

Poetry Series

**Zachary Zuccaro**  
**- poems -**

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## Zachary Zuccaro(November 9,1989)

Zachary Zuccaro was born in Tennessee on November 9,1989.

He studied Mathematics at the University of Pittsburgh and Chemical Engineering at Tennessee Technological University.

He currently resides in Tennessee.

# A Field Of Flowers

A field of wilting flowers  
beseeching the clouds  
to spare a dropp of water.

The cruel skies ignore the pleas  
and continue on their journey  
until they are captured  
in a bottle  
and forced to release  
their captive butterflies  
to the roses  
uncorrupted by the crimson eagles  
perched upon a balcony  
drenched with the blood  
of seven white seals.

Zachary Zuccaro

# A Friend

An angelic creature  
rests from her journey  
in a forlorn land.

A halo glimmers over her head  
as she hovers above the ground  
spreading her wings  
in all their brilliance.

A friendly spirit,  
a few kind words,  
a smiling face,  
can brighten a gloomy day.

A loving gesture  
can lift a soul  
from the pits of despair  
to a state that transcends happiness.

Few things can equal the joy  
of having a loving friend.

Zachary Zuccaro

# A New Kitten

The young girl's face beams with pride and joy  
as she snuggles the kitten against her chest.

A soft meow and a gentle purr escape  
from the tuft of fur.

A tear dropp forms  
within a glistening blue eye  
and drips down a cheek  
as the girl stares lovingly  
at the pair of eyes  
staring back at her.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Abortion (1-6)

## Abortion #1

Watch them  
slaughter  
the child  
and  
'dispose'  
of it.

## Abortion #2

A life snuffed out  
before it can begin.

No chance to love,  
to grow, to learn  
to live;

no chance to do anything.

A life  
just created  
and destroyed.

## Abortion #3

A quick flow of blood  
a tiny corpse.

A baby murdered,  
it's mother leaves the clinic  
continuing to live her life  
unlike her child.

#### Abortion #4

Tears  
dropp from Heaven  
as another child is murdered.

A soul without a name  
unwanted by its own mother,  
robbed of its right to live.

I pray for you.

#### Abortion #5

As you go to get your abortion  
remember that at this moment  
you are alive  
and able to kill your child  
because your mother  
did not choose  
to abort you.

#### Abortion #6

Abortion  
is not murder  
any more  
than shooting a little baby  
in the back of the head  
is murder.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Age And Aging, Against And Again

## Age

The baby sits in an armchair  
recollecting her existence as an old man.  
The age at which his eyes were the same colour  
as her tears.

## Aging

I watch  
my skin  
drip  
from my bones  
into a puddle  
on the floor.

## Against

A unique configuration of atoms and consciousness  
yet no distinction desires elaboration.  
Perhaps tomorrow, again.

## Again

Unreuiatedly frustrated  
at the persistent inability  
to circumvent the dam  
retaining the mildew  
of unexplored potential.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Alchemy

## The Alchemist

The collision of a phoenix and a rain cloud  
above the blossoms of a Spanish cactus  
concludes in the regurgitation  
of a gold pocket watch.

## Sword

I look down and stare  
at the sword  
piercing my chest.

I wonder what it is,  
and how it got there.

## Hypercube

The hypercube levitates  
between the jurisdiction  
of a plane and a

cantaloupe.

## Invention of Zero

The blessed zero  
humbly kneels  
as it is knighted

into the conflagration  
of useful speculations.

### The Martyr

The martyr writhes in agony  
as his stomach is pierced  
by the steeple  
of his local church.

### The Mouse

Running through the desert,  
a mouse encounters a brick wall.  
Burrowing underneath,  
it finds a coconut.

### Worry

The threat  
then silence.

The torture  
of not knowing.

### Writer's Block

What to write?

Here I am  
once again  
with no idea.

One second passes  
then a minute  
then an hour.

Nothing.

I try writing the first words that pop into my mind  
yet nothing pops into my mind.

I stare at the blank sheet of paper.

Oh well.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Along Finnegans Way And A Tribute To Kafka

## Along Finnegans Way

We hoot and holler  
along Finnegans way  
scaling the summit  
of lunfken and krumit.

What will we find  
when we reach the zithern.  
The plunkety denial  
of subversion of language  
the inadvertent confession  
of ignorance.

Even now master Finnegans  
shakes his lonely head.  
Nostrof bellowkof! he proclaims loudly  
but no one listens.

In resignation  
the beseacher of krimlof  
sits and watches the brook.

There is nothing else  
that can be done.

## Tribute to Kafka

Who am I? asked K.

The crowds jeered,  
You are our dream,  
nothing more than the contemplation of reality.

In that case, replied K.  
I might as well make myself comfortable.

Do you need a land surveyor by chance?

Perhaps after your trial;  
we normally do not allow  
infestations of insects  
within the castle.

I see, mused K.  
and he slept in the hay.

Zachary Zuccaro

# An Artichoke, An Angel, And A Remnant Of Memory

## The Angel

A column of light  
clothed in white silk  
peers over the edge  
of the globe  
as her tears  
drip into the sea.

## Remnants of Memory

Remnants of memory  
drift through the sky  
and sleep among the autumn leaves.

## Arena

Loneliness emanates from the arena of destitution  
amid the cries and jeers of the crowd.

Surrounded by thousands of smiling faces  
yet all alone.

The gladiator stares at mocking grins  
strangers eagerly awaiting his destruction.

He looks down at a cold piece of steel,  
his only friend,  
and then up at the lion  
ready to consume him.

## Contemplation of Surrealism #1

Surrealism is the attempt  
to depict nonexistent objects and ideas  
as realistically as possible.

It should ignore all laws and logic  
while remaining entirely plausible.

## Contemplation of Surrealism #2

Something surreal should initially seem completely bizarre,  
but upon further reflection appear entirely plausible.

Or, just as well, it should initially seem entirely plausible  
until further reflection reveals its impossibility.

## Painting #1

White set on a black background.

## Painting #2

Three turnips lying on a table  
in a purple room.

A grandfather clock  
floats two feet  
above the ground.

The time is 2: 03.

## Rosa 1

The uprooted rose  
adorned with frost  
never wilts.

## Rosa 2

The uprooted rose  
adorned with frost  
blooms forever.

## The Artichoke

A heart splits  
revealing  
the green slices  
of

## The Battle

Two balls of quivering quills  
collide in an unlikely collision  
between an echidna and a porcupine.  
Quills slide pass quills and into flesh  
the two animals merge into one  
bleeding mass.

The wounds are mortal;  
the animals grow into a cactus.

## The Cave

Silence.

Awakening.

Cool, smooth stone.

Distant dripping of water.

Desperate, blind groping.

Falling.

A scream.

Silence.

## The Cheat

Tip the scale to your favor,  
and empty the glass of water.

## The Computer

Two clouds  
intellectualize  
over the reflection  
of a digital entity  
controlling their fate.

## The Contest

A butterfly struggles to resolve  
an unlikely altercation  
between an elephant and a whale.

Frustrated by the futility of her efforts,  
the insect proceeds to crush the two  
between her wings.

## The Destroyer

His breath  
pushes a mountain of sand  
through the barriers  
destroying half the land.

The volcanoes erupt  
as he lifts his eyes  
and the world crumbles  
as he lifts his arms.

## The Duel

Two blades cross  
and glimmer  
under the summer sun.

Two lives at stake  
over a triviality.

## The Fan

An oscillating fan  
sends ripples of air  
through the window  
and into a box.

## The Garden

The old man,  
with his thick glasses,  
plaid shirt, and white hair,  
sits in his garden,  
pulling weeds.

## The Gem Tree

An eight year old boy  
with blonde hair and blue eyes  
stands at the top of a wooden ladder  
and picks rubies, emeralds, and sapphires  
growing on the gem tree.

This afternoon,  
he will go to the pond,  
as he is obliged to do,  
and feed the precious gems  
to the toads.

## The Goat

Oh look,  
it's a goat  
eating shirts  
along the leeway.

### The Great Battle

Pour a cup of coffee.  
Walk to the dining room table.  
Sit.

### The Lamp

The halogen lamp  
illuminates  
the banana.

### The Marathon

For years you practiced  
and you are in front,  
only fifty meters to victory.

Yet you stumble  
too exhausted to go on.

All your life  
you prepared for this moment  
but now you falter.

## The Matches

A book of matches  
bleeds flames  
onto a matching set  
of books.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Anarchy And Bubble Gum

## Anarchy

The rebellion ends in chaotic discord  
nobody knows where to go or what to do  
no leader, no direction  
nothing  
but anarchy.

## Bubble Gum

Waves beat against  
the boxer's  
muzzle on the gun  
barrel filled with  
bubblegum.

## Abstractions

Abstractions  
spraypainted with red and black graffiti  
pollute my poetry  
sinking it into a quagmire  
of meaningless obscurity and incomprehensibility.

## Alaska

Two pillars of ice  
stretch between  
the sun and the moon

forming a barrier  
between Alaska  
and the tomato.

#### Ambient Surrealism

Ambient surrealism  
lifts its hand  
and clutches  
a single star  
from the morning  
sky.

#### Aspiration #4

Pink and lavender coral  
dream of the ocean,  
the eel, the white and  
orange clown, as they  
grow in the forest.

The hoof of a deer  
smashes it  
into a formless pulp.

#### Banana

Beneath the gloomy exterior  
hides a boisterous banana.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Angel's Sacrifice

A halo of light exudes from the being  
kneeling before the stream.

Wind passes through a prism  
and evaporates the leaves of the woods.

The angel opens her mouth  
and consumes the noise in the world,  
all is left in silence.

The sparkling creature  
walks to the altar of the Lord,  
upon which lies a slaughtered lamb.

Offering her own tears to the Lord,  
the angel sets fire to the altar,  
and the world is reduced to ashes.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Apokalupsis

## Angel of Death

A dark cloud forms  
over the sleeping child's head.

A shining creature  
clothed in black  
hovers above the bed.

It reaches down its gaunt finger  
it opens its shriveled mouth  
and a solemn prayer is said.

The parents have lost their only child,  
the boys and girls have lost their friend  
but while those on Earth are weeping,  
the little boy sleeps peacefully  
on a new, Heavenly bed.

## Crucifixion

Jesus spent his life helping his Jews.  
In return, the Jews crucified him.

Every dropp of blood  
dripping from the Corpse  
is a testament to the kind of creatures  
humans are,  
and Christ's final words  
are a testament to what kind of creature  
He is.

## Judgement

Watch tomorrow morn  
as the goats are shorn.  
The masters watch with scorn  
as the hair is torn.

## Apokalupsis

Seven candles in each of seven golden lampstands  
forming a circle around the throne of light.  
A glass-like sea stretches into the distance.

He lifts a finger and the earth trembles,  
he lifts a second and the mountains crumble.

All the armies of Earth prepare for battle  
but are swept away with one thrust of the sword.

Ten-thousand legions of angels  
march to meet the dragon  
but are consumed by flames.

Galaxies collide  
stars collapse  
the archangels  
rise to meet for the  
apokalupsis.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Archangels

One man stares at a vast army  
stretching as far as he can see  
in every direction.

Grinning, he draws his sword,  
a katana made from a blood-red ruby.

The soldiers stare bewildered  
as he flashes from one to another  
piercing their armour  
with his blade.

The army turns in terror  
and tries to flee,  
but he cuts down the soldiers one by one.

The officers stare in disbelief -  
how can one man  
defeat an army of ten thousand soldiers  
on his own?

No matter,  
they call in the reserves -  
one hundred giants  
towering above the trees.

Each giant wields  
a sword weighing two tons,  
and wears armour a foot thick.

When they laugh,  
the ground shakes,  
and craters form beneath their feet.

The giants lift their swords,  
then a second later they all fall -  
a sword has pierced each of their hearts.

The man with the katana grins

light shines from his gold wings  
and white silk robes.

Nothing can defeat him -  
this demon will conquer the world,  
but then his grin fades.

Before him stands a creature like himself  
yet twice as tall.  
It holds a katana as well -  
except one made of crystal.

Lucifer frowns as he prepares  
to fight yet another battle  
against the Archangel  
St. Michael.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Atheist

Random

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## Life

The scientists argue  
and propose their theories  
proclaiming there is no need for God.  
Yet they are unable  
to restore life  
to even the least  
of creatures that have died.

## Atheism

Atheism is the belief that there is no god.  
They find it so hard to believe that there might be a god  
yet seem to have no difficulty accepting that without a god  
the beginning of life and the universe  
would have to break many laws of science.  
Then they attempt to explain away the problem saying

that the laws of science  
did not apply  
in the beginning.

How strange.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Birth Of A Phoenix

With a little chirp,  
a phoenix arises from the ashes,  
a flickering flame forming into a creature.

An orange glow emanates from her  
as she surveys her surroundings -  
a vast desert spotted with cacti and rock.

A lizard, almost as large as the fledgling phoenix,  
scurries by.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Body And Soul

Witness all the beings who trivialize life  
reduce their gift to perceptual concern  
over insignificant trivialities.  
Worried about their bodies and possessions  
while neglecting their immortal soul.  
Seeking power over mere molehills  
while burying their true potential power;  
attempting to gain unimportant knowledge  
while ignoring buried treasures of wisdom.  
Bodies controlling their lives  
as they completely forget their true selves.

The soul is separate from the body,  
not only are they separate - they are enemies.  
What the soul needs the body protests,  
what the body desire the soul detests.  
Why should this opposition occur,  
why should their desires not concur?  
Well the soul and body have different needs  
and to serve the one means to neglect the other.  
Pain and hunger, thirst and knowledge  
these are of the body  
but joy and sorrow, anger and guilt,  
love and wisdom are of the soul.  
To search for food, to strive for wealth,  
to benefit our bodies  
means to feel envy and greed and to corrupt our souls,  
but to give to the poor, and to fast and pray  
feeds our souls but corrupts our bodies.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Butterfly

The body serves as a caterpillar  
to house the soul in its larval state  
while maturing;  
then the soul blossoms  
like a butterfly  
with power and beauty  
far greater than the body could ever have.  
A fluttering glory  
transcending time and space,  
a brilliant light blinking into existence  
and exuding brilliance.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Cat And Mouse

A calico kitten, curled in a little ball,  
sleeps on the barn floor.

The elusive mouse scampers along the wall, silently  
but still awakens the kitten.

I a flash, grey fur quivers between two paws  
then grows still.

Zachary Zuccaro



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I admire artists  
and indeed people claim  
'a picture is worth a thousand words'  
yet I can write two-thousand words  
in the time it takes me  
to create one picture.

### Bottle

An obsidian bottle  
enthusiastically consumes itself  
only to find itself  
consuming its regurgitation.

### The Katana

The katana  
with her long, steel blade,  
the product of countless hours  
of careful and exacting work,  
gleams proudly  
by her samurai's side.

### Melancholy

After a century of despair  
the immortal angel  
attempts suicide once again.

Blood drips from her throat  
soaking her white gown

and forming a pool on the ground.

Yet she lives on.

### Another Nature Scene

Sitting on a short stone wall  
in the woods  
with tall green weeds  
growing at my feet  
and a burbling brook  
behind me.

### Cuticle

A monkey sits on the pier  
trimming her fingernails  
which fall into the ocean  
and are consumed  
by rainbow-coloured squid.

### Covered

A white silken cloth  
covers  
it.

### Disgust

Relentless loathing  
towards misrepresentations  
and inadequate representations  
proclaiming false realities.

Despair

The fountain of worry  
irrigates the desert  
of despair.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Cutting And The Cutter

## The Cutter

A razor  
slices through  
the thin sheet  
and red syrup  
begins to flow  
down the swivel.

## Cut

Cut into your wrist  
watch the skin peel back  
and the flesh separate  
as blood begins to ooze  
from the severed vein.

Watch the tension  
you release today  
become regret  
and misery  
tomorrow.

## Cutter

A young girl  
alone  
in her room  
enjoying the tingling sensation  
at her wrist.

Nobody knows.

Cutting

Red droplets ooze  
and drip.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Demon

A transcendental being clothed in white  
ascends the golden staircase  
to a sea of glimmering glass.

Seven blue spheres orbit a marble pillar  
where a silver goldfinch is perched  
singing praises to the Lord.

The creature of light  
walks to the pillar  
and smashes the bird  
in its fist.

Light turns to darkness  
blood drips from the spheres  
onto the sea.

Two monkeys rush in  
and desperately begin to clean  
the mess from the floor.

The creature sighs  
and lies down  
to rest.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Denying God

People deny God  
because of cruelty and evil in the world,  
injustice and hatred.

People do not want to believe in a God  
who would allow such things to occur.

Perhaps that would be true  
if life was really important,  
if happiness during life mattered at all.

Yet life is but an insignificant flicker  
that is extinguished soon after it is lit,  
and I do not believe our bodies or worldly happiness  
matter at all to God.

Rather life is but a test of our souls  
to determine whether we can endure  
suffering and temptation and are prepared  
to be true servants of God.

Pain, suffering, happiness, pleasure,  
none of these matter at all.  
All that matters to the Lord,  
and hopefully to us,  
is our souls.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Depression

A gray cloud looms above the horizon,  
darkening the blue skies.

A steady drizzle soaks the clothes  
of a young boy and his wet hair  
clings to his head as he sits alone  
in a deserted park.

Tears blend with raindrops  
emptiness echoes with thunder.

A forgotten a starving orphan  
abandoned by the world  
whimpers inside the girl  
wearing a false smile  
and pretending to enjoy life.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Determinant Of Demolition

Determinant

Oscillations of the determinant  
reveal the luminosity of a candle  
on her journey to the smokey cloud  
of improvisational existence.

Demolition

Two thousand workers  
labor nine years  
constructing a massive tower.

Crowds flock around the steel and glass  
admiring the product of perseverance.

After another nine years  
the building is scheduled  
for demolition.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Divine Throne

Ten thousand angels  
kneel before the thrones  
seven candles flicker  
in seven golden lampstands.  
Three Beings in One  
illuminate all the Heavens.

Each of the thousands of angels  
shines with a brilliance greater than the Sun's  
yet their brilliance is as night  
compared to the Trinity's.

A pillar of flames  
surrounds the throne  
and stretches out of sight;  
not even the angels  
can withstand the sight of the Lord.

Glory and praise to You,  
King of all creation!

Zachary Zuccaro

# Dream Compilation (1-16)

## Dream # 1

An onyx insect  
with two jade wings,  
six rubber legs,  
a long, narrow oak body,  
and two pearly eyes  
is crushed under  
the gentleman's boot.

## Dream # 2

Two old men sit on the couch  
watching television.  
One picks up the remote control,  
and turns off the life  
of his friend.

## Dream # 3

A fruit basket  
swarming with ants  
devouring  
the last piece of artificial fruit.

## Dream # 4

A bean pod crumbles  
revealing the deterioration  
and collapse  
of the Roman Empire.

## Dream # 5

Walking into a room,

I see a Borg  
and a person on Facebook.

I watch the human and Borg  
merge  
and become one.

#### Dream # 6

Six cloves of garlic  
sleep in a wire basket.  
Upon awakening,  
one grows into an oak tree,  
one grows into a rose,  
one grows into a candle,  
one grows into a horse,  
one grows into an elephant,  
and one remains a clove.

#### Dream # 7

Echoes from a pipe organ  
reverberate through the canyon  
shattering a crystal ball.

#### Dream # 8

An eagle flies into the train  
station and buys a ticket.  
Once his train arrives,  
he relegates himself to an unobtrusive  
seat where he perches staring at the ceiling.

#### Dream # 9

A herd of buffalo  
run up and down a cedar tree  
pursuing

a squirrel.

Dream # 10

Torrents of Pepsi  
drip from a white cloud  
to satisfy the throat  
of a young boy  
yearning for insight  
into the process  
of the water cycle.

Dream # 11

Plunging a finger  
into my eye,  
I discover a jewel,  
a diamond, which I  
smash between my fingers,  
and I am squirted  
with a warm, sticky fluid.

Dream # 12

Plunging a finger  
into his nose,  
a young boy discovers a maggot  
which he subsequently eats.

Dream # 13

Two men fishing in a canoe  
on a sunny and peaceful day  
with cicadas and birds cheerfully chirping  
are suddenly swallowed  
by a giant gar.

Dream # 14

An inchworm starts its journey  
across a giant puffball  
but is immediately swallowed  
by a chameleon.

Dream # 15

A puffer fish  
decides to go golfing  
with its friend, a Marlin  
in the purple and pink  
gardens of sea anemones  
concealing star fish.

Dream # 16

Thrusting my hand into my esophagus  
I resist the urge to regurgitate  
and voraciously grasp  
the invisible jewel  
that contains my soul.  
Plucking my eye from its socket,  
I proceed to replace the gelatinous ball  
with the dripping crystal.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Drift, Drip, And The Return Of Dryphidius

## Drift

A piece of driftwood,  
covered with barnacles,  
washes onto the beach.  
Jaded memory  
of a Spanish ship  
sunken by pirates.

A little boy  
dressed in a sailor's uniform  
drags the log back home.

The King Ferdinand's ship  
lies in a peasant's yard.  
Oyster mushrooms  
consume the wood.

## Drip

Paint drips  
down the wall  
into a puddle  
of tar  
on my head.

## Dryphidius

Lord Dryphidius  
folds his silken wings  
as he stands upon his pedestal

and utters his proclamation  
of absolute dominion  
over the transcendental beings  
inhabiting his dimension.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Faerie Song

The giant squid hides in a canyon  
deep beneath the waves.  
A whale swims beneath a ship.  
A lobster scurries across the ocean floor,  
a jellyfish floats by.  
The coral reef glitters beneath sparkling water,  
a sea anemone twitches its quills.  
A starfish sleeps on the sand,  
a shark glides past.

The yacht lowers her topsail  
as she sails towards the cliff,  
the sea ends at the edge  
of the world.

The sailors look  
into the great abyss  
ready to plunge  
into the unknown.

The dove flies from star to star  
casting its shadow on every planet.  
The black figure consuming comets  
its gravity warping perception of time.  
A kraken cries out in distress  
as a cube rises from the mist.  
The creatures merge as one;  
one universe splits into two.  
All motion ceases, time stops  
a reflection upon the mirror.  
Sing out your praises,  
shout out in solemn joy.  
Where are your pretences now?

Light a candle in a room  
watch its glow and smokey plume.  
It casts its light upon the wall

illuminates the entrance and inner hall.  
Listen to the footsteps approach  
the time has come to suffer reproach.

A spirit glides effortlessly upon the Earth  
its presence disappearing and reappearing.  
An incorporeal presence  
consciousness without form.  
An imagination from Heaven,  
an angel from the Lord.  
It remains a moment longer  
then flickers out.

The faeries dance around the oak  
singing their midnight song.  
The stars twinkle in the sky  
smiling at the celebration below.  
A bridge stretches between the canyons  
lizards scurry across the rocks,  
the sun illuminates the pillars of stone.  
Robins chirp in the morning fog  
snag worms from the soil.  
Penguins waddle across the ice  
in the vast expanse of the artic.  
Steam rises from a teacup  
resting on the kitchen table.  
A ripe banana and a turnip,  
the moon and a mouse.  
Two pepper walk across the Sun,  
a rainbow after the storm.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Flight Of Evangelion

Flight

Throwing paper airplanes  
from the top  
of the great Sphinx.

Evangelion

Evangelions go bird hunting,  
shooting angels from the sky  
as Adam waits apart from Lilith.

Perhaps tomorrow  
you will remember  
Tokyo.

Echidna

Echidna with her sharp brown quills,  
in mockery of the porcupine,  
uncurls her threatening sphere.  
She waddles to an anthill  
and sticks her straw-like nose  
into the narrow tunnels  
and feeds.

1242

Nauseated by the perpetual regurgitation of language,  
it reinvents linguistics.

88Y

The boy grins;  
a hefty stone  
goes ker-plup!  
into the lake  
sending ripples  
of memories  
into the young mind.

32K

Droplets of imagination  
fill the pool of enthusiasm  
and give me hope.

33K

Interpolation  
of imagination  
and reality  
mix  
as the travelers  
traverse  
the desert landscape.



# Forgotten Immortality

Forgotten

The flickering shade of a memory  
meanders, lost, through the forest.  
A gentle breeze, the ghost is gone.

Immortality

Cherish  
the longevity  
of memory.

Though the friend dies  
memories live.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Heaven

Do not think that any person  
has true understanding of death or Heaven -  
do not believe Heaven is but an empty promise  
of eternal luxury and ease.

Did not Jesus say  
that the faithful servant  
is given greater responsibilities?

I do not claim  
to have any true insight into Heaven,  
but I suspect  
that there is far more to Heaven  
than simply sitting around and singing.  
After all, Heaven is not where we go to die,  
it is where we go to truly live.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Hydrangea

A hydrangea grows by the pond  
and sprinkles its petals over the ground.

The sparrow sings on a maple tree  
and offers her feathers to the whims of the wind.

A bluegill jumps from the water  
and returns its body to the world from whence it came.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Hypocrisy

## Failure and Success

There are few things as depressing  
as trying your best  
but still failing.

Even so, I believe  
it is better  
to fail with the knowledge  
that you tried your best  
than to succeed  
with the knowledge that you could have done better.

## Friendly Conversation

A virulent pollution of gossip  
diffuses from person to person  
filling them with ill will and hatred.

## Individuality

Behold! Ten thousand people  
conform  
to a standard of rebellion  
in their ignorant belief  
that they are preserving  
individuality.

## Hypocrites

Go to the city  
and look at the hypocrites  
standing on the street corner  
proudly claiming the kingdom of Heaven  
for themselves  
while condemning others to Hell -

Christians today  
behaving no differently  
than the Scribes and Pharisees  
Jesus scolded  
two-thousand years ago.

## Not Good Enough

Relentless pressure  
to overexert oneself  
in a futile effort  
to satisfy people.

No matter how hard you try  
you will never be good enough,  
smart enough, fast enough, strong enough.

Never rich enough, generous enough, pretty enough,  
or handsome enough.

No matter what you do,  
you are too fat or too skinny,  
you are reclusive or obnoxious  
a bully or a phony,  
a liar or a thief.

Everyone is greedy or selfish,  
or they suffer from low self-esteem.

No matter what you do,  
society will complain about it  
and stick a label on you  
and if you protest,  
you are a rebellious punk  
whose viewpoints must be suppressed  
because you are just not good enough.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Lonely

A girl sits

alone

staring at her lunch.

She wonders why she is alone  
as the other children talk and laugh.  
Nobody understands her, nobody cares.

She is not some kind of freak or loser,  
just a human being  
who needs love, friendship, and affection  
like everybody else.

So why is she alone?  
Why doesn't anyone care?  
Why can't she have friends?

She stares at her wrists.

Maybe she shouldn't have any friends anyways  
if they don't want to be her friends  
then why should she make the effort?

Everyone else seems to be in a different world.  
Why are they so happy?  
What is so good about this world anyways;  
this world filled with evil,  
cruelty and suffering?

Nobody knows the truth.  
This girl all alone,  
wears a smiling face,  
she laughs and pretends to be happy.

But underneath that mask  
is sadness and depression  
and loneliness.

Filled with an emptiness  
a void that needs to be filled.  
Yet there must be a hole in her,  
nothing but sadness can remain.

She stares at the butter knife  
with its gleaming blade,  
the fork with its prongs.

Outside the sun is shining,  
the sky is blue,  
the birds are singing.  
But inside the sky is gray,  
the rain is falling,  
all is dead.

Trapped in a perpetual winter  
with no way out.  
No hope,  
no escape from this misery.

She used to be happy,  
like the rest.  
A frolicking little girl  
without a care in the world.

But that person is dead.  
Buried.  
All that is left is this shell  
empty  
yet filled with hurt.

She is afraid to love,  
no, she cannot love -  
she has been hurt too many times.

She used to think that things would get better  
but that was long ago.  
Now she knows.  
There is no hope.

The girl stares at her lunch.

She is alone.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Lucifer

Behold the Angel of Light  
the greatest of them all.

The prince of the stars and the sun  
towers over the archangels  
second only to God himself.

Granted incomprehensible power  
yet his jealousy rages -  
he wants to rule all creatures,  
to be king of all the world.

Cast from heaven the angel falls  
into a world of despair and gloom  
sulphur and fire surround his throne.

Yet the dragon continues his game  
his quest for power has not come to an end;  
he wanders the Earth  
searching for prey.

Blinding rays beam from his garments  
his smile covers the entire Earth  
he offers gifts of wealth and power  
as he sits upon his throne.

Watch the multitudes accept his gifts  
as they unsuspectingly rush to their doom.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Metamorphosis

Free yourself from past attachments  
dragging you into despair,  
do not cling to what makes you miserable  
but look to the future  
in the hope that it will be better.

The skin swells and splits  
allowing the flesh beneath  
to burst out in a bloody mess.

A gooey, dripping glob  
oozes from its exoskeleton,  
an old life discarded  
and replaced by a new one.

A new creature  
covered with blood  
prepares to encounter  
the world.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Michael The Archangel

Alone, in the woods,  
stands Michael the Archangel.

The birds silence their singing in his presence,  
and the trees' leaves shake from his power.

An iridescent being of light,  
two massive white wings folded behind his back,  
a sword of light hangs at his side.

His brilliance blots out the sun,  
no creature can stand his brightness,  
devils attack him from every side,  
but he overpowers them  
with a mere glance.

Lucifer sends his dragons,  
horrific creatures of bellowing blue flames,  
to destroy the angel.

Saint Michael sighs,  
the dragons bite him,  
but are annihilated by his mere presence.

Finally left in peace,  
the archangel kneels  
and gives glory to God.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Mist

A smoky mist congeals  
to form a soul  
immortal yet insubstantial  
its presence fragile  
yet permanent.

A gliding shadow,  
intangible ghost  
yet possessing powers  
exceeding that of any human's.

A transparent entity  
levitating beyond time  
within a distant galaxy.

Moonbeams stretch  
across the shallow pond.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Mysteries Of Language (1-2)

## Mysteries of Language #1

Paradoxical synonyms  
infiltrate the vocabulary  
contemplating the history of linguistics.

## Mysteries of Language #2

The birth of an antonym  
murders preconceived notions of language  
and resurrects the infrastructure of speech.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Nana's Dreams (1-2)

## Nana's Dream

Silver wires  
sprout from her chest  
and sprawl over the floor.  
A black stamp is etched  
upon her back.  
Even so, Jesus  
tosses her cares out the window  
on tiny scraps of paper.

## Nana's Dream #2

The Blessed Mother  
just beyond the couch,  
smiling.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Newspapers And Night, Lizards And A Monarch

## Lizard

A lizard,  
with thick, brown scales,  
scurries across the desert sand  
to a small piece of orange sandstone  
at the base of a red canyon  
dimly illuminated  
by the setting sun.

The lizard nestles into a crevice,  
makes itself comfortable,  
and reads a book.

## Newspaper

Young boys  
scribble on  
toilet paper  
with a magic marker.

## Night

Moonbeams fail to illuminate the night;  
darkness obscures your range of sight.

## Monarch

Slight the potato

beneath the midnight sun  
monarch butterflies  
blend into the ripe toothpaste.

Cavities fill the emptiness  
with a chaotic orderliness  
that explains the simplicity  
of the human brain.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Omnipotence And Telephones

## Omnipotence

Collapse all the universe  
and time  
into your fist  
and squeeze.

## Opportunity

The world is ugly  
so that we may have the opportunity  
to make it beautiful.

## Organic Chemistry

Alkanes, haloalkanes, alcohols, ethers, thiols, alkenes, alkynes, aromatic compounds, aldehydes, ketones, carboxylic acids, anhydrides, esters, amides, nitriles, amines, and hard tests are some of the things most commonly encountered in Organic Chemistry

## Outcast

The cycle repeats  
yet again.

A friend comes  
and goes.

Here I am.

Alone,  
  
sitting  
on a lonesome  
  
stone.

Paperclip

A bent paperclip  
now discarded.

Peacefulness

I sit alone  
in the forest  
next to the trickling stream.

I listen to the water flowing,  
the birds singing,  
and I empty my mind.

Pelican

A live fish  
travels down  
a pelican's esophagus  
and is bathed  
in acid.

## Persistence

I fail,  
and fail,  
and fail,  
and fail, fail, fail.

Undeterred I try again,  
and I fail,  
and fail,  
and fail, fail fail.

Undeterred I try again,  
and I fail again,  
but someday I will succeed.

## Phone

The phone rings  
a sickening glob  
of sour milk  
forms in my stomach.  
My pulse increases,  
beads of sweat form on my forehead.  
I am filled with a phobia  
of talking to the person on the other side.  
An intangible entity  
staring at me  
from its lofty tower,  
glaring at me,  
the pitiable creature,  
suffering in a relentless purgatory.  
Mustering all the courage I can,  
I answer the phone.

Pizza

An internal compilation  
of vegetables and cucumbers  
envelope the apple  
on top of the pickle jar.

Prey

In the absence of predators,  
prey are no longer prey.

Prey cannot exist  
without their predators.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Parade

Watch the parade  
of disjoint figures  
dancing together in harmony.

Separated yet unified  
by common dreams and goals.

Entities that will never again  
encounter each other  
but are eternally conjoined by memory.

The sun also rises  
to welcome new life  
and to see off life departing.

Even so, the memory will not fade.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Pepper Plant

A pepper plant grows on the window sill  
of a castle belonging to the emperor  
of an unknown kingdom  
between the lands of greed and generosity.  
Two shadows are cast onto the leaves -  
one in the shape of a circle,  
the other, a triangle.  
Every morning a stranger comes to water the plant;  
every night some leaves grow greener  
while others wilt.  
after the epoch of prosperity  
came the age of incredulity  
which sank into the time of despair.  
The peppers changed from green to red  
but were never picked and began to rot.

Now black remnants of peppers  
drip from the drooping stems  
of the neglected pepper plant.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Piccolo

The miniature tuft  
of white and brown fur  
excitedly storming down a hill  
in pursuit of a doggy-toy;  
the wagging tail and gleaming eyes  
eagerly and cheerfully greeting me  
in the dawn's cool beams of sunlight.  
The mighty oak tree and courageous lion  
condensed into fifteen pounds of joy.  
The personification of curiosity and trouble  
stealthily sneaking into forbidden rooms;  
the crafty head begging for attention and a bit of food.

A little corpse lies buried  
under the dimming twilight  
in the wooded hills  
of Tennessee.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Poetic Sadist

Poetry

A deluge of poetry  
falls like rain.

A multitude of poets  
trying to create something beautiful.

Some will succeed,  
most will not.

Still, what can be greater  
than creating something beautiful?

If we can create even one thing that is beautiful,  
have our lives not been worth living?

Poetic Sadist

The sadist laughs  
as honest readers  
futilely struggle  
to decipher  
unintelligible  
remnants of

Fly

Hi fly!

Who is this fly  
that flies so high  
up in the sky?

Why is this fly  
about to die?

This fly  
who flies so high  
is about to die  
because it will fly  
right into your pie!

10

9

8

7

6

5

4

3

2

1

Bye fly!

Eucharist

The Eucharist -  
the Lord Himself  
before your eyes.

God at the alter,  
God in your body,  
God in your soul.

Bread becomes flesh,  
wine becomes blood,  
your soul is renewed.

What can contain more beauty,

more hope, more holiness, more love  
than the Eucharist?

Zachary Zuccaro

## Prayer #3

Lord,  
help me to be a better person today  
than I was yesterday,  
and a better person tomorrow  
than I am today.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Prayer For The Holy Spirit

Let the Holy Spirit  
always endow me with  
goodness and kindness,  
gratitude and graciousness.

Let it help me resist temptations,  
destroy evil  
and create happiness and love.

And let me be found worthy  
to be a temple of the Lord  
housing His Spirit  
today and every day.

Amen.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Prejudice And Racism

## Prejudice

I don't like him or her or them  
because they are  
white, black, Asian, European, Middle Eastern,  
Jewish, Christian, Muslim, Atheist,  
those narrow-minded vegetarians,  
and those cruel murderers who eat meat.  
Look at those geeks, and nerds, and goths.  
Why would anyone want to be emo or scene?  
What kind of loser likes classical music and books?  
Look at those disgraces to humanity  
who have tattoos and piercings.  
Look at how fat she is, and how skinny he is!  
You jocks and preppy girls, you think you are so good.  
Obviously anyone who watches TV or drinks beer is a bum,  
and don't you hate those teens always texting on their phones?

People are prejudiced  
against everyone and everything,  
how you look, and what you do,  
whether you are young or old,  
male or female, what you believe and what you don't.  
And let us not forget those people  
who are prejudiced against people  
who are prejudiced.

## Racism

The blacks  
the whites  
the Asians

the Indians  
the Middle Easterns  
the Italians  
the Jews  
the Mexicans  
the Russians  
the Chinese  
the Japanese  
the English  
the French

the humans.

No matter where you are from  
there are people who will hate you  
because of your race and nationality.

You cannot control  
where you are born  
nor your heritage  
any more  
than you can control  
being a human.

Yet, that does not matter  
to the racists.

Why would you judge someone  
on such a silly thing?

Does it really make a difference  
whether you were born here or there?

Does the color of your skin  
affect your mind, heart, or soul?

Do the faults of our ancestors  
become our faults?

Perhaps,  
perhaps race does matter.  
Perhaps someone who is white

is intrinsically different  
than someone who is black.  
Perhaps all Asians  
are different  
than Europeans.

It is true,  
that certain characteristics  
are more common in some races than others -  
stereotypes do not form without reason.  
Yet even so,  
even if a stereotype does apply to a race,  
does that make the race good or bad?  
And even if a stereotype does apply to a race,  
can that stereotype be applied  
to every member of the race?

Is not every single person in the world  
different and unique?  
Can there never be exceptions to rules?  
Must you really hate people  
because of where they are from  
and who their parents are?

Zachary Zuccaro

# Procrastination

Discard anxiety, sorrow, and despair,  
accept that which is and was,  
but strive to shape what will be  
into something better.

Do not let today  
drag you into gloomy depression,  
but rather to inspire you to believe  
that perhaps tomorrow will be better.

Procrastinating from the inevitable  
in the futile hope  
that procrastinating will lessen the pain,  
or that something will change,  
and things will somehow get better.

Far better is to deal with the issue at hand,  
accept the consequences,  
and look towards the future.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Reconciliation Of Memory

## Reconciliation

Step onto a bus  
to be surrounded by a soundscape  
of incongruent reconciliations.  
Citizens confessing sins  
to uninterested strangers  
praying not for forgiveness  
but attention.

## Reflection

Reflection  
of a red and yellow streaked sphere  
on the convex surface  
of the stainless lid  
of a candy dish.

## Reflection of Surrealism

The process of discovering quagmires of thought,  
delineating the boundaries of possibility,  
systematically eradicating the incongruence  
of fantasy and reality, and  
the relentless pursuit of dreams.

## Tutor

Scattered words of encouragement  
sprinkling potatoes into the coca  
cola of banana ridden gardens.

### The Sleep

A lucid  
transmigration  
of incoherent  
lullabies  
fills  
the

### The Pool

Water  
trickles

d  
o  
w  
n

the moss-covered stones  
and into a little pool.

### The Poem

A young poet  
writes a masterpiece  
that will never  
be read or appreciated  
by anyone.

The poem joins the multitude  
and is surrounded by a quagmire  
of filth and vanishes  
before anyone sees it.

## The Poets

Poets  
try to distil  
words  
into alcohol.

Some make beer,  
some whiskey,  
a few fine wine.

However,  
most poets' creations  
seem to consist  
of wood alcohol.

## The Red Wheelbarrow

The verdict of the jury  
hangs  
on a droplet of blood  
found on the red wheelbarrow  
solemnly sitting

beside the white chickens.

A man's life depends  
on the red wheelbarrow.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Rose

Hello Rose,  
you mindless,  
emotionless  
plant  
who has been honored and praised  
through the entire history  
of human literature.

Are you really worthy  
of all that flattery?  
Who would have thought  
a flower whose stem  
is covered with thorns  
would become the most commonly praised  
flower in all of history?

I am sorry dear Rose,  
but you do not compare  
to the orchid, the violet, the marigold,  
the geranium or rhododendron.

You are selfish and arrogant  
believing you are the best.  
Even the dandelion has its charm,  
what makes you better than the rest?

Yet who am I  
to contest the greatest poets who have ever lived?  
Who am I to protest your overuse and abuse?  
You who have become cliché.

Nevertheless,  
I protest.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Saint Joan Of Arc

A young girl  
is sent by God  
to save her country from despair.

In a few years  
she does what the French armies  
could not do in a century.  
She rescues her country and restores its honor.

As a reward,  
she is burnt at the stake.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Silent Night (1-2)

## Silent Night #1

A man  
dressed in black  
sits with his head in his hands,  
listens to Silent Night playing  
on a distant music box  
and cries.

## Silent Night #2

A coarse and raspy voice  
sings Silent Night  
one last time.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Solitude And The Teacup

## Silhouettes

Two men  
walk through the desert  
forming silhouettes  
against the orange sunset.

## Solitude

A solitary figure  
stands on an island  
staring at the number  
one.

## Soul

Light shines upon a body  
and casts the darkness of its soul  
onto the ground.  
Storm clouds approach  
removing the evidence of sin.

## Step

beyond the constraints of nonconformity  
into recesses of impossibility

lies the incongruence of melancholy.

### Stone Shadow

A stone shadow  
fixated  
upon the light  
from the eclipse.

### Suicide

A lost soul  
dangles from a bit of rope  
in an empty cell.

### Supper

Every night  
the family gathers  
around the table  
and says grace  
over the cloud.

### The Shoe

A shoe  
goes to the mall  
shopping

for a pair of humans.

### The Shoes

A pair of shoes  
go to the mall  
shopping for a person.

### Tea Cup

An empty tea cup  
sits on my floor  
and waits.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Solution

Two pens on a table  
discuss differential equations.

A lamp lies stagnant  
but takes a sip of coffee.

Folds of the blue curtain  
behind a red shirt.

Letters glow on the sign  
announcing the exit of tomorrow.

Pass through the door, the yellow paper,  
a fuse box stands in the corner.

An alarm waits, Green.

Suppose our tomorrow is of a form  
such that partial respect represents the whole of humanity.

Then the solution is constant.

A little green light glows within a table.

One hundred, twenty, and two students  
crowd into a classroom to learn  
about the chicken and the egg.

Then the sea is the solution.

Check is strategy.

A light hanging from a wire  
stretches across the canyon.

With respect to the quantity.

Gray and white intersect in calculus  
to form the area beneath a curve.

Tip the cup and drink it.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Soul

Use your will to overcome yourself  
and to transcend your body.  
Strive to become one with God  
by devoting yourself entirely to God,  
and you will become greater than  
you can possibly imagine -  
not in the eyes of the world  
but through God's eyes.  
We can do this  
only through our Lord  
and His grace.

Yet our bodies are merely vessels  
that will be destroyed  
and our true selves will be revealed -  
whether we can withstand temptation and are strong,  
worthy of Heaven and greater tasks,  
or whether we are servants of Satan  
who will falter and rebel given the least incentive.

This life has no meaning  
but for us to prove  
who we truly are,  
our real existence and real life  
does not begin until we die  
when our souls are freed  
from the body's weakness and limitations  
and we are given true power and responsibility.

Exceed the body, leave the body,  
become entirely independent of the body.  
Do not love the body but despise it -  
the body is a barrier between the soul and God,  
the soul and perfection.  
Do not despise perfection but pursue it -  
the body despises perfection and mocks it,  
yet the pursuit of perfection is crucial to the soul.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Summer Storm

A clear sky during the summer storm,  
nonsensical retribution  
for a deed never performed  
trade melancholy for sorrow,  
happiness for pleasure.  
Pitter-pat of raindrops  
mimics a herd of zebras.

Seventeen roosters crow  
to celebrate the rebirth of intuition.  
An unscrambled puzzle consumed  
with some scrambled eggs  
sates the appetite of the giant  
lounging in his armchair of mediocrity.  
Fourteen sheep graze in green pastures,  
a lone wolf lurks nearby.

Silence at the break of dawn.  
A quiet hum at dusk  
muffled thumping of distant machinery.

A slinking ghost between the shades  
white memories drifting from the sky  
the whisper of a breeze escapes through the cracks  
pine cones bristle beneath the sun.

A blackbird perches on the bucket of drought  
behind the watershed.

A soldier  
with his bloody shirt, torn pants, and shoeless feet,  
trudges through the snow,  
two fingers playing absent-mindedly  
with a brass button.  
A cold piece of steel,  
a rifle,  
hangs limply from a shoulder.  
A smile crosses the primate's lips,  
a fresh chicken, apple pie, a loving face.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Surreal Mathematics

Given a fish hook and a sinker,  
one may form what we find  
to say the exact amplitude but not aptitude  
of the solution in a coma and a sea.

Further, we are such that if  
and  $x y$ , then let me illustrate this  
whole thing with an example.

The sign of  $y$  shows that the equation is solved.

Here we will show the derivative of a constant state.

One partial to  $x$ .

Since that is such that and within  
without we will find this.

Zachary Zuccaro

## Surrealist Contemplation #3

Relentless pursuit  
of compressing an eternity into a moment  
and making a moment last an eternity.  
I am twenty-two years old,  
but have lived ten thousand years.

Zachary Zuccaro

## Surrealist Gardens (1-6)

### Surrealist Garden # 1

A circle of chanterelles  
circumscribing a smaller circle  
of purple coral mushrooms  
at the center of which  
grows a Destroying Angel.

### Surrealist Garden #2

A stalk of asparagus, two heads of broccoli,  
and twelve plants of brussell sprouts  
grow around the moss-covered  
gelatinous bird bath.

### Surrealist Garden # 3

A pineapple plant  
sprouts at the center of a cross  
formed by a row of pines  
perpendicularly intersecting a column  
of apple trees.

### Surrealist Garden # 4

Little artichokes  
hang from the fig trees.  
An owl perches on top  
of a pepper plant,  
a colony of ants  
makes its residence  
under a palm tree.

### Surrealist Garden # 5

A bird flies into a garden in fall,  
sheds its feathers and takes root.  
At the onset of winter buds form  
and by spring the tree is in full bloom.  
On the first day of summer,  
the Japanese maple is barren of leaves.  
Feathers regenerate and the tree flies away  
only to return as a bird the next day.

#### Surrealist Garden # 6

A lemon splits to reveal  
a lemon tree beneath which  
a colony of ants  
cares for its garden of mushrooms.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Surrealist Landscapes (1-5)

## Surrealist Landscape # 1

Droplets from the leaky faucet  
eagerly dig a hole  
into a pool of water  
forming a fluidic sink.

## Surrealist Landscape # 2

A formless man  
stands upon a black disc  
revealed to be a part  
of the larger question  
mark.

## Surrealist Landscape # 3

The propagation of ripples  
through a translucent door  
forbid the escape  
from Heaven.

## Surrealist Landscape #4

Four rows of graphite columns  
stretch across the plain and desert valley  
dividing the two environments.

## Surrealist Landscape # 5

Before the red canyon

lies a desert plain  
covered with shrivelled carcasses  
of dehydrated earthworms.

Zachary Zuccaro

## Surrealist Paintings (1-26)

### Surrealist Painting # 1

The coffee-stained interior of a balloon envelopes the painting of a coffee mug with no bottom yet filled with smoke.

### Surrealist Painting #2

A young boy observes feathers swimming in an aquarium.

### Surrealist Painting #3

A crystalline blimp relegated to patrolling the outer perimeters of the universe.

### Surrealist Painting # 4

A building completely covered by the roots of the tree growing on it.

### Surrealist Painting #5

A solitary puffin perches upon a large stone on a desolate grey beach. The clown admires six moons orbiting her planet.

### Surrealist Painting #6

A cockroach explodes underneath the oven.

### Surrealist Painting #7

An army of praying mantises  
travelling on the backs of caterpillars  
arrive at a castle  
that they hope to seize.

### Surrealist Painting #8

An expanse of white concrete  
leads to a multitude  
of geometrically diverse glass buildings.  
In the forefront,  
two mountainous towers  
form waterfalls that descend  
into channels providing shallow rivers.  
Citizens ride boats  
from one end of the city  
to the other.

### Surrealist Painting #9

A jelly-like aperture  
closes  
to encompass  
a banana peel.

### Surrealist Painting #10

A horse feeds on a Venus fly trap  
while another one of the plants  
feeds on the horse.

### Surrealist Painting #11

A herd of antelopes  
grazing on the sand  
of the Sahara desert.

### Surrealist Painting #12

An open book lies  
on an oak table.  
An orchard of fruit  
trees grow from its pages.  
Brains are ripe for the picking.

#### Surrealist Painting #13

Every Sunday,  
a man  
takes out  
his lawnmower  
and cuts  
the hair  
of the head  
he lives on.

#### Surrealist Painting #14

Distorted reflections  
of a room  
on the pendulum  
of a clock.

#### Surrealist Painting # 15

Distorted reflection  
of a murder  
forever engraved  
on the pendulum  
of a grandfather clock.

#### Surrealist Painting #16

A hen nestles in a lunar crater  
and prepares  
to lay her eggs.

### Surrealist Painting #17

A hammerhead shark  
a lion fish  
a puffer fish  
a squid  
a jellyfish  
all swimming  
in a glass of water  
sitting on top of a head  
of cabbage.

### Surrealist Painting #18

A tick,  
swollen with blood,  
rides on the back  
of a stink bug  
crawling up a lampshade.

### Surrealist Painting #19

Wearing sunglasses  
an eggplant reclines under an umbrella,  
on the seashore,  
and reads a novel.

### Surrealist Painting #20

A door opened  
offering a glimpse  
of the forbidden hallways.

Nothing was visible  
but a gleaming porcelain floor -  
no wall in sight.

### Surrealist Painting #21

Light from the black streetlamp  
illuminates a praying mantis  
consuming a mackerel  
in the middle of the street.

#### Surrealist Painting #22

Men in suits  
stand on the shore  
with hands in their pockets  
as they examine  
the beached Kraken.  
Its black eyes,  
each as large as a man's head  
still retain their glossy gleam.

#### Surrealist Painting #23

One tentacle is wrapped  
around the remnants of a ship;  
another,  
a pencil.

#### Surrealist Painting #24

A pair of anthropomorphic eyes  
weep in the white abyss  
because they are forbidden to enter  
within the confines of the universe.

#### Surrealist Painting #25

The fishermen  
pull in their nets  
overflowing  
with turnips and avocados.

## Surrealist Painting #26

After baking for one hour,  
the loaves of ice  
are ready for consumption.

Zachary Zuccaro

# The Addict (1-2)

The Addict

Nervous quivering,  
unsteady shaking  
carefully aligning  
needle and vein.  
The plunge.  
The injection.

The addict  
obtains  
his daily dose  
of misery.

The Addict #2

Wandering the streets  
alone and forsaken  
searching for a few dollars.

A life exchanged  
for a few moments  
of illusory pleasure  
and false joy.

Zachary Zuccaro

# The Big Lame Theory

Let us propose  
a theory  
to explain the nature of the universe.

I have observed  
that the temperature of my home  
has decreased steadily  
five day in a row.  
From this observation,  
I can deduce  
that my home used to be hotter.  
Therefore at one point,  
my house was infinitely hot.

This is the logic  
of the Big Lame Theory -  
the galaxies a moving apart  
so they used to be closer  
so they used to be all at one point,  
and the universe began  
with a big bang.

How lame.

Zachary Zuccaro

# The Hare, The Giant, And The Highway

## The Hare

A hare  
presses her long ears  
against the brown arch of her back  
and squeezes under the fence.

## Highway

A field of lights  
illuminates the byway.

A forest of darkness  
casts shadows  
over the highway.

## Giant

The choir is bellowing,  
the drums are pounding,  
armies gathering,  
smoke rising.

The world is shaking,  
waves beating the walls,  
people staring in awe.

The giant towers  
above the trees  
and rises to the clouds.

Ten-thousand men  
prepare to battle  
this enemy.

The giant looks  
and laughs;  
no force in the world  
can contain his power.

A crater forms around his feet,  
tidal waves form and volcanoes erupt  
when he pounds his fist against the ground.

Beware, he is here.

Zachary Zuccaro

# The Junkie

Stick the needle into your arm,  
sniff the fine, white powder,  
smoke the fancy pipe.

Watch your eyes dilate  
as your brain  
drips from your ears  
into a puddle of pink goo  
lying at your feet.

Zachary Zuccaro

# The Pagans

Eager anticipation of the upcoming adventure  
a journey into foreign lands  
filled with undiscovered species  
and unseen wonders.

A dragon and a phoenix  
perch on a mountain  
above the king.  
Seven living creatures  
with seven eyes and seven wings  
sit in a circle  
upon seven beryl thrones.

Forty trumpets are sounded  
twenty sacrifices offered.  
Thirteen priests in scarlet robes  
approach the altar  
stained with the blood  
of a newborn child,  
a supplication to the gods  
to bring rain to the land.

Zachary Zuccaro

# The Phoenix

Three pillars of flame  
exude from the waterfall.

A crystal fish jumps  
from the pond below  
and into the flames  
where it becomes a phoenix.

The fledging darts away  
and flies through the rainforest  
leaving a trail of smouldering trees  
in its wake.

The air shimmers with the heat  
of the mighty bird  
as it travels towards the desert.

The ball of flame  
hovers over a cactus  
and disintegrates into a pile of ashes.

Zachary Zuccaro

# The Pillars

## The Pit

An empty pit  
filled  
with fresh decay  
grows inside me  
and eats its way  
through my stomach.

## The Pillars

A white pillar  
and a black pillar  
sit side by side  
at the gate  
of the kingdom.

## Persister

Stand up, be proud  
demolish any doubt  
crush demoralization.

Let your glory shine,  
sweep away opposition,  
destroy the evil  
no power in the world  
shall equal yours.

## The Murderer

A jealous cockroach  
lurking in the shadows  
squirming with the desire  
to obtain power,  
exact revenge,  
relieve tension,  
express hatred.

A gleaming blade,  
a squeal,

then silence.

Zachary Zuccaro

# The Recluse

Everyone has problems  
and we see those problems  
yet we still tend to trivialize the problems of others  
while stressing and worrying over our own  
making them all important.  
We are filled with conceit  
wanting to believe we are important.

The recluse locks himself away,  
desiring seclusion; departure from the cares of the world.  
Not wishing to socialize with others,  
each seeking companionship,  
while repeating the same old  
political, religious, and trivial discussions  
that have been recited countless times before,  
each person believing to have insight  
that others do not.  
The recluse sees this and wants no part in it,  
but prefers solitude unpolluted  
by trivialities and false wisdom.  
Sounds can be pleasant yet  
silence is preferable to unpleasant noise.

Zachary Zuccaro

# The Return

A special friend waits alone  
for the person he knew and loved  
every day he waits at the tombstone  
where he saw his master disappear.

Every day the dog waits patiently  
when evening comes, howls  
echo through the graveyard.

A whine, a moan - the master  
did not come today.

The tail droops, the ears sag,  
but still he does not falter.

After all, did the master not promise  
that he would return  
though it be when he is least expected?

So still, the dog patiently waits  
that he might no be caught sleeping  
when his master returns.

Zachary Zuccaro

# The Snake

A rainbow  
collapses to the ground  
transforming into a snake  
that swallows the world.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Tranquility

Peace and solitude surround me  
as I lie in the green meadows  
by the burbling brook and old windmills  
under the white clouds and blue sky  
as butterflies fly about and birds sing.

A cool breeze gently shakes  
the wildflower and tree leaves  
as the cheerful sun warms your face.

Right now, for a little while,  
you have no worries, and the world is perfect.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Transcend

Supercede time and space to become immortal.  
Discard all attachment to the body  
for that leads only to Death.  
Ignore the body and its desires  
look only to your soul.  
Cleanse your soul of any toxins,  
annihilate any hatred in your heart.  
If you truly seek immortality,  
you must realize that your body  
and its life are insignificant.  
All that matters is the state of your soul  
when you die.

Become so strong that a legion of demons  
can do nought against you.  
Become as the angels -  
a vicar of God.  
Then he will grant you  
joy, power, and strength.

The promises of Satan and the world are empty -  
they provide but a few years  
of artificial satisfaction.  
Yet the joy of the Lord does not diminish -  
it remains for all eternity.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Transcendental Thoughts

To become independent of the body  
and free from its will and whims  
its limitations and its needs.

To allow our souls to transcend our bodies;  
this is not impossible;  
the saints have done it.

The body is but a vessel  
to carry a spiritual being.

To separate oneself from one's body  
to be freed from the burden of carrying  
to transcend time and space  
become the essence of thought and imagination  
groom the soul, perfect consciousness.

Then he spreads his great butterfly-like wings,  
but his flight is not visible -  
he blinks out of existence  
and reappears far away.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Trinity

The Trinity is as a flame  
which is one entity  
yet may be divided into multiple entities,  
several flames,  
each independent of each other  
yet may conjoin to form one again.  
Thus, the Son is from the Father,  
and separate from the Father  
yet is the Father and One with the Father.  
Likewise the Spirit is of the Son and of the Father,  
and is separate from the Father and the Son  
yet is one with the Father and one with the Son.

Bulging bags droop from the sky,  
a physical manifestation of decay.  
Neglected friends discarded on the wayside,  
memories discarded with the day's rubbish.  
Silence reigns supreme in the twilight of Melancholy.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Web

Servile retributions boiled with silkworms,  
the noontime reflection of insignificance  
in a shallow pond  
evaporating  
under the heat of the midnight sun.

A tangled labyrinth of melancholy  
weaves a spider into a cloth.

An ensnared fly struggles to free itself  
but to no avail;  
unrealized potential squirming  
to escape from reality  
yet killed by nature's laws  
that punish the insubordinate.

Zachary Zuccaro

# When I Am Dead

When I am dead  
and maggots have consumed my corpse.

When one hundred,  
two hundred,  
three hundred years have passed  
and all memory of me has been erased,  
who will care?

Who will care what I have done,  
who I am,  
who I was,  
and who I will be?

Who will care  
what I said,  
what I believed,  
what I thought?

No one.

No one will remember me  
or anything about me.  
No one will care about me  
or love me.

So what is the sense?  
Why should I, or anyone else  
continue to live  
if what we will be forgotten  
just like our ancestors?

But I reply,  
why does it matter  
if you are loved or remembered?  
Why does it matter  
if anyone cares about you  
or remembers what you have done?

Does that change who you are  
and what you have done?

Even if the entire world  
forgets you and what you have done,  
nothing in the universe  
can erase the least of your deeds.

When I am dead and gone,  
perhaps no one will care about this poem,  
and it is certain they will not care about me  
yet that does not change that I am me  
and that I have written this poem.

Why should I live?

To create create beauty,  
to help others,  
to make even one person happy.

Even if I myself do not matter,  
creating a thing of beauty  
will make my life worth living,  
and if I do not create anything today,  
I will create something tomorrow,  
and I will continue to struggle  
until I die.

Why should I care what others think  
if I believe I have done something great,  
and if I have done something great,  
should I not continue to strive for greatness?  
And if I have not yet done something great,  
is that not even more reason to strive for greatness?

Disillusioned people  
hurt and suffering,  
will tell you that there is no God,  
no reason to live,  
that life is meaningless.  
They embrace nihilism with open arms -  
once we die we will be gone forever,

and we do not matter.  
Life is not worth living,  
and we should just die.

But I say that is a filthy lie.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Wisdom And Knowledge

Much emphasis is placed on knowledge and memory,  
intelligence is worshipped and information is mankind's god.  
Yet these too are trivial and shall turn to dust.  
People cling to memories yet these too are mortal  
and shall fade with age and die with death.  
No, what is immortal, and is important  
does not age, does not die, and is rarely sought.

Wisdom and love are the fruit of the soul  
and these do not age but grow with time.  
Yet these treasures are ignored and mocked.

Many people believe they possess wisdom,  
yet they do not seek it.  
Many covet love, and wish it for themselves,  
yet are reluctant to give it,  
sharing it only with close friends and family.

Wisdom and love are the food of the soul  
yet people stuff their souls with hatred and ignorance,  
and while their bodies live healthy and well,  
souls suffer and starve.

Wisdom often comes with age but  
wisdom does not come from age.  
Indeed, there are children who are wise  
and elders who are fools.

No, knowledge and wisdom are enemies.  
Knowledge is of the world and for the world,  
wisdom is of the soul and for the soul.  
Knowledge is nothing more than trivial facts  
that help make us feel good about ourselves,  
but wisdom is true understanding of life and what is life.

Only when one has wisdom, rather than knowledge,  
can one truly understand the purpose of dying,  
and more importantly, the purpose for living.

Zachary Zuccaro

# Zyxwen Goes To The Zoo

Where Shall We Go

Where shall we go?

Where shall we go?

Where shall we go?

Yes, where shall we go?

Zyxwen

Zyxwen gnollips at the frothsome toadstool  
prolicking joyfully around the brented turnips  
while the unsuspecting gryphen snatches banderwitch  
from beneath the slithsome toads.

Zoo

Palm trees  
sway in the breeze  
on the back  
of a zebra.

Unclear

Nucleophilic retribution  
substrating the fulfilment  
of unrealized dreams  
and satisfied ambition.

## The Vegetarian

The vegetarian scorns  
those with carnal diets  
for eating animals  
unjustly murdered  
as he consumes  
vegetables  
upon which  
countless bugs  
were killed  
by pesticides.

## Treachery

The lighthouse sneers  
as a ship sinks  
misguided.

## The Squid

A cup of coffee  
sleeping inside a banana  
eating cereal.

The sun rays  
warm my teeth.

## The Pond

Bubbles drift along the surface of the pond  
popping one by one.  
A rotting two by four and a crushed can of Red Bull.  
A swarm of tiny gnats  
buzz above the algae covered logs.  
Three unpeeled oranges rot in the filth.

How beautiful.

Zachary Zuccaro