tired
From once fired
Left to rejoice
From my damn choice

Richard Wlodarski

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Jack's True Self

Never wanted
To be football
Star in universe
Devoid humanness

Never wanted
Fame and fortune
In the spotlight
Hit the jackpot

Just wanted to be
My goddamn true self

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hypocritical Christian

Won't write home
About you
'cause mother
Such mother
'bout fodder

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ghost Writer

Can't see what
I'm doing
'cause I'm dead
Resurrect

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Rapprochement

I will write
Such damn words
From beyond
Wounded heart

I cry no more

Richard Wlodarski

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Nightmares

If to sleep tonight
Whilst dreams so forlorn
And night not so torn

Richard Wlodarski

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Indifference

Can't quite
Fathom
No words
From you
I would
Rather
Just die

Richard Wlodarski

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Denial

I'm already dead
Just haven't quite heard

Richard Wlodarski

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Godsend

Can't cry
For you
No more
No score

Died and went
Saint Elsewhere
Can't compare
My Godsend

Richard Wlodarski

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Icon

Just yesterday
I was damn dead
And now alive

Richard Wlodarski

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Spirit's Not Dead

I cry
Because
I'm dead
Alive
No more

I don't
Think so

Richard Wlodarski

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So Free

I don't
Listen
To wind
Of despair

I don't
Now see
The bird
Flying free

I just
Hear
Whispers
God's Love

I'm now
So free

Richard Wlodarski

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Stupid

No fool's
Ever
Damn lost
Stupid

Richard Wlodarski

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Lie-Ing

You screwed me
When dying
Giving birth
To new age
Of lie-ing

Richard Wlodarski

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Owning This Lie

You ask me
What I've done
With this life
And I just
Sit and cry

Owning this lie

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Never Having Knowing You

How my heart thoroughly aches
Disowning mine own daughter

Never having seen you
Never having touched you
Never having kissed you
Never having loved you

How my heart thoroughly aches
Having died not knowing you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God's Magic

Such is
The hold
Of the
Behold
Damn it
Now told

Richard Wlodarski

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Manure

Not knowing
Where I'm now
Goin' sure
For manure

Richard Wlodarski

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All Bullies Dead

No more pricks left
For the home run

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Shithead

No more words
Left in now
I'm cruisin'
For bruisin'

Richard Wlodarski

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Fake No More

Bullshit
To yours
And mine
Divine

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Wantin' Some Love

Your touch
Enhances
Such
Sight
Glows
Memory
Grows
I'm
Disposed
Out of
Growth
Wantin'
Some love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Killed Me

And I only
Wanted to be
Just who was me
And I killed me

And then I only
Saw my destiny
And now I'm only
Just killing lost time

And if now only
Time was less cruel
I'd die for far less
'cause I'm so careless

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

On The Road Of Sad Life

To follow the full moon
On the road of sad life
Howling with the wolves
Communing with nature

To wake in God-bathed sunlight
Drenched in suppressed happiness
Moment from eternal bliss
Reaching out touching God's hand

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Owed To Burroughs

Loved her more than
Any other
'cause she reached out
And touched my soul

But you son of a bitch
So screwed me married her
And you're a damn homo?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Living Hell

Can't fathom
This damn death
After you died
I was so fried

Richard Wlodarski

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Forever Death

To kill
Myself
'til death
Then die
Once more

Richard Wlodarski

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Blind

My eyes no longer
Can now recognize
Your hypocrisy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Crying

Wretched children crying
From all the damn dying

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dead In Mother's Eyes

When he died
I knew then
He wasn't
Really dead

As a naïve kid
Thought he was coming
Back- to- back living
For my upbringing

Found out otherwise
Died in mother's eyes

Richard Wlodarski

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Shadow

She died so long ago
I lived in his shadow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Emptiness

Wired on
Ecstasy
Of such love
Crashing on
Loneliness

Richard Wlodarski

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The Price For Fame

Gimme lousy dime
For ev'ry damn word
Would be world famous
So damn long ago

Richard Wlodarski

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Doomed

Who gives a damn
About lost souls
When we're all doomed
Going to hell

Richard Wlodarski

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Damned Souls

We will cry out
For our souls
When we have died
'cause we had lied

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

So Screwed

I was so damn screwed
Before I was born

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love In The Shadows

How my heart
Long cries out
For your love
Dies tonight

Then revives
Tomorrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For Yours

Only one breath
For yours my life
As we spring death
And born again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life's A Game - Inspired By Kerouac's Quote From The Dharma Bums

To the just children
Life is just a game
To the innocent
Nothing but the same

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Phoneless - Inspired By Kerouac's Phone Quote

Shut off your phone
To save your soul
Callers aren't ready
For just your spirit

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Succeed - Inspired By I Am A Big Failure By Howard Simon

To think now
And truly
Just believe:
I succeed

Won't fail

Richard Wlodarski

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Dilemma

Should I cry for
Your damn lost soul
Heaven's crying
Forever more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Be Proud

Who gives a shit
Where you are from
Come from nowhere
To now somewhere

Be proud
I was
I am
'though dead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Brother Friend Saint

I died when
You left me
But I lived
Through just you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For My Friend Ginsberg

I'm not such
An asshole
You wouldn't
Take me home

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Death Questions

How do you live
When you are dead?
How do you resurrect
From those who can't correct?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dread

What is such dreaded death
If not to be alive?

Richard Wlodarski

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Echo

I lost you
Long ago
Still hear
Your echo

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Before I Die

One more damn breath
Before I die
With no more sun
And deadened sky

One more damn sigh
Before I die
One more damn word
Now to be heard

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Booze Killed Me

I had more than a few
Told you that I love you
Then wanted to kill you
Booze killed me and then you

Now that I am so dead
Forgive me in damned you?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost My Soul

Don't wanna cry
For your lost soul
'cause I lost mine
So long ago

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Don't Wanna Die

Give me your blood
To live your life
Give me your colour
In such a rainbow
Give me your race
No prejudice
Give me your religion
Givin' up on damn sin
Give me Love's blood
To live God's Life

I don't wanna die
In Armageddon

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life Would Be Boring If You Weren't Dead

If you awakened drenched in sweat on a cold morning
Shivering paralyzing cursing knowing you're dying
Would you step barefoot on the cold dark concrete floor
Looking for an exit from a sleazy back door?

If you snapped out of dozing off at your boring job
Cussing blurting shrieking in a momentous sob
Would you tippy-toe to your boss's cavernous hole
Addressing her highness with kindness selling your soul?

If halfway through the course of your afternoon delight
Flickering shuttering embracing darkest of sight
Would you race to the virginity of the light
Believing you weren't the stingiest in your fight?

If awakening of evening of the reckoning
Hallucinating resurrecting recuperating
Would you hug the iconic Timothy Leary
Trusting doctoring enabling humanity

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Slowed Revelation

I awaken and see the light
Not knowing what is bright
I smell the freshness of the day
Surprised at what's to my dismay

I wash up and scrub my face
Facing up to life's disgrace
Trying so very hard to win defeat
In such solemn time when I should retreat

I rest in the noon of sunny day
Fretful of the awful come-what-may
Wishin' I were in another place
In my dyin' space of disgrace

I sleep in the howlin' wolf's moon
Darkest of dreams coming too soon
Resurrecting and killing of my life
Acknowledging all of my damn life's strife

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

The Pen Cements The Ink

I only write the words
The pen cements the ink
I only see the sights
The eyes illuminate
I only hear the sounds
The ears authenticate
I only taste the fruit of life
My mouth and tongue do lubricate

I only smell the sweat
Of this forgotten soul
And feel within arm's reach
Presence of All-Loving God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Contemplating Peace

Heaven sent a message
To Almighty one day
For that special moment
Peace was observed on earth

God did not speak
He just observed
Such worldly leaders
Contemplating peace

This unique notion of peace
Foreign to the damn tyrants
Their whole being shivering
Uncontrollable cold sweat

God remained silent and solemn
Watching from such a safe distance
The tyrants growing so restless
Paralyzed with such damn fear
Now wage war on God and Heaven

Satan rising from hibernation
Smiling and amused by this fun game

Satan did not speak
He simply observed
Such worldly leaders
Contemplating peace

Richard Wlodarski

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Soulful Writing

I write in rhythm
Of mine own time
Don't give a damn
'bout your shit dime

Richard Wlodarski

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Writing

To write into night
Not dreading the light
Writer's soul sucking blood
From universe's flood

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dead Souls

Sometimes I can
No longer see
Such is The Light
In mankind's Fright

I'll pray for dead souls
Who abandoned such life

Richard Wlodarski

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God To The Rescue

Woke up so lost
In the damn night
Angels 'round me
Satan fighting

Damned lost soul
In blackness
Of such hole

Sun shattering
Pain splattering
God infiltrating

Finding One Love
From the White Dove

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Passion

Life's way too short
To not follow
Your true passion

Waking up breathing
In life of new day
So ready to write

Richard Wlodarski

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Good Versus Evil

We lost our souls
On this lonesome night
When werewolves fought light
But God was in sight

Somehow God not strong
Envoy for Satan
Wrestled in Heaven
For world's best brethren

Evil's warriors crusading
Satan proudly parading
God seemingly retreating
Sent Light into The Darkness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

One Clean Hand For God

My right hand's dirty
Tired of life's tasks
Such damn pain endured
And now so crippled

I've spared my left hand
Kept it clean for God
Rested and massaged
Olive branch for peace

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Beyond Insomnia

I can't now sleep
When wide awake

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Your Saintly Eyes

Your saintly eyes
Torture my soul

Can no longer sleep
In the really deep

Can no longer see
Who is truly me

Can no longer taste
Life's disgraceful waste

Richard Wlodarski

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Quick Death

Give me quick death
Now that I'm Damned
Can't bare visions
Of afterlife

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No Rest

I will never again rest
'til we soon meet face to face

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Family Or Fortune?

Tortures my damned soul
Abandoning you
My wife and child
For my passion

Left lives in disarray
Mine in come what damn may
Yours I cry in my soul
For such loss due to goal

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

War To Just End

Let's not give in to apathy
There's such great strength in unity
Let's rise and fight to the end
'til peace brings war to just end

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Will You Cry For Me When I Die?

Will you cry for me when I die
After all I was your big cry?

Will you see light within me
Look past dark reality?

Will you shed a tear or two
For son who wasn't so damn true?

Will you listen to lies 'bout me
And scream for your damn sanity?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

One Helluva Whore

She loved me and I loved her more
Couldn't let her tie me to door
In some ways she was a damn whore
But she was band-aid to my sore

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No Petro For The Road

Left without
Damn petro
When on go
Way too slow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No Dancing Fool

I can only sing
When I can't now dance
In this damned romance
In my life perchance

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Redemption

Tonight to cry
For the lost souls
Including mine
Plead redemption

To ask for God's
Forgiveness now
Saintly sinners
In Satan's might

To sweat out sin
Be forgiven
In Jesus' eyes
And rest in peace

Tonight to not cry
For my damned lost soul
In all that is sin
Is now forgiven

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Superhero

I was in hospital watching
As the good doctors were saving
Jumping and shouting: that's my bone marrow
So I could see my brothers tomorrow

I saved baby Gio
Because I love him so
And I saved baby Santino
Because I'm a superhero

I saved you guys so you could be
With mommy daddy hero me
No big deal 'cause I'm a superhero
And we didn't want to be in such sorrow

Giggle juice put me in deep sleep
And nurse said so I wouldn't weep
I saw Batman and Spiderman
Superman turned me into man

PoemHunter.com

I was flying so very high
With Captain America in sky
I wore Batman's mask and cape
To fight bad guys in good shape

Mommy now ties balloon to me
So I could fly and feel free
I like to be free like good guys
Not go to jail like bad guys

Richard Wlodarski

God's Winner

To write words
Inspired
By One God
Then stolen
By Satan

To fight good fight
When all's darkness
And see The Light
In such close sight

To have Faith
Now Knowing
Good Conquers
All evil

God's Winner

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cowardly Terrorism

Today we cry
For senseless deaths
Of God's loved ones

No colour
Had been spared
No religion

Today angels
In such heaven
Weep for lost lives

No colour
Had been spared
No religion

Today The Pope
Right hand to God
Pleads Stop Killing

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No colour
Had been spared
No religion

Today One God
Now intercedes
For Satan's sins

No colour
Is now spared
No religion

Richard Wlodarski

Dethroned

If only
To be loved
When so loathed
Then dethroned

Richard Wlodarski

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Give Me Death For His Life

He was just
A child
Of One God
Life stolen
So damn young
So damn young
Give me death
For his life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Honestly

They were never
Close to true me
Me never like
Them honestly

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Desperado

So damn screwed up
Nowhere to go
Crying through booze
Lost it in snooze

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Too Late

Didn't give a damn
'til it was too late

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Is This Life?

Never paused
For moment
So precious
Is this Life?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soul Of Writer

To write from the heart
What eyes see from Light
To hear the sound
In all God's music
To touch all that's love
From One God above
To taste Christ's blood
Live free from sin
Experience
Soul of writer

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Souls Rejoined

My soul lost
Long ago
Searches for
So much more
Never dies
Only cries
'til Rejoined

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Can't Cry No More

I've made amends
To no damn ends
Such hell on earth
Waits in heaven

Can't cry no more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Depths Of Loneliness

To depths of loneliness
Search for answers Above
Cry 'til heart can't no more
Then ask for Forgiveness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Vampires

They suck my blood
And drain my soul

Richard Wlodarski

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Temporarily Insane

I lost my mind
When friends lost soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dead In Death

His death still haunts me
In my lonesome death

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For The Record

I observe the shit
And record the truth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lonesome Traveller

I'm a lonesome traveler
Lost in wilderness of soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

My Philosophy

To clean the mind
Of all the crap
That's so screwed up
And cry no more

To think the clean
Of all the dirt
That festers soul
And die no more

To do the crap
That's so messed up
But cleans the mind
Nourishes soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Black To Gold

Trying so hard
To paint it gold
Comes out so blue
Leads to damn black

White around corner
Silver almost there
Blue returns for more
Black is now the score

Yellow shining through
Golden sun right there
Pink tarnishing black
Red now spilling blood

Sky blue coming to life
Silver blistering black
Red's bloodline breathing life
Golden sunrise now mine

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

A Failure

So I don't know how to dance
And I haven't been to France
Don't know how to amuse you
And I make you feel blue
So I'm not always happy
I'm sometimes in misery
I'm not always right
But you get uptight
So what are we to do
For I'm in love with you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Message

Came the morning
With the sun brighter
Than ever before

Came the morning
With a new message
Of hope

Came the sun
Piercing through
Obscured clouds

Came the message:
A new dawn is
Upon you now
Make of it
What you will

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Choose to bathe
In its warmth
And see every
Ray of brilliance
As a new road
To your success
And happiness

OR

Choose to freeze
In Shadow's
Darkest realm
Seeing and
Hearing
Just nothing

If he could speak
He would now say:
Damn let me be
So much like you

Special someone
With personality
And now I will show you
That I can be Someone

Came the evening
With such deaf darkness
Like never before
And the lone Shadow
Now stood so frozen
In the dead of night
So damn paralyzed
Unable to speak
Unable to listen
Unable to move

BUT

They were able
Today to see
Today to think
Of the other
Reality
A better life
A life so full
Of such laughter
And happiness

And soon
The frozen darkness vanished
And morning was now announced

Richard Wlodarski

The Teenage Blues

One day I saw you
Looking sad and blue
I wanted to talk
You went for a walk
All I wanted to say
Is that you're in dismay
About the blow life has dealt you
And you sit feeling bitter blue

I don't wanna sound like your mom and dad
Because I know it will make you more sad
It's going to take awhile
For you to get back that smile
'cause I know what's making you hurt so bad
And it's making me feel so damn sad
You see I've sure been there
In that place called Nowhere
And now I can say for certain
It seemed like the final curtain
But in those quiet moments of desperation
Also came some great moments of inspiration

I tried very hard not to give up hope
And found it hard staying away from dope
I learned then that life was not easy
Nobody said it would be rosy
I learned to roll with the punches
And found that things came in bunches
Sometimes there would be moments of pure ecstasy
And then, unexpectedly, times of misery
I guess what I'm trying to say
Is that things being as they may
Everything will turn out for you
And you will stop feeling that blue

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Learning

Learn
To experience
Life

Inhale
The freshness
Of Life
Exhale
The poisonous fumes
That have deadened
Your senses
And made you stale

Unchain
The weighted ball
That has dragged you
Through life
And made you feel
The weight of monotony
In life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Good And Bad Now Gone

Words failing me now
In time of mourning
Such innocent lives
Stolen from One God

Such an intense mind trapped
Escaping on a rampage
Killer mind in killer van
Blood red in his sight

No heart left for life
No man nor woman
Spared any mercy
From this heart of cold

They were the innocent
From all walks of life
From corners of world
Breathing in sunshine

PoemHunter.com

He too was once innocent
Evil not yet his lone friend
Intimacy not yet his
Prisoner in his own mind

They loved life and God
Family was gold
Friends were so cherished
Strangers so welcomed

He was shy and awkward
Rejected by many
Friends so greatly needed
Strangers so unwelcomed

They weren't ready for this fate
Breathing in such warmth on Spring's day
Walking leisurely hopefully
Dying furthest thing from their mind

He deliberately planned this fate
Breathing in such darkness cold day
Driving under Satan's damn spell
Dying closest thing in his mind

Richard Wlodarski

Life Is Such A Journey

I sit and wait for what I do not know
I cannot see the seeds that I can sow
Life is full of opportunity
Yet I look upon life hopelessly
What is it about me that accepts misery
Giving in so easily and so damn quickly
Is there some secret I don't know
About the seeds that I can sow?

The reality is there is no secret
Except that life need not be full of regret
Let's look at the good in ourselves and others
And love our mothers fathers sisters brothers

Some may call me an idealist
What's wrong with being an optimist
I find that there are too many pessimists
That do their best to discourage optimists
At this they have become a success
And have put the world in quite a mess

Some believe in accepting their fate
And truly believe it's too late
To do something constructive with their lives
For they have taken one too many dives
To them I say: Do not give up hope
I know sometimes it's hard to cope
But as we learn to look at the beauty in life
We will also learn to forget about the strife

I wish you all the very best
On this very exciting quest
Have faith in yourselves
Learn to know thy selves
And life will be very rewarding
To those who attempt the journeying

Richard Wlodarski

The Art Of Simplicity

Simplicity
Is
What ought to be

Simplicity
Is
True beauty

Simplicity
Is Life itself
Lending itself
To your true self

In simplicity
You find yourself
And through your self
You find what
Is supposed to be

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

French Kiss

Je t'aime aujourd'hui
Et nuit après nuit

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Death Knocking

The end is here now
And do not ask me how
For I cannot be right
People say I am light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

'Til Death Do Us Part

Three are in their bed now
And I do not know how
They got there today
Only for a lay
To be sure they were right
For no they did not fight
Yet they lay very still
And people got their thrill
Only to see them lie
Only to watch them die

I ask God why
We have to cry
And pray to Him above
To send us the White Dove
To bring peace and happiness
To this world of ugliness
I do not think He hears me
For yet now the world is ugly

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Isn't It A Shame

Isn't it a shame
That we're not tame
That we must kill
To get a thrill
That we must fight
To show we're right
That we must hate
At heaven's gate
That we must get high
And live with a lie
And tomorrow die?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A New Person

I had stumbled and fallen
Into the pit of despair
With total darkness all around me
Unable to see the guiding light

Breaking into a cold sweat
I was unable to move
Thought processes had ceased
Paralyzing fear

Time had calmly eased the pain
Stopping for introspection
I had done some damn serious soul searching
Rising to unexpected aspirations

Recognizing that I was unique and lovable
I was able to change my philosophy of life
Now I saw beauty where once there was ugliness
And hope where once there existed only despair

I opened up and became vulnerable
In giving sharing receiving
I was shown caring and such love
God has inspired me for life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Liberated Souls

Souls leaving their physical bodies
Transcending this earthly existence
To sublime dimensions unknown

The Natural Order calls for
The evolution of the souls
So their visitations take place
While they are in the astral
Until such day when they shed their haze
And are at last long liberated

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Church - The Fashion Show

Yes maybe the church is a fashion show
Where hundreds and hundreds of people go
Every Sunday they come and stay
But how many really do pray
I notice the boys watching the girls
The girls with the pretty little curls
I see the girls watching the boys
Well it's truly better than toys
I observe men watching women
And the women watching the men
A little old woman strikes me
And I wonder why that should be
I thought we went to church for praying
But we observed ourselves watching

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Saviour

Picture yourself on a crucifix
Remember you tried to get a fix
Picture yourself high in the sky
Remember Jesus watched you die
Picture yourself on the cross
Remember you were the boss
Picture yourself high in the sky
Remember people watched you die
Picture yourself with bloody holes in each hand
Remember you were the leader of the band
Picture yourself high in the sky
Remember you watched yourself die

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lay Down Your Arms Lest We All Fall

Someday I will wake up to see
A world that is totally free
Free of bigotry and slavery
Free of the evil in you and me

Someday I will wake up to smell freedom
I will pray to one day be in His Kingdom
I will fold my hands go down on my knees and say:
Thank You Heavenly Father for this Freedom Day

Someday I will wake up to hear songs of joy
Revisit Christmas Day and that special toy
I will shed tears of joy and thank mom and dad
And remember that my life wasn't all that bad

Someday I will wake up and taste liberty
Unlock cuffs and shackles quelling you and me
I will rise stand tall and scream to them all:
Lay down your knives and guns lest we all fall

PoemHunter.com

Someday I will wake up and touch the humanity in you and me
I will thank God for sending us strength and dignity to set us free
I will shed tears of grief for all those children who didn't have to die
And try to understand why so very young mom and dad had to say: Bye

But for now I'm on pins and needles with all the lunacy injustice and lack of sanity
Every day and night I ask the Heavenly Father about the evil in you and me
I pray that God puts an end to all the racism indignity and immorality
And that one day His heavenly children will show us the peaceful way to setting us all free

Vaya con Dios, mis amigos

Richard Wlodarski

Cuba

Cuba, I stand on your soil
And touch the earth of Mother
And palm the grains of white sand
With dictatorship

Cuba, my mouth tastes your soil
My hands touching your breast and breath
Eyes seeing beyond the horizon
Ears hearing your lost loneliness

Cuba, Fidel and I compadres
Amigos mouths kissing just one love
Hands touching the friendship
Eyes seeing the freedom

Cuba, love and love lost
Amigos compadres
Compadres amigos
Cum Deum liberatum

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Richard Wlodarski

Sunrise And Sunset

S-ee
S-un
R-ise
A-nd
F-all

Richard Wlodarski

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Waterfall

H-ear
T-he
W-ater
F-all

Richard Wlodarski

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Hands Stretched Out To Heaven

Hands stretched out to heaven besieged
To God or a damned deity?
In the name of capitalism communism socialism

Living in the land of make-believe dying for humanity
We are slaves of robots stripping us of our mortality
Waking up to lies within our truths
Liberating ourselves from dying dreams
Crashing waves of creativity cleanse
As we flow into the oneness of Soul

Hands stretched out to heaven within Spirit
To a oneness with all humanity
In the name of God within us all
Living in the dying ingenuity

Rising from the dormant selves enslaving us
Finding the freedom from within slavery
As oceans of inspiration and purity cleanse us
Giving up the ghost and revitalizing once again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Gift Of Frisbee

If I were to offer you a gift
No matter how insignificant
And you accepted my token of appreciation
And then gave it away to another good friend
What would you think of me as your friend and mentor?

If I were to offer you a golden Frisbee
That flies free into the teeth of your Retriever
And you embrace my Frisbee with spontaneity
And share that spontaneity with humanity
What would you think of the kinship in our friendship?

If I were to offer you the gift of love and hate
No matter the significance of your precious freedom
And you refused the significance of my appreciation
And I affirmed the insignificance of your appreciation
What would you think of my adversarial friendship?

Richard Wlodarski

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To See The Heart Unfolding

To see the heart unfolding
In the tears of heaven
And God just smiling
On all that's dying
And Satan's crying
About my life unfolding
And we're exasperating
'bout lost creativity
In land of insanity

To see my eyes blinding
In world of love and hate
And God just frowning
All in me dying

And Satan is smiling
About my guts splitting
And we're thinking life's a bitch
And the rich are in the pitch

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And God is playing the infinite chess game
Of hedonistic life and agonizing shame
While we mortals watch in disdain

To see my heart unfolding
In the tears of heaven
And God is really smiling
On all that is so loving
And Satan is really crying
About his death now unfolding

Richard Wlodarski

Ode To A Friend

Hey, my special friend
I hear you in the wind
I feel your spirit within
You've touched my soul
Within your rock and roll
Now we're in the toll

I see your sad eyes
In my lyin' eyes
Asking for the whys

I feel your pain
Of such great disdain
Maybe I'm insane

I touch the spirit within
Feeling my soul crushing
Knowing you were winning

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I feel the wind blowing
Speaking to my soul within
Knowing that I'm now dying

Every time I feel your empowering wind
I thank God for having had you as my one true friend
Every time I feel my soul stirring and searching
I listen closely to your answers in the wind blowing

Every time that I feel my spirit dying
I'm tasting life knowing that I'm really winning
But I'm still tasting life
Fighting through all the strife
And you've stopped tasting life
Thanks to destiny's knife

May destiny's sharp double-edged knife
Reunite us in the afterlife

Richard Wlodarski

Sophia

Sophia, as we speak
I see into your soul.
Can you see into mine?
Were we meant to be together?
Had we once separated
In infinite time and space?
Had we once been lovers?
Or evil enemies?
Had your tears of joy
Once dried tears of pain?
Had you been that lover
Of haters of lovers?
Or had you elusively
Escaped that vast love within?

Richard Wlodarski

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When Your Conscious Catches Up With Your Subconscious

When your conscious catches up with subconscious
More than small miracles begin to unfold
Your eyes see the golden sunrise
You discover treasures within
Your ears hear the children's laughter
As you become young and alive again
You smell essence of life
As you taste life's blessings

And touch the Soul of God

Richard Wlodarski

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Poem For A Sad Friend...So You May Move On With Your Life

Don't think about the past
'til you've felt the present
Progressed into future

Don't feel the damn sadness
'til you feel happiness
And progress to thoughtfulness

Don't feel the jealousy
'til you feel misery
And progress to tyranny

Don't think that was love
'til you've felt such hate
Progressed to depression

Richard Wlodarski

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A Celebration Of Love

When sun rises
To give new birth
To such glory
Of wondrous day

When sun sets
To give birth
To the moon
And the stars

When God whispers
With warm breezes
And delivers
Tears of joy

I shall celebrate
This relationship

I shall view the sunrise
Start this glorious day
With joyous thoughts of you

I shall search the sunset
Reflect on memories
Of such great happiness

I shall scan the moon and stars
Think of faraway places
To where we haven't traversed
Let imagination guide

I shall whisper to God
Affirmations of love
Deliver heart of bliss
And thanks for this One Love

I shall do all
And so much more
Opening heart

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To Him and you

Richard Wlodarski

Restored Soul

I will kill my lost soul
To restore it to Goal

Richard Wlodarski

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Die No More

Live in death
'til you live
Once again
Die no more

Richard Wlodarski

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So Much Crap

Touch me in morning
When I'm in mourning
When I can't see sun
Because I'm so blind

Touch me in afternoon
When mourning's none too soon
When I can't hear song
Of Nature calling now

Touch me at night
When loneliness
Kills all sunlight
Nothing's in sight

Touch me in lost dream
When I can only scream
Life's been so damn unfair
And shit was in my care

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Richard Wlodarski

Kerouac's Epitaph

Drink me to end of line
'til there is no more time
For the reason or rhyme

Richard Wlodarski

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Fame Stolen

To the damn death
Of tomorrow
I only died
Just yesterday

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Saintly Gerard And The Toys

Boys will be boys
Not with this boy
Doesn't just play with toys
Builds them for such great joys

Mind of such genius
Great imagination
Divine intervention
For this boy's invention

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Saintly Gerard's Happiness On Death Bed

While on death bed
Commands his brother
And lovely sister
To play in the snow

Like their happiness
Bring him such great joy

Richard Wlodarski

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Saintly Gerard's Passions

He is such a painter
Of beautiful pictures
A builder of such
Beautiful bridges
Bridging the wide gap
Between earth and heaven
With noble tenderness

Richard Wlodarski

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Saintly Gerard's Influence

He left me his heart
Yet lack compassion
No timely patience
Not kind of his own

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Saintly Gerard's Tears

His tears swollen
Not of this heaven
In the gatherin'
Of Life's forgotten

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Saintly Humanly Gerard

Soul in his eyes
Does mesmerize
Nose knows so well
All that is swell
Mouth speaks words of love
From the Holy Dove
Hands touch and heal
All that is real
Heart of solid gold
In body so bold

Richard Wlodarski

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Saintly Gerard Heals Mama

He's in such pain
When ma is sick
Like he's more ill
Won't take the pill

Ma lying down now
With kewpie cushion
Ice pack on her head
Feels his warm touch

This angel on divine mission
In cold and late of such worst night
Muffcap drawn over raw ears
Braces for dark storms of the night

Even such damn frozen night
Cannot break his saintly heart
Feverishly racing start
To finish line of drug store

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Richard Wlodarski

Saintly Gerard And The Confessional

Even saints are sinners
Little saintly Gerard
Crying confessional
Stealing the priestly heart

Little boy blue
Broke Golden Rule
Pushed littler boy
For breaking his toy

Didn't hurt him
But hurt his heart
Earned the priest's love
Jesus smile

Richard Wlodarski

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Saintly Gerard And The Sin

He so cried
When small boy
Broke card house
Was his home

He pushed him
To now sin
And prayed to Jesus
For such forgiveness

Richard Wlodarski

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Kerouac's Brotherly Suicide

If he were to die today
I'd just go and die with him

Richard Wlodarski

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Saintly Gerard And Brother Jack

He is more
Than brother
Greatest friend
Protector
My teacher

He's such gift from God
Love personified
Such damn innocence
Mystery untold

He's no such child
Adult in guise
Saint to be told

He's brotherly love
God's soul messenger

He's One With God

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Saintly Gerard And The Clouds

Lying in the green grass of home
Under mother's so watchful eye
Such a damn innocent child
Contemplates life in puffy clouds

Spellbound he truly sees angels
Smiling and laughing and playing
Can't understand why he's not there
So much suffering just not fair

Richard Wlodarski

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Saintly Gerard

He sits alone
Quiet and sad
Contemplating
Formation clouds

All around him life
Children all playing
Much vitality
And he's so dying

Spellbound angels beckoning
Lambs of God soon christening
Saintly Gerard worshiping
Loving Jesus forgiving

His friends leave him be
Knowing he's saintly
Perhaps scared to death
Of his departure

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Richard Wlodarski

Saintly Gerard And The Birds

Bread crumbs in hand
Heart full of love
Tears in eyes
He feeds the birds

Can't understand why
God's songbirds won't come
To the hand from God
Heart now so broken

Saintly tears seen by God
Multi raindrops now fallin'
Onto poor Gerard's soft head
Jesus takes an interest

Richard Wlodarski

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Saintly Gerard And The Damn Cat

How tender the heart
That solely cries out
For the death-trapped mouse
Restores it to health

How tender the heart
That scolds his friend cat
For killing the mouse
Despite its nature

How tender the heart...

Richard Wlodarski

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God The Thief

I now have no more tears
As angels cry in Heaven
My heart is so damn stone cold
God stole my brotherly love

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Tears From The Grave

I now cry for you
Now that I'm so dead

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Haunting Tears

I'll cry for you
When I'm dead and gone

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Tears Postponed

How can I possibly cry
When I don't know how to die

Richard Wlodarski

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Thank God

To write
For love
Not sin
To thank God
And screw else
To just now
Stay alive
I Thank God

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Dead No More

To live when dead
Thank God for head

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Love's Tears

Love only cries
In exhaustion

Richard Wlodarski

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God's Creation

Don't need to cry
To feel pain
Only human
God's creation

Richard Wlodarski

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Transition

I will so cry
This lonesome night
And so rejoice
In God's Morning

Richard Wlodarski

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Gerard's Presence

I feel you
All around me
Eyes see your light
Ears to sound
Knows to smell
Heart so felt
Life's now melt

Richard Wlodarski

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Don't Know How

Don't know how
To just say
How so much
I've missed you

Don't know how
To just cry
For lost love
I've missed you

Don't know how
In love's loss
Ventured too far
And lost my way

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Into The Light

Night is dead
Light awaits

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Optimist

All in one's hands
When legs cut off

Richard Wlodarski

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A Death

When you died
I cried death
Just to die
Such much more

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Drugs

In a pill box
My life's lessons

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Life's Carpentry

Carpenter's dead
Hammer's alive

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The Rules Of Life

Rules of life
No such thing
Wake up so damn dead
To feel alive

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All Shook Up

Crush them 'til they're dead
And then wake them up

Richard Wlodarski

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Premature

I only cried for you
When I died way too young

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Worthy Disguise

I don't pretend
To be so wise
It's just my guise
When need to mend

Richard Wlodarski

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Bedridden

Bedridden
Time to think
'bout all my sins
And forgiveness

Richard Wlodarski

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Satan's Bite

Full moon was out tonight
Wolves howlin' out of sight
Brethren seeking the light
From Satan's greatest bite

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Soul Starvin'

Crying all night long
Soul starvin' for life
Nightmares' worst wishes
Dreamin' all day long

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God The Buyer

In a drunken stupor
Howlin' at the full moon
Life betrayed soul damn lost
Satan's slave God's buyer

Richard Wlodarski

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I Love You

I love you
Not for what
You're striving to be
Or for what
I'd like you to be
But for who you are

I love every thing about you
Not only your awesome smiles
That brighten even my worst days
But your frowns that admonish
I wasn't funny enough

I love not only your laughter
That calls to mind how good it is
To be alive and so in love
But also, your crying
For it cautions me
That love sometimes hurts
To accept the pain
Work through the sorrow
Better tomorrow

Richard Wlodarski

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No-Thing

Everything is forgotten
And laid aside
For one brief moment
No thoughts
No words
No motion
No-thing
Moment is peaceful
Nothing comparable
We have all experienced
This moment
But for most people
This experience has been
Forgotten
And most people do not
Live for the now
But rather, the then
And
The to- be
Give up your sorrows
And your expectations
And accept
That which comes to you
Naturally
And Life will seem
That much more pleasant
And worthwhile

Peasantry smiling
And nobility
Merely frowning

Richard Wlodarski

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In This Place I Call Work

In this place I call work...
I have seen light
Where there has been darkness
I have shared in laughter
After experiencing sorrow
I have seen love and despair
And cried out for tomorrow

In this place I call work...
I have seen tears of joy
And felt others' tears of pain
I have been supportive
And I have been supported

In this place I call work...
No one is a stranger
All lives are touched
With love and compassion
For life is too fragile
For anything less

In this place I call work...
I always remember
We are just here
To do One God's work
And that's good reward

Richard Wlodarski

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Tortured Soul

Soul suffocating
Burning in the hell
Of own creation

Post mortem accessory
To such damn brutal murder
All my damned friends' worst nightmare

One dead sent to purgatory
One living repenting in cell
One dying to live in heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

My Credo

I believe in the everlastin'
In those that are so ever charmin'
And in those that are so damn damnin'

I believe in One God
And in the Golden Rod

I believe in all that is true
And in all that is me and you

I believe in This Life
And to be so at strife

I believe in forgivin'
God's worst sinners for sinnin'

I believe we lived and died
For when Jesus had now cried

I've always believed
But so seldom cried

Richard Wlodarski

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Winner's Lost

Maybe I've never yet
Seen tears in your eyes
Nor heard your damn cries

Maybe I've never yet
Touched our souls' lost love
Nor escaped soul mates' stain

Maybe I've never yet
Met our destinies
Yet I still prevail

Richard Wlodarski

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Death's Bed

I will try
On death's cry
To not say
In dismay
I screwed up
Maybe I
And just you
Shared tears
In such lost
Avenues

Richard Wlodarski

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Lost

To be lost
In such life
Blinded light
Deafened sound

To be lost
Never found
Until God
Is profound

Richard Wlodarski

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Thank You For Saying Good Night

Thank you for listenin'
Through this damn lonesome night
When wolves were so howlin'
In such fearful fright

And I cried foul

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Despair

When in depths
Of despair
I am blind
To the light
And reach out
To The Light

When in depths
Of despair
I am deaf
To the sound
And scream out
To The Sound

When in depths
of despair
I feel
Without touch
To not much
And lose such

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When in depths
Of despair
I taste love
Yet just hate
To forget
All regret

When in depths
Of despair
I now sense
All The Light
All The Sound
All The Love...One With God

Richard Wlodarski

Why Worry

Why worry 'bout what's
Never in your control
Not rocket science
For genius in toll

Richard Wlodarski

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Superficial

With your painted
Such damn fake face
You're a disgrace
I forgive you

Richard Wlodarski

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Dressed To Kill Yourself

Couldn't care less
'bout how you dress
The hole in your soul
Reflects your life's goal

Richard Wlodarski

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Stoned Deaf

I'm so fuckin'
So damn dead now
'cause you didn't
Hear what's said

Richard Wlodarski

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Kerouac's Word

One day
Someday
To write
One word
Such word
To speak
Volumes
And shed
Tears
Wrapped in
Pain/joy

Richard Wlodarski

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Hypocritical Shit

I don't give a shit
'bout their shit 'bout me
'cause they're full of shit
Damn hypocrisy

Richard Wlodarski

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At End Of Day

At end of day
To say just one
Damn kindest word
To best of friend
Total stranger
And sleep so good

Richard Wlodarski

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Kerouac's Haunting

His blue eyes haunt me
Like desert's mirage
His soul beckons me
And my entourage

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Brotherly Love

To wear my love like heaven
For sake of Gerard's vision
My heart and soul to be
Cast into liberty

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Time Was When...

Time was back then when we were driftin'
Into Club Carousel and groovin'
And experiencin' the happenin' feelin'
And not worryin' 'bout who's cussin'

Time not that long ago when we could bop
Not giving a damn 'bout who was a flop
Time when Allen Ginsberg would Howl
When our moods would go afoul

Time was when virgins ran aplenty
And sinners were so into synergy
And jazz clubs were makin' the big money
And you and I were losing our virginity

Time of not so much innocence
When we were into so much nonsense
And the music was so bluesy
And we weren't all that choosy

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Time was when we were hippies
Wearin' in our hair daisies
Protestin' Viet Nam fightin' for peace
And dyin' for that bloody war to cease

Time was back then when we were trippin'
On the road to California dreamin'
And the clubs were always in the fore mind
And we hadn't yet quite lost our mind

Time was back then and now
When we were always driftin' somehow
Into the good ole Greenwich Village
For our crazy nights of pillage

Time was back then when life was so easy
And we had politicians that weren't so sleazy
And you and I and the lost Now Generation
Sockin' it to the likes of Nixon and leaked information

Time was back then when you and I and our baby
Had felt safe in this good cosmopolitan city
Time was when Pierre Elliott Trudeau
Had said fuddle duddle and where we can go

Time was back then not so long ago
When love and peace didn't have to go
Time was when The Beatles were bigger than God
Lost a lot of fans burning their records giving them the rod

Time was back then when we imagined with Lennon
A world with no war no poverty no heaven
Time was when we lived in peace and harmony
Time when we didn't know meaning of cruelty

Time was back then when all the president's men
Were doin' a good job of watchin' him surrounded with women
Time was when the rock and roll prez was blowin' his sax
And you know who was sendin' him more than just a fax

Time was back then when would-be poets stopped when we were ahead
And didn't crack jokes about the prez head-to-head
Time was when you and me and the prez and the prime minister
All thought that life was getting so much better so much better

Time was back then and now when we knew somehow
That we're all still into love and peace and the pow wow
And the likes of Harper and Bush and the lost Tony
Are making this Planet Earth so much more lonely

Time was and is forever now proper
When love and peace will have to prosper
And the evils of Bin Laden and Bush
Will finally wake us up and give Peace a push

Richard Wlodarski

Soul's Journey - Parts I - V

I

Another door
Opening
To window
Of future
At first
Darkness
Blinding
Sight shocked
Fear
Rising
Threatening
Paralyzing
Demons fighting
For victory
In mortal hell
Abyss waiting

Poet's Notes: Unlike a work in progress, this is a continual poem. The events are factual. The poem is about my near-death experience. The poem continues to unfold in stages.This process of heightening suspense is meant to give the reader a minute sense of the near-death experience.

II

Arms outstretched
Like Jesus
Christ what pain
Mind stands tall
Voice within
Eternal
Guiding me
To The Light
Flicker
Of light
Opens
Blind sight
Eyes seeing

Now more light
More glimmer
Warmth searching

My spiritual body has moved from an evil environment in which shadowy entities were trying to tear my body apart. It is now in the presence of all-encompassing love. My spiritual self is in the presence of what appears to be entities that are all-loving. The love that they are showing to me is total unconditional love. I sense amongst them deceased friends and relatives. And especially, my Godfather who was like a second father to me and, what appears to be my grandfather, whom I had never met.

III

Oneness present
Trying to speak
Communicate
Educating
Effortless
Thought now read
One Mind
One Love
Tears flowing
Purifying
Cleansing of all sin
Rejuvenating

I am now in the presence of extremely brilliant light. There is a presence in the midst of this light that emits the purest form of unconditional love that I have ever experienced. I sincerely believe that it is Jesus. He has purified me. Not only of all sin, but also, of the negative energy from the evil entities that I had encountered in Part I. He has telepathically communicated that we can both read each others' minds.

IV

Blinding Light

Shining down
On sinner
Forgiving
Jesus speaking
My listening
Time waiting
Forgiving
Lesson learned
Moving onward
Blessed forward
To eternity

Jesus has totally purified me. He has communicated to me that my life's purpose has not yet been accomplished. He has given me the choice of staying or returning to Earth. A Higher Consciousness (not higher than Jesus, but most definitely, higher than mine)has passionately instructed me to return to Earth. Upon returning to Earth, my eyes finally opened. The first thing that I saw was my doctor at my bedside in my home. The first words I heard were from him: Do you believe in God? To which I responded in the affirmative. His response: Good. Because it's nothing short of a miracle. You should be dead.

V

Love and happiness
Enveloped me
At my death
The light
Brighter
Than sun

Kiss of death
Warm tender
Surprising

Long lost friends
Family
Heavenly

Jesus smiling
Now welcoming
So comforting

Warmer light
Greater love
Enlightening

Life's mission
Unfinished
Returning

As tempting as it was to remain in that other world, a higher intellect instructed me to complete my life's mission. And so I departed with sadness. And great joy.

Richard Wlodarski

No Pretense

I don't pretend
To be asshole
I am this one
You are not same?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Lifelong Prayer

In such a brief time
To know for long time
To see eyes of soul
And thank God for Goal

In such short space
Beyond this place
Now experience
Such damn tenderness

I thank God
For this life
My eyes to see
His great beauty

To thank God
For my life
Ears hearing
Such melancholy

PoemHunter.com

May thank God
Smellin' love
For this life
Where there's death

I thank God
For the Good
Childhood
Adulthood

Time for We
Thank One God

Richard Wlodarski

Die Tough

I really don't wanna see
If I'm blind to all 'bout me
I really don't wanna hear
If I'm deaf to all the cheer
I really don't wanna taste
If life is such a damn waste
I really don't wanna smell
If shit is in the damned well
I really don't wanna touch
If you love just so much
I really don't wanna feel
If your heart is full of steal
I really don't wanna live no more
If I can no longer make the score

I just wanna live
So damn long enough
To make it out tough
God, let me stay tough

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Don't Wanna

Don't wanna
Get messed up
In the head
With bullshit
Being fed

Don't wanna
Go down blind
Three blind mice
Stealing cheese
From Big Cheese

Don't wanna
Be damn deaf
For loud chef
Starvin' me
Poverty

PoemHunter.com

Don't wanna
Be damn mute
To bully's
Screamin' threat
Kickin' balls

Don't wanna
Cry no more
For world's woes

Richard Wlodarski

I'm Not Winning Yet

I'm not winning yet
Not doing too bad
Morning is rising
But I'm still sleeping

I'm not winning yet
Striving to get by
Afternoon delight
Now stirring me up

I'm not winning yet
Evening's creeping up
On solidarity
And I'm not one in sight

I'm not winning yet
But damn to give up

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Chalice No Longer Blessed

I can't see you now
'cause you're too busy
For game of friendly

I can't talk to you now
Because you're so deafened
By my damn misery

I can't taste life now
Because the chalice
Is no longer blessed

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Unconditional Love

To cry for
The lost souls
When my lost soul
Could cry no more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lesser Than Myself

I can only
Feel your pain
Sun's not shinin'
Rain is comin'

I can only
Touch your tears
In rain fallin'
And I'm drownin'

I can only
Now touch your soul
In rock and roll
Hell just jazz me

I can only
Be not lesser
Than just damn me
When I'm not free

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Robbery

Drinking day and night
Killing my brain cells
May need to rob bank
To pay off booze debt

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God's Love's More

Don't tell me
I can't see
Anymore
Shine some more

Don't tell me
Can't hear
No damn more
Shout for more

Don't tell me
I can't smell
Anymore
Breathe in more

Don't tell me
I can't taste
Anymore
Feed me more

PoemHunter.com

Don't tell me
I can't love
Anymore
God's love's more

Richard Wlodarski

Remorse

Cry 'til you die
To cleanse your soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poet's Heart And Soul

I can only
Write what I can
Nothing more
Nothing less

I can only see
Your soul in your eyes
And touch your heart
With stroke of pen

I can only
Hear your breath
When sound's deafened
And life's threatened

I can only
Write words of Soul
With God guiding
Me to Spirit

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Christmas Cheer

Christmas harmony
Now in Tower B
Gustavo Devi
Talking peacefully

Hira and Karolina
Joining Rosa and Anna
In singing fa la la la la la la la
While Santa Claus is dancing the cha-cha

In the early hours of morning
When concierge is awakening
Silently climbing stairs to lobby
To the theme of Batman is...Wally

Tower B is one big family
In the security industry
Striving to be the best we can be
In this stunning land of liberty

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Artists

We speak
In tongues
Listen
To crap
Respond
With sap

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Need I Say More

I speak
To eyes
Of soul
To heart
Of gold
Need I
Say more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cats And Dogs

Hey, Pavlov
Where's the dog?
At cat's meow?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

New Resolutions - Inspired By New Year's Resolution By Nudershada Cabanes

To trick to making
New resolution
Totally still the mind
Of such useless chatter
Then bang drum all day long

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

If We...

If you're not all there with your pain tonight
If your soul's lost and not reclaimed
If your life is turning bitter blue
If your lover has died and you haven't been reborn
If the sunrise has lost its splendor
If my eyes have been blinded by love
If your eyes have lost sight of our love
If we keep living separate lives dying
If we keep searching and never finding
If love is crying out and we're make-believing
If we're dying and love is reliving
We shall live into death and die into life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cry Me To Sleep

Cry me to sleep
For I feel the pain
The hurt and the sorrow.

Cry me to sleep
For the hurt is too great
And I can't cry for you.

Cry me to sleep
So that I may forgive you
And always remember you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Even When You've Stopped...

Even when you've stopped speaking
I am still listening
To the words in your heart.

Even when you've stopped laughing
I am still smiling
With joy in your heart.

Even when you've stopped crying
I am still weeping
With pain in your heart.

Even when you've stopped loving me
I am still rejoicing
With love you've given me.

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cleansing

You cried for the first time
In a very long time
And those tears of yours
Cleansed your physical self
Of excruciating pain
Psychosomatic illness
And your emotional self was cleansed
Accumulated guilt and anger
You began to attain
Oneness with the One God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Gratitude

Thank you, my friends
For being there
When I needed you most.
For opening your hearts
To a once troubled soul.
For opening your minds
To possibilities.

Thank you, my friends for taking hold of my hand
And walking with me on long roads of despair.

Thank you, my friends for giving me your bright eyes
When I cautiously traversed the dark tunnel
Saw the light leading me to your heart and soul.

Thank you for taking the time to look into my soul
Opening up healing and allowing humanness
To pervade my being and touch the souls of others

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

The Experience Of Communication: Poem For A College Teacher

You taught me something
About Life
And I learned
And finally accepted.

You taught me
To be patient
To give you time
And to give myself
Some moments of peace
And truthful rest.

You taught me
About people
And how they function:
Their joys
And their sorrows
And their humanness.

PoemHunter.com

But most of all
You taught me
About me:
How I function
How I have
Not only sorrows,
But many joys.

I THANK YOU!

Richard Wlodarski

Indeed, Only Human

I almost forgot
What it's like
To cry
Until I saw
The pain and sorrow
In your eyes
And your tears
Assured me
That it's OK
To cry
Indeed, only human

I almost forgot
What it's like
To laugh
Until I saw
Tears of joy
In your eyes
And your tears
Assured me
That it's OK
To laugh
Indeed, only human

You showed me
What it's like
To be human
When you shared
Your pain and sorrow
With me
And you taught me
How to cry
I took you
In my arms
And truly felt
Your pain and sorrow
And trembling
We cried
Together

PoemHunter.com

You showed me
What it's like
To be Human

Richard Wlodarski

And Then There Were Three...

One wore glasses
To see the light
Where there's darkness
The other wore long hair
Like modern day Jesus
He also saw the light
Where there once was darkness

The third was a woman
She saw beyond the light
Where there was no darkness
And led her friends to...Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Right To Murder - Inspired By Murdered By Nassy Fesharaki

Because I have been robbed
And savagely beaten
Abandoned left to die
Have I right to murder?

Because I have been raped
And physically scarred
Emotionally devoid
Have I right to murder?

Because I have been stripped
Of my virginity
Cheated of childhood
Have I right to murder?

One God has given Life
Our most precious gift
To always be cherished
And never be stolen

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Brave New World - Inspired By May We All Live Life By Susan Williams

In having died
I found new life
Where there was beauty
Now I saw splendor
Where ugliness lay
Beauty was now born
Where wisdom was given
Intuition restored
Where ignorance flourished
Cognizance now the norm

Through great sorrow
Now I found joy
Through tribulation
Now such contentment

I made peace with One God
Thanked Him for the blessings
For pain and suffering
For compassionate soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Back From The Dead

To cry out
For One God
When One's dead
And then live
Once again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Behold

Life is in the eyes
Of the beholder
Art in transcendence
Death in spirit's skies

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cracked For Crack

High on coke
Doped on shit
Left for dead
When still Life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Death Club

Talented
To such death
That death lives
And life dies

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Heaven's Spent

No tears left in Heaven
For the world's misbegotten
No cries left in Heaven
For the children starvin'
No sighs left in Heaven
For all those forgotten

No more life in Heaven
For this earth's mistaken

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life Begins Again

Cry to end
Of such time
If need be
Suffer
To heart's
Content
Your eyes blinded
Ears deafened
Your mouth silenced
Your heart frozen
Your life threatened

Dare not to fight
To see the light
Hear music
Speak liberty
Touch others' lives
Your life renewed

PoemHunter.com

Cry with tears
Of such great joy
That One God's angels
Are so greatly moved
Tears overflow
Jesus holds your hand
Guides you to The Shore
Life begins again

Richard Wlodarski

Pacifiers

Only babies suck
On pacifiers
Inhaling such life
That pleases them much

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In Memory Of Colten Boushie

Have we reduced
Our human
Selfless nature
To monstrous one?

Are we barbarians
Fearing our brothers
Calling them savages
Killing them for stealing?

Can we be self-righteous
On an all white jury
Swear an oath to One God
And defend a murderer?

Can we serve and protect
Our fellow humans
Our brothers sisters
When we only see red?

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

I Only Love You Because

I only love you
'cause your eyes lead me
To your divine soul
Old soul so long ago
Where we made such great love
With Holy Spirit there
Meditated on Love
In Buddha's presence
Asked for God's blessing
Guided to The Shore

I only love you
'cause you are my eyes
In such damn blindness
I see your heart's light
And I fear not
And I thank One God
For the love in you
For your faith in me
For my faith in you
For such faith in God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Valentine's Day Prequel

Tonight I will die
Before morning's light
Howl at the moon
With my Brother Wolf

Tonight I will see
Starry starry night
And shed my ear
For my One God's Love

Tonight I will Love
Mine and God's brethren
My sisters brothers
All of God's Creatures

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Philosophers

How wise philosophers
To have preached such good life
Only after their death

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dark Desolate Amgels

Dark desolate angels
Working in the shadows
Of such desperate lives
Shedding light on dark souls

God's Love now guiding
Angels in making
Lost souls' lives restored
To One God's making

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Suicide's Never The Answer

In the darkest
Of soul's hours
I ponder death
Then I'm reborn

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Adds Life

If your heart skips a beat
Maybe you are in love
Or there is too much coke
In the drink that adds life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Corporate Bullying

The tree falling
Forest dying
Corporate sting
Bullshit's the thing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tree Falls In Forest

Tree dying in forest
There's no one around
To touch its life
Feel life's pain

Tree dies and falls
Death felt throughout
Sound of such pain
Mother Earth cries

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cheaper But More Expensive

Left to my means
Entered cheaper
Bar without seams
Left with sad dreams

Cheaper beer
Without cheer
Crazy my dear
Lost to my ear

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In The Midnight Hour

Only in the midnight hour
Do I wish to now devour
The primal strength in me
For such damn liberty

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Deviled Eggs

You think you're
Now boiling
With devil
Wait 'til then
Deviled eggs

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Found Before Dead

No longer lost
In such damn dread
Life's golden thread
Found before dead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Torture

To die such death
So damn painful
Eyes so blinded
Ears deafened
Mouth so damn scorched
Nose so frozen
Touch so damn lost

And heart...torn out

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

All Religion From Womb To Tomb

All religion
From womb to tomb
Blind eyesight
Once foresight

All religion
From womb to tomb
Deafen sound of love
And cry out for war

All religion
From womb to tomb
Nosedive to hell
All's not so well

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost My Vision

Lost my vision
Eyes blinded by light
Lost my vision
Deafened by noise
Lost my vision
Mouth so tasteless
Lost my vision
Heart so damn cold
Lost my vision
So long ago

Restored vision
With One God's Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Mind's Place

Take me to that special place
Where lies the secret of love
Where the moon howls
At the lonely wolf
And the starlit night
Holds back lonesome tears

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Humanity

To cry now
When laughter
Permeates
Such sweet air

To see sin
When God's Love
Cleanses all
In the fall

To hear foul
When goal has been reached
Mistakes corrected
And sins forgiven

To taste bitter
When sweetness
Fills the air
Angels cry

PoemHunter.com

To touch evil
When Satan's dead
And God cries out
Humanity

Richard Wlodarski

So Simply War...And Peace

So simply
War wages
Peace shielded
By God's Love
Enemy
Now such friend
Dies in love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Empowered Impotence

Damn cold
In this
Shit hole
Virgins
Disgraced
In waste
Of haste
'til I
Just screwed
No more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Death By Fire

So crushed by
Innocence
Devil's brood
Concocting
Now brewed death

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

New York City's Virginity

Entrance to New York
City that's dirty
So damn sinfully
Yet beautifully
Wakened in such light
Yet shadowed by night

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Consciousness

Such closely
Guarded thoughts
Lost in fog
Memory
Dead today
Lost to say
For just now
And then found
Tomorrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

So Many Lives

In my last life
Saw so many
Injustices
Died to no end

In present life
See too many
Atrocities
Fight to the end

In future life
See love and peace
Humanity
Winning to end

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Extroverted Introvert

Only when
So damned drunk
My truth spits out
To ignorance

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Freedom Of Thought

Only to now say
What I wish to say
Now regardless
Of prejudice

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Thanks To God

We sing to life
Embrace the sun
Such breath of love
Give thanks to God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Farewell Godmom

Didn't cry for you
But heart was broken
Held back swollen tears
Manly stupidity

All around lost me
Your humanity
Scared to such damn death
I was imprisoned

Couldn't sleep throughout night
Nightmares of death in sight
Your precious heart my light
When death beckons tonight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Jack's Baseball

I'll cry no more
When tears strike me
Babe Ruth to the end
Maris raising hairs

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Imagine

I will walk
In your shoes
See darkness
Cursing light
In sun's dance
Shadowing
Prejudice

I will walk
In your shoes
Kiss this death
'til life lives
In heaven
Hell sees none
Cry no more

I will walk
In your shoes
And be damned
When no more
Religion
Kills One God...
IMAGINE

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Regrets

How the hell
Did I miss
Such heaven
When God is
And always
Was waitin'

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Waking Once More

There's nothing
To this life
But waking
And living
Just once more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God's Soul

You touched
My soul
And made
Me Whole

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Critics Bullying

Kill the shit
Out of them
'til you can't
Live no more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Great Divide

To see beyond
God's awesome light
To hear angels
Singing such sad song
To taste Love's love
And die no more
To thank One God
For taste of Life
And Kill No More

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Almost Zombie

To not die
When you're dead
Waste of life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tasteless

Tasteless shit
Is just that
Damn tasteless

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Nothing For Sale

There's no religion
No heaven nor hell
So what the damn hell
Got nothing to sell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Demo - Inspired By Audition By Adam Stevens

We audition
Every day
For employers
For family
For such good friends
For the bad ones
For Our God

Rehearsed lines
So stale
Lip service
To false gods
Apathy
Depression
Side effects

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poet's Death

No more
Words left
Poet's
Now dead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Priceless Death

I died
Last night
Pen in hand
And thanked God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sucker No More

I will no
Longer wait
For the bait

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Of Kerouac And One Night Stands

Screwed you last night
'cause of celeb
We drowned just that once
Not to be reborn

No more one night stands
For this whore of words
Christening this book
We died way back then

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Credo

I ain't a saint
But damn I'm not
Such a sinner

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

We Will Meet Again

I loved you so much more
Than you'll ever know
Didn't give you time you deserved
Truly didn't know how or why

My heart was in right place
But my mind was displaced
Eyes blinded by sparkling smile
Ears deafened by crying pain

Your heart cried out to me
I wasn't there for you
You only asked for little time
I never seemed to be around

You're not around anymore
And now I've found some more time
To reflect on time spent together
And think 'bout when we will meet again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Late Soul Mate

You were born
A little
Too damn late
For my fate

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

What Is Man?

What is man
Sans woman
Child without toy
God without such joy?

What is man
In God's plan
Left alone?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life Revealed

Keep your eyes open
When blinded by light
Your ears so alert
When deafened by such sound
Your mouth opened when full
Tasting such tart senses
Keep your heart pumping life
When threatened by such death

And then and only then
Shall Life be revealed

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Great Escape

So shit-faced
And disgraced
In their face
He condemns
Lifestyle

Cognac-bottled
In his lone soul
Lashing out more
And so damn more
Howling for score

Emptied of booze
So little snooze
Words lost of rhyme
Sound of rhythm
So imprisoned

Morning's light shattered
Brain somewhat damaged
Houdini escape
For such great brilliance
Shot at excellence

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Is This My Lie?

I will cry
When ready
Please accept
Me for now

I refuse to cry
When so unprepared
My heart would break
And I would die

Is this my lie?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Only Lost You Now

I only
Lost you now
When eyes lost
Sight of light

I only
Lost you now
When words ceased
To impress

I only
Lost you now
When heart could
No longer...

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Divine Inspiration-Inspired By Invisible Hand By M.J. Lemon

Hand of poet
The heart of God
Inspire me
Until there's One

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dead End

Tired of waiting
In bars so damn cold
Beer so damn warm
Women so frigid

Frost melting from BS
Ain't got no damn thesis
This game's ridiculous
Life's so incredulous

Give it ole college try
In dead end trend to end
Self-flagellation
For the damn losin'

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

He Died Yesterday

Dressed in clothes
Of such old
But not bold
Hope anew

Soft-spoken
Not bitter
Bitter cold
Melting heart

The street is his home
Strangers are his friends
Dimes and nickels
For some pickles

Spoke with him every day
He had a whole lot to say
About come what may
He died yesterday

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Sh**t For Brains

A moment of silence please
As President Trump takes dump
Smells much fouler than the rest
More so when Donald's such a pest

President SH**T For Brains
Seems to lack in restraints
He is far from kind
Needs kick in behind

He is divisive
So undecisive
He is an elitist
Who leads only with fist

The leader of a great country
Destroying it with bigotry
Does The Prez want the land of liberty
To become another shithole country?

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

New Year Beginning

New year beginning
Evil ways now ending
Peace is finding way
For God having say

Enemies warming
Love in the making
Brotherhood sisterhood
Now finding livelihood

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hard-Nosed Critics

If you don't
Like what I
Have to say
In dismay
Disarray
Rethink say
Then parlay
Parlez-vous
Anglaise?
Mais oui!
Proceed!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Yet I Still Love

How I suffer
On the cold street
No hearts to keep
Me now sheltered
From prejudice
Such lost love now
Gone forever
Yet, I still love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

If When My Soul...

If when my soul
Is so troubled
And I am blind
You are my eyes

If when my soul
Is tormented
And I am deaf
You're my ears

If when my soul
Is so damn lost
And I'm heartless
You're one with God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Presence Of Christmas

May you open your hearts
To the less fortunate
Feel within their heart
And hug them with your love

May you see tears
Of such dreadful pain
Dry them with tears
Of such immense joy

May you now hear
Screams of agony
To the melody
Little Drummer Boy

May you taste poverty
Sleeping out in the cold
Embrace all that is good
And thank God for your health

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Kerouac Blues

Ain't no words
Left in mouth
Dried from scorn
Since I'm born

Born to worn
Such label
Discredit
To my name

I walk alone
On such dark shores
Breaking to see
Light within me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Corporate Gigolos

Trapped in concrete jungle
Corporate vultures
Ivory towers
Tearing guts apart

Poor gutless soul
Treading lonesome
Cries out for more
CEO's score

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Outsider/Insider

Spaced out on jazz
And all that's crass
Speaks and walks beat
So indiscreet

Jack Kerouac
Like Mack The Knife
Outsider/insider
Bending all the rules

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Elvis, Your Hair Is Changing

Elvis, your hair is changing
Graying through the waned years
Days when sun lost light
Nights when moon less bright

Elvis, your hair is greying
Dyed blackness washed-out years
Mother's cry to lonesome heart
Beckoning your restored soul

Elvis, your heart entangled
In your love of rock and roll
Your soul's price for your passion
God's gift to this immersion

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life Is...Beauty

As the sun rises
My eyes now open
To warmth and beauty

Morning beckons me
Mother Nature cries
Tears of such joy

Events of day
Full adventure
To heart's content

Life is beautiful
Such a thoughtful waste
For growth not sprouting

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life Is...Ageless

Now pretend
For moment
You're ageless
Regardless
Physical
Or mental
Without age
Anything's
Possible

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life's Journey

To wake up
And just see
My soul's eyes
In mirror
Reflecting
Life's journey

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dreadness

Cry me no more
Tears espoused
In such dreadness
Deserve much more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

We Die No More

'til the night
We wake up
From such sleep
In which dreams
Are nightmares
Wicked sleep
Becomes dreams
Just once more
We die no more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Perspective

To close my eyes
Not just to die
But to see life
From perspective

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Baptized In Sewage

Broken hearts
Not to be
Melded now
Too much shit
Day's sewage
Toilet's dream
Diarrhea
Mouth spits garbage
Crappy discharge
Baptized in sewage

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Void

Confronting
The Void
Worn out
Courage
Freedom
Leads me
Elsewhere
From nowhere
To somewhere
Will get there

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Almost Heartless

Do not wait
'til darkness
Sucks your heart
Light cries out

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Beat

Do not think
Of poor me
As beaten
Blues heaven
Blessed hell

Do not think
Of poor soul
As low life
Drunk to bone
Stoned to heart

Do not think
Of writer
As loafer
Couched in need
So homeless

Do not think
Of poet
As soul-less
God crying out
For so much more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Desolation Row

Nothing means damn nothing
On Desolation Row
No characters now
In such solitude
God and damned Satan
Now my fortitude

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Quiet Life

A quiet life
To now be freed
Of all restraints
And die no more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Losing Out

How I've lost
Out on wife
And children
Settling down

Loss of friends
Family
Tedium
Craziness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Choice

Between books of life
Bingeing alcohol
Drugging before Leary
Christ experimenting

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Bed And Desk

Only bed and desk
With good ole Memere
And file away
Chanced fatherhood

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Homelessness

Feeling so homeless
In dark apartments
Cold to the stark bone
Heart keeping me warm

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cry Out Love

If I were
No longer
Now seeing
Your true love

If I were
For just now
To listen
Lonesome song

If I were
For today
Just now cry
Yesterday

If I were
In my heart
To lose love
I would die

PoemHunter.com

If love died
With just me
I would rise
Cry Out Love

Richard Wlodarski

Live Once More

To see light
In blindness

To hear sound
In such deafness

To today touch
Soul-less body

To now sense
Beyond sense
Live once more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No More For Whore

I will cry
No damn more
For the whore

I will see
No blindness
For justice

I will hear
No such deafness
For prejudice

I will taste
Bittersweet
Life's lone treat

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Drunken Night

I won't sleep
You tonight
With drunken
Words of right
Just bide night
Wait for light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For Christmas

For Christmas
Open heart
Not wallet

For the blind
Let them see
Through your eyes
Describe that
Which you see

For the stone-deaf
Let them feel
Through your ears
Good vibrations
From sound music

For those without
The sense of smell
Let them see it
In their mind's eye
A rose garden

For those without
A sense of taste
Visualize
Biting into
A fresh lemon

For those without
Sense of feeling
Hug them with much love
And with huge smile
Say: Merry Christmas

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

To Die No More

If to dance
This life's dance
No regrets
Waltz once more

If to sing
My life's song
No regrets
Voice once more

If to touch
What's my Soul
No regrets
Die no more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Renga With Gordon

Renga With Richard - Poem by GORDON GILHULY

the blue of twilight
like a soft unspoken hope:
the singed moon waiting

lucid dreams now revealing
the mysteries of one's life

we are the Moirai:
singing souls of the journey's
eternal circle

we are the mystical three
spinning mother thread of life

no one may alter
the destinies we ordain -
not even the gods

Zeus our god and leader
Like man must submit to us

I, Clotho, sing all
things that are, spin the thread of
life that marks your days

I, Lachesis, ration life
I, Atropos, Shadow Death

hear us, mortals, sing
in terrible unison,
of your destiny

I, Lachesis, belt out past
I, Clotho intone present

now the end days draw

PoemHunter.com

near: the gods amuse themselves
with death, fire and rain

the mortals' days are numbered
Planet Earth in turmoil

your children fed to
the guns of madmen - caissons
stand at the school door

ready for Armageddon
Jesus and Satan at war

GORDON GILHULY

Form:Renga

Poems by GORDON GILHULY: 49 / 82 « prev. poem
next poem »

Poet's Notes about The Poem

This is a co-operative renga written with Richard W. I wrote the 5-7-5 hokku and Richard wrote the 7-7 waki. I would send one hokku and he would build on that with a waki. Then my next hokku had to connect with waki etc. This was fun and we recommend that other PH users try it.

Comments about Renga With Richard by GORDON GILHULY

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word flags

What do you think this poem is about?

For Example: love, art, fashion, friendship and etc.

Richard Wlodarski

Queen Scorpio

She's the Scorpio queen
Born November fifteen
Black is her favourite colour
In clothes and still all the other

She dances like Queen Scorpio
Most so when with her Romeo
Both dressed in such elegant black
Look like Scorpios back to back

Romeo dines Scorpio every night
At restaurants that are so out of sight
They savour duck confit in Paris
In India it's chicken curry

Nothing but the best
For this couple's fest
The world they like to travel
Mystery to unravel

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Lost Childhood

Such so damn lonely
Child now crying
Too desperately

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Critics...Cry No More

Conversation
No connection
Lost dictation
In translation

Lack of communication
In wordy transition
Dismally crying out
For this poet's try-out

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Critiqued

If endangered
Would I now scream

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mythical

Such a myth
Left in dream

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Silence No More

Touch you
Touch me
Wickedly
Liberty?

Innocently
Arrogantly
Dramatically
Sexuality?

Dare you
Cry now
Lost once
No more!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No Insomnia

Won't lose much sleep
Over lost sheep

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Inner Peace

To touch
Essence
Of your
Great Soul
And cry
No more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Inner Light - Inspired By A Different Kind Of World By Sandra Feldman

To see the light
Of inner self
And then project
It unto God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Heart-Brain Communication

Brain To Heart

Brain sends waves
Of pure thought
To sound heart
And such love

Heart And Brain

Heart is blessed
Brain is sacred
Oneness awaits
In forgiven

Heart To Brain

Heart so grateful
Now sends pulses
To genius
Brain so thankful

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Running Late To Be Early

Woke up so damn late
Knew I was So Late
For early bird date
And she would berate

Didn't soap up
Just got washed up
(In more ways than one)
This day wasn't fun

No tooth paste for teeth
No mouth wash for greet
No patience to meet
The early bird treat

Gonna go back to bed
Give my head some more rest
At my good shrink's request
I'll stop being a pest

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

I Love You Because

I love you because
Your eyes shine so bright
As if morning light

I love you because
Each day you listen
To my deafened tones

I love you because
You fill my blue eyes
With tears of joy

I love you because
Your inner beauty
Reflects God in you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Thanking God For Every Day - Inspired By The End Of The Universe By Rajnish Manga

Life is short
Voyage long
We are in battle
And not in the war

Let's not squander life
Pondering riddle
Live now as if dead tomorrow
Thanking God for every day

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tears To My Eyes

She was chopping onions
The same day that she died
Tears had filled her eyes
From her food for thought

She cut her slender finger
Blood oozing...remembering
Memories of sad childhood
Years drenched in such loneliness

How can onions
Bring such tears?
And bittersweet memories
Carry lost and new-found joy?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Air Miles?

All I want
Is to buy
My damn food

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Deafness Of Tune

When sun rises
To touch your light
When nightingale sings
To reverberate sound
I will now rise
With torch of light
Sing song of life
Deafness of tune

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Epidemic

Weaning addicts off
Opioids damn scourge
Ivory towers glistening
Destitute souls dying dying

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

From One Soul To Another

To write you such
Words from true heart
From yesterday
To lonesome day

To sing you such
Songs from my heart
From memories
Of just those days

To touch you such
Feelings not felt
From one such soul
To another

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Again

To feel
The warmth
Winter's
Sun's breath
Melting
Cold heart
And love
Again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

End Of Time

Man invented time
Lost such great control
Pushed the red button
And now ended time

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Long Lost Poet

I won't suck
You into
Believing
My writing's
Worth a damn

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For Phil Spector

Paint me
Wall of
Sound and
Such sight
Deafens
My songs
Blinds sight

I will write
Such sound words
That brighten
My soundtrack
Enlighten
My dulled life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Immortal

To touch
The heart
Of rock
And roll
Embrace
The soul
Then die
No more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Loneliness

Deserted
Sacred heart
Time ago
Just to find
Such evil
Cried days and
Dismal nights
To forfeit
Loneliness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Escaping Darkness

What if
Morning light
Faded now
Into darkness
And love escaped

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Beyond Writing

To write
Beyond
The word
Songs of
The Soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

If Only

If only
To see
Morning's
Light now
I'm blind

If only
To now hear
Nightingale's
Song of such love
I'm now so deaf

If only
To touch such love
That my heart breaks
God's love cries out
For so much more
I'm now heartless

PoemHunter.com

If only
To now taste
God's embrace
In disgrace
Surrender
To Wonder

Richard Wlodarski

Priest's Lullabye

Once a choir boy
Slave to your damned lust

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Trump's Slaves

Imprisoned
I now scratch
Out this damn living
Instead of dying

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hell

Only when in such hell
To cry forevermore

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Crossroads

At the crossroads
Of such damned hell
I found heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Self Discovery

I was only lost
'til I found myself

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dead Or Alive

You're only dead
If not alive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Shadowing

To shadow
The shadow
Find the light
Forever

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Finding Courage

To cry in mid
Of dreadful night
Embrace fear
And find courage

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God's Light

To embrace
The darkness
Now knowing
There's Such Light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

One Love

To speak
Only
Such words
Of truth

To hear
The only
Song of love
Until death

To taste
Only
One Love
God's Love

To embrace
Holiness
And thank God
For Such Love

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Omg!Holey Jeans

She is a woman
Of sixty-seven
Thinks she's in fashion
Jeans made in heaven

Holey from thighs to knees
In winter does she sneeze?
With others covered head to toe
Is she not worried 'bout the snow?

She's not even one of homeless
Making statement that is tasteless
Fashion moguls control her mind
May poverty she never find

She is a woman of seventy-seven
Praying every day that she gets to heaven
In her holey jeans so tasteless
She's joined the ranks of the homeless

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Omg! Holey Jeans

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She's joined the ranks of the homeless

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

To Now Write

To now write
If only
What matters
This moment
And not next
And not cry now
'bout yesterday
Live for today
Beat tomorrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Where Is Love?

Where is love
When these eyes
No longer
See beauty?

Where is love
When ears
No longer
Hear song?

Where is love
When this mouth
No longer
Tastes fullness?

Where is love
When these arms
No longer
Embrace love?

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Do You See What I See

Do you see that man
The same president
Is he human
Or alien?

Do you see
Bigotry
Worm in apple tree
Tragic history?

Do you now see
Such misery
In democracy
Struggling to be free?

Do you see the end
My justified friend
In Trump's autocracy
Enslaving liberty?

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

For Mirtha On Her Birthday

Leaving worries in Nicaragua
Finding such great love in Canada
The girl dressed in shades of blue
Says to Brian: I Love You

She's Christian through and through
Church is from whence she grew
Bible study is her life's passion
Because she believes in redemption

Pouring her heart into cooking
For her hubby Brian's tasting
Christian music her awakening
Swimming her form of exercising

Every day reading the Holy Book
Especially when she's slow to cook
Reading books on relationships
Hoping for some beloved tips

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Alphabet Of Life

To write you
Alphabet
Of such life

A for I am
B to become
C for such cause

D for dumb
When moron
E for essence
F for fun
Life's a beach
Then we drown

G for God
Always there
When need be
H for hell
Damn be it
Tomorrow
I for ignorance
Absent intelligence
In such damn abstinence

J for jackal
Jack ass me you
So crazy now
K for Karma
Crazed on instant
Mama bye bye
L for love
Of oneself
And mankind

M for Great Mother
And Our Father
To be together

PoemHunter.com

N for nothing
Makes any sense
Now or ever

O for OM
Meditate
Don't sedate

P for procrastination
In land of masturbation
Lacking such stimulation

Q for query
Intimacy
Of such mortals

R for reality
Such surrealism
Never to be so free

S for surrender
Only to such love
And such great wonder

T for tomorrow
Lost in yesterday
Now winning today

U for ultimate
Goals for perusal
Never refusal

V for victory
In land of the free
Now forever more

W for winner
Never loser
Now forever

X for x-ray
Of such poor life

Now optimized

Y for yesterday
Begging tomorrow
Now lost in today

Z for zenith
Human in full
So glorified

Richard Wlodarski

Oral Surgery

Speak to me
Open up
Your heart now
'til I die

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Raining Love

When I die
And see you
From great depths
Of such hell
To impregnate
Passion for lust

OR

Will I then see
From up above
Such paradise
And let tears
Of exquisite joy
To rain on Your Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Honesty Among Equals

To be honest
With my true self
And with your self
Every day

To see into your soul
And find such great beauty
That touches every heart
And cries out for much more

To hear your love song
Dancing to rhythm of soul
And be so enthralled with Love
And be grateful for Oneness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God's Mysterious Ways

Waking
Drowned in
Fear
Showered
With courage

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mind

There's nothing
Escapeth
Mind so sound
Than Hell's Bell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Book Of Poetry...Bottle Of Cognac...No More

To absorb
Only word
Think no more
Underscored

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Deserved

If to deserve
Just this one day
In such a lifetime
Cry out for no more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Other Than My Soul

Nothing to write on
Other than my soul
So damn difficult
If not for your heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Out Of Nowhere

To write
As if
Somehow
Not there

Words everywhere
Yet not here nor there

Thoughts from
Somewhere
Transmitted
Open mind

Misunderstood
By likelihood
Of mind bowled over
In land of rover

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life's Not Lost

Just don't care
Life's too short
Why worry
'bout sorry

When wake up
Life's not lost

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

If To Lose

If to lose
Just one eye
I'd still see

If to lose
A ear
I'd hear

If to lose
A kidney
Drop to knee

If to lose
Just one hand
Understand

If to lose
Just one leg
Wouldn't beg

PoemHunter.com

If to lose
My soul's heart
Die tonight

Richard Wlodarski

Write Me Home

Write me home
When life's dead
Can't awake

Write me home
When I'm blind
Can't see light

Write me home
When I'm deaf
There's no sound

Write me home
When no taste
Hunger's waste

Write me home
When no smell
Of such filth

PoemHunter.com

Write me home
When no touch
Of God's hand

Richard Wlodarski

He Walks Among The Stars [For Gord Downie Of The Tragically Hip]

He walks among the stars
A star in his own right
His spirit is restless
Adjusting to new home

He is a leader
Among great leaders
Somewhat terrified
Until Soul's welcome

Soul ever-so-gently
Tells him his life's purpose
On Earth's journey is done
Now adventure awaits

She informs that the Great Leaders
His Spirit Guides will assist him
Every step along The Road
Until his Mission is complete

Soul begins singing
One of his great songs
He begins to sob
As She says: COURAGE

She then takes him to Fiddler's Green
Tiny Charlie's heart full of joy
Uncle Gordie hugging kissing
Fiddlers playing dancers dancing

Soul softly kissing him on the cheek
Reassuring him Charlie is fine
Takes him by the hand to Paradise
Whispering that it's his time to guide

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

After My Death

When I die
Will you then
Remember
My blue eyes
The window
To my soul
And then see
My heart light
When feeling
Lonesome blues

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Progression

Now thought born
Awakened
Inspired
Progressive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

One Great Mind

Before the thought
Such great Oneness
Spoken to The Mind
In its infancy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

From God To You

Only The Word
Speaks to the soul
From God to you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Promise Myself

Promise
Myself
Always
To see
Through eyes
Justice

Promise
Myself
Always
To hear
Through ears
Of justice

Promise
Myself
Always
To smell
Through piqued nose
Injustice

Promise
Myself
Always
To taste
The blood
Victims

Promise
Myself
Always
To feel
Such great love
That I Live

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Whore

What's the rush
Life's a hush
Death's a bore
Who's the whore

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sunflower

She kisses
Sunflower
Sun shines now
Wallflower
Uncovered
Star power
Discovered

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dreams Lost In Nightmares

Your wretched dreams
Scarred by nightmares
Of the loneliness
Of your so lost youth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Prodigy Of Jukebox

Such songstress
Embracing
Love's music
For tomorrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Think Not!

Should I die
Lonesome night
Heart betrayed
Born loser
I think not!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Eternal God

There is only
Eternal God
Subscribes to Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

We Poets

We poets
Buried hearts
Resurrect

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Buried Deeds

Should I choose
Wisdom's words
Only to be
Now forsaken
By buried deeds

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love And Death

All that is love
Threatened by Death

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Miscommunication

How dare we damn speak
When we don't listen

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Such Communication

Speak only
When listened
To deafness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Alive

I will cry
Out once more
Just to see
I'm Alive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Forgotten

Only the lost
In forgotten

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Misery

We cry out
In the night
Waiting to see
Dark's misery

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lonesome Blues

Part of me
Part of you
Now cries out
Lonesome blues

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Oneness - Inspired By Peace Of Mind By Rini Shibu

Meditate
On Oneness
Perfection
Peace of mind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

To Always Write

To always write
Even when not
So inspired
To then thank God
For such guidance
And great wisdom
To always write

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Beyond Hope

Such good nights
Awaken
Tomorrow
Beyond hope

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Thanksgiving

O Lord Creator
Today I give thanks
For so much in life:
Two eyes witnessing
Birth of Creation
Two ears hearing
Nature's symphony
A mouth tasting
Life's abundance
A nose smelling
All that is good
Two feet walking
In others' shoes
Two hands welcoming
God's friendly neighbours

And One Heart
Shared with God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Finding Heaven - Inspired By Redemption By Valsa George

Mind breeding
Hell in life
Searching for light
Within oneself
Finding Heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Premonition

I will now cry
'cause I sense depth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mother And Son

To be bold
Yet not scold
Times so cold

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Loss

I lost you
Long ago
When your eyes
Touched my soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love And Fear

Only to be feared
By those so greatly loved

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sad Heart

To now cry
For tears
So swollen
Unbroken
My sad heart
Beckons you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Forgiveness

Lost in such
Forgiveness
Of such sins

I owe you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love For You

I have no more
Tears to shed
For such great love
I shed for you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Down And Out

When I'm down and out
With no soul in sight
Will you waken from dead
To help me resurrect

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mourning Morning

I'm tired
Of waking
Not knowing
If morning
Or last night
Were fusing

Christ, what mourning!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

All Loving

I see
Through eyes
Blinded
Yet all
Seeing

I hear
Through ears
Such deafness
Yet such all
Great hearing

I taste
Through mouth
Of love
Yet such
Damn hate

I touch
With hands
Blistered
By sins
Fearing

I feel
Such great love
With heart tough
And mind sound
All loving

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Rays Of Nocturnal Sunshine

Full moon
Swallows
Bitterness
Emptiness
Just crying
For tears
Of lost joy
Now brings birth
Harvest moon

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Rhythm Of Inspiration - Inspired By Winter Poet By Hannah Widow

Unwind the rhythm
Of inspiration

Watching TV
Press Mute button
Create own
Dialogue

Listening
To music
Write your own
Great lyrics

Washing dishes
Play with bubbles
Create foam art
Tear it apart

PoemHunter.com

Vacuuming floor
Listen to sound
Now sing along
To your new tune

Inspiration
Running wild
In fertile
Mind of poet

Richard Wlodarski

For Jack Kerouac

Only to die
In the wake of
Such brilliantness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Night's End So Dear

Sleep torments me
To no known end
Wakefulness
Such blessing

Night beckons
Fears rise
Tomorrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I'm Not Dead [For Jack Kerouac's Frustration]

I'm not dead
'til I've stopped
Pounding shit
Out of me
And damned you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hangers

Life can be
So unhooked
Thank You Lord
For hangers

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Losing It

When I lose it
Mentality
Please bring me back
To sanity
So gracefully

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Broken Hearts

With our hearts
Now so broken
Can we be healed
Move on tomorrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Out Of Darkness

I was lost
In darkness
Light and sound
Nowhere found
Suddenly
Whispered cries
As suddenly
Deafness now heard

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Four Seasons

Winter

Such bitter cold
Has a stronghold
On even bold

Spring

Thawed out
From freeze
Such breeze

Summer

Life's beach
Sand's warmth
Freedom

Autumn

PoemHunter.com

Autumn of life
Leaves so coloured

Richard Wlodarski

Never Forgotten Love

I'll cry
For you such
Lonesome night
'til tears
So damn drenched
Lost 'til found

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Foreign Language

Speaking
Foreign
Language
Body
Now told
Language
Of love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Satan's Playground

Sweet dreams made of
Earth's paradise
Welcomed nightmare
Satan's playground

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ding Dong Hate

If to sing song love
And ding dong such hate

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No More

If to only love
When I just hated
And had loved no more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For Jerry Lewis

Open my mind
To such a heart
That loves you so
Won't let you go

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Guns Guns Guns [In Memory Of The Las Vegas Shooting Victims]

Gimme a gun
So to kill one
Gimme another
To kill each other
Gimme three
In land of free
Gimme four
To kill more
Gimme five
For the jive
Gimme six
Just for kicks
Gimme seven
Want some heaven
Gimme eight
For I hate
Gimme nine
Starting to shine
Gimme ten
Bye to Amen

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Priceless

To pay just
One damn cent
For a word
That's priceless

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reconciliation

Might not be
Same again
Let bridges
Now be built
Once again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Premature Death

To touch depths
Of your soul
I couldn't
So I died

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Overwhelmed

I will cry
Only 'cause
Exhausted

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Bereavement

I lost you now
So long ago
When Heaven's rain
Cleansed yesterday

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Satan's Rebirth

We pay such
A damned price
When God's lost
Satan's won

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mystic

And spirits
Lost in soul
Gravitate
To lonesome

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

White Buffalo

And with lands
Once barren
Buffalo
Roamed the land
The White One
Spirited
Holy Land
Indians
Now settled
Gave such birth
To God's Land
With blessing
Of White One
Hunted such
For their food
And clothing
And praised One
Survival
White Man came
Envious
And greedy
Killed for gain
Buried
The One's
Settling
New Land
Built Church
For God
Forsaken
Such heathen
In His Name
Wooden homes
In God's name
Sanctuary
For Humans' Soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Old Age

Lost my senses
So long ago
Woke up so lost
Nowhere to go

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hypocrite

Don't be a hypocrite
You say: Express yourself
Yet when so challenged
You become damaged

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lone Wolf [For Allen Ginsberg]

Perverted
In such ways
Not manageable
Imaginative
Soul-starved
Lonely
Artist
Howls
At moon
Lone wolf

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Genius Restored

Can only
Aspire
To such heights
Of wisdom
When in depths
Of despair

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

She Said I Was Like Bukowski And Kerouac

If she were
Some kind of
Damn depraved
Such lost cause
Immortal
I'd go down
On my knees
Pray to God
For not tease

But she's now lived
Jack's lonesome road
Buried her sorrows
In such tomorrows
Where life cries out for more
And lost and forgotten
Now so resurrected
Walks the road to freedom
Slave of the past reborn

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Children

Once we were
Just children
Innocence
Ignorance
Lost from stance
Now romanced

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Good And Evil

We were so damned lost
In Satan's playground
Only to be found
In the arms of God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost And Found

I was lost
You so found
Gathered such ground
In lost and found

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Miscommunicating

I now talk
Don't listen
You listen
And don't talk

Let's talk 'bout
Not talking
And meditate
'bout listening

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Born Again Asshole

Disgraced I
Walked away
Into arms
Of Jesus
And was born
Once again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Racism

Kernels of truth
Lost in a patch
Of ignorance

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Teacher [For Sandra Feldman]

I taught you once
Only for you
To teach me
Once again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Jung Vs Freud

The student Carl Jung
Challenged teacher Freud
Only to win battle
And lose ongoing war

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Freud's Lost Cause

Freud gripped in
Drug-crazed haze
Lost in maze
And disgrace

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sleepless Death

Even now I sleep
When I am damned dead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

New Soul's Lesson

When I was young
I tendered age
And much wisdom
For dying soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Baseball

I remember
Timid child
Running wild
Baseball diamond
Strike ball hit home run
Called such a foul
Tears then and now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Clean-Cut Kerouac

Clean-cut Kerouac
Such oxymoron

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Music

Such music
Which has not
The rhythm
Of the soul
Dies in its track

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hear Me Talkin' To Ya

Hear me talkin' to ya
I'm no damn such crazy fool
You sit in your lazy arm chair
Spitting out crap that's just not there

Dare you to join
The human race
Face the soul face
Spare your disgrace

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Days Of Sadness

Days of sadness
So plague my nights
Sun's radiant warmth
Sends shivers down spine
Words unwritten on soul
Stolen by Satan's light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Big Bad Boy

Day in day out
Same old same old
Hard to be bold
When always scold

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Wanna Write 'til I Die

Fucking dead
From the booze
Love-starved soul
Write more more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

You Should Have Died

You should have
Died bastard
Not Gerard

You good-for-nothing
Always so shit faced
Crazy Catholic

You're a living hell
God-fearing bitch
Gonna burn in hell

Cursed by Memere
Shadowed by Gerard
You should have died...twice

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Handicapped

From my one lost eye
I see your blindness
From my one lost ear
I hear your deafness
From my broken nose
I smell your evil
From my tasteless mouth
I taste bitterness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

From The Soul Of Poet

From the soul
Of poet
Flow such words
No such rhyme
Nor rhythm
Only such words
From broken heart
Touching the soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Take Time To Know Us

Take time to know us
See beyond colour
Face to face with race
Without such disgrace

Take time to know us
Beyond religion
In Name of One God
Our survival

Take time to know us
We're only human
We breathe the same air
And we all damn care

Take time to know us
Of only one blood
Drownproofing in flood
Of lost humanity

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

The Unknown

To lead to where
No others have
To have such balls
When courage calls

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Yesterday

Yesterday
Craved today
Lost in tombstone
Of memory

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ladies And Gentlemen, All Screwed Up

Trump in
The rump
Kim to
The rim
Diplomacy
Hypocrisy
Screw them both
With world's hope

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Don't Take My Kindness To Be A Sucker

Parkdale raised
And so damn crazed
Loser mentality
Imbedded totally

Timid mice running
Wild into rats
Brains dismally squashed
At such sacrifice

Jesus you're such children
In the land of pilgrims
Where cowboys and Indians
Don't know which damn way to go

Are we so adrift
With no road forward
Yesterday swallowing today
And totally lost to tomorrow

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

In Memoriam

Only when I'm so dead
Will you see through soul's eyes
Taste my life's blood
Cry your heart out

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

On The Road

Tears strewn along
A lonesome highway

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Forever Lost

I was only lost
When I ran away
From my true self
And buried self
In this nightmare

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost Words

So damn lost
In lonely
Alphabet

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Critics

Couldn't give
Such a damn
'bout critics
So screwed up

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cold Love

I loved you
Yesterday
When so young
But today
So damn old
And so cold

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In The Shadow Of Night

In shadow
Of dark night
Tormented
By white light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Memere

Oui, Memere
S'il vous plait
Mais je t'aime
Aujourd'hui

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Kerouac's Devil

So free wording
Losing my soul
Satan's winning
God is cursing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Teeny Weeny Birthday

Boy turns man
Mom's apron

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Body Bruised...Mind Revealed

Kill the crap out of
Physicality
Shape mentality

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Running On Empty

Football all-star
No damn last call

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Shadow

Only shadow knows
His darkest secrets

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Jack's Visions Of Gerard

I see his smile
Such lonesome mile
Mirror of soul
In eyes so blue

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Forget This Writing

Forget this writing
Only stupid words
Worth sole grains of sand
Washed away by time

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In The Ring

Pugilist
Word artist
Staring down
Damn critics
Robbers of soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Gambling On Faith

Three golden stallions
Lost in the billions

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cathecism

Loathsome
Yardstick
Stifling
My dick

What a prick!

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dr. Sax

Dr. Sax
Makes attacks
Critics sour
In this hour

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Visions Of Kerouac

Depths unknown
In the known
Where's known
The unknown

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For Gerard Kerouac

He died so benevolent
Without so much as a sin
Our brother's brother
So lost in innocence

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Becoming Kerouac

So fuckin' dead
Yet damn alive
Feeling his soul
In words tonight

Cried for Gerard
In dreams of Jack
Howled Ginsberg
Buried Burroughs

Memere's so haunting
Catholic's daunting
Can't fuckin' sleep
With Satan's sheep

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Byrd

The frightened bird
Awakened me
In midst of nightmare
To so free my soul

I could
Only
Now cry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In The Shadow Of A Crucifix

In the shadow
Of crucifix
One lonely soul
Satan's cold heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dead...And Then Some

Why do I
Sit stone-cold
Apartment
Enveloped
In fear

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poet's Curse

As much a curse
As this blessing
This damn writing
Midnight's muse
Satan's fuse
Heaven's ruse
So amused

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sans Love

Without love
Belonging
There's no life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Without Love

Without love
Belonging
There's no life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

So Very Sad - Inspired By Sad By Nassy Fesharaki

So very sad
That once so loved
Now out of heart
And in no mind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Nights Without You - Inspired By Oh Night! By Khirod Dalpati

Such is the night
So very cold
When you're not there

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Beatles Never Die

Imagine
John Lennon
Harrison
In heaven

Imagine Paul
Without the ball
Ringo no star
Band no guitar

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Communism

Like bulls they charge
Bear-hugging greed
Communism

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Capitalism

Like sheep they follow
Lambs to be slaughtered
Capitalism

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soulful Bird - Inspired By The Crow By Lantz Pierre

Darkness befalls
Soulful bird lost
Daylight awaits

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Splitsville

I hated me
For hating you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

So Lost

If to be
In such depth
And so lost

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Leave With Wisdom

Teach me
To speak
Such words
Of truth
As when
To die
I will
Leave with
Wisdom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Wishing You Well [For Barry Middleton]

I wish you well
My poet friend
May the sunlight
Brighten your days
May nightingale
Sing song of such joy
May waters of life
Revive your spirit
So that your profound
Poems of such love
Be the songs of life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ghost Of I [For Jack Kerouac]

If it is
Not I who
Sees the light
Of morning
Break of day
Come what may
In shadowed
Land nowhere
To be lost
In terrain
Of despair
Then it is
Ghost of I
Hope restored

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love And Peace In Time Of War

Bless this love
Surrounding
All of us
And thank God
Showing peace
Time of war

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Living In The Moment - Inspired By Just Live In The Moment By Raymond Farrell

To live in
The moment
To now make
Each moment
So precious
As if last

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

There Was Such A Time...

There was such a time...
When we had lived
In peacefulness
Of a time not
That long ago

There was indeed such a wonderful time
When all that we breathed in was such great joy
Of a time lost in only yesterday
And today was only a breath away

There was indeed such a prosperous time
When all that life breathed in was inspiration
Of such a great time in cosmic consciousness
Spirituality the essence of being

There was this simple joyous wonderful time
When Christmas was each and every single day
Of a time lost in the breathtaking fairy land of children
And today embodied all of yesterday and tomorrow

There is a time when...
All the pure joy of
Our childhood
Is nicely expressed
Old is young again

Richard Wlodarski

Deep Fried Soul

To deep fry
Agony
Of the soul
So as to
Resurrect
Rock and roll

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ecstasy

To be lost
In the depths
Loneliness
And now found
In the arms
Ecstatic
Beatific
Oneness Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Retrospect...

Friend, sometimes time seems to drag on...and on...and on...
Hours to days...days to weeks...weeks to months...months to years...
And at other times...just yesterday...so many years into yesterday
Stolen moments rob us of the innocence of youth

Friend, sometimes our days together...lasting forever...happily
One hour...so many hours...good memories...you and me...and all our friends...
Yesterday today tomorrow melding...today succeeding
End of day...negative thoughts surfacing...positive ones dissipating...tomorrow fading

My friend, I didn't see your pain fast enough
Moved way too little way too late
Other than to dedicate
Some words in retrospect

Friend, you've become a memory now...today...and...tomorrow...
Sleep beckons...time is suspended...dreams await...goals unfulfilled
Nightmare fade away and from the darkness light us with a new day
Good night, my friend, may you now forever rest in peace

Richard Wlodarski

Words From Beyond Life

And all I wanted to say...
Is that I love you more
Than the birth of this new day

And all I wanted to say...
Is that I love you more
Than yesterday and today

And all I wanted to say...
Is that your love has melted me away
And tomorrow's gone but you're here to stay

And all I wanted to say...
That you're my friends here today
And though I'm gone you're there to stay

And all the light in the morning sky
Isn't enough to say my heart's good-bye
And yet, that's all that's left in the bye and bye

And all the light in the evening sky
Isn't enough to cry me to sleep tonight
For the pain and suffering I've caused you

And all the words from my heart and soul
Isn't enough to say how much I love you
And now that I'm gone how much I will miss you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Stoned Dead

How can I die
And live again
When already
So damn stoned dead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Battle

So sorry
Lost that round
In glory
Don't worry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God

I created
Beautiful sky
And earthly land
And lonely sea
And you and me

I am God
God is Me
You and Me
So Godly

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Saintly

The down-trodden
Forever fallen
In land of misbegotten
Forgiving hell in Heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

O

In your mind's eye
You saw Soul's goal
Made it happen

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Polish Spirit

I went to war
Against my will
I believe in peace
My neighbours in war

I fought for my country
Happened to be Poland
But it was just in name
And not in heart and soul

On foot I fought death
Soldiers war horses
Against all damn odds
For Polish spirit

I died with such brave heart
'cause World's Heart lacked courage
To serve God in World Peace
Polish Spirit will haunt you

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Mr. President

You think because
You're president
That you really don't stink
Think again 'til you're clean

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No Worries

They espouse: No worries!
They living on borrowed wealth.
They obscured by poverty.
It is they who have no worries?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Unwritten Soul - Inspired By Desert Rose By Unwritten Soul

She rose from desert
So overcoming
Storms of controversy
Rising like The Phoenix
The Unwritten Soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Inner Voice - Inspired By Heart Vs Mind By Rini Jerry

She listening
To inner voice
Guided to truth
Found harmony
Divinity
Infinity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Nicaragua Canada United States Of America

Nicaragua Canada United States Of America
Where do your virgin children play?
How have they lost their innocence
At the indecent age of seven?
How have we evolved to being butchers of heaven
In which Almighty God demotes us to heathens?

Where do our children fight?
How have they become so bitter
At the tender age of ten?
How have we evolved to Satan's emissaries
In which Satan demotes us to less than zero?

Where do your children reside?
How have they become so homeless
Before decently losing their virginity?
How have we evolved to regression
In which God and Satan wage war?

PoemHunter.com

Where will our precious children survive?
How have we lost their innocence
At the indecency of this age?
How have we evolved to dissolve to resolve
That God is dead and we won't live again?

Canada United States Of America Nicaragua
Manifesto

We may rise to be the grand manifesto
Where the world's children will rise again!

Richard Wlodarski

My Brother...My Neighbour...My Enemy...My Sister...

I am your brother
I have no colour
I am
Neither black nor white
Nor yellow nor brown
Not even in-between
I am your flesh and blood
Of One God's family
My eyes see the evil in life
My ears hear monstrous crying
My nose smells your taste for evil
My hands touch its very presence
My mouth tastes your victims' blood
My heart stops for a moment of silence
To witness the monsters of your God's children
Perpetrating crimes againsthumanity

I am your neighbour
Loving and hating you
Simultaneously
I love your humanity
Your solidarity
The essence of uniformity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Comatose

We are timid mice
In rat-infested
Soul territory

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

We Are Just One

Lost child of
Such universe
We are but one

Tears swelling
Life unfolding
We are but one

God now speaking
To ignorance
We are but one

Humanity now
Brilliantly now
We are now Just One

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Gypsy's Life For Jack Kerouac

For to be so sure
Lovers at your door
Midnight's sun
Yet unborn
Lover's kind to adorn

In memory's sleep told
Death awakens so bold
Time now so foretold
Gypsy's life in mold

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Proposition

She just beckoned me
Sexuality
Now life's misery
Setting us so free

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Crying My Heart Out

I will cry
My heart out
'til tears
Are dry as
Sands of time

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost Friends

Tearfully
She now rejoined
Society
Of lost friends

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Death Misfortune And Joy

Death to...
World's wars
Evil

Death to...
Poverty
Anarchy

Death forever to...
Aristocracy
Democracy

Death to...
Misfortune
Of lost tune

Death to...
Joy lost
Now found

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Rape Of Mind

Child born now
Innocent
Wakening
Quieting

Mind sizing
Downsizing
Uprising
Mutating

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Art Of Life - Inspired By Untitled Poem By Albert Einstein

To endure pain
And suffering
Both in the mind
And physical
Yet never stop
Loving good life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tortured Artist

Black dog ascending
Full moon now rising
Emotion descending
Life condescending

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Just Divorced

To cry for
Death of you
And me you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Odyssey Of Women

When you're coming
They're just going

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For Love

To write
One word
For love
Of you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Thanks, Friend

Write to you
In such times
So dire
Thanking you
Such a friend

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Distant Shore

I will see you off
To desolate shore
Where God's poets go for more
And seas land to distant shore

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Fire And Rain [For James Taylor]

I've seen the fire
In the drizzling rain
Seen blistering rain
In storms of fire

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Romaine On Steroids

Star studded
And tattooed
Bored waitress
Served up such
Pleasing piece
Of Romaine
On steroids

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Empathy

To share your
Heart of gold
When life's cold

To see through your
Soul's eyes such deep love
When there is such hate

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tombstone

Until the day I die
Continue to so try
And then when I'm so damn dead
Wait 'til you see what's ahead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No Road Politics

Why screw with
Such bullshit
When Capitalist
Or such Communist

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Bullshit

On bullshit scale
To tell the tale
Where would I be
Without you me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Suffering

Mine eyes
Crying
To see
Again

Mine ears
Deafening
Sounds of now
Yesterday

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life Is A Beach

Life is a beach
Where sands of time
Congregate
For memories

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Depression Scorned

Why cry tonight
When laughter is
Around corner

Why die on such
Damn lonely night
When you're reborn

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost Innocence

Child born
Such adult
So much robbed

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ignorance

Bathed in innocence
Deadened ignorance

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Canada's Giller Prize

Once a prize
Now so prized
Giller for thriller
In literature

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sweet Child Of Jesus

Please don't die
Sweet child
Of Jesus
You were born
To so live
To feed sunshine
With your great love
And give such birth
To the full moon

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dead And Gone

When you leave this plane
I'll take fast train
To land of nowhere
'til I find Somewhere

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Void

Only if your birth
Awaits suicide

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poets

To bring such joy
To all your lives
With only words
We're so humbled

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Not Insane...Misunderstood [For Allen Ginsberg]

Forever Blake
In your most wake
Deadened for sake

So tried and trued
Misunderstood

Only left so damn lonely
Crossroads of misunderstood

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Turn Loose Your Emotion

Turn loose your
Emotion
Let your love
Dominate
Fear not
Buried rage
Surfacing
Feel rage
Let it go
And find love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Emoting T.S. Eliot

To very bravely
Express emotion
And tearfully
Escape breathlessly

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Born Again

To close so soon
In darkest night
And be reborn
Into the light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soiled - Inspired By Victory By Gordon Gilhuly

Heart-wrenching haiku
Soiled in brilliance

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Oldest Profession

To now be in
Cheap happiness
Or embrace
Loftiness
Of such pain

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Fame

To write
Only
One word
Be bold
Be told

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sin

Sin now escapes me
Only to murder
Just lost innocence

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Absolved

Wishing to suck
Breast of such milk
Now purified
In adulthood

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Caught With Pants Down

To be without
Clean underwear
In worst nightmare

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life And Love - Inspired By Garden Of Love By Rini Jerry

Love gave
Me life
Life gave
My heart
To love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Not Lonely...Not Alone - Inspired By Alone In A Crowd By Audrey Heller

To be with people
Not feel lonely
To be with oneself
Not feel alone

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Eyes Of Poet - Inspired By Featherlike By Jean Dament

With these eyes
Of poet
Clouds come to life
Life has meaning

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Emotional Resonance

Midnight train
To my mind
So rescued
From behind

Such sojourn
Now journeyed
To elsewhere
From nowhere

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Creation

Beyond God
Universe
Of Mankind
Just exists
In the mind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Zombie

I will now sleep
'til very such
Darkest of worst dreams
Wakens my nightmare

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Contemplative Meditation Of You

To just wake
Up alive
Eyes bright
Heart strong
And then
See you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Frozen Tears

Have you ever
Seen soft raindrops
So gently
Falling on
Swollen face
Frozen tears

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

To Extend Hand In Friendship

To awaken
To winter's mourn
With such damn scorn

To cry in despair
For life's slow repair

To meet a total stranger
And extend hand in friendship

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Just Meditate

When greed now screws you
Up your lonely ass
And you're lost
In dismay
And rage conquers
Love's in despair
All you just need
Is meditate

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Song For You

Will write song
Just for you
Take forever
To thank you for
Kindest of words
Tenderness shared
Words from the heart
Of soul from you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Garbage Off The Road

She so young
And yet old
Gathered garbage
Off fallen road

She so old
And yet young
Gathered garbage
Off chosen road

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

We Are - Inspired By What Are We? By Juan Olivarez

We are
The gift
Of Life
Bestowed
Upon
Mortals
By God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Autocratic Democrat Nut

He's a dumb lump
With a big rump
He's got squirrely hair
Nuts with crazy stare

He's got orange skin
Brain so very thin
Hands so damn small
Can't catch the ball

With his humungous mouth
Wants to send them all south
Has the audacity and gall
To build another Berlin Wall

Just a stupid leader of democracy
Steering blind sheep in land of autocracy
Speck of crap from another planet
Making world to suffer on his bet

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Learning To Live Again

I will now learn
To live again
I will wake to
Clock of rooster
Shower while
Dialing
Long distance
To my friend
And mentor
I will partake
In ritual
Morning reading
In sun shining
And my basking
Vitamin D
I will meditate
On solely One Love
On just One Colour
On solely One Creed
On solely One Race
While meditating
I will take time to pray
To the Almighty God
Spiritual Guidance

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Crushed

Once when I was
Feeling the blues
I met a girl
With happy tunes

She sang a song or two
When I was feeling blue
A smile in her eyes
Swept away all the cries

All the world her stage
Her songs on front page
My heart broken in two
For joy of songs so true

One day no longer
On the street corner
Her heart so tender
Crushed by world's anger

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Be My Victory Forever

When I now rise
With the sunrise
Look into your eyes
See only your love

When song of nightingale
Reveals your soul's tale
Whispering sounds of love
From the Good Lord above

When we spread
Angels' wings
Fly so high
Victory

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lessons

Today's deeds
Last night's creeds
Tomorrow's lessons

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Smiling Pain

When you smile
Cry awhile
For love/pain
In the grain

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poet's Worst Nightmare

When I try
To now write
In blind sight
Words not right
With insight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Birth

When sound is
So damn loud
You can't
Hear
Deafness
And hearing
Cries out loud
Screaming for
Attention
And blindness
Searches for
Mere light
Tastefully
Relishing
New-found sight
Miracle
Is now born

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Return Of Peace - Inspired By Peace By Yoonoos Peerbocus

Peace will come
When Mankind
Is so dead

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Baby Blue Eyes

Baby blue eyes
Crying
Softly
Whispering
Rain now falling
Mesmerizing
Baby blue eyes
Laughing
Joyful
Crying
Secretly
Lies stopping
Baby blue eyes
Loving
Wishful
Thinking
Now progressing
Hypnotizing
Baby blue eyes
Lost in wonder
At the thunder
All the cursing
And forgiving
Love's uprising

Baby blue eyes
Screw the damn lies
Heavenly skies
Hear these cries

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Remembered

Words spoken
From the heart
Remembered
By their souls

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No Premature Death

Why die
Tonight
When you
Can wait
Until
Tomorrow
Sun rising
So blinding
The sorrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Another Date

Dinner plate
With sad date
Espresso
To now go
How 'bout gumbo
In today's show
Forget yesterday
And love all today

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Just Another Date

Dinner plate
With sad date
Espresso
To now go
How 'bout gumbo
In today's show
Forget yesterday
And love all today

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Not Yet Insane

I will scream
My head off
'til my throat
Is so parched
And my lungs
Search for breath
When I stop
I will bash
Soft pillow
'til feathers
All fall out
When I stop
I will kiss
My lucky
Rabbit foot
And thank God
I'm not yet
That insane

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Darwin's Whorehouse

Tarzan
King of
Jungle
Descendant
Of Apeman
Talks to apes
Like human
Jane his mate
So sedate
Loving touch
Hypnotized
Animals
Darwin's
Whorehouse

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Leap Into Faith

I will take that
Leap into faith
Purge possessions
To cleanse my soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Therapeutic Dish Washing

Filthy cup
Just soaking
Detergent
Sprayed throughout
Saucer now
Deep dish dirt
Floating forth
Dishing dirth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Welterweight

No matter
How desperate
Life's a featherweight
You're a welterweight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dracula's Missed Curfew

I cross the lone street
So damn late tonight
Blinded by starkness
Of the moon above

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Optimism

And when the darkness
Is forever gone
And the light shines
On tomorrow
And we forget yesterday
Focus on only today
And the veil is now drawn

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Chicken Finger No Longer

How much for that chicken finger
That caused you to be a winner
In this royally crazy diner
Where you're stopping you getting better

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

One Word

One just word
Unspoken
Not just heard

One damn word
Remembered

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Open Your Damn Eyes

You broke him in
As president
Of your people
One and only

You chose a racist
Politics for kicks
Bulky and pussy
Wacky and tardy

You were so damn crazy
In your insanity
You so much jeopardized
The world's security

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Without Feeling

Don't know why
Can't now cry
Don't know how
Where's the wow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Phuck It

Drink your beer
Without cheer
Kiss this crazy night
Out of your soul's sight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Monster In Disguise

Wolf howling in full moon
Whispered cries to blind sheep
Wolf in sheep's clothing
Sheep shedding monster

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Indigenous

To not need
Not knowing
Why they live

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Alcoholism

We adult
So children
Barred
Freedom
Nursed
With milk
Such booze
Too snooze
And lose

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Apathetic

We are timid mice
In rat-infested
Soul territory

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Politica

We the intelligensa
In realm of ignorama
Way too far politica

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No Fresh Underwear

Got no fresh underwear
For what soul has to bear

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lime

Lime
Is
Sap
'cause
It's
Fruit

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Catharsis - Inspired By Undressing Poems By Robert Murray Smith

We bare
Our
Pure souls
Through such
Poetry
Though sometimes
Quite painful
Cathartic

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Within - Inspired By Where Lies True Bliss By Valsa George

Father
Asked Son
Where lies
True bliss
Holy Spirit
Answered Father
And where lies
Holy Spirit
Within My Son
True bliss within

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sock It To Them Trudeau

Wow how 'bout them sexy socks
Wonder what he'll wear tomorrow
Maybe Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse
Or maybe Goofy and Daffy Duck

That Tasmanian Devil loves
Popeye and Olive and Bluto
Putin and Donald and Castro
Batman Superman and Robin

Justin The Road Runner
Gunner for Bugs Bunny
Masked Crusader for Zero
Like there is no tomorrow

So, Mister Prime Minister
Meditating on your socks
Sock it to the perpetrators
Of hate prejudice and sick greed

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Bloody Charter Of Rights

We don't have
All that time
Nor money
Resources

Indigenous
Our people
Same flesh and blood
Our lifeline

We can't afford
To give them more
Food for their soul
Water for life

Our home and
Their native land
Stolen by Greed
Robbed of sole life

PoemHunter.com

Indigenous
Our people
Same flesh and blood
Our lifeline

The Charter of Rights
Our guarantee
Multimillions gift
To Omar Khadr

We don't have the money
For their intervention
End the women killings
Prevent the suicides

Indigenous
Our people
Same flesh and blood
Our lifeline

Richard Wlodarski

Stop Crying Start Playing

Baby crying late at night
Hungry maybe takes the bite
Mother's tortured soul
Lost in final goal

Baby pacified goes to sleep
Father disturbed what a creep
Alcohol stupor induces rage
Mother's innocence is in his range

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cheers Canada 150 +

Let us all join hands
In celebration
Confederation

Let us all remember
Those who settled the land
Now slaves for worthy cause

Let us all remember
Children's lost innocence
Stolen by arrogance

Let us all remember
Whiteness forced upon them
Identity stolen

Let us all remember
Blacks working for White Man
In name of slavery

PoemHunter.com

Let us all remember
All of the bigotry
In the land of the free

Let us all remember
Sweat shops child labour
And democracy

Let us all remember
More than just Black Lives Matter
That indeed All Lives Matter

Let us all remember
The paved streets of liberty
Not dying of poverty

Let the circle be broken
Let us all form a new land
Indeed Paradise On Earth

Richard Wlodarski

I'm Good At Feeling The Blues

I'm good at waking up
Feeling the morning blues
Sleeping in so damn late
Until morning is gone

I'm good at dragging my ass
All through Tuesday afternoon
Can't remember Monday night
Memory's a little light

I'm good at wasting Wednesday
Half busted at working man's blues
Slouched on that damn couch
Waiting for that touch

I'm good at feeling the blues
Loneliness of life touched by hues
My colour blindness now sighting me
To God's oneness of humanity

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

The President Is Dead

I had a dream
In which you and me
Kissed the president
A final good-bye

We were holding hands
Walking on the beach
Sand in our toes
Kissing the still wind

He was experiencing
Such atrocious nightmares
Full moon beckoning
To werewolves within

We christened the moon
He woke soaked in blood
Cuba lay on the horizon
Satan's damned hell welcomed him home

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Whatever Gets You Through The Day

Whatever gets you
Through the dark morning
Coffee's perked caffeine
Nature's stimulant

Whatever gets you
Through the morning blues
The sun's vitamin D
Or just your first Earl Grey tea

Whatever get you
Through the damn bright rays
Procrastination ways
The journalistic woes

Whatever gets you
Through death-defying
Damn stark naked depression
Kiss it and love it to death

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

How 'bout I Die Tonight

How 'bout I die tonight
Just to see how you felt
About good old darn me

Do you feel
I passed the grade
At least C grade

Did I see
The sunshine
In darkness

Did I hear
The sound music
In my deafness

Did I taste
Life's grandness
In distress

Did I touch
Life's beauty
Painted it

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

You Gotta Have Faith

You gotta wake up
With so much damn spunk
You gotta wash out your eyes
And ditch yesterday's cries

You gotta have so damn life
Stiff The Grim Reaper to end
You gotta towel
The screamin' crawl

You gotta die
Until you live
Dust the maggots
Screw the harlots

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cry No More

I will cry no more
When light pervades dark
And the loneliness
Of the so cold night
Warms its way to my soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Wake No More

Wake me up
From nightmare
Reality
Should I fall asleep
And when eyes frozen
I will wake no more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Absence - Inspired By Remains By Gordon Gilhuly

Such an absence
Of innocence
Such ugly
In beauty
Such horrendous cries
In the devil's lies
Such lack of poetry
In day's philosophy
Yet poetry
Is liberty

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Good - Bye Mirror - Inspired By Perfect Lie/You Are Loved The Way You Are By Unwritten Soul

Standing in front
Of the mirror
Seeing that someone
Long ago
Hugged him said bye
And cried no more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Wisdom - Inspired By A Few Words By Unwritten Soul

Silence is golden
And words now spoken
Even more golden

To be so hurt
By such harsh words
And grow stronger

To be praised
With kind words
Be humbler

To work
With words
Poet

To read
Profound
Shrewd words
Wisdom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Fantasizing

She cries in her tears
In lost tears of joy
Upon awakening
From reawakening

She's lost in loneliness
Touching her loveliness
Fantasizing of a time
So lost forevermore

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dictator

He speaks like a baby
So incoherently
He smiles like devil
So very damn evil

He sees only shadows
In shifty blows he throws
He hears only deafness
In his ridiculousness

Tasting arrogant power
As he cowers in tower
He smells blood of enemy
In those that he tries to free

Shaking hands with the devil
Blood-signed pact for such evil
He decimates his own people
Paranoid making him able

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Wasted Is What - Inspired By Be Kind By Charles Bukowski

Wasted is what
Couch potato
The text dodo
The procrastinator
Alcoholic writer
Would-be athlete
So incomplete

Wasted is what
Blind leading blind
So damn unkind
Greed-infested rats
Feeding off meek cats
The fool on the hill
Wishing for his fill

Wasted is what
All-seeing
So damn blind
All-knowing
So stupid
All-encompassing
So damn ignorant

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Misunderstood

Feel like
The raven
Misunderstood

The crow
In hood
Alien

The lion
Dark jungle
Such bungle

The leopard
Tomorrow
Spotted now

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Don't Stop To Edit

Start writing
And don't stop
Keep writing
And writing
And writing
'til you've had enough
And then keep writing
And writing so damn more
Until there's no more
And keep going and going
Because you got so much more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Black Lives Matter

Black Lives Matter
When not hijacked
By crazy cause
So jeopardized

Black Lives Matter
Too many dead
In Land of Dread
Whites so ahead

Black Lives Matter
When white hates black
And black hates white
All have lost sight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The End

This is the end
End of the day
End of the light
Darkness pervades

This is the end
End of my sight
End of my light
Darkness invades

This is the end
End of my hearing
End of my steering
Darkness persuades

This is the end
End of my taste
End of my waste
Darkness dissuades

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Fearless

I will sing
Song for you
When you're blue

I will see you
Through your blindness
When you're depressed

I will shout out
Through your deafness
When you're speechless

I will smell your fear
Through your darkest hour
When we are fearless

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Erotic Taste

Give me your eyes
So my blindness
Now sheds new light

Give me your ears
So my deafness
Now hears sound

Give me your nose
So my last smell
Senses new life

Give me your mouth
So my lost love
Tastes erotic

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Banks For The Memories - Inspired By The Improv Comedy Musical

Banks for security
There's no security
Banks in land of liberty
Now so under scrutiny

Banks' stolen property
Part of my misery
Banks' vaulted money
Gave to charity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

State Of Mind...Back Up

I will wake
So rejoiced
Forgetting
Yesterday

I will remember
So much of the good
And the not-so-good
And move so forward

I will see the light
And shun the darkness
And in rainbow colours
Paint my new tapestry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tears Of Joy

Damn tired
Of crying
Shedding tears
Now of just joy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Final Exit

In the end
When all is
Said and done
Cry no more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Victory

When we sing
We conquer

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Beyond The Veil

I riding
Corridor
Of darkness
To such light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Raging Optimism

Big cavernous
Such a black hole
Burned into brain

Demons fear
Paranoia
Forgotten now

Cowboys riding
Cross stellar sky
Freedom reborn

Marginal living
Dock of the bay pay
Appleton Estate

Plucked from uncertainty
Poverty rising to fame
The meek inherit the earth

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Be Angry

In anger
There's power
Community
Identity

Be angry
It's enough

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

I Love It When She Blushes

To see her face
Softly reddened
By compliment
And then just blush

To hear her voice
Softly deadened
By argument
And then just blush

To taste her kiss
Softly romantic
By sexuality
And then just blush

To touch her soul
Softly crying
By poetry
And then just blush

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Child - Inspired By Beautiful Boy By Sheryl Deane

In the innocence
Of the young child
Beauty is born
Paradise found

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Her Poetry - Inspired By What Makes Me, Me By Sandra Feldman

Honestly
Poetry
Is beauty
And your poetry
Makes us all so free

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Perfection

In non-action
Of the action
Find perfection

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Make All The Things...

Make all the things...
Awaken
With smile
Eyes so bright
Ears alert
Smell roses
Taste love
Touch success
Make all the things...

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Art Of Poetry

The poem writes the poem
Words effortlessly flowing
Mind silenced from noise
Heart stilled from feeling

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Politically Correct...Bullshit

We are of same blood
I see only red
Yet you see black
Kick me in back

We have human eyes
I see through your lies
And in your lost disguise
You seem to terrorize

We hear through state of now
Sabotaged by lies of yesterday
Politicians make us bow
I won't die 'til what I have to say

We smell history's blood
In cowardice of the soul
Think we've progressed...not!
'til we have lost our soul

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Persevere

When darkness pervades
Let lightness make waves

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Chameleon

White turns into black
Black turns into gray
Colours now blending
Into night and day

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Five Minutes To Armageddon

Five minutes
Nice and slow
Four...forego
Three...Trinity
Two...Me and You
One...God's Alive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Awaiting

My eyes blinding
Me to beauty
Today stolen

My ears deafening
Heavy sounds resounding
Nature's music now dying

My mouth tasting
The scorched earth's drought
Humanity

My nose smelling
Stench of evil
Armageddon

My arms embracing
All humanity
Garden of Eden

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Delightfully Tacky Yet Sophisticated

She gobbles her Big Mac
While I sit and just stare
Delights in Starbucks latte
And why should I even care

She's looking for beef at Wendy's
While dipping her chicken
At the gourmet Swiss Chalet
While I sit in dismay

Taco Bell she thinks
Incredibly swell
While eating Parisienne
What an awesome gal

She's delightfully tacky
Sophisticated yet wacky
She bore into my heart
Like the deepest well

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Love Lost

I will cry
Now that I've
Lost my you

I will wake
In tears
Of such pain

I will breathe
In love lost
And suffer

Until I find
Someone like you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Terrified

Woke up sleepy-eyed
So damn tired
From last night's blues
Nothing to lose

Spoke to morning sun
While on the run
Tears subsiding
From my life's killing

Woke up to howling moon
Werewolves biting me soon
Half-hearted human dying
Of all the terrorizing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Artistic Poet - Inspired By Fragrance By Govind Ramakrishnan

Intelligent mind
Vivid imagery
Artistry of poet

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Just Karma - Inspired By 9 May 2016 By Liza Sud

To judge
Be judged
Karma

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Facing The Grim Reaper

In the darkest hour
Holding my head so high
And with spark in my eyes
Look ahead and smile

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lessons Learned- Inspired By Nostalgia By M.J. Lemon

Delve into the past
Retrieve the memories
The good and less-than-good
Hold them to loving heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Unimpaired

To fight through
Such fear
Cruelty
And unimpaired

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mother Earth's Pain- Inspired By Yet It Returned By Akham Nilabirdhwaya Singh

As Mankind pollutes
Mother Earth cries now
Torrent of abuse

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

How Profound

In its simplicity
There is profundity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Greatness

There is such greatness
When we take time to care

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

On Becoming A Security Guard

Who is a security guard?
One who transcends gender
One who is neither young
Nor a little too old
One who is neither white nor black
Nor any other colour
One who is neither Christian nor Jew
Nor Muslim nor other religion

What is a security guard?
One who loves and watches over life
One who protects property
From damage and theft
And is smart enough
Not to chase the thief

Where is the security guard?
Perhaps in the shopping mall
Not shopping but window shopping
And watching your every move
Perhaps in a bank or two
Protecting your bucks from schmucks
Perhaps in the airport dreaming of being on that jet
But instead, safeguarding against acts of terrorism

When not to become a security guard?
When you're so young you run after the thief
When you're so old you can't enjoy the perks
When you're looking to get rich in a hurry
When you're caught up in the latest fashions
When you don't mind remaining so damn obese

Why become a security guard?
Because you're human and like working with beings
Because it's the wave of the future
Because it's essentially recession proof
Because it's safer than being a cop
Because you're sick and tired of hearing:
You're overqualified. You're underqualified.

You're too young. You're too old.
And because your body is rebel yelling
Against the free slightly expired chow from the food bank

Richard Wlodarski

Mucous Membrane

I am a mucous membrane
Caught in opus of cell drain

I am a mucous membrane
Trapped in a furious train

I am a mucous membrane
Fighting with ludicrous brain

I am a mucous membrane
Freeing the opus of my brain

I am a mucous membrane
Fast and furious in vain

I am a mucous membrane
A wondrous and free strain

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hate Civility - Inspired By Love Civility By M. J. Lemon

Hate civility
Putin The Donald
War And Never Peace

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hemingway Dream

I speak to
Hemingway
This cold night
Lucid dream
So lonely
And depressed
Makes me cry
Reenacted
Bullet to head
Communicated
Damned suffering death:

Repeated blows to my head
Couldn't handle road ahead

It all started in Italy
World War One so fuckin' ugly
Dead face of brother in arms
Another's legs blown off

PoemHunter.com

Years later in lovers' Paris
Lost my bearing accidentally
Pulled skylight cord way too hard
Had to piss so damn badly
Thought it was toilet flusher
At least Ezra got pound
Of my damn rotting flesh
My ass flying through skylight
Fuckin' World War One again

London calling
In Blitz blackout
Car accident
Blow to my head

Fishing for ideas
Damn hard on my poor head
Fishin' for the big fish

Crashing the damn plane
In East Africa
Such exotica

So many damn blows
To my such tough head
No more bull by the horns
My life's too many thorns

Woke up in cold sweat
Dying once again

Richard Wlodarski

Morality

She tore my
My damn sex
And restored
Morality

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Writer's Block

Wakened
By daylight
Print through night
Can't right write

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

My Love

And when you
Cry tonight
I hold you
With my might

Kiss the moonlight
Thankful for light
You by my side
Tears now dried

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Depressed

Just wanna die
This lonesome night
Live one day more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Full Moon

Die little too soon
Waiting for full moon

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Terrorists' False Credo

Now dying
For Heaven's
Lonesome sake

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Longing

Should I now die
This lonely night
Smile for you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cheerleader

Can I try
Out tonight
Another
Chance at life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Ugliness Of Beauty

Beauty's curse
Follows me
Until now
Then no more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reserve The Right

Reserve
The right
To see
The light
Speak mind
Hear
Your doubt
Touch heart
Feel
All Love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost Love

How you remind
Me of lost love
Time long ago
Now remembered
And forgotten

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Eternal Love

Give me
Whisper
A cry
I die

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Resurrected

Sometimes I
Sit so still
That I'm dead
Then awake

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Suicide

I'll cry now
That I'm dead
And I'll trust
You understand

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Divorced

And when you dream
When I can't scream
And life's no longer
For us together

I'll cry forever

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Faithful Love

I will sing
Just for you
And then die
For you and God

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

So Much Pain

I will cry
Until my
Tears have
Reservoir
And I will
Cry much more
I will shed
Such tears
Of such pain
That Jesus
Cries once more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Desertin'

I ain't desertin' you
Why you desertin' me

I ain't givin' up hope
Please don't give up on we

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dementia

Even if
I suffer
Dementia
Always we

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cry No More On Poem Hunter

I will try
So damn hard
To now stop crying
On Poem Hunter

I will aspire
When awakened
To not retire

I will stay alive
When I am most dead
Until you retread

I will damn it
Now resurrect
On Poem Hunter

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Beauties - Inspired By Beauty Eternal By M.J. Lemon

From this now moment
To eternity
Beauty gives life freely
And in death is reborn

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Procrastinate No More

To dream as if
No tomorrow
To actualize
This today

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Jews And Palestinians

Searching for Jews
Who give a damn
Not just for clan
For every man

You and I in the news
Due to differing views
Let's God's love unite
Our faiths tonight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ode To Terrorists

Blow me away
To end of time
And I will come
Back to haunt you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Making Out

How 'bout
Lights out
The moonlight
Shining bright
Cold wintery bite
Hot August night

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Potent Mind - Inspired By Reaching For The Sky By Robert Murray Smith

In our lucid dreams
The sky is infinite
In our potent Mind
The goals are limitless

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dark Night Of The Soul

Confessin' the blues
In basement hues
Night is still young
Forever long
Cockroach heaven
Devil's playground
Playing havoc
With fragile
Mind of sorts
Dark night of soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Science Not Silence

Einstein shaking
Hands with One God
Trump shaking
Hands with Hell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poetry

Words to inspire
Best in you and me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Without God

Without God
There's nothing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Happy Procrastination

Let's not be lazy
'bout being happy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Last Overtime

Last overtime
In a time
Lost long ago
When heroes
Were cherished
And underdogs
Had lost all faith

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God's Gift

Soon you will see
Her angel eyes
God's reflection
Of His pure love

Soon she will smile
For awhile
And say Mama
And then Papa

Soon she will learn to walk
And talk and then more talk
Smile laugh and play
All through the bright day

Soon she will learn to run
And have more and more fun
She will laugh when playing
And cry when she's hurting

Soon she'll be all grown up
Like her mama and papa
And you'll look into her angel eyes
And thank God for His beautiful gift to you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Bully

To block
On block
And buck
You schmuck

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God And Just You

Soon you will
See God's face
Reflection
Of just you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Armageddon...So Damn Close

Heaven's
Angels
Crying
Now that
Mortals
Dying

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Confused

I'll cry
When happy
I'll laugh
When I'm sad
Just to
Confuse
The hell
Out of
Me and you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Unsurpassed

How can I
Possibly
See beyond
You and me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sinner

She tore off such
My damn ear
Because I wouldn't
Hear religion

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Eyes Transplanted

If I were
To now give
My old eyes
For new sight
Would you be
Blinded by
Your new light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lover's Can't And Can

Can't give you the sun
Because it's too hot
And my wings will melt

Can't give you the moon
Because it's too cold
I'll get frostbite

Can give you
Warmth of sun
On bleak day

Can give you
Lover's moon
On raw night

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Woman's Meditation - Inspired By A Scrap Of Time By Susan Williams

To meditate
On scrap of time
Without worries
Of womanhood
Misunderstood
Breath of fresh air

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ace Of Hearts - Inspired By The Good Fight By Sandra Feldman

We are good
Our hearts
Mind's evil
Slays no more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ode To The President

They are...
Blacksmiths wordsmiths hypnotists
Mayors senators dictators
Terrorists humorists hypocrites
Lovers haters sinners

They are our flesh and blood
Humanity in the flood
We flush them out with our blood
Thinking that they are mere crud

We lie cry and try
Only to say bye
We've killed our own brethren
We were once all God's children

They wage what they call a holy war
And we've seen one too many before
So we'll kill those sons of bitches
Just the same way we burned those witches

We all call ourselves God's children
But we can't live with our brethren
So we'll die alone and go to Hell or Heaven
And if we are fortunate we shall see His children

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Blind Elvis Meeting The All-Seeing Jeff Healey

Seeing King Elvis
Sombre Queen Janis
Sitting by his side
Contemplating
The fate of music
Huddling in the lonely corner
Of a dingy bar
Filled with god-awful stench
Of urine from soulless souls
Elvis closing his sad eyes
Pretending to be blind
(And we thinking we don't have anything to hide)
We're the ones that are blind
Feeding our souls with booze and pot
Thinking that we're still young and alive
Elvis listening attentively
To the true genius of Jeff Healey
Grossman's once again playing host
To the dark side of creativity
Jeff seeing into the window to Elvis' soul
And Elvis feeling Jeff's desolate road to pain
Elvis' enigmatic grin surfacing
As Jeff's orchestrating the blues
And Jeff's sight returning for one split second
As the king of rock and roll is reborn
The spell is broken as the king
Points with his head to the barren door
Even Jeff is paralyzed
Robbie Robertson is escorting Dylan
With the sweet smell of pot blowing in the wind
Dylan heading for the king's seat
Robbie fixing his eyes on Healey
Elvis vanishing and Jeff crying
Robbie mesmerizing
Dylan immortalizing
Crying and laughing and dying
Simultaneously
Knowing that our time had come
Oh God, we were on the wavelength

PoemHunter.com

Of ecstasy
Knocking on heaven's door
Waiting for reality
Crying and laughing and dying simultaneously
Wishing and hoping...screaming to be set free

It's just a dream...going on endlessly
Legends...dead and alive...playing ceaselessly

Richard Wlodarski

Benediction

For the masses...
Love
For your very being
Kindness and mentoring
For opening your hearts
To a once troubled soul
For opening your minds
To possibility

Days and nights...
For giving me eyes of opportunity
When I had traversed darkest of tunnels
And saw white light guiding me to your essence

Life...
For taking time to look into my soul
Cleansing and healing...spiritual growth
Empowering flow with humanity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Unanswered Inspired By Cliche By The Crow

Mourning
Of death
Of love
Beginning
Of the end

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Twilight Years Inspired By When We Were Immortal By Frank Davis, Sr.

In golden years
Tears of such joy
Glory days of old
Inspire such youth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Laughter To Your Disaster

Can I rattle your bones
When you're out of tones
Can I put a smatter
On your profound matter
Can I make you smile
When on your last mile
Can I bring laughter
To your disaster

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Closed Doors...Opened Windows

You're so darn classy
And I'm damn sassy
Opposites attract
Such a harsh true fact

Like colour of your eyes
Despise my homemade lies
Love your solid honesty
Can't stand my dishonesty

Can't stand it no more
I'm the lying whore
You were the dark door
Nailing me to the core

Wailing now that you're dead
Can't get you out of my head

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cohen's Ghost

Came back as Cohen
Not of words spoken
Lost in translation

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Wake Up Humanity

A tear
From Heaven
Crying now
Humanity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For Emmylou Harris

Embracing serenity
With her musicality
Angels crying joyfully
For her longevity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Putin Vs Donald Duck

Putin's nightmare
Donald, Duck's dream

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Optimistic Love

Lost power
With such love
Much greater strength
In future love

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Twin Evils - Inspired By Inside Job, Twin Towers By The Crow

And all because of
CIA terror
Later president
Then son president
The U.S. of A.
Dissident
To descent

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Without- Make-Up

She has a shiny nose
Even without make-up
She is more beautiful

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Contemplating Poem - Inspired By Viewing Silence By Sandra Feldman

In silence
Meditate
On this write

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Writer's Block - Inspired By In Vain By Valsa George

Addicted to words
Staring at blank page
Mind in a frenzy
Words don't come easy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For Leonard Cohen

He'd dead
But alive
In our
Today's dreams

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Food For Sale

She cries
He dies
They're dead
Food for sale

She wakes frozen
Food for lost thought
He's stolen night
They are so dead
In the midnight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Insanity

To dream
Escape
Insanity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Apathy

We cry for
Yesterday
And die for
Tomorrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Regret

Dreadful tears
Of such owed pain
Resonating
In mind's playground

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Money

How intense
Before cents
Makes any sense

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poor Soul

She cries
Herself
To sleep
This night
Every night
Hungry
To the bone
No money
No such food
She has sold
Her body
To filthy
Rich bastards
Who've stolen
Her damn food

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God's Assassin

Heaven's friend
So hell bent

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

1 With A Bullet

She's saucy sweet and spicy
He's so gentlemanly
She loves talking and dancing
He leaves listening to talking
She has gift of gab
He's keeping a tab
She tries to shoot pool
He's the king of pool
She's from the old school
He's the old new cool
She bathes him by candlelight
Of course, he's her shining knight
She pleases him with provocative poses
He surprises her with beautiful roses

She's the princess
He's the daddy
They are doubtless
Not too shabby

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

One Night Stand

Lost sight
Of Christ
Tonight
Devil
Played hell
Too well

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Real You

Inner beauty
Hiding shyly
Waiting patiently
Triumphantly

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Name Hunting - Inspired By Searching For A Name By Bharati Nayak

In search
Of name
Discovered
Alphabet
Tossed it
Found name

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For Bharati Nayak

Speak not from
Intellect
But rather
From the heart

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Edgar Allan Poe

In cold of night
In basement home
Sits his darker side
Waiting for the light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

No More Cat's Lives

Speak I to you
And you to me
Honestly
Blatantly
Death escaped
You this once
Fire waits
In damned hell

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life Is A Fantasy

Awakened
Reflected
In mirror
Elvis Presley
Rock and roll love
Imprisoned
Misery

Wakening
Stretching mind
And body
Blake Awake
Fired Soul
Tortured

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Married To Bukowski

Didn't love his body
Married to his damned soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Haiku For Today

So much apathy
From brooding all the time
Mind can work miracles

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Failed Attempt...Successful Reboot

Can I speak to you on this lonesome night
Before cold darkness robs you of your sight
Maybe just a word or two
Before you turn so damn blue

Can we just talk
Before lost walk
Joke a little bit
Before your last fit

Can I share in your pain
Before it starts to rain
Just start talking to me
And help me to now see

Can you please communicate
About your mind's tragic state
Empathize with my sound friendship
Steer you away from this trip

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

God Crying No More - Inspired By The Shack

I will collect
Tears of pain
Endured from life
Of such damn strife

I will store
Your life's bore
Let you cry no more
'til you see to the core

Amassing such lonely
Tears of memory
Lessening misery
Brightening history

I will collect
Tears of love
And wondrous joy
'til God cries no more

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Incoherent But Polite

Thoughtless words
Spoken once
Way too long
From loneliness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Party Hearty

Party Hearty Baby

Oh Lordy Lordy Lordy on St. Patrick's Day
If you don't have all that very much to say
Take your friends out for some green beer
And all that ready made cheer

Oh Lordy Lordy Lordy on St. Patrick's Day
Make it that special day to celebrate and play
Let live and relive memories of yesteryear
As you're drinking pint after pint of Guinness beer

Oh Lordy Lordy Lordy on St. Patrick's Day
Time-out on this wonderful day for lots of play
With special friends you find so dear
Drinking more and more Guinness beer

Oh Lordy Lordy Lordy on St. Patrick's Day
Listening to Danny Boy and Frank's My Way
Dancing the night away to Wasn't That A Party
And singing the rollicking tunes of Great Big Sea

Oh Lordy Lordy Lordy on St. Patrick's Day
Finding them beautiful lassies with whom to sway
Ordering round after round of Jameson whiskey
Searching for those with whom you wanna be frisky

Oh Lordy Lordy Lordy on St. Patrick's Day
Thinking about St. Patrick and what he might say:
Life is full of struggles and come what may
All work and no play will not make your day

Oh Lordy Lordy Lordy on St. Patrick's Day
When The Saints Go Marching In what will they have to say:
New Orleans' Mardi Gras is always so much fun
And Brazil's Carnival...more hot fun in the sun

Oh Lordy Lordy Lordy on St. Patrick's Day
Here's what us poets and musicians have to say:

We're here for a fun time in this very short life span
So kick off your boots and party hearty before you kick the can

Chorus:
Oh Lordy Lordy Lordy on St. Patrick's Day
Drinking laughing and dancing the night away
Guzzling Guinness and downing Jameson whisky
Chasing beautiful lassies and being frisky

Richard Wlodarski St. Patrick's Day 2015

Richard Wlodarski

Soul's Journey -Part I

Another door
Opening
To window
Of future
At first
Darkness
Blinding
Sight shocked
Fear
Rising
Threatening
Paralyzing
Demons fighting
For victory
In mortal hell
Abyss waiting

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Navruz

Spit out
Negative
Energy
Be consumed
By fire
Liberate
The pure soul
Sent to Heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Winter Storm

Body so cold
Mind so frozen

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Let Me Be Your Banana

Let me be
Your banana
Not Chihuahua
Hooha ha ha

Let me be
Your banana
Not blah blah blah
Hooha hoo-hah

I'll be your banana
And my hot Chihuahua
Will never make you feel
Blah blah blah ha ha ha ha

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Madness- Inspired By Her Words By Vasto Grom

In the dark recesses
Of the powerful mind
Shines a light
Ever so faint

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Written In Blood

I will write
When I awaken
To morning sky
Obscured by clouds
Sombre mood
In harsh toll

I will breathe
The crisp air
And frozen
In such thought
I will cry
In despair

I will reawaken
To a bright morning
Invigorated
Now journeyed
Moving forward
Yesterday lost

My tears dried
On the blanket
Of lonely sky
Crying with joy
From within soul
I write in blood

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Dying

When I'm forever blind
And sunlight is unkind
Can't see black from white
Lost my precious sight

When forever lost and sold
And body cannot be told
And I'm growing so damn old
Don't let me die so damn cold

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Turmoil

I taste the freshness
Of your wastefulness
And I'm imprisoned
In your turmoil

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Smile Meeting Laughter

Smile met
Laughter
Became
Contagious

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Satan Rising

Angels are watching
On behalf of God
And they are crying

Evil penetrating
Devil worshipping
Earth's destruction

God's silence
Deafening
Satan rising

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Bureaucracy

They think only in straight lines
Of organized stupidity
Sitting like birds on the wire
Observing the absurdity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

God Blushing

Out of the depths
Of hellish hate
Triumphs such love
That makes God blush

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hey Couch Potato...It's Time For A Xyst

To meditate on Nature
While taking that walk
On the garden walk
Planted with trees
Visualize
God's children
Doing same

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For Daniel Brick - Inspired By Four Taoist Poems By Daniel Brick

To be in the moment
To let go of thought
Yet allow the flow
Of harmonious words
Pure magic
Of the soul
A gift to Being

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Black Widow - Inspired By Coverup Or Cover-Up By M.J. Lemon

Elegant black widow
Designer coverup
To cover-up
Poverty's past

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Second Mom

Should I call you Godmother or auntie
I think neither 'cause you're like mom
All these years like second mom to me
Through thick and thin there for me
Sometimes physically holding my hand
Many more times spiritually guiding me
Reflecting on the happy and sad times
Nothing but fond memories of you
Remember when you were watching me learn
To tie my shoes for the very first time
I remember your great lesson in love
Mommy and daddy were so very angry
And I I I I was so so very scared
You gently held my shivering hand
And you smiled so wonderfully
I'll never forget your magical words:

Some children are very special
And learn more creatively

PoemHunter.com

And then you showed me magic
I learned the very first time
You were so very proud of me
And gave me hug size of bear
I was so very proud of you
Gave you smile bigger than yours
I don't remember mommy and daddy smiling
But the Polaroid captured their expressions
And gave us all many moments of pure joy

Richard Wlodarski

Onward - Inspired By The Way Forward By Robert Murray Smith

I closed my eyes
Only darkness
Cold pitch dark
Lonely sky
No moon
No stars
No light
Saddened eyes
Teardrop
Mind wakens
Starry night
Full moon rising
Brotherly wolves
Nature howling
Peaceful dreaming

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tomorrow Is Only Yesterday

What I now say today
I will think tomorrow
Reflect on yesterday
And create tomorrow

What I see today
I will envision
Resurrect yesterday
And create tomorrow

What I hear today
Positively project
Deftly restore from then
And create tomorrow

What I touch today
Sensed for tomorrow
Retouched from yesterday
And create tomorrow

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Sightless

How sad when
Touch of blindness
Has lost all sight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Vaya Con Dios

Let's now think
About lost blacks
Instead of whites
And Trump his rump

Let's now think
Of displaced Mexicanos
In land of Americanos
And Trump his mighty rump

Let's now stop and think
Of the Mexicanos
And Americanos
And Vaya con Dios

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sanctuary City

They came from all over
Mothers and fathers
Brothers and sisters
Brothers in arms

They are not
Of one colour
Nor of one race
Nor of one creed

But I ask you
Do they drink
Same water
Shed same blood

Are they any less
Human than you or I
Do they not cry
When soul is hurt

PoemHunter.com

We welcome you fellow beings
To this Sanctuary City
Haven for displaced souls
Forever remain blessed

Richard Wlodarski

Deep Weep

A thousand tears deep
In such times when I weep
In times of mortal sweep

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Burroughs' Time

Poisoned by the black river
Of a tumultuous past
Swimming upstream in downstream
Butterflying into his time

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For Rebecca Navarre

From out of the darkness
Prevails wondrous light
In which there is true love
And out of that love
There dwells true poet
That poet is you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For Chinedu Dike

Long live the warrior poet
Who wrote about oppression
Of his beautiful people
And liberation of Rainbow Nation

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Rediscovering The Child

Sitting at the end of a long dark corridor
A child paralyzed with fear cries
Yet another child from a broken family
A victim of physical and sexual abuse
Helpless unable to move or to speak
Programmed for self-destruction and alienation
Memory tape reads: Good-for-nothing
Now and forever
Child aging in prolonged negativity
No feeling no emotion no love
Starving for love and attention

The childish adult lashes out in anger
Life behind prison walls is bleak
But in cold darkness there is always light
This new adult now looks inward for guidance
And to his amazement finds there a wonderful person
A childlike adult who is capable of love and being loved
A childlike adult who has found a new spirituality
A little adult with a child's sense of wonder and curiosity
Open and receptive to new ideas and thoughts
Capable of truly experiencing his feelings
And in so doing moving further ahead
The child in this new adult nourishes him
He feeds him positive thoughts and feelings
He gives him new insights every single day
The child being innocent and free of constricting thoughts
Opens up a new world to the adult
He enables the adult to shed himself of his shackles
And to regain his much deserved freedom

Memory tape now reads:
Live-laugh-love

Richard Wlodarski

In Spirit

I have not left you, my dear son
I am still with you in spirit
My soul has left this physical existence
To be reunited with your mother's soul

I will always be with you in spirit, my dear son

When the sun rises announcing the birth of a new day
You will hear me in songs of birds and laughter of children
And feel my presence as you look in wonder at the glorious sunrise
And watch as a rose blossoms and colors of butterflies inspire

I will always be with you in spirit, my dear son

You will feel my presence as you bathe in the sun's warmth
And see every ray of brilliance as a road to success
You will absorb my presence when the colors of the sun set and rest
And make room for the moon and stars giving birth to a radiant night

PoemHunter.com

I will always be with you, my dear son

As I watch from up above surrounded with divine guidance
I shall hold your hand to guide you with your trials and tribulations
I shall touch your heart to share in your joy and cry in your pain
And I will touch your soul to assist with your soul's mission

Richard Wlodarski

Growing Old Into Youth

Way too damn old
When they were young
Booze was taboo
And pot for devil

Sinful Mary Jane
Trying to kiss me
LSD freeing misery
Way too scary for innocent me

I cried
And shit
My pants
When Devil
Won the war

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

How Precious

How precious the bed bug
That sucks the universal blood
O-Negative for their positive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Family Day

Phoning my family today
Simply to say: I Love You
Three little words
Packing a wallop

To mom and dad
Phone call to Heaven
They're smiling down at me
Guiding me as always

They're describing Heaven's beauty
Eyes swelling with tears of joy
Softly shouting: We Love You
And whispering: God Loves You

Words spoken from the heart
All around full circle
Breathing in love and peace
Breathing out left sadness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Trees

Trees are beautiful
Trees are huggable
Trees save our lives

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

If Not For...

If not for my eyes
Would I see only light
Would I wake to sunlight
And thank God for night

If not for my ears
Would I hear only music
Would I wake up not so sick
And thank God for the kick

If not for my nose
Would I smell only rose
Would I wake up to prose
And thank God that I arose

If not for my mouth
Would I taste only sweetness
Would I wake to loveliness
Thank God for creativeness

PoemHunter.com

If not for my hands
Would I touch only love
Would I wake to The Dove
Thank God for The Above

If not for my life
Would I breathe only peace
Would I wake for war to cease

Richard Wlodarski

Men To The Left Women To The Right

Men to the left
We are so deft
Women to the right
They are so damn bright

Men to the left
Are we bereft
Women to the right
Don't give up the fight

Men to the left
We're in their debt
Women to the right
They've got deadly bite

Men to the left
We've got some heft
Women to the right
Reaching quite a height

Men to the left
Left for men
Women to the right
Right for women

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Greatest

Most glorious noise heard in silence
The Greatest embracing death with dignity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Aging Mind

As I grow old and frail
Let my mind be forever young
As I try not to trip and fall
Let my young mind leap in bounds

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Miracle Granted

If not for the grace of God
Would I be here this lonesome day
Having received His sole nod

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life And Death

Life awakening in bliss of morning
Death resurrecting to the mourning

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love's Abuse

Love's another word for nothing left to lose
Nothing left from the struggling and the abuse

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Higher Self

Stop
Eyes closing
Presence

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Grand Flight

With outstretched wings
You're the eagle
Touching heaven
Wakening Bukowski
To watch you in grand flight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Winter's Sun

To feel the warmth
Of the soothing sun
On a winter's day

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

All The Money In The World Can't Buy A Heart Of Gold

She wears a diamond ring
But has no husband
Lovers aplenty
No commitment

Chauffeured in a Rolls Royce
But a jack ass of choice
She eats up her friends
And spits out happiness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

So Very Lonely

If only...so very lonely... to see
What my stone cold blind eyes cannot see
If only...so very lonely...just a sunrise
What this forsaken human being will never see

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Die Laughing

A few seconds of smiling
From a minute of frowning
A few seconds of giggling
From a minute of grinning
A few moments of chuckling
From a minute of snickering
A few minutes of laughing
From an hour of screaming
A few hours of living
From an hour of exploding

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

True Poet

Is there a better poet
Than such a bitter poet
Who screams in agony
Of the world's misery

Is there a better poet
Than a furious poet
Who lets loose the reins
Of such sanity

Is there a better poet
Who's lost touch of reality
In this world of insanity
Making us go damn crazy

Is there a better poet
In the land of make believe
That makes us see
We're not crazy

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Socan

So can I now have my money
Now that you have my property

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For Howard Simon

From a simple word
To a profound poem
To a master wordsmith

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Senseless

Let me sing
You this song
Although I'm
So tone deaf

Let me say
These kind words
Although I'm
Now speechless

Let me teach
You this game
Although I'm
Without play

Let me learn
From you friend
That one song
Those kind words

PoemHunter.com

And let us play
This wondrous game
Beautiful life

Richard Wlodarski

Muted Words Roaring

Next when I speak
I will speak of you and me
How we can end poverty

Next when I speak
I will speak of you and me
How we can end starvation

Next when I speak
I will speak of you and me
How we can end stupidity

Next when I speak
I will speak of you and me
How we can end misery

Next when I speak
I will speak of you and me
How we can end tyranny

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Courage

How in this
Lost moment
Found courage
Overcame
Tears
From Heaven

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Funny Bone

Cast out the pain and suffering
Second City in offering

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Is There Dancing In Heaven

Is there dancing
In Heaven Tonight
Watch out My Sweet Lord
The free spirited
Purple Butterfly
Has just arrived
She's the Dancing Queen
Caribbean Queen
And yes she will
Dance up a storm

No Stairway To Heaven
For the Free Bird Karen
The jet propelled
Elevator
To Rock and Roll Heaven

Only Heaven Knows
Of jukebox in heaven
Where Karen's Knocking On Heaven's Door
Break [ing] On Through To The Other Side

She's Beyond The Sea
With Mack The Knife
The Man In Black
The King and Cash

They're Reeling and Rocking
Dancing The Night Away
To Rock and Roll Music
And Tin Pan Alley

The girl with eyes
Like pizza pies
Is totally chatting it up
With the girl with kaleidoscope eyes

Jesus Is Just Alright
When Karen sends Him

PoemHunter.com

The Elvis sneer
The Pelvis just laughs

Heaven's On Fire tonight
Karen's in Disco Heaven
Rockin' On Heaven's Floor
With her Blue Suede Shoes

In her Little Piece of Heaven
Somewhere on the Edge of Heaven
For the Greater Good of God
Karen shouts: Clean Your Ears Out!

Richard Wlodarski

Nothing's Guaranteed No More

Nothing's
Guaranteed
No more
Not even
From your
Best store
That's about
To go bankrupt
Bottoms up
Shoot em down
Nothing's
Guaranteed
No more
Not even
The butter
That you
Relish
That is now
That crappy
Margarine
Eating away
At your stomach's
Dismal chagrin
Not even
Wonder Bread
Rotting away
Wonder Woman's
Soulful baby
Sending Superman
To depths of despair
Not even
Toothpaste
Creating
Cavities
Rotting teeth
Now toothless
Nothing's
Guaranteed
No more

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Not even
The presidency
Big bad
Woolly
Bully
God-fearing
Bigotry
In country
Of Crazy

Richard Wlodarski

Aspire

I will strive
To see beauty
In you and me

I will try
To see light
In darkness

I will aspire
To your desire
And make you wonder

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Astral Travel

Moving
From one
Environ
To another
Sometimes
In the blink
Of an eye
Sometimes
What seems tirelessly
Like an eternity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Love Starved

I shall now strive
To be darling
Of the love starved
And cry no more

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Salvation

He died and I was reborn
Into this life of scorn
He was a dear and true friend
And now he's gone with the wind
He showered me with friendship
And now like a battleship
Lost in the cold and troubled sea
No longer here to guide me

Good-bye my one friend
You've been a true friend
Thanks for the memory
Of setting me so free
Thanks for your patience
And for your essence

Thank you Dear Lord
For sending Your Son
To take good
Care of me

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Bye

Daddy now that you're gone forever
I'm just now starting to cry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

To Be

If only...
I were...

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Feast Or Famine

Feast or famine
You leave them
Acquire them
Or you meet them

Feast or famine
Here we go again
All over again
Into too much pain

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soul Searching

I saw the face of pain
Swallowed hard but I cried
For the dying of yesterday
For the blessing of today's pain

I saw what was once joy
And is now pain of tomorrow
And once again I cried
And this time I died

I loved you once
And once again
And now I see love in this pain

You were there when I wasn't
And I was found in the lost and found
And we finally found each other

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Happy Big Child - Inspired By Big Children By Sandra Feldman

Happy is
Big child
Who sees
The light
Beyond
Black clouds
And...
Smiles

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Hog Heaven

To be of
Sound mind
Healthy
Strong in
Body
Is all
The wealth
I need

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Communication

Let us speak
To the heart
Not intellect
To shed
Tears
Of pain
And joy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Colour Night

Night time
Moon glow
Wolves howl
Nightmares
Stars shine
Sun sleeps
Devils
Lurking
Angels
Searching

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Thoughts From Somewhere

Thoughts appear
To float
From outer
Space
There is
No explanation
And yet
It keeps on
Haunting me
The thoughts
They now take
An audible form
To try
To communicate
It is
Of no avail
Visuals are needed
And yet
They do not occur
Time stops
Thoughts cease
And the haunting
Memory persists

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

There Is Still Hope

Dead is he who has lived
A wasted life
With memories of a dark past
And visions of a black future
But there is still hope
For the man who believes
In himself

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Laughing Through Sadness

She touched our souls
In so many ways
She laughed through sadness
Made us cry with joy

Karen on our mind
Making all of us find
One good thing about ourselves
In such darkening sadness

Crazy how she touched
Pieces of our hearts
Made us laugh made us cry
And puzzled our lives

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

What A Choice

What if...
One year
To now live
To awake
Dying
Or
Living
To cry
Desperately
Forsaking
Reality
And in making
Dying
Prematurely
Or
Living
To rejoice
Triumphantly
Embracing
All that is human
And die
In peace
With grace

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Life Is Beautiful

Life is beautiful
And then we die

In such moments
When I'm alive
I wake to see
Birth of new day
I breathe in
Rays of sun
Enlivened
I smell roses
Garnered in garden
Enamored
I hear nightingale
In song lost and found
Enthralled
I taste essence of life
Smothered in magnificence
Ecstatic
I touch Angel's touch
Soothed by heaven's warmth
Elated

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Glorified Life

You just don't
Understand
How beautiful
You truly are
How your waking
And now breathing
Life into life
Glorifies Life

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Language

Let us speak words
We understand

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Drowning Out The Rain

Listening to the sound of the morning rain
Trying hard to drown out the downtown train
The scathing rhythm keeps trouncing the unsound brain
Peculiar to me in this unfound terrain

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Genius In You And Me `

How I've missed out
On this opportunity
To write 'bout profundity
Of genius in you and me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Misery Loves Company

Tasting so
Tastefully
Delightedly
In misery

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Blissful Sleep

She wakes sleepy eyed
In mid morning bliss
Eyes filled with tears
Joy reawakening

Sleeping by the warmth
Of her tender side
Dreaming of a time long ago
Romeo kissing Juliet

Laying so peacefully
Watching me restfully
She stirs ever so slightly
Wakens me so blissfully

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sorry

I am just

And good

But I may

Have harmed you

In some way

For this I'm

So sorry

In my heart

Meant no harm

Yet harm I've done

PoemHunter.com

And now you're gone
Will I see you

Ever again

Richard Wlodarski

In A Rock Glass No Chaser

Pour me a glass of cheer

My bartender my dear

For tonight I'm full of fear

Pour me a shot of whiskey

My darling my missy

Making life less risky

Pour me a shot of rum

So I'm not such a bum

In what feels like a slum

Pour me a shot of Grey Goose Vodka

And Sambuca so we can salsa

And get out of town in a Jetta

Pour me no chaser

Makes me less racier

Letting go of fear

PoemHunter.com

Pour me no whiskey

Especially

In my misery

Pour me no rum

When I feel glum

And life's so dumb

Pour me no booze

So I don't lose

When I snooze

Richard Wlodarski

Imprints

We build sandcastles
With the hands of children
Grains of sand
Imprinted
On the minds
Of children

We build castles
With the hands of men
Walls of brick
Imprinted
On the minds
Of great men

We build prisons
With the hands of robots
Houses of pain
Cemented
On the minds
Of poor men
Once children

We build love
With the hands of God
Family of Man
Imprinted
On the minds
Of angels

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

This Adventurous Road To Teardom

I write this song for you
When you're feeling just blue
In this moment when life is dead
And you know there's nothing ahead

I will see you through morning
In your time of such mourning
I will shed my tears with you
In this time that is damn true

I will hear your cries of pain
And comfort you through the disdain
I will wrap you in the warmth of my touch
Until threshold of pain is just such

I will taste with you this great suffering
And I will make you this one offering
I will sit by the comfort of your side
And take with you this adventurous ride

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Those Most Hungry

Maybe day will come
When we become one
When black is white
And brown is the one

Maybe hatred sours
So bitterly
We crown honorably
Those most hungry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

From Above

Speaks language
Of The Dove
Words of Peace
And such Love
From Above

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Just Tryin'

Sometimes

I sit

In darkness

Just searching

For the light

Sometimes

In deafness

Trying now
Just to scream

Sometimes

When so blind

Lost in find

Sometimes

Screwed of taste

Lost in disgrace

Sometimes

When no feeling

Lost in empathy

Sometimes

Human

PoemHunter.com

Just tryin'

Richard Wlodarski

Purple Butterfly

She was the dancing queen

The Caribbean queen
Dancing us through the night

With Elvis' moves out of sight

On board the long ships

And the short ships

She shared our friendship

Made us a little hip

PoemHunter.com

A gift from God taking steps

Instead of elevator

A free spirit

Purple butterfly

Cleaning our ears out

With her outspokenness

Eyes like pizza pies

Heart of solid gold

She lived in our heart

So she lives forever

Dancing in heaven

Making angels laugh

And Jesus smile

Richard Wlodarski

Guess Who?

Well he spends so much time on Twitter
He's got no time for his own litter
He's a big bad woolly bully
Whose much more than just squirrely

Waking up in mid of night
To take a bite out of spite
He lashes out at celebrity
In nonsense show of reality

He dreams in black and white
But only sees the white
He's served hate for lunch
Prejudice for munch

He can't speak worth a damn
Pretends to be a ham
With the Napoleon complex
He's America's biggest hex

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

10's In Buckets

Well-meaning '10'
Forever when
I write good yarn
But golly gee darn

It's Not Registering!

I write about love
And the sky above
About Purple Rain
And the brilliant brain

But The '10's' Not Registering!

I write about President Trump
And kicking him in his big rump
I've made a video
About Justin Trudeau

PoemHunter.com

But The 10's Not Registering!

Maybe rating meter's a bust
Or the '10's ain't a just must
Maybe my Poem Of The Day to-be
Will evacuate my soul's misery

But The 10's Not Registering!

Maybe the stubborn rating meter
Will recover when hell freezes over
Maybe Poem Hunter will get new technology
To put all of us out of our misery

Yeah The 10's Coming Alive
Right Back To Its Funky Jive

Richard Wlodarski

New Generation

Kerouac and Ginsberg
On the road
New generation

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Srambled

Why is it
When I am
Beating
My eggs
They turn out
So scrambled

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

To Have Roots And Fly

To be rooted
To the body
Yet fly with the soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Winning

Where there is
Love and hope
No losers
All winners

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mutiny On The Bounty

Let us not
Desert ship
Sharks smell blood
Are hungry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tomorrow May Never Come

Whatever I can
Do tomorrow
I will today
For tomorrow
May never come

Richard Wlodarski

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Idly Passing Time

How in these most idle moments
I breathe out all negativity
Inhale positive energy

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Just One More Day

Dying to live
Just one more day
Cold wintry day
Wrapped in soothing warmth
Embraced by Canada goose
Winter's chill
Under siege
The Spring sun
Breaking through
Suntanning land
Just rehearsing
For summer fun

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Loss Of Hope

To see loss of hope
And soon afterwards
Loss of brilliant mind
Loss of precious life

Richard Wlodarski

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To Death Misfortune And Joy

Here's to the death
Of bloody war
To the death
Of ISIL
And all holy wars
Here's to the death
Of terrorism
To the death
Of extremists
All dictators
Here's to the death
Of racism
To the death
Of KKK
And all not OK

Here's to my misfortune
Learning through life's mistakes
Strengthening my fortune
From classic movie outtakes

Here's to your misfortune
May you learn about poverty
About sweat shop misery
'bout inherited fortune

Here's to Ode To Joy
To the music in all of us
To the poetry of the soul
To love and peace in the world

Richard Wlodarski

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Why Not Just Die

Why not just die
Well, because life
Is so precious

Richard Wlodarski

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God's Planning Disaster

God's planning
Disaster
Soulful eyes
Now smiling
Satan's cries
Deserting
Land's ready
For plowing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Parchment For Poet's Taste

Trees severed
In such grace
Now parchment
For poet's taste

Richard Wlodarski

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Fake Politeness

Politely
Fake goes on
The smile
So damn grim
What a grin
The laughter
In shyster

Richard Wlodarski

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Pain

Just tears
Of pain
Swollen
In vain

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Ego

Death-defying
Ego decrying

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When I Die

When I die
I won't cry

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Just Wanna Say I Love You

Hello
Just wanna
Say I love you
Might seem
Kinda strange
In this day and age
But I love you
Just the same

Richard Wlodarski

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Adult Like Child

Why can't I
As an adult
Feel like child
Innocently
Subdued

Richard Wlodarski

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Soldier Of God

Soldier of God's army
Fighting in name of Love

Richard Wlodarski

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Soldier Of Fortune

Soldier of fortune
So fortunately
Heard their evil thoughts
Made hurt go away

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Turn Turn Turn

How when winter's
Stark frozen bite
Turns to spring's
Melting heart
How when warm spring's
Sudden blossoming
Turns to summer's coming
How when summer's heat
Turns to poet's beat
How when in autumn's fall
Leaves scattered stand so tall

Richard Wlodarski

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Transcendence

To wake up alive
After hibernating
To a world
Of beauty
To see true love
Open to all
And peace still
Abiding
To feel the good heart
Of child's innocence
Fighting such ignorance
In a world of transcendence

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Graduating Life

I'm just a lonely boy
So lost and feeling blue
Not feeling too damn cool
In this life's scorching school

I'm just so sad and damn lonely
Going through little misery
I just wanna be loved and free
Tied to the tree of humanity

I'm just like you and me
Lost in land of liberty
Shackled by slavery
Forced into agony

Now I'm free with joy
No longer your toy
Graduating life
No longer in strife

Richard Wlodarski

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Roses Blossoming

Roses cheerfully
Blossoming just now
In time and space
Shed no sorrow

Richard Wlodarski

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Rate

I sit and wait
Ready for rate
Might not be great
But that's my fate

Richard Wlodarski

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Must

Be happy
Love life
Must

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Parkdale Poet

Parkdale poet

Roams deserted streets

In the midnight hour

Searching for lonely souls

Stealing a minute or two

To penetrate the heart

The howling moon

Now beckoning

Monstrous black walls

Stained with dried blood

PoemHunter.com

And graffiti

Art for poet

Moon's searchlight

Casting shadows

Spirits unknown

Souls deserting

Stealthily he walks

Them to their grave home

And shows the secret

Richard Wlodarski

Love Is A Rose

Love is a rose

That never dies

When it's conditional

It's quite dull and mortal

When unconditional

Totally immortal

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mistakes

Through my greatest skill

Of making mistakes

I have learned

To now love

And be loved

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Will We Live

If it rains

And tears

Don't dry

In this time

If it pours

And I'm broke

Wanting toke

Lost in smoke

If it sheds

Such sorrows

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And I'm lost

Forgotten

If today's born

Yesterday's stolen

Tomorrow's borrowed

Now is duly deceased

If today

I just die

And reborn

Will we live

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Such A Brilliant Mind

One

Is

None

None

Is

One

We Shall

Become

Only

The One
December 26,2016

Richard Wlodarski

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Painted In Boredom

Like a painter

Dried in boredom

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Symmetry

To write only

In symmetry

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

State Of Mind

When they solemnly wake

In such drug-infused lies

Will you embrace their essence

And just be in their presence

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Not Knowing Why

If you were

To touch me

In some ways

I couldn't

Understand

Would it make me

Less of a man

Would your warm hand

Open my eyes

To morning's light

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In awful fright

Would my blindness

Search out your light

Would my deafness

Cry out for sound

Would my taste for love

Lose essence in Above

Would I cry tonight

Not knowing why

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Tears Shed

I cried

I cried

Just yesterday

For the tears

I had just shed

For tomorrow

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Truth Hurts

Woke up in the morning

To hear you're dying

Didn't try to stop crying

Losing a friend in making

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Morning Sun

The morning sun lingers
Just a while longer
While I soundly sleep

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Toblerone

As I eat my Toblerone
I never wanna get stoned

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

When I Cry

How when I cry
My soul seems cleansed
Of all suffering

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

On Christmas Day...Now Starving Humanity

On Christmas Day
I shall close my eyes
And pretend to be blind
To the terrorism

On Christmas Day
I shall close my ears
And pretend to be deaf
To sounds of gunfire

On Christmas Day
I shall close my mouth
And pretend to be dumb
To President Donald Duck

On Christmas Day
I shall open my heart
My soul's gift of love and peace
To a now starving humanity

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Richard Wlodarski

Freedom To Write

The freedom to write
Openly honestly
Without any fear
Of public ridicule

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Beyond Bigotry

In the blindness
Of wondrous sight
I shall strive to look
Beyond bigotry

Richard Wlodarski

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Pretend That You're Not Here

Pretend for just one moment
That today's hell is heaven
Pretend that the blackness
Are shadows lost in light

Pretend for just one moment
That today's heaven is hell
Pretend that all that love
Is lost in the cesspool

Pretend for just one moment
That heaven and hell
Are lost and forgotten
You're no longer rotten

Pretend that you're not here
That you're in the astral world
Travelling in time and space
On adventures unknown

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Ten Minute Network

I will just wait
For ten minutes
Inhale deep breaths
Of wonderful peace

I will just wait
Dissipate hate
Crying for such peace
War to finally cease

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Thought

Just one thought
Drop of rain
In the drain
Of such wrought

Richard Wlodarski

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Godly Moment

You were lost
In the dream
Of your reality
What was once
Stolen presence
Not now essence
In this granted
Godly moment

Richard Wlodarski

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Blind Sheep

How screwed are we and thee
Lacking in transparency
How smothered are we
In bureaucracy
How blind the sheep
In land of sleep

Richard Wlodarski

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Dare To Dream

Dare to dream
Of White Light
In darkest
Of nightmares

Richard Wlodarski

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Dare To Choose To Change

Change that sad grin
To a smile
Simply exercise
Just your lips that is

Change those black eyes
To soulful eyes
Window to the soul
See beauty in life

Change that constant bleeding nose
To one smelling victory
Over misery hate war
Love will certainly conquer all

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Reflecting On Simops

How blessed I've been in life
To have had guidance and love
From such an amazing teacher and coach
How grateful to John for teaching me how to be strong
Extra tough especially on the ice
Whenever bigots tried to freeze me
With racist remarks and ridicule
To not melt in the face of adversity
To remember his lessons through those meaningful songs
To be as passionate about my life and work
As he was about hockey soccer and educating youth
To go that extra mile for those in need
As he had in volunteering his time and skills
To ponder on how many lives he had saved
And how those fortunate and grateful lives
Reflect on their once at risk existence
As a coach and teacher Simops had taught me Life's lessons
As a friend he had taught me how to love and be loved
As an inspiration he had taught me how to fulfill my dreams
Whenever my colleagues are present at the most widely attended seminars
I will lovingly remember Simops and the attendees present in his classes
Whenever I see a man with leather jacket and tie
I will search for the coffee in his left hand and smoke in right
And smile and wonder about the theory of reincarnation

Richard Wlodarski

Being

I remember being
Of you and I being
In the cesspool
The drowning pool
In the nowhere of something
Tell me it wasn't a fling
That it was meant to be
Somewhere in eternity
Tell me that you and I
Had never said good-bye
That we had died and lived again
And that we had met once again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Fast Eddie

He's a fast one-that Eddie
Our rock n roll daddy
He used to play saxophone
And that's better than trombone
And especially xylophone

He's a smart one-that Eddie
Sharing stories with you and me
He used to play cops and robbers
Giving to the poor from his coffers
A modern-day Robin Hood
From our own neighbourhood

He's a kind one-that Eddie
Compassionate to you and me
He used to play the good shepherd
Clothes off his back and a good word
To you and me and even a nerd

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He's a tough one-that Eddie
Our rock n roll daddy
Sex drugs and rock n roll
May soon take its toll
But he's reached his goal

He's lived his life fast and hard
Very seldom caught off guard
He's been a friend to you and me
And that is awesome and kingly
May he live in prosperity

Richard Wlodarski

Circle Of Higher Self

Let's form a circle and hold hands
And sing of peace in all the lands
Let the circle grow a little
Include those that you belittle
Let it form a little larger now
Embrace those that are not kind somehow
Even a little bigger please
Admit those that are hard to please
Let's see if we can find
Those that are somewhat blind
And how about those that are deaf
Not your choice now to be the ref
Let's not forget those with the bad smell
How about those with bodies to sell
Remember to receive those with poor taste
And all of them who are not all that chaste
And how about those that are quick to touch
And those who are hard to like very much

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Now close your eyes and see if you can find
Those that are of the so bitter kind
Even tighter now and visualize Prez Trump
And all of those that The Donald kicked in the rump
Now pretend that you are so very blind
That the KKK are your very kind

Now for the very difficult part
Make-believe that you have such a great heart
Cue in all that make you fall apart
Empower those you belittle
Many compliments not little
In those that are unkind
Kick them in the behind
Those that are hard to please
Give them a loving squeeze
To them that are deaf and blind
Always be so very kind
With those in the Trump camp
Remember you're The Champ

Now send out your positive energy
To all of them that are so damn needy

Now open your eyes and watch closely
Your energy transmits easily
You've empowered them and yourself
By opening to Higher Self

Richard Wlodarski

Dream Within A Dream

I awakened from a dream within a dream
Only to find that I hadn't gone to Rock n Roll Heaven
And that Rock n Roll Heaven had come down to earth

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Angel In The Guise Of Patsy Cline

An angel in the guise of Patsy Cline
Had told him that he wasn't crazy
And sang to him of his vision
That his creativity would inspire his peers
And they would rise beyond mediocrity to genius

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Is This My Choice

Was I born
Such a smart-ass
A know-it-all
Reality
Good-for-nothing
Or
Is this my choice

Richard Wlodarski

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Pregnant Pause

In this pregnant pause
Words meant to be spoken
Were lost in heaven
Leaves scattered forgotten
Death's branches sprucing Life
Eternity...from Nowhere...

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Searching

Just a poet lost in the dream of reality
Thinking about mortality
And dreaming about immortality
Just a lost soul
In the lost and found of eternity
Thinking about spirituality
Just the inner child searching
For the outer world of divinity
Knowing that some day I will be set free
Just the carpenter searching for Jesus
The sailor navigating the ark
The lamb in wolf's clothing
A child of God lost to Satan
Forever lost in the reality of...
The dream within the inner dream
Just Satan longing for Heaven
Wondering if God is all-forgiving
And if the dream is the nightmare
Tormenting the soul
Just the god within the god...
Forgetting to remember about...
The divinity of immortality...

Richard Wlodarski

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It's Only...

It's only someone's sad lonely song
They're only words and notes from my heart
It's a song about ecstasy and torment
Here's to hoping that we didn't circumvent

It's only a song unreserved
Merely sketches from my lost and found
It's only a song about love and hate
Here's to hoping it wasn't our fate

It's only a torch song from within
They're only emotions etched in stone
It's a song about love and dying
Here's to hoping we're surviving

It's only a tragic song about life
They're only memories and we're reborn
It's a song about unrequited love
Here's to love surviving in the Above

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It's a simple love song
The essence of my love
It's a song about our insanity
Here's to the future of new liberty

A song of basic notes and harmonious sound
A book of simple words and intricate meanings
A painting of slender strokes and so much heart
A sculpture of stone piercing my essence
A word lost in meaning
A chord remote in melody
A stroke skipped in a heart beat
A touch lost in the rhythm of the soul
A creation breathing life into eternity

Spirituality...
Now rebirthing in me...

Richard Wlodarski

The Old Man

The old man's weathered face glared at him
From out of the antique oak mirror
Each wrinkle a reminder of pain endured
Over a lifetime of war and misery
The mirror was his worst enemy
Forever reminding him that his battle was not won

His eyes searched out his soul
In the antiquity of glass and wood
Only to find the dread of loneliness
His heart aching for a new love
Still broken from unrequited love
Could not endure this suffering life

The old man cursed for he could not cry
The tears would have washed away his anguish
He tried praying but God was far too busy
He tried dying but his time hadn't yet come

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So the old man glared at the antique oak mirror
And what he saw bewildered him
The wrinkled face was now smiling at him
Reminding him that he had weathered the worst of storms
And that the remainder of his life will be almost free

Richard Wlodarski

If I Were A Poet

If I were a poet
Soul-less
And you were an artist
Virgin
Would you impregnate me
With creativity

Would your innocence
Soften my callousness
And take my breath away

Would the ice-cold blood
Running through my veins
Melt with your embrace

Would your sanity
Stop my insanity

Would my words of emptiness
Be given new life and meaning
Would you give them essence
Above
Essence

Would your eyes
The window to your soul
Awaken me from hibernation
Would your love be strong enough
To preclude my loneliness

How I so long to be near just you
To suck on your nursing breasts nourishment
For this spiritual dying being

How my tearless eyes thirst
For the river of cleansing
To purge filth corrupting me

How my isolation
Beckons for your warm touch
To make me more humane

How I lust for life
To awaken me
To the love in you

How sorrow floods into suffering...
And anguish drifts into wondrous joy...
And healing flows...circulating...life...

Richard Wlodarski

My Generation

We are...
The children of Dylan
Following the wind
To the tambourine man

We are...
The children of Donovan
Of Sunshine Superman
And the Hurdy Gurdy Man

We are...
The children of Janis
Wondering what went amiss
In all that is loneliness

We are...
The children of Jimi
Hearing The Wind Cries Mary
Leading us to Foxy Lady

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We are...
The children of the one and lonely Elvis Presley
Living in ongoing agony and misery
Of Heartbreak Hotel...forever dying to be free...

We are...
The children of The Beatles - John Paul George Ringo
Imagine...Yesterday...Tomorrow Never Knows...
Act Naturally... Beyond Sixty-four...

Richard Wlodarski

Prisoner Of Conscience

Vanunu, Morocco mourns and cries out your name
As you cry yourself to sleep in that cold dungeon
Which is neither fit for man nor animal
A cage that robs you of your dignity

Vanunu, you are own flesh and blood
A loved brother of humanity
A native son of Morocco
And adopted son of Israel

Vanunu, you are the naïve politically active student
Who believes in equal rights for his brothers and sisters
The disillusioned soul who once lost his way
And prayed to God and found his way back again

Vanunu, you are a simple man with a far too complex plan
You are an enemy of The State- -International Hero
One who has shown courage and self-sacrifice
Disarming his own freedom for his conscience

Vanunu, you have awakened the world to the terror that exists within
Your own eyes have witnessed the nuclear bombs and weapons of mass destruction
And rather than to hide under the pitiful blanket of secrecy
You searched your conscience and found the morally correct road for Israel

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Renewed Make-Believe

What if I were Michael Angelo
Painting the sixteenth chapel
Lost in the eternity of Heaven
And thinking that I was in Hell

What if I were William Blake
Sensing cosmic consciousness
Lost in the eternity of Hell
And thinking that I was in Heaven

What if I were Einstein
Taking power naps
Lost in the eternity of nowhere
And thinking that I was somewhere

What if today were yesterday
And yesterday were tomorrow
And tomorrow were all of yesterdays
Forever lost in eternity

PoemHunter.com

What if God died
And we lived
And God was reborn
And we died again

Richard Wlodarski

Voices Of What

Voices whispering to know not where
Voices whispering know that they're there
Voices in the still of the night
Voices when the room is still bright

Voices loud bright and clear
Voices nearer and nearer
Voices howling in the middle of the night
Voices screaming that maybe they've been right

Voices yelling in the night
Voices crying in the night
Voices striving in the night
Despair Be Aware Repair

Voices of ignorant doctors and arrogant politicians
Voices of apathetic peoples and bloodthirsty morticians
Depress Repress Be A Mess
Knowing that they all digress

PoemHunter.com

Voices of the night
Are the pure white light
Knowing with insight
See beyond the fright

Richard Wlodarski

A Son's Lament

Why can't I communicate with you, Father
Your brilliance is awe-inspiring
Why can't I find the words to say: I love you
Your love should have empowered me
Why can't the would-be poet find the words
To express your genius and mine
Why can't I feel the pain that has suffocated you
And tormented our separate lives...lost forever
Why must our lives be incognito
Searching for treasures lost within
Why must God touch our souls
And Satan tear us apart

Father, I have seen the Holy Father within You
Dad, you have touched me in more ways than you'll ever know
God, you've sent me a Father I'm getting to know
Satan, keep on trying you'll never get to know

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Free Hug

While you're falling on the street
In the grasp of the wintery sleet
I'll catch you and see your frozen stare
Giving you a hug like a circus bear

I'll smile with friendly eyes
As you shy away with your sighs
I'll stretch out my hand in friendliness
Stirring to little talk of openness

While you're shivering and blushing
I'll offer my scarf for warming
I'll speak some stupid words
Stale bread crumbs for the birds

I'll softly touch your cold hand
And try to make you understand
I'm not some kinda strange weird lug
Inadvertently giving free hug

Richard Wlodarski

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In The Shadows...

In the shadows of friendship
Lurks a darker side of creativity
In which we get in touch with reality

In the shadows of tomorrow
Lurk the phantoms of yesterday
And today we resolve our pain

In the shadows of feuding
Lurks the double-edged sword of kinship
In which love and hate meld together

The shadows have lost their darkness
The light penetrates the pain and sorrow
And my life triumphs over tomorrow

I will always treasure the love we had
And never regret the darker side of our emotions
As we move on with our own destinies

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Two Hearts...Separated

You're so close...
And I'm so far away...
You're here today...
I'm there tomorrow...
You're there now...
And I'm here today...
You're there in the future...
And I'm living for yesterday...
Two hearts separated...
By infinity...
Thinking about divinity...
Of our immortality...

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poem For The Simple Man

Coming home every day
Dead tired from the mundane factory
With not very much to say
About dying creativity

Thinking of being a somebody
Like favorite stars on TV
The bad dream that goes on endlessly
And we just know that it will never be

Waking up to the birth of a new day
Thinking that life just isn't fair
And without all that very much to say
Work beckons for our just share

Just a simple man
Like most everybody
Not much of a plan
Craving to be somebody

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Working on an assembly line
Really needing all that money
Knowing that it isn't too fine
But...wife and beautiful baby

Coming home almost dead
Wife's depressed and angrier
And the baby's not fed
But you know she's a winner

This life is really killing all of you
And you persevere and stare
And now you're turning bitter blue
But you go to work and do your share

Just a simple man
Like most everybody
Not much of a plan
Craving to be somebody

One day we will all wake up dying
Awakening to the freeing sun
Cursing faltering mourning
Life Just Isn't All That Much Fun

We've lied to ourselves before
About wanting to be somebody
So why not just this once more
Strive to be that unique somebody...

We keep living in the land of make-believe
And blaming it all on fate
But I think that some day we will want to leave
It won't even be too late

Just a simple man
Like most everybody
Having a new plan
Being that Somebody

Richard Wlodarski

This Glorious Game

There's a stone-cold fire in the warm fireplace
Forever reminding me of my resting place
Eternal flames burning a hole in my soul
Breathing new life into my existing role

There's a fearless wind in the midnight sky
Forever blowing not knowing how to die
A full moon beckons to the wolf in me
Trying desperately to set me free

There's a lonesome road ahead
Deserted wraiths left for dead
Heartbreak Hotel...a mirage...one more mile to goal
Comfort for the stirring of this lifeless soul

Anger fear sadness grief sorrow...be aware
Remnants of ghosts strewn along the road of despair
Reminders of so many wasted days and wasted nights
Shadows remaining in darkness searching for brighter lights

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There's a burning flame in the embers of my being
Director of this wondrous movie of novel living
The ultimate adventure of mind over matter
In which Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung batter and scatter

There's eternal life where once there was darkness...
And the tongue of light glows with so much brightness...
And I see Carl Jung and Hermann Hesse playing the glass bead game...
And the hole in my soul is whole again in this glorious game

Richard Wlodarski

Lonely Legends {for David Pritchard}

Hey, Buddy a dime for the last time
To let me hear Rock and Roll's prime

Hey, crazed Patsy sparing your lost sanity
To let me know that I'm not so crazy

Hey, fluent Jimi having your experience
At the insanity of immense expense

Hey, tragic Janis taking comfort
In perceiving that we all hurt

Hey, sagacious Jim lighting the fire in our soul
With the poetry of your endlessly wailing soul

Hey, stark Elvis we are forever lonely tonight
Contemplating your astonishing plight and flight

Hey, Lennon imagine forever free
With God's speed projecting eternally

Lonely legends living in their own time
Rocking and rolling with eternal rhyme
Lonely legends forever in our mind
Diamonds in the rough sparkling in the grind

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Only Yesterday

Shades obscuring my clear vision
To the window of my inflamed soul
Heart aching sucking pain
Spitting out words with no meaning
Audience pretending to listen suffering
Feeling my grief their sorrow

And we keeping stomaching with disdain

Searching each others' eyes
Dying of loneliness
Knowing that today is a rerun of yesterday
And tomorrow is destined to become today
Forever lost in the mistakes of yesterday
Waking up to the twilight of our years

Believing that our youth was only yesterday

Richard Wlodarski

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Time

Only moments...lost in eternity
Only photographs...seeing into yesterday
Only CD's...hearing rhythm of Life
Only intuition...feeling sense in time
Eternity lost...in moments...
Yesterday seeing...in photographs
Life hearing...into the music of life
Time's intuition...telling us all

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Phantom Lover

Was it just an erotic dream
That haunts me with its vividness
Was she really there...in the flesh
Exposed in all her true beauty
Was she beckoning for the love eluding her
Or was it I who was searching for her lost love

That night she had seduced more than just me
Her hot audience had made love to her
In the dark recesses of their dulled minds
The phantom lover had struck once again...
Hauntingly alluring and elusive

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Angie

Her fingers touched the strings
That breathed rhythm into timelessness
Her eyes searched for the fire within
And made me long for a time and place
Lost in the blue light of communion

Her words touched a part of my hidden self
That was now emerging from my subconscious
And magically transformed my tears into joy
As she sang words that echoed through time and space
And reverberated into rhythm of my heart

She had once sung for those who bought her soul
Those who were tormented with indignities beyond their control
Skeletons hidden in places of gold and pain
Lost in the eternity of hellish devices
Imprisoning her with their devilish torment

She was now singing for unsung musicians
For deaf poets selling their sum and substance
For dumb writers hocking cheap words
For colorless artists starving for creativity
For humans devoid of lost and precious civility

Angie is a sensorial being
On the wavelength of melodic lyric
Her words speak to the poetry in lost poets
Her songs manifest the spirit of musicians
Her humility reminds us of...our humanness

Richard Wlodarski

You're Only

You're only that side of me that you haven't seen before
The killer that's suffocating that part of you and me
The lover lost in the eternity of ecstasy
The loner masturbating in immortality
You're only that part of me that can't set us free
The dreamer and the killer that's sabotaging the way

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lone Wolf In Sheep's Clothing

Perhaps sometime in the earliness
Of the morn of this evening
I'll bravely approach your awesome beauty
Perhaps I'll consume a drink of courage
In the lateness of this evening
I'll persevere and say a word or two
Perhaps in the midnight hour
When I discover the wolf in me
I'll approach you less sheepishly
And perceive the inner beauty in us

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ewelina

Leaving the country of solidarity
That had at one time imprisoned
The dreams of her childhood
Arriving to streets paved with fool's gold
She is an innocent quickly matured
In a country far from El Dorado
Her undaunted spirit searching for survival
In the science fiction of her new adventure
The girl/woman listening patiently to too many empty words
Smiling politely to the stranger/friend in newly lost home
Desperately trying to eke out a living in the loneliness of this bar
Tears of pain camouflaged by Mona Lisa's smile
Her eyes now seeing only the light
Of her once lost and now new-found freedom
Her ears remembering the clang of chains
That had once enslaved her family and long forgotten ancestry
Her heart feeling only the pain and agony
Of the bigoted solidarity of slavery
She's only the spirited freedom of youth
Poisoned by the socialism of communism of democracy
She's only the innocence of virginity
Wishing by you and me to be impregnated with only purity
She's the flesh and blood of buried skeletons
Forgotten and only remembered in Absolute Truth
She is Ewelina...enjoying life...
The meditation of...fishing swimming picking mushrooms
Reading into the psychology of hypnosis
Always actively pursuing her dreams
As she savors the taste and aroma of coffee
She is Ewelina...yellow like sun
Green like summer's grass
Orange like the ripeness of Florida
Blue like the heavenly skies
Red like passion
Cool like I am. Canadian.

Richard Wlodarski

Reach For The Sky!

Reach out! Reach up high! Reach for the sky!
Sun rising brighter every day
Courage mounting stronger in every way
Ocean waves washing your troubles away
You're only growing bolder all the way
Awareness spreading producing artistry
Personal strength flourishing potency
Conceiving and believing knowing that you will achieve

PoemHunter.com

Imagining perfection in all that you will conceive

See Hear Feel
The wonder of it all
The glory of love
What's in the above
Touch paradise
Tonight's the night!

Reach out! Reach up high! Reach for the sky!
All is only positive
No longer any negative
Feeling the splendor of paradise
Seeing love and oneness in your eyes
Let your heart be open
Hearing music of divinity
Walking in immortality
Let your mind be open

See Hear Feel
The wonder of it all
The glory of love
What's in the above
Touch paradise
Tonight's the night!

Reach out! Reach up high! Reach for the sky!

Only One Love it's the only way
Spirit guiding abiding every day
Souls maturing consciousness rising in every way
Life's worth living transcending the fate of yesterday
Soaring to Heaven finding eternity
Touching all that is within me
Touching all that is within you
See Hear Feel
The wonder of it all
The glory of love
What's in the above
Touch paradise
Tonight's the night!

Reach out! Reach up high! Reach for the sky!
Guided by a wondrous force
Magical mystical benevolent
Togetherness directing us to success

Richard Wlodarski

Young Mind-Old Body

As I grow old and frail
Let my mind be forever young
As I try not to trip and fall
Let my young mind leap in bounds

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Leading To...

I saw the light...
I saw the end
Of the dark tunnel
Your eyes radiating
Guiding me
To the window
To your soul
I penetrated
Your warmth
Leading me to
Orgasmic beauty
To a oneness
With the universe
I felt your pain
And the world's pain
We embraced...
Cold sweat...
And warm bodies froze
In infinite time and space
Shivering together
Crying for humanity
Knowing that
We are mere
Grains of sand
On desolate
Cold nude beaches
Warming up for
Star-crossed lovers
We cried together
On this frigid night
As the full moon and bright stars
Competed with each other
And our bodies
Paled the night sky
Reminding us
That our time
Together is...
A grain of sand...
Forever lost...

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In Immortality...

Richard Wlodarski

A Daughter's Legacy

I knew you not...and I'm sorry
For you were that rare breed of being
Who had bred unique life into history
And now breathes life through her spirit

She has inherited your priceless legacy
Of morals and values that somehow have been lost
On a generation that cannot relate to that other generation
May God bless your soul for that awesome mission

She carries on that mission through spiritual communication
Whether it's in church when she honors your soul
Or at work when she conveys the spirit of your essence
Or at home when she cries herself to sleep...thanking God for you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In Memory Of Freedom

I saw the light of that morning fading
As democracy was now crippling
First one and then the second tower went tumbling
But the good old Red Blue & White was still flying

I saw my neighbors screaming and dying
While I felt helpless and in mourning
I heard their screams of agony
As I looked on in misery

I felt the pain of suffering families
As I watched and listened to the homilies
I can still see the faces of the enemy
As I sleep tossing and turning endlessly

I try to remember that God is all-loving and all-forgiving
But my enemy tells me that God is One-loving and too forbidding
Perhaps this is the reason I stopped going to church long ago
Seeing the hypocrisy of sinners and lovers and the foe

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Today I'll pray at home for all the souls who have died so needlessly
Not just for my American neighbors but those who've fought courageously
So that I may enjoy my freedom in a world that is always brave and free
God, please watch over the beautiful souls of those who have died for our freedom
And give courage to their families who will some day join You in your Kingdom

Richard Wlodarski

Beyond Seeds Planted

Beyond Yesterday...

Beyond the seeds planted
In fertile soil
Lies God's plan for creation
Souls are born and reborn
Traversing time and space
Mortals may become gods
And gods...simple mortals

Beyond Today...

Cries and whispers fall
Ever so gently
On paradise
Laughter is dead
Words unspoken
Mere mortals
Shed godliness

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Beyond Tomorrow...

Paradise lost
Has been reborn
Simple mortals
And lucid gods
Cooperate
Seeds are planted...
And God creates...

Richard Wlodarski

For Elvis

Graceland homeland motherland
Land of the free and not so free
Elvis Aaron Presley
King wanting to be free
You've given us your heart and soul
In the name of rock and roll
Perhaps at the cost of your soul
Elvis we rock and rolled into jail houses
Imprisoning our immortal souls
We've felt the pain of your loneliness
As we cried into the wee hours of the morning
Are you lonesome tonight Elvis...
As you feel the pain within our pain
Have you reunited with your precious mother
Within the infinity of glorious heaven

I'm lonesome tonight Elvis...
I feel gut-wrenching pain...
And I thank you
For your essence...
Spirit being...

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

How You Remind Me

How you remind me so much
Of a time not long ago
When angels traversed the earth
And comforted the distressed

How you remind me
Of those angels' eyes
Smiling heaven's message
To those in so much need

How you remind me now
Of their angelic touch
Soothing warmth to the soul
On the road to digress

How you remind me so much
Of the time here and now
When angels walk on water
Rescuing souls from drowning

Richard Wlodarski

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Writing Poetry

If I could write
To the ends of the earth
I would start zealously
With just the vowel A
End amicably with Z

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Beyond Yesterday Today Tomorrow

Beyond yesterday today tomorrow
Lie the dreams that will determine
The outcome of the multitude
Of futures that await us
To have a profound effect
On our humanity

Richard Wlodarski

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A Silver Lining In Every Cloud

Have you seen the princess in Diana
Have you seen her tears in stormy skies
Obscured by clouds of ambiguities
Have you tried to understand her endured pain

Have you cried in the misery of your own life
Obscured by deceit jealousy disdain
Have you awakened with the sun rising in your despair
Have you laughed at the tediousness of your depression
Obscured by the miraculous wonder of it all
Have you felt the presence of the prince and princess
Have you felt the essence of the wicked witch of the west
Obscured by all that is beautiful within your spirit
Have you died and gone to heaven or hell
Have you experienced all that life has to offer
Obscured by the lie that life is a bitch and then we die

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

The Gift

Light enlightening the blindness within lost souls
Deafness defying the sounds of silence within
Sensing life...indifference paralyzing

Envisioning brightness blinding
Relinquishing deafness stifling
Encountering life rebirthing

See the brilliance within
Hear spirit crying
Feel essence of soul

Today see the lightness in darkness
Today hear the loudness in deafness
Today feel the spirit within

Tomorrow blaze through yesterday's sorrows
Tomorrow hear lost and forgotten cries
Tomorrow experience today once again

Richard Wlodarski

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Eulogy

Lost soul leaving this sad lonely planet
Moving on to another dimension
To a place lost in the infinity of space
Essence remains
In place and time

Spirit is sensed in the unspoken words
Broken conversations in dingy bars
Mindless minds and heartless hearts competing
Escaping the horror of loneliness

Your mind...their mind...
Mindfulness...
Your heart...their heart...
Heartfulness...

Soulful remembrance...
Heartfelt thanks for friendship...

Infusion with essence...

Spirituality...

Richard Wlodarski

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Selves Uncovered

Now joy and contentment...
Before too much sorrow...
Tears of anguish...
Gruesome holocaust...
Screams of agony...
Nightmarish dead sleep...
Mind Body Spirit...
Recycled wholeness...
Ideal selfishness...
Empathy Compassion Humanness...
...LOVE...
Evolution...

Richard Wlodarski

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Godmother

Godmother
Mother of God
Essence of Spirit
Spiritual mother
Friend and mentor

Unspoken words
Within my heart
I send to you
Via my love
To you and God

For your love...
The sunrise
The sunset
Moon and stars
And God's Love

Richard Wlodarski

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Such Is Love...

Such is love...
Lovers strewn along a nude beach
Like dead fish...lifeless...gutless...dead.
They were once alive...
Passionate adventurous...full of life
Today they suck each other dry
Salt in a freshly opened wound
They contemplate as their children cry
Remembering their lost childhood
Watching their bed-ridden parents die.

Richard Wlodarski

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Legendary Performance

In the wee hours of the morning he gently kisses her
He caresses her smooth but old and tired body
The long-time lovers are making love in public
People old and young are somewhat astonished
But the two are so intimate they don't notice
He stops for a moment of rest
She is eternally grateful
He holds her tightly as he smokes
Admiring her graceful lines
He reflects on his eternity with her
Doesn't have even one moment of regret
The old lovers resume their dance with time
And the crowd now shows a new-found respect
He fondles her nude body touching her hot buttons
And she's quick to respond like she has never before
She has lit his fire and he is now passionately kissing her all over
In the heat of the moment the crowd stand up and wildly roar and applaud
Modestly Bob Mover thanks them and continues making love...to his sax

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Richard Wlodarski

I Will Accept Death

I will think
Of this death
Only once
When it comes
I will accept

I will look up
To the heavens
And thank One God
For gift of life

I will see
Through tears
Of both pain
And such joy

I will hear
Angelic
Soul whispers
Welcoming

I will taste
Unconditional
Eternal love
And cry no more

Richard Wlodarski

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Nightmares Turned To Dreams

I go to sleep now
With my eyes open
To such a heaven
Nightmares turned to dreams

Richard Wlodarski

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Crying

I cried tonight
And my tears
Were softly dried
With Heaven's touch

Richard Wlodarski

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Angels Watching Over Me

When I cry myself
To such depressed sleep
Will angels watch over me
Until the very end

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A Whole New Love

When I go to sleep
On this lonesome night
Will I taste your ecstasy
And wake with Fountain of Life

Richard Wlodarski

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Laugh

She made me laugh
Until it hurt
Then I burst
Into tears
Of wondrous joy

Richard Wlodarski

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In The Name Of Religion

O Holy Blood
Thy enemy
Washes your face
With evil sin

Richard Wlodarski

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Just Human

I will wake
To see sunrise
With eyes
Half closed
Teach beauty

I will wake
To see wonder
In your soul's eyes
Half closed
Learn love

I will wake
To touch
The earth
Smell roses
Make love to you

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I will wake
To feel
Essence
Strive to be
Just human

Richard Wlodarski

Cowboys & First Nations

Asked my son
To play a game
Suggested: Cowboys and Indians
He Suggested: Cowboys & First Nations

Asked my daughter
To play a game
Suggested: Brown Girl In The Round
She Suggested: Black American Coming Around

Asked my children
To play a game
Suggested: Cops and Robbers
They Suggested: Cousellors & Rehabilitated

Asked Putin
To play a game
Suggested: War Without Frontiers
He Suggested: Bomb Iran

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Asked President Trump
To play a game
Suggested: War
He Suggested: Imagine

Richard Wlodarski

What A Waste

Where were you
When your dad
Killed your mom
After so many wasted years
Of diabolical abuse

Where were you
That first day
You saw his fist
Punch her opened eye

Where were you
When his savage bite
Tore her lips to shreds
And blood fell to the ground

Where were you
When her banshee screams
Flew neighbors to the moon
And the fires of hell

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I was in jail
For attempted murder
Of that satanic bastard
Never my dad
Just a piece of trash

That first fierce fist day
Already in jail
Of his own shit making
Broom closet dark and cold

Frozen paralysed scared to death
Of a monster less than human
Jack The Ripper reincarnated
Shredding every single one in sight

In a mental asylum
Of hellish proportions
Trying to kill everything and everyone
Wishing to be in the cleansing fires of hell

Richard Wlodarski

Meeting You When The Sun Awakens

I will rise
To meet you
When the sun awakens
And such dreams forgotten

I will kiss
Your breath of life
To stay alive
Just one day more

I will see
Your dolphin's eyes
And raise awareness
In both me and you

I will hear
Your stark laughter
And barely surrender
To nearness of you

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Human Forever Again

And the words
Became flesh
Moment
I came
Across them

And the flesh
Praised through song
And became human
Forever again

Richard Wlodarski

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A Time So Long Ago

I think I wanna go home
To when once so long ago
I left my heart in fields of old
In a time to be never forgotten

Richard Wlodarski

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The Wonder Of You

If only to see
Through your soulful eyes
Because I am blind
If only to hear
Through your sound ears
Because I am deaf
If only to smell
Through your Pinocchio nose
Because I smell no evil
If only to taste
Through your pouting mouth
Because I'm tasteless
If only to touch
Through warmth
In your hands
If only to experience
Through your soul
The wonder of you

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Go To Sleep My Sweet Child

Go to sleep my sweet child
You've been lost
In the wild
Your eyes
Swollen
With tears
Now lessened
Your ears
So muffled
With sounds
Now deadened
Your mouth
Now stitched
With screams
Silenced
Your nose
Broken
Reawakened
To sweet smell
Your body
Ensconced
From the depths
Of such hell

Richard Wlodarski

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If Tomorrow Never Comes...

If tomorrow never comes...
If I draw my last breath
Without seeing the sun rise
Giving birth to a new day...
If the light in your spirit
Has dimmed searching for new life...
If darkness pervades light...
And coldness melts the warmth...
Will night yield to day?

If tomorrow never comes...
If I die and am reborn
Will I see you again?
Will I see the light
Where once there was darkness?
Will I see the love in your eyes
And fall in love all over again?

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Wrong Turn On The Road To Enlightenment

If in the heart of this darkness
I were to suddenly see your light
If my blindness gave way to sight
And my deafness heard your words
If my dumbness spoke my words
And I weren't paralysed by fear
Would I boldly walk to you
Enlightened by your darkness
Blinded by your forsaken love
Deafened by your unspoken words
Numbed by unspeakable acts

I will search out truth
And try to forget and forgive
The lies deserting me

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Evolution Of A Soul

Was I born into this world
With the vision of yesterday
Was I born into today
Listening to the message of yesteryear
Was I born into this moment
Feeling that my home was elsewhere
Was I born sound
Feeling only pain
Was I born smelling fear
And living my death
Was I born tasting life
Only to fear my demise

Richard Wlodarski

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A Poem For My Father

Father dying so I could be free
Pain endured through war and misery
Tears overflowing we embrace in the dance of life
Contemplating the inequity of his life of strife
His memories forever etched in my mind
God whispering to him in his time of grind
Living in the desperation of time and space
Forever searching for freedom...without a trace

Father, sorrow swelling for not living up to your expectation
Could I live my life over again with renewed contemplation
I would resurrect the God-awful mistakes
After all you taught me to master these intakes
Father I have perceived and I'm still discerning
Full of hope that I'm learning from this suffering
Allowing me to keep understanding from our tormenting
So that we may both assimilate the wisdom from life's weathering

Richard Wlodarski

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Mother

What is a mother?
Someone whose life
Gave birth
To a new soul

Someone whose heart
Pumped blood to life
Whose eyes opened fresh ideas...
The eyes of opportunity

What is a mother?
Someone whose true love
Breathed passion into
My very being

Someone whose tears of joy
Taught me how to laugh
And whose tears of sorrow
Taught me how to cry

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What is a mother?
Sensitivity
Leading to being
With humanity

Thank you Mom
For teaching me
To walk and talk
And negate hate

Thank you Mom for being there
When fear paralysed me
Holding my hand in safety
Everything is...OK

Richard Wlodarski

Experiencing

Let my voice
Paint the words
On the canvas
Of your lost soul
Let my deaf ears
Hear the soft whisper
Of your gentle spirit
As I search for your light
Let my lying eyes
Find the opportunity
In the solace of your heart
As we embrace in cold sweat
Let the smell of my fear
Melt the fragrance of despair
As blue light melds into white light
And we are lost in infinity

Richard Wlodarski

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If You Were My Woman...

If you were my woman...
I would flow on the river within
My soul would touch eternity
And my words would be whispered to God
On winds carrying my spirit to Heaven...

If you were my woman...
I would touch the essence of your soul
I would look within Spirit and cry
For having missed the humanity within me

For you, I thank God for loving me

Richard Wlodarski

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Whole Again

Love will guide you
Out of fear
And despair
To forgiveness
Healing the scars
Of emotion
And spirit

You shall overcome
And become whole again

Richard Wlodarski

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Immortality

How I had once loved to dance with you
This wondrous dance of immortal life
How I had loved to touch your heart
With the true essence of my soul

How had we once separated
Lost in infinite time and space
Only to once again find each other
On the other side of this breathtaking life

Richard Wlodarski

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Poem Of The Day

Through the beauty of simplicity
Through the artistry of succinctness
Through the maturity of wisdom
Is born in this awesome moment
Mishra's Poem Of The Day

Richard Wlodarski

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Trumpism

If there's such a thing as a beer belly
It might be from the swelling of Trump's tummy
If there's such a thing as a fart
It might be from The Donald's part
If there's such a thing as losing your cool
It may be from the hot Donald's school
If there's such a thing as losing one's sight
It may be from good old Donald's sound bite
If there's such a thing as losing one's hearing
It may be from Trump being so darn endearing
If there's such a thing as lack of good taste
It may be from Trump being such a waste
If there's such a thing as a skunky smell
It may be coming from The Donald's hell
If there's such a thing as being out of touch
Look out good ole U.S. of A. Ouch! Ouch!

Richard Wlodarski

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To Be Young Again

I wish I were
So young again
With sight restored
For the sunrise
Shining beauty
On your precious soul

I wish I were
So young again
With hearing restored
Nightingale's love
Singing song for you

I wish I were
So young again
With smell restored
Roses blooming
On sad afternoon

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I wish I were
So young again
With taste restored
Melting love for
Tastefulness in you

I wish I were
So young again
With touch restored
For grasping such
Awesomeness in you

Richard Wlodarski

When You Come

When you come
Back wash room
Sinned of life
Washed of dirt
So petrified
Tired of strife

When you come
Back woods door
Raped of mind
Body boldly
Purified
Testified

When you come
Back solidified
Darkness ostracized
Light liquefied
Strength mobilized
Life Triumphed

When you come
Back yesterday
Meet today
Welcome tomorrow
Let go of sorrow
Move forever more

Richard Wlodarski

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Crazy But Not Stupid

Waking up in
Howlin' Wolf's night
Crazed by
Madness of
Bad Moon Rising
Scratching
The rash
Of fear
Soothed in
The thought of
Afterlife...
Crazy But
Not Stupid

Richard Wlodarski

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My Body's A Temple But I Treat It Like A Dump

Well, I wake up with booze on my breath
And I feel like hell worse than death
Munch down a donut gulp down a coffee
Well, it was all so very easy

For lunch it's hot diggity dog
If lucky some barbecued hog
Run down to the I.Q.
For a beer or few

Order a small pitcher of beer
Helps with the noise I don't wanna hear
Play the juke box so loud I'm deaf
Pinching loonies from my friend Jeff

Order another small pitcher of cheaper beer
Starting to taste better and makes me wanna cheer
My buddy Willie is sounding like Chuck Berry
Playing with his Ding A Ling kissing Mustang Sally

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Watching Jack Daniels sitting all alone
Gulp down a couple just to get stoned
Mary Jane's a gathering on the patio
Huff and puff a couple of tokes thinking about Mexico

The cheap beer and Jack Daniels really make me wanna pee
Lineup's way too long go outside and pee by the cherry tree
Mother Nature needs all the help she can get
Got intimate with her felt like we just met

Munchies are starting to kick in God Almighty
Juke box playing Jesus Built My Hot Rod and Let It Be
Pickled eggs are starting to make me fart
Can't stop loving them too close to my heart

Arm wrestling's a great way to stay fit
Every day a little bit by bit
Keeping the arms in shape by playing pool
With my own pool cue 'cause I'm way to cool

Hoisting a larger pitcher to keep my arms strong
Better than pumping iron at the gym So Wrong
Drinking vodka and orange juice for vitamin C
Tanning on the patio soaking in the vitamin D

Getting chased by Emma keeps the heart pumping
A whole lot better than jogging or swimming
My body's a temple but I treat it like a dump
At least my hair's in great shape unlike Donald Trump

Richard Wlodarski July 2015

Richard Wlodarski

Ode To Trudeau Eulogy

Trudeau in tattered Che T-shirt
Acting like some kind of Cuban flirt
Dancing around like a liberal clown
Dodging horse droppings in his neck of town

Contemplating his late father's fairy tales
Concentrating on huge Cuban cigar sales
Immersed in The Communist Manifesto
Searching for the right answer to his fiasco

Phoning Pope Francis for his blessing
Receiving a lesson in testing
Revisionist history making it shameful
For Trudeau to be buried with his mouth full

Firing squads killing his brethren
Communist soldiers raping women
Twenty percent forced into exile
Paint revolutionary style

Cuban Missile Crisis set for W W III
Totally unacceptable in land of free
Communist outpost of USSR
Forcing slavery from afar

Crude boats carved out of rawness
Battling waves of bitterness
Thousands dying fleeing to shores of freedom
Castro smoking cohiba in his kingdom

Indoctrination in island nation
As opposed to rightful education
Prisons full of anti-socialists and gays
Sweating in gloomy nightmares of his evil ways

Attempted to end religion
Yet shook hands with divine legion

Sincere reliable friend of Putin land
Smoking cohiba cigars in Neverland

Richard Wlodarski

Thank You

If only to thank you
For your soulful smile
That brightens my day
And awakens me
If only to see your blindness
And wake up to His sunlight
That feeds us with life
And reminds us of death
If only to hear your deafness
In a cellar full of immense sound
And arise to the nightingale
Singing the song of freedom
If only to say I love you
For being truly human
Opening your heart
In moments of despair

Richard Wlodarski

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Waiting On Delivery

I don't only
Really wanna free
Those so damn lonely
In times of my misery

I wanna be able to smile
At their newly-found Gomer Pyle
To laugh at such corny jokes
Without marijuana tokes

I wanna be able to see
Beyond Bobby Darin's sea
Be able to light the damn fire
Of Jim Morrison's found desire

I don't only
Really wanna try
To just satisfy
Mick and Keith's justify

PoemHunter.com

I wanna be able to laugh
At the sympathy for the devil
Knowing that we're at ground level
Waiting to be The Saviour's staff

Richard Wlodarski

Lest We Forget

Lest we forget
Those who were blinded
So that we may see
Lest we forget
Those who were deafened
So that we may hear
Lest we forget
Those who were silenced
So that we may speak
Lest we forget
Those who lost their taste for killing
So that we may all taste living

Through art
We shed tears
For your blindness
Through music
We mourn
Your deafness
Through poetry
Tears falling
For your silence
Through our love
Heart-felt tears
For your dying
Heart-felt thanks
For this gift
Of seeing
Heart-felt thanks
For this gift
Of hearing
Heart-felt thanks
For this gift
Of speaking
And most of all
Heart-felt thanks
For this gift
Of living

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Twisted Senses

If only to hear...
The sound of deafness...
With eyes wide shut …
And see blindness...

If only to taste...
The very last drops
Of life-sustaining
Poisoned blood...

If only to feel...
Life's lost touch...
A heartless soul's
Last embrace...

If only to touch Death...
And feel new-born Life...
To laugh at Satan...
And cry with Jesus...

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski September 2015

Richard Wlodarski

Too Early To Die

We die when...
We can no longer
See the bright light
Morning's sunrise
Awakening us to...
An awesome new day

We die when...
We can no longer
Hear the rooster's call
Birth of a new day
Shaking us up to...
Life's wild adventure

We die when...
We can no longer
Smell the sweet scent
God's paradise
Sensing us to...
Meditation on Life

PoemHunter.com

We die when...
We can no longer
Taste water's life
Energy's delight
Sparking us to...
Divinity's call

We die when...
We can no longer
Feel the womanly touch
Love's warm embrace
Exciting us to...
Naturally... ecstasy

We die when...
We can no longer
Experience Life
Satan's evil curse

Depressing us to death...
Rebirthing God's children

Richard Wlodarski September 2015

Richard Wlodarski

The Only Thing Normal...Is The Setting On The Dryer

In Parkdale...abnormal is...normal
Whose to say what's normal or abnormal
A bat flying into an elevator
Full of lost and lonely souls

A blind man selling lead pencils
Dinosaurs in a too modernized world
Some pathetic drunk drunk on sorrow
Killing for a damn lost tomorrow

Whose to say what's normal
The bishop's queen or drag queen
Baptized children raped by saintly priests
Suicide bombers killing in the name of sex

Worldly leaders impoverished by greed
Batman succumbing to the evil Joker
God's only child the one and only Jesus Christ
Succumbing to the trickery of the Dark Prince

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski August 2015

Richard Wlodarski

The Blue Boys Of Summer

Well they gave it a shot
They couldn't win the lot
But they gave it the good ole college try
And without a lie they didn't die

Bautista did need Pepto Bismol
He seemed to just not give it his all
Martin didn't seem to have the flu
He kept them together with his glue

Pillar was a pillar as an outfielder
And he wasn't too shabby as a hitter
Devon brought a little Avon calling
Into the infield of his making

Saunders didn't chase many towers
So he wasn't sent to the showers
Smoak didn't need a toke
'Cause he wasn't a joke

PoemHunter.com

Encarnacion the designated hitter
Is gonna make it through the courts and be bigger
Donaldson had run-in with beard trimmer
Ended up The Blue Jays ultimate winner

Marcus and Marco
The pitching duo
Gave it their all
Went down for the fall

Osuna
Was buena
And Roberto
Very mucho

The blue boys of summer
Made today a bummer
But for all season long
They deserve this fun song

Richard Wlodarski October 19,2016

Richard Wlodarski

Simply As...

Simply as...
Morning sun
Shining down
On you and me
Simply as...
Showering
Glistening
Rejuvenating
Simply as...
Evening
Stars shimmering
Night's beauty
Simply as...
Rain pouring
After hot summer's night
Dreaming of The Beaches...dining
Simply as...
You and me
Succumbing
To love amassing
Simply as...
Carving our names
On our old oak tree
Signed for eternity
Simply as...
Leaves falling
In autumn's breeze
Sherrie working diligently
With the slightest of ease
Simply as...
Breaking bread with poor of heart
We don't just die tonight
Recharging batteries...start
Simply as...
One Family
All Religions
Encompassing
Humanity

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski September 2016

Richard Wlodarski

Requiem For Those Lost Too Soon

What if I hadn't taken that last drink
That had led to the deadliest of stink
What if I hadn't stepped into that monster of a car
And trespassed onto a life that hadn't gone too far

What if I hadn't gone into that bar
Because of something that wasn't on par
What if I had thought less of me more of thee
And had wandered into more transparency

What if I had waited a little longer
Before taking that trip that led to wronger
What if a moment longer I had frozen
And treasured the paths that I had chosen

What if...less alcohol
In my life's toughest haul
What if...awakening sober
Made me a little more proper

What if...the powers that be
Let go of the hypocrisy
Stopped the monster who killed the victim
Instead of beating around the brim

What if life became fairer
Instead of so damn scarier

Richard Wlodarski October 2015

Richard Wlodarski

Requiem For A Rap Star

I died today...
Still remember...
That damn bullet...
Piercing my heart...
Evil...on his face...
Damning...salvation...
Cursed...lonesome twosome...
Christ...Satan...
Forever damned...
Til death do us part.

I cried today...
For my tragic death.

Richard Wlodarski September 2015

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Red Cap's Retirement

Take time to know
The twilight years
Wake early in the morning
Behold glorious sunrise
Breathe in the fresh air
Be grateful for the breath of life

Take time to see
The glory years
The majestic beauty
Of multicolored butterflies
Breathe in the fresh air
Be grateful for the gift of sight

Take time to hear
The soundness of these years
The symphony of Mother Nature
And The Byrds The Beatles The Monkees
Breathe in the fresh air
Be grateful for the gift of hearing

Take time to smell
The fragrance of these years
The perfumed landscape
Of diverse cultures
Breathe in the fresh air
Be grateful for the gift of smell

Take time to taste
The bon apetite
The delectable plate
Of this wondrous life
Breathe in the fresh air
Be grateful for the gift of taste

Take time to touch
The heart of love
The hand of homelessness
The smile of a newborn

Breathe in the fresh air
Be grateful for touching life

Richard Wlodarski June 2016

Richard Wlodarski

Rebirth

In this pregnant pause...
Words meant to be spoken
Were lost in heaven
Leaves scattered forgotten
Death's branches...sprucing Life
Eternity...from Nowhere

Richard Wlodarski September 2016

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poor Souls

They are the poor souls
Dwelling in purgatory
Waiting for heaven's sake
For a prayer or two hundred

They see yet don't see
Blinded by fire's light
Cain's cane in frozen hand
Stumbling towards the Light

They hear yet don't hear
Silent prayers for health and safety
Guiding them to Heaven's ascent
Whispered day in and night out

They feel yet don't feel
Heart-felt love from kindred spirits
Blissfully lost in earth's paradise
Patiently and humanely waiting to reunite

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski March 2016

Richard Wlodarski

Peasant...

I am the sole peasant
Traversing the mean streets
Of royalty's travesties
And precious life's descent

I am the royal fool
In King Henry's court
Wishing to abort
From the devil's cesspool

I am the anguished slave
Darkest of mankind's deeds
Bearer of Satan's seeds
Searching for my lost grave

I am the naive recruit
Of all religions' servitude
Forsaking my livelihood
To taste and eat devil's fruit

I'll peel the spicy onion
Of the sole extremist's religion
I'll touch my lonesome soul
To reach my life's peaceful goal

Richard Wlodarski June 2016

Richard Wlodarski

Parkdale's Dinosaur

Well I'm a dinosaur forever living in this place called Parkdale
Now I gotta move my sorry ass because the house is for sale
I don't really know where the hell to go
'Cause when it comes to moving I'm so damn slow

Turtles and tortoises move a whole lot faster than me
Especially when it comes to what I don't wanna see
Well I guess I better get my sorry ass in gear
If I wish to wake up to what I don't wanna hear

I think I better hire a knock-out sexy French maid to clean up this place
Maybe she'll be quicker or slower with her duster and blower with the pace
Got nothing to lose in this time when I can't even snooze
So I'll go partying and drink a little more booze

I'm a dinosaur forever lost in this place called Parkdale
I never ever wanna move out 'cause I just might fail
I'll consult the astrologers and Yoko Ono
About the crazy amount of money I need to borrow

I'll Imagine with the infamous John Lennon
About being somewhere other than Heaven
I'll meditate with Sri Chinmoy about life with joy
Reflect on my life when I was just an innocent boy

I'll be singing the No No Song with lonesome Ringo
Because life's a whole lot better than playing bingo
At karaoke I'll sing the upbeat Don't Worry Be Happy
Because it makes me so damn happy and shows me the reality

I'm a dinosaur forever pacing in this place called Parkdale
Just because the house is for sale doesn't mean I have to bail
I'll find a new place where I can go
And it might even cost me less doe

I'll shape shift from a turtle to a panther
When it comes to this really important matter
I'll move my not too sorry ass in gear
Because it's happy music I wanna hear

Richard Wlodarski October 2015

Richard Wlodarski

Ode To Smokers

Smoke your head off
We'll help you
And then...
We'll kick you
In the butt
And send you...
Flying...
To freedom...
Smoke-free
Freedom
Clean air breathing
Inhaling life
Exhaling poison
No longer gasping
For breath
Of Life
We'll help you
Live Life
To the fullest
Alive
Young
Energetic
Dying to be
Alive
Well help you

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski September 2016

Richard Wlodarski

Ode To Orlando

Got in the car
Didn't get far
Before the drugs kicked in
What a truly wicked sin

Didn't see him until too late
That accident sealed my fate
Paralyzed with fear
From death so near

Really bad decision
Of such indecision
Caused me to flee
Couldn't let it be

Kissed the wife and baby
Said bye to family
Went to jail guilty
Of stupidity

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Jail time
Stole my time
For such a stupid crime
Ran out of precious time

Spent long days and nights crying
Instead of loving laughing
All the pain all the suffering
Family time gone depressing

Lots of praying day and night
To help let me see the light
Praying for the victim's speedy recovery
And for my soul to once again be set free

Thanking God for His comfort for His loving
Serving Him and mankind shall be my blessing
Praying to always be strong always be kind
Seeing His love and forgiveness in my mind

Richard Wlodarski

Richard Wlodarski

Ode To Friends

If not for friends...
Could I rise and feel
The rays of the morning sun
Burning through a tough new face
Could I save the old face
From total disgrace

If not for friends...
Could I eat only a morsel
And feel full and satisfied
Knowing I could have died
Could I save starvation
From total destruction

If not for friends...
Could I see radiant smiles
On the faces of beautiful people
Expressing hope and optimism
Could I stave off depression
Through kind acts of assertion

If not for friends...
Could I hear rhythmic music
In the beats of diverse drummers
Marching to freedom and democracy
Could I slow the painful deafening
Through the art of attentive listening

If not for friends...
Could I touch the heart of love
And feel all that is good
Feel love and be loved by self
Could I reach out and touch the Hand Of God
Fully embrace That Love and never walk alone

Richard Wlodarski November 2015

Richard Wlodarski

Mister Mill Street Brew Meister

Hey Mister Mill St. brew meister
You are certainly no scheister
You make the darn best Tank Ale
Making the others so pale

Hey Mister Mill St. brew master
You are sure enough a blaster
Your Barley Wine Beer
Makes them wanna cheer

Hey Mister Mill St. brewer
Your brews are so much purer
Mill St. Original Organic
Makes the others wanna know the trick

Hey Mister Mill St. maestro
You're the one and only bro
The West Coast Style IPA
Is Bat Man's choice every day

PoemHunter.com

Hey Mister Mill Street beer maker
You are way so much more craftier
The Cobblestone Stout
Makes them wanna pout

Hey Mister Mill Street beer shaper
You are Toronto's master shaker
The Mill St. Stock Ale
Makes them wanna bail

Richard Wlodarski July 2016

Richard Wlodarski

Maybe

Maybe it's a dream that was never meant to be
Only borrowed love lost in eternity
Maybe it's the window to your soul
Only blinding you with rock and roll

Maybe it's the sounds of silence in the wind
Elusive butterfly of love from Bob Lind
Maybe it's only a feeling that we're coming together
Husband and wife father and mother brother and sister

Maybe we're gathering for peace and loving
And we are mourning Woodstock not surviving
Maybe those bloody wars were never meant to be
And The Beatles as it should be with Let It Be

Maybe it's not the guns that are doing the killing
And we are victims of poverty starved of loving
Maybe we think that dying is better than living
And that soon we'll waken to a better world coming

Maybe God is all-forgiving and all-loving
And some greener pastures are in the gathering
Maybe The Dove will be sent for Mother Earth to mend
And the poverty and killing will come to an end

Maybe in Green Pastures
Tonight
Love will be staying alive
In spite of it all

Richard WlodarskiSeptember 2016

Richard Wlodarski

Lost Then Found

Abandoned...
Enveloped...
Darkness...
Coldness...
Shivering...
Sweating...
Fearing...
Cursing...

Swearing...

Abandoning...

Enveloped...
Lightness...
Warmness...
Sweating...
Shivering...
Braving...
Cheering...
Encouraging...

Rebirthing...

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Richard Wlodarski February 2016

Richard Wlodarski

Lost In Limbo

Looked in my pocket for that last loonie
And to my surprise I found a twonie
Found myself moving along happily
Knowing I can buy a donut and coffee

Kiss(ed) An Angel Good Morning for donut and coffee
Listened all morning to Charlie Pride to set me free
Found myself going into liberty
For the morning I was about to see

Me and Bobby McGee waking up to ecstasy
After a night of simply startling jubilee
Feeling all light tingly and so damn happy
After a lifetime of what felt like slavery

Me and Mrs Robinson waking up to a new maturity
After hibernating in what seemed like a damn eternity
Kissing Me Softly In The Arms of an Angel
Traversing The Road Less Travelled with a new angle

PoemHunter.com

Looked in my pocket for some lost change
Felt like a cowboy on a lone range
Thinking about Gene Autry and the Grand Ole Opry
About Johnny Cash and the Man In Black('s) brave story

Woke up to a Sunday Morning Coming Down
Truly believing that I was Cathy's Clown
Dressed up as A Well Respected Man
And feeling no lesser than Peter Pan

Poor Lonesome Me struggling in the land of liberty
Fighting sweat shop mentality in lost industry
The Rebel Without A Cause lost in the land of Oz
Persevering to be the rebel with a cause

Crazy with Fever On The Threshold of a Dream
Riding with Riders On The Storm looking for some steam
Break(ing) On Through To The Other Side of Harvest Moon
Believing the mobility came none too soon

Richard Wlodarski October 2015

Richard Wlodarski

Life's Lost Moments

I

Don't worry about the afterlife
Already too much worry in this life
Wake up to the sun shining
Melodious birds singing

Don't worry about the late rent
About money not being sent
Wake up to a smiling face
To a day of awesome grace

Don't worry about bills not paid
About important goals not laid
Wake up to a song of joy
And to a forgotten toy

Don't worry about being late
You are not the boss's soul bait
Wake up to adventure in life
Try to forget about the strife

Stay free of the afterlife
Live ev'ry moment in this life
Shine with every breath you take
Knowing Life's giving you a break

Butter up your wonderful landlord
Severing the umbilical cord
Write some heart-felt words of love
Coming from the peaceful dove

Pay it forward today
Forget 'bout yesterday
Sing in the shower
Bring her a flower

Arrive early for a change
See it feels somewhat strange

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Climb the highest mountain
Toss coins in the fountain

II

Life's lost moments lost...in the afterlife
Struggling to free themselves...in this life
Darkness waking up to...blinding sunlight
Bats rising from blindness to...such foresight

Slum dog billionaire thrusting the rent
Forcing poverty-stricken to the tent
Worldly face of damn sickening greed
Grinding less fortunate to the seed

Wall Street mentality leading to...poverty
In spite of Dale Carnegie's philosophy
Eternity waking up to Ode To Joy
Witnessing the eyes of a child's new toy

Christ-forsaken Christianity
Leading to Today's Mentality
Colour Creed Nationality
Facing...absence of liberty

Richard Wlodarski November 2015

Richard Wlodarski

Knowing When...

I sat and really listened to you today
Hung on to every word you had to say
I looked into your saddened eyes
And saw your anger in the skies

I sat and really listened to you today
Watched for every signal you had to convey
I saw the tears you were hiding
From the long days and nights of chiding

I sat and really listened to you today
Saw every hurt that you had to repay
I felt the anger raging in you
For thinking your reward was now due

I sat and really listened to you today
Heard all the in-between words you had to say
I looked into your lonely eyes
Tried to convey my lonesome cries

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I sat and really spoke with you today
Strung out every word I had to say
I forced you to look into mournful eyes
For you to see my anger and the lies

I sat and really spoke with you today
Sent every signal I had to convey
I abandoned the tears from falling
To heal from all of the tongue-lashing

I sat and really spoke with you today
Saw every hurt I had to repay
I felt the anger surging in me
For never finding my liberty

I sat and spoke intimately with you today
Trusting in you knowing secret words I had to say
I forced you to look into my lonesome eyes
So that once again we could empathize

Richard Wlodarski October 2015

Richard Wlodarski

If Not For My Father...

I

If not for my father...
Would I have learned
To catch with my first glove
Teaching me 'bout baseball

If not for my father...
Would I have learned
To throw a perfect spiral
Teaching me about football

If not for my father...
Would I have learned
About early bird and worm
Teaching me about fishing

If not for my father...
Would I have learned
About house and canvas painting
Teaching me practical art

If not for my father...
Would I have learned
To turn the other cheek
Winning adversity

If not for my father...
Would I have learned
About prevalent prejudice
And existing inequality

II

I feel your spirit guiding...
Your eyes...when catching curve balls
Your hands...on the spiral of life
Your ears...when listening attentively
Your nose...when smelling trouble

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Your mouth...when tasting victory
Your heart...when sensing all that is good

Richard Wlodarski November 2015

Richard Wlodarski

Halloween Night...At The Cemetery

Twas the night of Halloween
For many a thrillful scream
There was this girl and there was this boy
Who were not so very coy

On this evil witchy night...you see
They met at the Hitchcock Cemetery
He dressed like The Grim Reaper
She like the Devil's Screamer

They vandalized the mausoleum
With their morbid horror museum
Their bottle of courage being Kentucky Whiskey
They drank and drank until they got wickedly crazy

Horror stories abound...got lost and then found
Count Dracula sucked their blood 'til they were unsound
The Wolf Man howled at the insane full moon
She kissed him and turned into a loony toon

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Her lunacy led to desecrating tombstones
Hell's Bells rang resurrecting skeletal bones
Jack The Ripper raped her and tried to kill the boy
Frankenstein tore The Ripper to shreds like a toy

Dogs from Hades devoured the stone-cold killer
To the music of Michael Jackson's Thriller
Werewolves of London to the sounds of haunting
Now The Walking Dead made this evening daunting

On this gloomy depraved Halloween night
The ghoulish Waling Dead were such a fright
Jason The Psycho terrorized the neighborhood
Freddie on Elm Street was Oh So Not So Good

Twas the black night of Halloween
Boy and girl nowhere to be seen
On Yonge Street a girl is howling at the moon
Kisses a boy and makes him go loony toon

Richard Wlodarski Halloween 2014

Richard Wlodarski

Haiku

Be so much better
In hot weather
Drink lots of water

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Getting Older

In that night
When I awaken
After sweat-filled...
Diapers soaked

I cry and try
To remember
When I was little
Younger...now older

In the morning
Of the igniting
I start up
Fired to the soul

In the evening
Of the beckoning
Awakening
To heart-breaking...

PoemHunter.com

Tears
Falling from the soul
Remembering
Once ago

Richard Wlodarski April 2016

Richard Wlodarski

Father & Son

Should you not awaken
For the glorious sunrise
I will search deep within
To find the source of my anger

Should you lay in bed depressed
And waste another beautiful day
I will sit in meditation
And contemplate your fate

Should you stay locked in your room
Dwelling on the negativity
I will walk in reflection
And still love you one more time

Should you mope day in and day out
And play to the tune of The End
I will hug you and say: I love you
And begin the journey once again

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski May 13,2016

Richard Wlodarski

Fast Food Anthem

If only I could make a dollar a day
I'd pass on Starbucks today and every day
Can't even buy a decent coffee
And that's adding to my misery

If only I could make two dollars today
I'd buy a McValue burger to save the day
I'd thank God for today's meal
And that I didn't have to steal

If only I could make three dollars today
I'd savor those yummy Wendy's burgers all day
I'd thank God for giving me true taste buds
And for letting me forget about those duds

If only I could make four dollars today
I'd eat at Tim Horton's on my lousy pay
I'd thank God for at least working
In an economy that's sucking

PoemHunter.com

If only I could make five dollars today
A sandwich at Second Cup and come what may
A second cup for the stranger on the street
Whose company I had a chance to meet

If only I could make six dollars today
I'd venture into Ali Baba's great bay
I'd thank Mohamed for shawarma a la chicken
On behalf of all the hungry men and women

If only I could make seven dollars today
I'd put up residence on Pizza Hut's Way
I'd stuff myself with this delicious Italian dough
And relish in the thought of making the others the foe

If only I could make eight dollars today
I'd eat at Boston Pizza to my dismay
Refrain from singing Mama Mia
And think about the dragon I saw

If only I could make nine dollars today
I'd get down on my knees and Thank God It's Friday
I'd mingle with those hipsters and brewsters
Tasting food that was meant for such wordsters

If only I could make ten dollars today
I'd feast in the fruitful Olive Garden way
My mouth watering at the daily special meal
My mind boggling at such a phenomenal deal

Ah the hell with it...I'm gonna make eight hundred dollars today
By listening to Boom Radio and what they have to play
I'll phone when they announce Richard Wlodarski
And then each and ev'ry day I'll feel free

Richard Wlodarski September 2015

Richard Wlodarski

Child Soldier

I am the pure and innocent child
Lost in the gruesome evil and the wild
I have been led astray
From child's naivete

I have no toys with which to play
Stripped of child's pleasurable way
I cry day in and day out
Not knowing what this is about

I've just turned only ten
Among some evil men
Instead of a toy for a little boy
They've given me a gun for their ploy

They've taught me to shoot to kill
Making me believe it's a thrill
My body shakes while I pull the trigger
Oh my God I wish I was so much bigger

I sleep on a cold concrete floor
In a dark room with a locked door
I dream only of so much evil killing
Not even one dream of playground playing

I always wake sweating and so very cold
Praying to God I was a little more bold
I eat the same food they feed the dog
Feeling less human than any hog

I drink water from the river where they pee
Always shivering and so very sickly
The river is colored with the blood of my childhood
With severed human heads the acts of the devil's brood

I am a child soldier suffering a dreadful pain
I am going so very blind from all of the strain
I have lost my hearing from the gun's constant shooting
I wish that Almighty God would stop this child's killing

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski July 2016

Richard Wlodarski

Chef Krishna

The dynamite goat curry
Washroom in a damn hurry
Maraschino cherry
Made me wanna party

Happy-go-lucky Krishna
Loves to ha-ha and do-wah
Cooks curry to die for
So spicy to the core

Chris my good old friend
Bakes sponge cake to no end
He slaves in the kitchen all day
Loving his wife and come what may

He's my friend and a true being
All eyes are on his fun greeting
Krishna is the awesome papa
Of Earth Mother's wondrous mama

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski July 2016

Richard Wlodarski

Brave New World With Trudeau

WellI just got on the Peace Train
After being in the Whisperin' Rain
Didn't have all that far to go
But I wanted to be with Trudeau

Got off at Thunder Bay and heard no thunder
Wellit wasn't any great wonder
Didn't see any lightning or hear any roaring
Mulcair and Stephen Harper were so darn boring

Chartered a helicopter to fly me away from Crazy
Landed on an isolated island that would one day be free
Didn't see the likes of Mulcair or Stephen Harper
Didn't feel imprisoned by any dictator

Went Cruisin' in a Jeep on a long stretch of beach
Looking for the man that's so very hard to reach
Finally found him and Buffy Ste. Marie watching a loon
While Neil Young was introducing them to Harvest Moon

PoemHunter.com

Asked them if I could join them by the campfire
Promised them I wouldn't be the town crier
In a truly neighbourly fashion they welcomed Poor Lonesome Me
And we sat under a starry sky engaging in karaoke

We sang about slavery we sang about poverty
We sang about sweat shops in the land of liberty
We sang about dictatorswe sang about democracy
We sang about imprisonment in the land of the free

Under the starry starry night we sang about Vincent Van Gough
And lamented for all those whose time it wasn't yet to go
We sang No Woman No Cry as we thought about The Big Lie
And yeah...we smoked medical marijuana to deaden the cry

Neil Young transported us to the Southern Man
As we reflected on the civil liberties ban
We climbed Sugar Mountain and died with them in Ohio
As we journeyed into a brave new tomorrow

We listened to the answers Blowing In The Wind
In awe of the Elusive Butterfly of Bob Lind
We tearfully sang about Abraham Martin and John
Protesting all the killings and all that was lost and won

Buffy Ste. Marie sang about people who were once free
About blood sweat and tears the faces of bravery
Mister Can't You See all of the world's hypocrisy
As you're trumping aces to the kings of poverty

Richard Wlodarski(c)2015

Richard Wlodarski

Blessed Are

I

Blessed are those who do not see
All of the world's misery
Blessed are those who do not hear
All of the world's profanity
Blessed are those who do not smell
All of the world's insanity
Blessed are those who do not taste
All of the world's tasteless eatery
Blessed are those who do not feel
All of the world's tragic poverty

II

Blessed are those who can see
Beyond the world's misery
Blessed are those who can hear
Beyond the world's profanity
Blessed are those who can smell
Beyond the world's insanity
Blessed are those who can taste
Beyond the world's bland eatery
Blessed are those who can feel
Empathize with world's poverty

Richard Wlodarski November 2015

Richard Wlodarski

Another Son's Birthday

He came in from the cold
In a time when he was bold
Looking into his father's tired eyes
In an age of the bluest of skies

He fell to his knees when his mother cried
Remembering all the dreams that had died
Tears streaming down his saddened face
Searching for something to give him grace

He smiled the bravest of loneliest smiles
While traversing long and dangerous miles
Laughing just the same while crying
Thrashing the goals frying and trying

Big Bad John coming through loud and clear
Reminding his folks why he's so dear
A heart of gold wallet full of charm
Created a man that made no harm

PoemHunter.com

Coming into the bold
When his life had been cold
Searching his father's redeeming eyes
In a time of sunniest skies

Resurrected mom full of Happy
Dreams becoming a reality
Life's lost found after broken
In memories that were stolen

She laughed the bravest of smiles
Her son winning all those miles
He smiled with a tear in his eye
His father trying hard not to cry

Big Bad John with a heart of gold
God could not break this wholesome mold
His family and friends so near
In this place he finds no fear

Richard Wlodarski October 2015

Richard Wlodarski

Karen On Her Mind

Laughing in spite of tears of pain
Tasting life in spite of disdain
Painting landscapes of the mind
Searching for what's hard to find

Drawing on strength for mind and body
Walking the road of soulful loneliness
Dancing the night away to Let It Be
Crying tears of joy nonetheless

More human than man or woman
Less threatening than maddening of the mind
Humane time and again yeah man
Karen is the caring of the human kind

She cries for she is only human
She laughs for comedy in her men
She's scared because life's a bitch
She's alive not in the ditch

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She's Karen on their mind
Every souls' hard to find
A creature of earthly divine
Her heart so classically fine

She wakes experiencing life
Last night's dreams in so much strife
A glass of water helps her breathe
Fighting off cancer that's beneath

She struggles eating her poor lunch
Remembering she's in the crunch
She smiles as she cries out for God
Waiting for Him to give her the nod

Her legs finding small steps to take
Her mind focused on what's to make
Karen on her mind
In this shitty find

Her eyes now seeing the eternal light
Her ears hearing music that's so bright
Her nose smelling much longer living
In yesterday's and today's striving

Souls searching only to be kind
In lives that have been in a bind
Mother's lost and find
Karen on her mind

Richard Wlodarski

To My Father

Finding photograph
Father and I
Fishing
Smiling
Laughing
Crying
Relating
Memories
Once forgotten
Now
Surfacing
God's country
Home to the youth of yesterday
Waking up
Another breath of fresh air
Earthy slimy worms
Caught with the hands of this child
Now a sumptuous breakfast
Fish biting all of the time
A wonderful adventure
Father and son
Enjoying
Now
A flood of memories
Dad throwing the ball and
My not catching it
And the next one
And the next
And the next
Patience
The art of learning through mistakes
'I caught it, Dad'
Reverberating in my mind
Papa recounting stories
His trials and tribulations
My listening attentively
Desperately trying
Not to cry
Papa taught me that real men never cry

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Holding back the tears is so perverse

Dad working hard saving for a rainy day
Living for today so much easier

Daddy reading
Bedtime story
Stormy weather
Campfire burning all night
Throughout

Richard Wlodarski

Human

Take the thoughts
From my mind
And the feelings
From my heart
And the words
From my mouth
And what's left...

The grains of sand...lost in the sea of infinity...lost in the sea of infinity...

Richard Wlodarski

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Requiem For The Maple Leafs

Quinn The Mighty Eskimo spearheading
The lost and forgotten starving fish
Heart attack happening recurring almost dying
Fish cold in the winter's day of summer
Almost feeling the heat of the moment
Swimming into the abyss of failure
They, once warriors of an ancient time,
Lost in the remembrance of Troy
Wooden horses gifted for victory or tragedy?
For crying out loud...they had died way too young!
Human fish drowning treading water learning to survive
Quinn The Mighty Eskimo mentoring them all along
The Maple Leafs falling gently from the Tree of Life
Seeing listening feeling learning from Lord Stanley
Messengers from the sport of life imprinting empowerment:
Win or lose...play the game!

Richard Wlodarski

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Stones Assisting In Resisting Sars

Heroes and villains of timeless music
Rocking to the aid of SARS-battered Toronto
Rock-hardened warriors fighting in the name of rock and roll
Weathering perpetual storms of controversy
Sex drugs and rock and roll scarring your eternal soul
Persevering to become the greatest of Rock's legends
Shaking rattling and rolling your stones to martyrdom
Tonight you are indeed saviours
Rockers with everlasting faith
Resurrected for the greater cause
O stalwart ones, we salute you
Rescuing us from the ignorance
Marring our enlightened city
We have endured and are conquering this confounding and dreaded SARS
And with your benefit will become the cosmopolitan city
We tip our hat to the legendary Rolling Stones
And give you the key to your chief favourite city

Richard Wlodarski

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Yet Another Lost Moment

A full moon was beckoning me
And I was nowhere in sight
My eyes were far too tired from reading
My ears deafened by clients' pain and suffering
I was feeling overwhelmed, and I burst out crying
I wept for the tears that had flooded their lives
I wailed for their abuse...mental physical emotional spiritual
But most of all,
I cried and regretted that I wasn't there for you

Richard Wlodarski

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Transcending

Morning light...
Escaping...darkness...
Transcending
Time and space...
God whispering...
On the winds of eternity...
Life breathing life...
Into the depths of darkness...
Multi-layered voices singing...
Life-saving messages...hope
God's messengers descending...
Touching lives needing renewing...
Beings surpassing reviving...
Spirits transcending Life...
And God smiling...
Watching and not thinking...
Flowing with thought...and action...
And creating Life once again

Richard Wlodarski

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Breaking Up

The memory of the autumn of my life
Leaves of colour falling from the Tree of Life
Into the peacefulness of the stream of life
The soothing touch of your hand on mine
Into the innocence of new-found love
Whispers into the middle of the night joy and sorrow
Into the majestic beauty of oneness with nature

Tears falling ever so kindly onto the softness of your face
My wondering what caused their sorrow and joy

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Today

Today
I will experience the essence of your humanity...
I will gaze into the window...to your lost and lonely soul...
And look into your eyes of opportunity...
And realize that yours are ardent eyes of love.
I will hear your message...
With an inner hearing that listens to whispers
Gently crying in the warm summer wind.
I will kiss softly your quivering lips,
As my wandering spirit enters your mind...
I will embrace all of my experience...
And search out the essence of my humanity...
So that...I may love with the passion of Eros...
Empowering my being to touch your spirit...
And our souls to find each other...

Richard Wlodarski

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There's A Place

There's a place in the green green grass of home
Where I strive to be in unity
Where the river finds its home
And I know I'll never be lonely

There's a place in the sun
Where always there's lots of fun
Where only positive memories reside
And in all honesty there's nothing to hide

There's a place where you and I meet
In the infinity of yesterday today tomorrow
And life goes on without anymore sorrow
And once again we will greet

There's somewhere within tomorrow and yesterday
Where we meet with the uncertainty of today
And we'll empower ourselves and move towards tomorrow
And with time to borrow forget about yesterday's sorrow

There's a place in the space of your infinite mind
Where you discover the child within
And become forever young again

Richard Wlodarski

Only Love...

Only the words are missing
For the feelings I haven't been expressing
Only the pictures are fading
From the love I haven't yet made to you
Only what I haven't yet been seeing
Lost in the time between the sun and the moon
Only what I haven't yet been hearing
Deafened by the whispers of your sorrow
Only what I haven't yet been experiencing
Spent within the lost and found of eternity
Only what I haven't yet tasted
Appetite of the mind
Hunger for the soul
Only what I haven't yet touched
All within our immortality

Today
I promise
To touch
All that is within you

Today
I promise
To experience
All that is within me
Today
I promise
To venture
Into the adventure

Today
I promise
To soar
Into the infinity
Of you
And me

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Innocence...Gone

The playgrounds are barren now
The trees have lost their zest for life
Their colorful leaves buried long ago
The sand in the sandbox is frozen
Like the lost and forgotten smiles
Of innocent youth in the art of play
Ice melting on metal slides to the ground
A majestic wind swings metal and wood
Into a storm-threatening vengeful sky
Wind subsiding merrily-go-roundly
Spirited play at work in the minds
Of those grieving murder of life
Cries stifled as the wind picks up
White blank sheets of paper
Hanging in mid-air
Miraculously transformed
Angelic imagery blinding
Tears overflowing kneeling and praying
God's brethren cursing for their loss and agony

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God responding...angel flying away

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Passing The Test Of Time

Lamenting lost childhood
Floating on a white puffy cloud
Forgetting about all of the sadness
Frowning smiling to be discovered
Laughter just around the corner
Listening only to the tone of yesterday
Tasting sweetness bitterness bitter sweetness
In this magical adventure
Crying over silly little things dissecting a frog
Laughing playing hide and seek
A child building sandcastles
Touching the sands of time

You're older now younger at heart
Tag you're it now the game begins
Smelling the pungent and the rose
In the romanticism of now
Only to find the dark recesses of your mind
Voices from nowhere haunting you
Buried memories surfacing
Guiding you keeping you from harm
God smiling His child learning
Passing the final test...Time...

Richard Wlodarski

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There Was A Time...

There was a time when you knew me
When I was more than just a reflection in the mirror
There was a time when you knew me
When your warm embrace really touched me
There was a time when this love cried out
And shook our very foundation...
There was a time when our souls knew each other
When we cried laughed and died together
There was a time in a timeless place and placeless time...

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Only...

Only one word
To express the thought
That penetrates
Only one sound
To define the song
That's enveloping
Only one voice
To assert the silence
That's now deafening
Only one picture
To evince a multitude
Of diverse thoughts
Only you and me
In the multiplicity
Of diverse creativity

Richard Wlodarski

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The Gift Of Time

Only in the moments of yesterday
Were you thinking about tomorrow
And contemplating the now of today
Only in moments lost and forgotten
In a time so very long ago
Were you alive in the memory of tomorrow
Only now do you choose to remember
The youth of not so very long ago
In which you and I played with the gift of time
Remembering that it was just yesterday

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Overseas Girl {one}

She floated away on the clouds of obscurity
Her soft voice deafening the screams of agony
Paralyzing a lifetime of negativity
Crying watching Destiny
Deserting the life in me
Her essence and mine...intertwining
Enveloping us into...eternity
Once...she knew me...in the past...
In a time...when...we cried...
And tearless drops fell into infinity...
And we died...into immortality...

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Just A Breath Away

They were only these tragic moments
Buried in the wounds of yesterday
Frozen memories thawing out
And after all, we were all so very young
Wondering about Life's lessons in immortality
They were only adults lost in their childhood
Forgetting about the yesterday and fretting about today
Not realizing that timelessness is just a breath away

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On Getting Old

Tell me about the memories
I have forgotten about...
Tell me about the laughter
That my smiles had missed...
Tell me about the words
That were left unspoken...
Tell me about the love
That Love forgot about...
Tell me about the life
That quickly passed me by...
Tell me about life...
Moving into life...
And death...escaping us all...

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Lost...

Words were left unspoken...
Laughter...crying to be heard...

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Angel Returning Home {for Holly Jones}

Sweet soul leaving this wonderful playing field
Robbed of the sanctity of virtuous childhood
Far too young to be deprived of the game of life
St. Peter welcoming you at the Pearly Gates of Heaven
God smiling...beautiful angel returning to eternal home
An angel as young as you holding your hand guiding you
Taking you on a wondrous tour of God's playground
Angels everywhere playing singing and laughing
Extending an exuberant welcome back home

Richard Wlodarski

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Healing

Light piercing blindness...
Engaging tenderness...

Sound impregnating deafness...
Consenting wordiness...

Feeling melding...
Essence rising...

Hate descending...
Love ascending...

Souls rebirthing...
Heaven's waiting

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Empowerment

Drowning in murky waters
In which birds of a feather
Gather falter scatter...
Vanishing in somber despair
In which best of friends weather...
Congregate bolster wander...
Searching with clouded vision...
Enemies and masked friends...vying...
Drifting trembling discovering...

Surfacing in crystal waters
In which birds of a feather
Wonder celebrate empower...

Richard Wlodarski

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Creative Abstinence

Crazed by the polish of Polish
Baptized by Wyborowa Vodka
It's only L'Arte...they're only musicians and artists
And I'm only a lost and lonely poet searching for love
Forever absent in an eternal moment of creativity
Ursula and Peter talking about lost virginity
Customers contemplating crushed innocence and dying artistry
In walls of art liberating these lives of stagnation
Talking about everything instead of searching within ourselves
Tonight is spent...drifting home
Sleep beckons...dreams of love await
Sometimes...nightmares around the corner
It's all a dream...it's all a dream
Friends coming...and leaving...

Richard Wlodarski

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Overseas Girl {two}

Kindness enveloping her
Like the morning sun
Sparkling in the eyes
Of children at play

Or the youth of yesterday
Feeling rejuvenated again
Searching within for life's mystery
Discovering the awesome adventure

Warmth radiating
Lost souls benefiting
Returning to forgotten dreams
Empowering themselves once more

Shedding tears of joy
Reflecting on the good times
Projecting them into their mind
Leaving them crying for more

Barb is a kind and gentle kind
Whose words rekindle the spirit
Leaving a blanket of warmth
Drying tears of pain within

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Will To Survive

To know you will survive
'Cause it's your will to survive
To know you will rise
And see the sunrise
To know you will see daylight
In the might of your twilight
To know you will hear Nightingale
Knowing it's not your time to fail
To know you will taste Glory of Life
In this bad moment of your worst strife
To know that you will touch His Essence
Embracing eternal love's presence
To know that your life's one goal
Is not the sole in your soul
To know that I'm your friend
Until the very end

Richard Wlodarski

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Freedom...On This Day

Let us not lay down
In apathy
With streets covered
In human blood
Let us not stay blinded
To colour of skin
Making race and religion
An undeclared war
Let us not remain deaf
To the sounds of bullets
As our children
Wake up and cry
Let us not smell fear
In the thug's drug haven
Bitches striving to be free
In land of democracy

Let us not say
We are wrong colour
Heaven forbid
We slave for dollar
Let us not say trust in God
When racist cops kill the faith
And we lie down
Ready to die

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Nothing Short Of Your Next Of Kin

I can clearly see beyond colour of skin
I'm really nothing short of your next of kin
I can perceive your kind of race
Although I don't wear the same face
I am a friendly witness to your creed
Living in a country long ago freed
The butt of many a joke for being Polish
And many a time it was really quite hellish

If I could exchange my whiteness for your blackness
Would it result in anymore happiness
Is the poor black human being in America
Any better off than the sweat shopper in Canada
Is my Roman Catholicism
Any better than your Judaism
Is my proud Polish nationality
Any lesser than your Jewish ancestry

Is my being cruel to be kind
Any better than raping your mind
Is my killing you with kindness
Better than bruising your tenderness

If stepping in and feeling your pain
When you're witnessing only cold rain
And I can't reach your dying despair
I will put my life in soul repair

I will fight for your humanity
Colour race creed and your disparity
I will die for Satan's sins
Until humanity wins

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Never Surrender

You can take from me
My precious freedom
You can forever cage me
Like a wild animal
You can try to train me
Like some kind of puppy
You can whip the hell out of me
Until my back is skinless
You can blind me
With a welder's torch
You can rob me of my hearing
By hammering nails in my ears
You can cut out my tongue
And starve me to death
You can stitch together my lips
And silence my boldest protests
You can cut off my fingers and hands
So I can no longer sew your clothes
You can saw off my toes and feet
So I cannot march anymore
Yet you cannot rob me
Of my most precious gift
You cannot steal
The soundness of mind
The power to think freely
And to simply visualize

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One Mind

She sings
To deaf mutes
A dance of ballet
To song of Beethoven
Meditates
Soft thoughts
In despair
She is
God's gift
One Mind

Richard Wlodarski

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The Timing's End

Come hold my warm hand
And you'll understand
I have a kind heart
And though worlds apart
I comprehend
The timing's end

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Contemplation

Everything is forgotten
And laid aside
For one brief moment
No thoughts
No words
No motion
No-thing
Peacefulness of moment
Nothing comparable

We have all experienced
This time of tranquility
But so very many
Have chosen to forget

They choose to live
Not for the now
Frozen in yesterday
Propelling tomorrow

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Give up your sorrows
And expectations
And be receptive
To that which is now

And life will flow
Much more freely

Richard Wlodarski

The Face Of Friendship

Radiant smile open welcoming arms
Offering friendship to lost lonely souls
From broken homes and desolate streets
To a place where camaraderie reigns supreme

He sits enjoying food and sharing drink
Stealing time for memories of homeland
Sipping Guyanese rum from his secret flask
Laughing enjoying life rolling with the punches

His is the face of friendship
Warmth kindness compassion
Disguised in a game of fun pool
In stories of love and laughter

His is the face of friendship
Brotherly love of life
Disguised in a box full of songs
Recording music for the soul

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Harbinger Of Truth

Come softly to me
In depths of despair
In darkness of night
In dreams unknown

So I may wake in love
Inspired motivated
In the Light of Day
In dreams foretold

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Ass

To forgive is divine
To renounce asinine

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Long Distance Lover

She is so far apart
Yet closer to my heart

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Richer Than Trump

I lie on
Damp cold stone
Draped in
Frailty
Yet richer
Than The Prez

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In Memory Of Richard Nixon

Virgin soldiers dying
Incomprehensible
Babies' brains splattered
In crazed Viet Nam

Nixed Nazis resurrecting
Hitler's sickening regime
Prophets of war benefiting
From life's cruelest misery

Flower children gathering protesting
Dylan's Baez in Brothers' Arms
Crying out for humanity's decency
Dick the Prick murdering his own kind

Perverted Illuminati Satan's Children
Sacrificing Jesus killing life
In God's name for Christ's sake
Slaying millions in vain

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Duality

Death-defying fear
Running through my veins
Scared as hellish fire
Not wanting to now die

Bright white light shining
Waking from hibernating
Nourishing this lonesome life
Rescuing me from the strife

Eyes now failing to see
Darkness enveloping me
Sinfully angels groping life
Unfolding to surrendering

Sun rising forever shining
Prime goal setting in the making
Heavenly delight in the morn
Today and forever born

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Ears now failing to hear
The sounds of silence
Music playing sinners praying
God's playground tagged

Ode To Joy restoring faithfully
Lost and forgotten sounds blissfully
Chopin resurrecting Peter Pan
For Walt Disney the wonder man

Nose failing to smell
Cesspool's stench of filth
Carpetbaggers embroidered
In glorified eternal sin

Chanel #5 rising up for the test
For the lonesome loser's eternal rest
Christ's trustworthy disciples at the last fest
Preparing for humanity's soulful quest

Richard Wlodarski

Fear Setting Us Free

What if I were to almost die tonight
Would you restore my damn failing sight
Would you sharpen the old man's hearing
And correct the veering steering

If I were to have a heart attack
Would you forever watch my back
Would we walk the Walk of Life
As we rushed to stop the strife

If I were to have a mild stroke
That stopped my fast life from going broke
Would you help in restoring my healthy being
By being there through exercising with dancing

If I were to be attacked by the Big C
Would you Stand By Me or end my Misery
Would you shoot me up with mega doses of C
Giving me additional dose of liberty

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If I were to almost die tonight
Would you make life so out of sight
Would you start screaming to keep me living
As you smelled my fear during crying

If I were to battle my heart attack
With something healthier than a six pack
Would be curb the partying all night
To make it a damn worthwhile fight

If I were to calmly stroke the mild stroke
(That made me almost croak) with a blah toke
Would you stroke the hidden genius in me
And make me whom I really need to be

If I were to shark attack the Killer C
Would you fend off the madness in me
Would the love that you've always shared with me
Would it now and forever set us free

Richard Wlodarski

New Beginnings

California sun setting Big Sur far stunning
Rugged coastline ablaze with adventure's morning
Memories aplenty so lively in the funny
Life's journey worth exploring with this sweetie so sunny

Neighbourly Canada's winter winds awaiting
Snowflakes dancing for the mere price of asking
Blizzards hiding and in mourning
Storms of winter may be forming

California sun rising surf's coming
Morning coffee percolating joy working
Mamas and the Papas singing California Dreaming
Beach Boys harmonizing Good Vibrations in the teaming

Northern Lights shining brightly in God's country
Cozy warmth of General Store so wintry
New Beginnings in the making
Life's great adventure worth taking

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Richard Wlodarski

For Selena & Justin

Sometimes...
When the heart
Is broken
And the spirit
Is dying
And love
Is fading
Overwhelming
Sometimes...
When the eyes
Are so blind
And the sun sets
On Paradise Lost
And Gilligan's Island
And the captain's
Forgotten
Sometimes...
When the fragrance
Is a touch foul
And small dog
Walks away
With a big growl
Perfumed air
With wide smile
Sometimes...
When Silence
Is Golden
And harsh words
Are forgotten
Never to be
Spoken again
Reawakened
Sometimes...
When gourmet tastes
Greasy spoonfuls
Mouth waters
Sinfully
Delightedly
Unexpectedly

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Predictably
Sometimes...
When hands touch
Warmth ignites
Sparks fly
Fireworks
Starry night
Vincent's soul
Lost somewhat
Sometimes...
Boy and girl
Love and hate
Song and dance
Fire and water
Coals simmering
On Summer Camp's fire
Waiting...reigniting

Richard Wlodarski

When With Friends...Never A Waste Of Time

When with friends...waking up...smiling
Baptized by morning...sunning...feeling alive
Christened...excited...motivated
Blinded by light...energized by sun

When with friends...afternoon delight...so right
Fishing for sunlight...waiting for twilight
Catching gift of bright...such a wonderful sight
Enlivened by light...in the eternal fight

When with friend's...sunset's surprise
Eyes in awe of Deity's gift...colored...in mystery
Perceiving...miracle of life...tonight
God's chatoyant canvas...showing off...life

When with friends...starry starry night
Van Gogh painting...the sky tonight
Don McLean reaching out... to Vincent's soul
Captivated by the artist's sole role

Richard Wlodarski

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Until Day Is Long And Gone

I'll wake up
Stone sober
And sing a song
Of my life to you
I'll see you
In the sunlight
Until I'm blind
Walking with light
I'll hear whispers
Of such wondrous love
Until I'm deafened
By sublime song to you
I'll taste your touch
Love within your heart
And cry at your spell
Until day is long and gone

Richard Wlodarski

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Ode To President Donald Duck

Is it an insult
To The Donald
Or to Donald Duck
Is it real hair
Or lousy toupee
Is orange skin
Other worldly

Can those such small hands
Shake with the fearless
Will they be nervous and sweaty
Or swell with boldness and beefy

Is it his stupid words
Or lewd body language
Is it the gestures from nowhere
Exhibiting cries of despair
Is he a billionaire
Or a fraud from elsewhere

Is he USA's great savior
Or a bellower of hot air
Will we all sing Oh Happy Day
Or be stung by today's snake

Richard Wlodarski

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One Of Us Can't Be Wrong We

We shall meet on Boogie Street
And Dance Me To The End of Time
At the Chelsea Hotel we shall greet
The very sweet Sisters of Mercy

We shall mourn for Heart With No Companion
And for the sad day They Locked Up A Man
At Lady Midnight we shall sing
With the Bird On The Wire

Wishing For The Miracle
The Partisan will search
For Diamonds In The Mine
Until Tonight Will Be Fine

At Closing Time Suzanne
Will Sing Another Song Boys
About Ain't No Cure For Love
And that's No Way To Say Goodbye

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Closing Time (For Leonard Cohen)

Tonight as I lay
Myself to troubled sleep
I shall shed such tears
Not of profound sorrow
But of exalted joy
For the oneness of your poetry
For the wisdom of your words
Written and spoken from your heart

For your sights unseen
For your songs unheard
For your tastes untraveled

Tonight as I lay
Myself to troubled sleep
I shall dream such dreams
Where Jesus takes me down to The River
And Suzanne and you are weeping with joy
As the Sisters of Mercy take our hands
And join us in Circle of Eternal Life
And Jesus celebrates your return to Home

For your sights unseen
For your songs unheard
For your tastes untraveled

Tonight as I lay
Myself to troubled sleep
I shall dream of the astral
I shall travel to realms unknown
We will meet on Boogie Street
And Dance Me To The End of Time
At the Chelsea Hotel The Partisan
Will show me the Heart With No Companion

For your sights unseen
For your songs unheard
For your tastes untraveled

Tonight as I lay
Myself to troubled sleep
I shall cry of such lie
I will dwell on They Locked Up A Man
And Wishing For The Miracle
Meditate on The Law
And say Hey That's No Way To Say Goodbye
At Closing Time knowing Ain't No Cure For Love

Richard Wlodarski

Remembering Remembrance Day

Let us not make war
Where we can find peace
Let us not hear gunfire
Where there are sounds of silence
Let us not taste blood
Where there's food for thought
Let us not smell revenge
Where there is only love
Let us not soulfully look
Into the face of evil
And see only face of Satan
But rather acknowledge the sin

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Scared

Scared to walk
These lonesome streets
This dreadful night
Terrified by my sights

Scared to stroll
Forsaken boulevard
Stars rising descending
Heaven's waiting no mistaking

Scared of baby steps
Hell's playground
Looming in darkest shadows
Defying Light's shiniest

Scared of howlin' path
Bad moon rising tonight
Devil's serenading the listless sinners
Satan masquerading amongst the saintly

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Fading Memory

You are the River of Life
Flowing through my adventure
Breathing fresh life into this weary body
And I'm whining...longing for so much more

You are that searching inner eye
Crying to be heard by God who died
You're force-feeding the nearly stillborn
And reclaiming the birthright of downtrodden

You're the ears of a heartless deaf society
Hearing only the muteness of rhythm of life
You're breathing life into everlasting life
Defying death only to be reborn again

You're a kind and gentle soul
Desperately trying to be heard
Exhausted...breath...after...breath...no more
Leaving us all stunned and paralyzed

PoemHunter.com

You were once the acquaintance of friendship
Testing all limits of brotherhood
You're now a sad and lonely memory...fading...
Life crying out for so much more

Richard Wlodarski

Memory

Such a time...
Living into peacefulness
Of that not so long ago
And striving for...simplicity

Such a wonderful time...
Breathing in...all of yesterday
A breath away from...today

Such a prosperous time...
All of life's breath...inspiration
Moments...cosmic consciousness
Being...Spirit freeing

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

In My Mind

Flowers sunning on a wintery night
In my mind in my mind
Petals of a love forlorn
In my mind in my mind
Heaven smiling hell seething
In my mind in my mind
Yesterday's tears stained with tomorrow's sorrow
In my mind in my mind
Flowers dying on a sunny morning
In my mind in my mind

In my mind in my mind
Virgin snow melting on a cold wintery night
Fire in my soul blazing through such pain
Heaven-sent teardrops drowning the inferno
Resurrecting hope and love de novo

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Bohemian Rhapsody

To live free
Not on dirty streets
Full of bigotry
Where you're spit upon
With worst of insults
Where the spoiled brat's vomit
Hits face and smarts weary eyes
Where the filthy rich's neatly groomed French poodle
Pisses and shits upon your humanity

To live free
Not in a shelter for the homeless
Where urine-perfumed air stings the nostrils
And freshly released vomit smells like stale juice
Where cockroaches and rats battle for supremacy
Where humanity is reduced to less than zero
And the struggle for survival is a contest of wills
Where the less severely depressed win by chance alone

PoemHunter.com

But instead, to live free
In a storage locker
Covered by a blanket of knowledge
Surrounded with friends from other worlds
In books filled with reality and fantasy
To cleanse the mind of rat-infested thoughts of bigotry
To shower side-by-side with the mentally and physically fit
To feel a shred of humanity in a cage full of brutality
To taste the bittersweet reality of a bohemian rhapsody

Richard Wlodarski

Owed To An Ode To Mind

May the sweet fruit
Of Tree of Life
Be a sound mind
Forever reasoning
To remain so calm
In times of despair

Such a sound mind
Feeling such love
Where there is hate
Seeing beyond
Colour of skin
Hearing the golden silence
In darkest battlefield

Such a sound mind
Forever remembering
The goodness in being
A very kind human

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Prejudice: Food For Thought For Donald Trump

Why say I hate you
When you don't mean it
Why see black
In non-white
Why see red
In jaundice
Why hear
The screaming
In silencing
Why taste blood
Food for thought
Why touch hatred
In love's presence
Why feel remorse
On your journey's course

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Killing Mine Enemy With Kindness

I shall kill
Mine enemy
With such kindness...
I shall serve him
Water from the river of life
When he is dying of thirst
I shall feed him
The blood of lambs lost
Until Jesus Christ returns
And Satan is forgotten
I shall sing him
Hallelujah
Until his tears
Swell up with such love...
I shall present him
With the gift of light
Until the sun falls asleep
And the moon reawakens

PoemHunter.com

I shall now taste
Enemy's blood
Awaken love
Strike with terror
I shall now kidnap
His wife and children
Send them to the land
Of soul liberty
I shall patiently wait
For his river of life
When dying of such thirst
And unspoken hunger

I will meditate
On mine enemy
Becoming a friend

Richard Wlodarski

Unique Soles For Unique Souls

I walked for miles
In the soles of their souls
I saw the fear in their eyes
Terrified I cried with blood-shot eyes
I walked with holes in my soles
Miles journeyed to reach their souls
I heard their screams for freedom
They relinquishing their lives
I tasted their holocaust blood
Remembrance in Christ's suffering
I smelled their burning ashes
In dreams of the phoenix surmounting
I felt the history of their tormenting
Enslaved by a life impoverished

I walked so many miles
In their rubbered soles
Confounded by the torment
Of history's dissent

PoemHunter.com

I saw the tears
In their solemn eyes
And cried lonesome
This solace night
I heard whispers
Of their despair
And tasted loss
Forgotten now
Left so lonely
In great despair
In such evil
I die tonight

Richard Wlodarski

Please Don't Bring Flowers

Please don't bring flowers
And showers when I die
Please don't shed tears of pain
And no thoughts of such disdain
Please don't cry the white lie
And make them testify
Please don't hear the dear
And no longer fear

Please remember the child
So very innocent

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Meditation

I will sit silently
In the hardness of wood
Benched in solitude
Listening to aplenty

I will stand and walk alone
In my depths of despair
Searching for what I care
'Til dog no longer has bone

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Soully Robbed

When I wake
In darkness
Of daylight
Begging now
For sunshine
Crying rain
Pouring down
When I hear
The day's deafness
Solely robbed
Of the song
Nightingale
When I taste
Bitterness
And sweetness
Escapes me
When I touch
The roughness
Of nightmare
And dream lonely
I will cry
My sole self
To sound sleep
And now start
Once again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lost In Love

I'll see you in the morning
Before I start crying
I'll see your dolphin eyes
In the colours of the morning skies

I'll hear your I Love You
And kiss you until I'm blue
I'll hear all the country singers
And I'll sense all of love's bringers

I'll wake with tears in my eyes
For having told you all of those lies
I'll meander to the wonder
Of the cold water of the shower

I'll start the day with just OK
And make love to you all through the day
I'll cry when I feel your tears
Having loved you through all these kind years

PoemHunter.com

I'll love you in the beauty of this awesome morning
All through the lonesome tears of pain and joy of loving
I'll fade on this truly memorable day
With words lost for what I have to say

I'll touch your eyes and soul
Remembering your rock and roll
I'll leave you this angelic morning
Reminiscing of all souls' loving

I'll taste all of your body's lusts
Wakening to angels' lost thrusts
I'll wait until I truly miss you
Knowing that I have always loved true blue

I'll awake reawake then reawake
Knowing that our lives were never a fake
I'll fall asleep in dreamiest of sleep
Knowing that we were meant for the leap

Richard Wlodarski

Conduit

I can see beyond the sun
And beam back twice the light
I can hear the music
Of the whole universe
And sing to your deafness
I can smell
Your worst fear
And let steer
What's most dear
I can always taste
Your enemy's blood

And spew back
Love and peace

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Life's Wish

May you wake today
To see light of day
To hear nightingale
When you're feeling stale

May you rise
With sunrise
And seize the day
Without dismay

May you awaken
Feeling unshaken
And start a smile
For a long while

May you forever love
And feel being loved
May you follow your inner wisdom
And be guided to only success

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Life's Existence

When I awaken
From drunken stupor
And see morning light
Whispering new sight

When in morning's slumber
I struggle in wander
No longer in thunder
And yet I still blunder

When in afternoon delight
My popsicle now melting
My sole fear surmounting
My love life now cradling

When in the grasp
Of the blue moon
The cocaine's high
Becomes a lie

PoemHunter.com

When in the depths
Of profound sleep
Wakened by night's torment
Deadened and so hell bent

When in bright morning's light
Lies ending in a fight
Life's sugar coated existence
Struggling against sound resistance

When sound asleep tonight
I shall mount the phoenix
I shall rise to such heights unknown
'Til I can no longer bemoan

When I can no longer breathe
My breath about to cease
I'm about to decease
I shall die in soul's peace

Richard Wlodarski

Trump

With a stroke of his brush
He painted them all non-white
His eyes blinded by white
Couldn't see the blackness
He heard his ears listening
To the sounds of the ghetto
His mouth roaring like a lion
Devouring innocent cubs
His hands ever so small punching air
Empty words missing the intended target
His sniffing stale air fighting for his life
His taste for victory crushing all that lives
His spilling blood from the cradle of life
Making a mockery of all that's human

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

A Passionate Love Affair

We're only here
For fresh morning's air
And the gentle wind
Nightingale's song
And children's laughter

We're only here
To breathe in majestic beauty
To feel caress of Zephyr
To hear Nature's lullaby
To know and love God's essence

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Rebound

And should my best
Suddenly rest
And not suffice in this round
I shall return in next round
Until my mind is so sound

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Almost M. J. Lemon

Oh rise M.J.
So they can say
Bukowski's looking down from heaven
Giving the nod to pen of Lemon

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Be Guided

To see beyond the blinding truth
And be guided only by light
To hear the music of great composers
And be guided only by true genius
To taste the essence of forbidden fruit
And be guided once by angelic bliss
To smell the sweet taste of victory
And be guided by imagery
To feel stolen unconditional love
And now be guided by The Holy Spirit

I see within your own truth
And am blinded by your light
I hear within your banged up music
And am deafened by your echt genius
I taste the sin of forbidden fruit
And am forgiven by Jesus Christ
I smell your bittersweet success
And am humbled by artistry
I feel your stolen conditional love
And am heartened by your soulful loyalty

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Resurrection

And Jesus takes you down to that place by the Big River
Where sinners gather with the Salvation Army chatter
And you know you wanna believe
Even though you cannot hear Him
And you know you can hear angels
Even though you're deafened by devils
And you're smelling roses within a life that's gloomy
Even though you're eating food that's smelly and fishy
And sipping cheap wine that tastes like foul water
Even though you're drowning in a sea of laughter
And you know you're experiencing this cold lonesome feeling
Even though you're warming by the fire and still shivering
And Jesus takes you further down to that place by the Big River
Where sinners are fornicating swearing at The Forgiver
And you know you wanna believe
Even though you cannot see Him
And you know you're now hearing heavenly singing
Even through the hellish sounds that are deafening
And within the singing you're sensing voices that are comforting
Even though you're drowning in a sea that is maddening
And you're breaking bread with sinners who really aren't losers
Even though you're with winners destined to be failures
And Jesus takes you even further to that place by the Big River
Where killers are raping your mind making you crazy with fever
And you know you wanna believe
Even though you cannot sense Him
And you know where the spirits are dwelling
When it comes time for your homecoming
And Jesus whispering in your ear:

You really have nothing to fear
Life is not a cesspool
You're not drowning by the pool
Life is a blossoming rose garden
Where you have just left kindergarten

And you know you wanna believe in Him
Even though your eyes fail to see Him
And you know you can hear Him

When you're singing The Holy Hymn
And you know you can sense Him when you're crying
And you're perceiving Him when you're laughing
Knowing and believing you're no longer slaving as a loser
Knowing and believing that He has always made you a winner

Richard Wlodarski

Sad Love

I loved you totally today
And yesterday I only cried

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

For The Love I Shared With You

If I wake to only...
See the love in your eyes
Smell your womanly scent
Touch your heart's warmth
Feel your soul

If I wake to only...
See the light of this day
I will cry with tears
Of most radiant joy
For the love I shared with you

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Damaged Goods

Can't be too damn good
Wakening in the hood
Pulverized by the dude
In dark brotherhood

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Govern Your Soul

Govern your soul
It's your sole goal

When you awaken
To heart so broken
When you see the first light
And it is way too bright
When you hear the bird's song
And it's louder than a bong
When you taste life's fine sweetness
And it's only bitterness
When you smell sweet victory
And lose in sole treachery
When you touch soulful love
Acknowledge the above
When you experience today
As if it was just yesterday

Govern your soul
It's your last goal

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Joy

I awaken...
With the sun
And go to sleep...
With the moon

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

And Yet So Very Hopeful

I sleep only to awaken
To all that is so beautiful
To all that is now thoughtful
And so thoroughly awful
And yet so very hopeful

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Beyond The Senses

To see through blindness
To hear through deafness
To smell through knowingness
To taste through tastelessness
To feel through emptiness

To experience the darkness in light
To live in only brightness of such darkness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

You're Not A Saint You're Only Human

When you can't get out of your bed
'Cause you have a bowling ball head
When you're stumbling to the bathroom
Tripping in kitchen over broom

You're not a saint
A little quaint
You're only human
Never knowing when

When you can't eat your breakfast
After last night's jolly fest
Can't recognize gal next to you
'Cause your view is a bit askew

You're not a saint
A little faint
You're only human
Lost in your dark den

PoemHunter.com

When brunch is no longer munch
And you're feeling in a crunch
Waking up crazier than last night
And the sun's light a little too bright

You're not a saint
Not one to paint
You're only human
Looking at Big Ben

When dinner makes you wanna quiver
And your checking out your damn liver
And your friends are fartin' and balding
And your life is finally landing

You're not a saint
Not one to taint
You're only human
Lost in your own zen

Richard Wlodarski

Love

To taste love
Cry above

Richard Wlodarski

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Wit

To smell shit
And have wit

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Sound

To hear only sound
In all of the deafness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Light

To see only light
In all of darkness

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cosmic Love

To share all that is love
And holy in above
To see only beauty
In negativity

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

If You Can't Be Good

If you can't be good...
Why awaken
To sun rising
Impregnating...

Why breathe in
Showering
Negating
All that's bad

If you can't be good...
Why smell the roses
Dance in the rain
Fight restraint

Why see the light
In the shadow
Smell sweet victory
In adversity

PoemHunter.com

If you can't be good...
Why hear the sound
Of cosmic music
And not fall asleep

Why taste sweetness
In bitterness
When life's beautiful
Nothing's a cesspool

Richard Wlodarski

A Moment Of Your Time

Should I shed a tear
Even with this fear
Should I cry tonight
Lost in all this fright

Should I see your light
Taught me to be bright
Should I hear your sound
In today's lost and found

Should in tonight's darkest hour
Let my emotions to tower
Should I feel the love you gave
In moments when I misbehave

Should I touch the blanket of your soul
Comforting my life's rock and roll
Should I sense all that is love
When I see you in the above

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Yet Another Adventure

Life is beautiful
And so bountiful
But when losers suck
Should you give a muck

Yesterday I lost my way
On the found road to today
No compass no way to be found
Yet my mind was so very sound

A fork in the road
What is to be told
An adventurer scared to death
Angling for his very last breath

Stark nakedness of the cold sky
Beckoning for this fish to fry
Death-defying stillness
Protesting emptiness

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Reincarnation

Gather the memories one by one
And when no more memories exist
It's time for this life to say goodbye
And create memories once again

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Ode To Drake

To be a childhood star
Knowing you've surpassed the bar
To see the moon beyond the sky
Totally sober and not high

To hear the music beyond song
Truly trusting you haven't gone wrong
To smell fear and be rough
Always fighting to be tough

To touch all that is pure love
And have sense of the above
To taste glorious victory
And still remain loyal and free

To be the one and only Drake
Knowing you've never been a fake
To rise beyond the star so bright
Keeping bang-up values in sight

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Moral Responsibility

Hey Rapster Drake
Make no mistake
No kinda fake
Too much at stake

Wakin' up rappin'
To all that killin'
You're not at all helpin'
While police lookin'

Ariela's six feet under
'Cause stray bullet went asunder
Hibbert's been murdered
Are you even tortured?

Muzik Nightclub
Your soulful hub
Searchin' for that hole
In your damned lost soul

PoemHunter.com

Fenoy at twenty-six
No mo life in the six
But life goes on, right?
No longer for her, right?

Cabby refused the ride
Fenoy took her last stride
No longer Yin and Yang
Because of the bang bang

Yo the bro may have sang
When the boys in blue rang
Ten shots out of the blue
Where's the security crew?

Hibbert is dead man
And yes you sure can
Lend a meaningful hand
To the law of the land

Remember Junior Degrassi
Before you became so sassy
Believin' you're Drizzy
Maybe in love with Ri Ri

Let's stop the killin'
And let's start chillin'
Instead of all the hatin'
How 'bout some kinda lovin'

Hey man you got the know
Like no tomorrow
So let's get the show on the go
No mo killin' no mo sorrow

We gonna buy no mo pain
We gonna see no mo rain
We gonna find no mo dead
We gonna use our head

Wakin' up mo alive than dead
Because we got no life to dread
No longer shooting to kill
Because we've found a new thrill

Yo Drake surrender
From cold down under
Respect your thunder
Forget your blunder

Remember your wonder
Today you are thunder
Tomorrow's lightnin'
Your last night sparklin'

Ariela not living to be celebrity
Hibbert dead for lack of respect maybe
Bros in the hit mix in the six
Churning out those in the picks

Yo you're not snitchin'
When you're complainin'
'Bout all the fightin'
And the damn killin'

You're communicatin'
You're cooperatin'
You're moralizin'
You're humanizin'

Stop all the bitchin'
And all the ditchin'
And all the gripin'
Start cooperatin'

We gonna buy no mo pain
We gonna see no mo rain
We gonna find no mo dead
We gonna use our head

Livin' a life of partyin'
Stomach turnin' and tossin'
Seein' those that are killin'
While you are sound sleepin'

You're solid, man!
Nobody can!
Like you sure can!
Be a Damn Man!

Richard Wlodarski

Hope

Diving into despair
Only to fight
The Bright Light

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Tribute To Robert Frost And Bob Marley

As the ice melts
From One Love
All that remains
Fire in the soul

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mister Beer Man

Hey Mister Beer Man
I really understand
Your awesome global plan
For this land our land

Hey Mister Beer Man
I love your local brand
You're not fooling this fan
'Cause this old man's from Poland

Hey Mister Beer Man
Let's try to comprehend
The craft brewery fan
From this audacious trend

Hey Mister Beer Man
Let's team up with Bat Man
Fight corporate criminality
With just craft beer mentality

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Floor And Ceiling

Floor said to ceiling:
I wish I were as high as you
Ceiling responded:
You're within my reach take hold
Floor thought about it for a moment: I'm scared
Ceiling reflected on many such moments: I'm scared too

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Cry Foul

I cried when I saw the killing
And I couldn't stop the tearing
I weep for the loss of a being
And for such horrendous policing

I scream at the flagrant profiling
In the guise of bad cops bullying
I denounce the abuse of power
Needing more and more to holler

I see the anger in your face
Just because of color and race
I feel your pitiful rage
Worse than animal in a cage

I taste the cold blood on your corrupt hands
When he can no longer give in to your demands
I hear the haunting sound of gun fire
Disgusted with your sole gun for hire

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

Stop Killing

Before you shoot to kill
Remember the drill
Look beyond the color of his skin
Remembering you are next of kin

Before you shoot him dead
Remember to use your head
First look him in the eye
Before you make him fry

Before you overreact
When catching him in the act
Remember that he's flesh and blood
Before you spill all of his blood

Before you start panicking
While he is bickering
Remember that he's a human being
Look beyond color and race STOP KILLING

PoemHunter.com

Richard Wlodarski

In Memory Of...

How fragile...life
One day rising
Breathing in
Vitality
Waking to joy

How fragile...life
One moment talking singing
Celebrating being alive
Rejoicing...precious moments
Thankful for the adventure

How fragile...life
One moment reckless
Impatient solitude
Shocked into reality
Threatened by death

How fragile...life
Here and now...sun rising
There and then...sun setting

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Mysterious Love

She waits for shiny armored knight
On this cold and awful lonely night
Rust armored knights in holey jeans
Make her feel like in her teens

She hides her tears with a beer or two
Harassed by guys who think she's Runaround Sue
Praying for Prince Charming to make his dashing show
Patiently holding on and spending too much dough

Her eyes now filling with tears of joy
Prince Charming entrancing with a good ploy
Boldly and gallantly approaching the enemy
Killer eye for them and a smile for the lady

Two Strangers In The Night making our way
With A Little Help From My Friends makes our day
Her good manners enticing this gentleman of crime
My audacious shyness now showing in my prime

Daybreak comes and goes on quite A Foggy Day
I'm listening to Love Is Here To Stay
She's moved to little Aurora
And I'm in such a brew-ha-ha

Call Me Irresponsible I've been miserable
But now in My Way I'm Irresistible
Mack The Knife in modern day making
All Or Nothing in today's taking

For Once In My Life I'm Beginning To See The Light
Regret missing you all those years You're Outta Sight
Come Fly With Me Fly Me To The Moon
Mysterious lover came non too soon

Richard Wlodarski

Raptors' Victory Song

He goin' down so hard
The Cavs goin' down hard
The Raptors gonna make you mop
King of the brats disgustin' flop

King James is sweepin' the floor
With his butt out the back door
The Raptors in the Dragon's Den
Turnin' boys into real men

We The Other are the father
And the mother of Earth Mother
We The North know the game
Courage is our name

We gonna make 'em sweat
We not gonna lose this bet
We The North are here to play
Keep The Cavaliers at bay

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The Biz ownin' the rim tonight
Barkin' at Cavs givin' the bite
What a damn awesome beast
Takin' Raptors to The Feast

Le Flop James is dead from the fight
Quickly losin' his mighty might
Lowry's no longer in the bowery
He's now washing up the dirty laundry

The giant goin' down so easy
Makin' the whole game so damn sleazy
Those in the know really know
Le Brat took lessons from Brosseau

Goin' down with tap to yo face
Makin' you a sorrow disgrace
Can't hold the fort in the court
When you're train wreckin' the sport

Inadvertent elbow
From your own bad fellow
Makin' you agitate
At Raptors' Iron gate

Bautista showin' you how to take a hit
Without The King bein' such an awful twit
Trudeau teachin' you to duck the elbow
Running off the court learning to bellow

Biyombo's no mumbo jumbo
He's The Raptors' dynamo
Rambo's king of the bounds
Teachin' Cavs 'bout rebounds

DeRozan's king of buckets
Giving Raps golden nuggets
Cory The Raptors' Glory
Teachin' Cavs the sport's story

The Biz owning the rim tonight and every night
Teaching the sissy and lonesome losers how to fight
The Raptors are gonna kick your butt
Teaching Cavaliers The Soulful Strut

Richard Wlodarski

Rejection

She cried when he lied
He laughed and was fried

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Water

Be so much better
In extremely hot weather
Drink lots of water

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poem For Daniel

Couldn't ask for anything less
Than for your life being in such a mess
Couldn't ask for soulful duress
And the angels' divine caress

Couldn't ask for anything more
Than you never needing to score
Couldn't ask for divine intervention
In your life's most dire intersection

I'll wake up and hold your hand
And try to make you understand
Your father's dream of truly loving you
I'll shed tears of pain when you're blue

I'll wake up and let you see the sun
And give you a chance to have much fun
Maybe see your father's point of view
Before arguments become so few

PoemHunter.com

I'll wake up and let you hear
The fast pulse in your father's fear
Perhaps let you both see
What's truly killing me

I'll wake up and let you taste
What's made your life a little waste
Let you and your father play it cool
Until only both can see the fool

I'll wake up and let you smell
Your own God-forsaken hell
Your home that's tumbling down
Show you a richer town

I'll wake up and let you feel
You missing out on a big deal
True love of friends and family
And a much better place to be

Richard Wlodarski

Prophet

Such a beautiful being
You are in the making
Such a wonderful child
From the fearsome wild

Such a child of One's God
No longer religion's fraud
Such humanity's salvation
From the Evil One's Damnation

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Purple Rain

When Doves Cry
Skipper may fly
At age seven
He's in heaven

When Doves Cry
Gazoo may fly
Huge Afro and small body
One day he'll be somebody

Purple Rain is falling
The Kid's misbehaving
The girls are chasing
He's orchestrating

Epilepsy
Makes him flashy
And damn noisy
Celebrity

PoemHunter.com

His Purple Majesty
In his wondrous glory
In heels and dressed to kill
In the name of ladies' thrill

The Purple One
Having much fun
In blazing sun
Under the gun

Guitar drums and keyboards
Playing all for fans in hordes
Odd shaped guitars and high pitched voice
Made him an icon of one's choice

His Purple Majesty
Let Us Go Crazy
Way past 1999
As his star did so brightly shine

The High Priest of Pop devilishly flaunting
Explicit lyrics in his unique singing
The Prince of Funk His Royal Badness has died
In waters of Lake Tonawonga purified

Richard Wlodarski

Non-Death

Should I die
Before sleep
Wake Me Up

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Fear

I wake alone
Only to find
A face in the mirror
And despair when I see
That the face isn't mine

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

You Don't Know Me

You don't know me...
I am the blind man
Truly seeing the light
In darkest of tunnels
You don't know me...
I am the deaf man...
Hearing songs of praise
In the cesspool of life
You don't know me...
I am the dumb man
Who speaks only the truth
To those numbed by lies
You don't know me...
I am the cripple
Traversing the Walk of Life
Catapulted by My Faith

You don't know me...
I am Helen Keller
Ray Charles Stevie Wonder
Jeff Healey reincarnated
You don't know me...
I am the deaf musician
Hearing the beat of a different drummer
Playing only songs of love and peace
You don't know me...
I am the dumb poet
Speechless by humankind's atrocities
Weaving gentle words of pain and wisdom
You don't know me...
Homeless paralyzed with fear
Running through your troubled mind
Sleepless begging for your touch

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Poem For Robin Williams

I cried when you had died
Perhaps, 'cause you had lied
You had all of us laughing
In spite of Life's depressing

I cried for your sad childhood
No brother or sisterhood
Only tin soldiers in your company
Many lonely nights in your sympathy

I cried for your lonesomeness
And your life in such a mess
I felt your saddest tears of pain
And the laughter you wished to regain

I cried for your desperate cold nights
Embracing your fears through the fights
My heart went cold when you had died
Knowing that you and we had died

Richard Wlodarski

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Lament

What is the point of lament
Should I wake to cry for dead tears
Should I starve for lost lonely years
What is the point of repent

Richard Wlodarski

PoemHunter.com

Lonesome Lovers

She's crying throughout this lonely night
Heart-broken over a stupid fight
He's drinking it up out of spite
Lonesome lovers losing tonight

She's carelessly sleeping the night away
He's frivolously fighting come what may
Sleepless night of broken dreams
For this loneliest of teams

Cry what she may tonight and yesterday
Drink all thru the night and all of today
Sleeping listlessly dreaming carelessly
Two lonesome lovers bonding endlessly

Lovers forsaken like Romeo and Juliet
Sparring fighters forgiven in moment of regret
Two lost souls on life's dreary journey

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Fighting for the right to be happy

Richard Wlodarski

I Am What I Am...

I am what I am...

I see what I wish to see...
Only the light within me

I hear what I wish to hear...
Only the music within me

I smell what I wish to smell...
Only the success within me

I taste what I wish to taste...
Only kindness within me

I touch what I wish to feel...
Only love within me

Richard Wlodarski

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Simplicity

Simplicity...
At its most complex...
Still...
Simple

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Alone...Not Alone

Alone...at birth
Alone...at death
Not alone...in the afterlife

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Injustice

Innocence cried out
Only to be stifled
By Politics' arrogance

Richard Wlodarski

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Slow Suicide

If not already dead
What is left to be said

Richard Wlodarski

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A Life's Purpose

What if...
To live a breath

And to die...
Without a sigh

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Depression

Choosing to die
Without living
Waste of God's time

Richard Wlodarski

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Moving Forward

Woke up this morning
On this side of yesterday
Retired on yesterday
Waking for tomorrow

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A Life's Worth

My right hand...
For all that I do
My left hand...
For what's left to do

Both my hands...
For the sands

Richard Wlodarski

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Abused

She cried until she died
The court stole her cry

Richard Wlodarski

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