

Poetry Series

Zackory Kzeminski

- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Zackory Kzeminski(March 19,1989)

My name is Zackory. I'm 21 years old. My life has been one hell of a ride and lately i feel as tho my story should be heard through my poetry. like it or not i cant force anyone to read my writings if they dont want to never have and im not about to start now. However being the gentle beast that i am, im rather tame until im backed into a corner and only then like a caged animal will i attack. Anywho this is me and im not about to change me or my poetry styles so the world can just deal with it, because these are m stpes into the poetic world and one day i hope to leave my mark in the poetry world.

.....Water.....

Standing on the shore-line my feet slip slowly into the cold yet gentle touch
of the oceans essence
just standing there in the early evening's light watching the moon rise
as i slowly slip into an unconscious state of well being
getting lost once again in a world of thoughtlessness and relaxation
losing all track of time just sitting on the shore-line wanting to be one with the
aquatic life as i slowly drift off into a soft, deep, un-nerving slumber
just drifting off on the flow of the waves as if i were a feather floating on the
wind drifting off into the ocean
drifting along on the backs of dolphins and turtles slowly forgetting the life i left
behind
and as i settle into my death i slowly sink down into the oceans abyss wanting to
be nothing more than one with the
.....Water.....

Zackory Kzeminski

.....Cutting.....

It's all i ever think about
when i'm lying here thinking
back on my past
as i lay there
remembering how it felt
doing it for the first time
as the rush of excitement
and the constant flow of the warm blood
trickling down my wrist as i relive the rush
before i begin to suck the blood from thy wrist
as im all alone one summer day
the reason for feeding is because it
twas time for the cutting to begin

Zackory Kzeminski

.....Your Presence.....

For all the times i hear your voice it haunts me knowing that your with him
when i was the one who actually cared about you
and every time i hear your voice i'm reminded of.....Your Pressence

Zackory Kzeminski

.....Night Sky.....

Laying on our backs starrng up into the night sky
listening to the calming sounds of nature
our hearts beating in perfect beats like that of a clock ticking away
as we gaze upon the night sky monitoring the movement of the stars
as the night slips on

It reminds me of a starry outline of the destiny that has been laid out before us
tempting us to seize the chance to accept the fate that awaits us
as if knowing that we will take that opportunity to make ourselves known to
world

As we lay here on our backs in an open grassy field starrng into the dark open
void that fills the nightly skies with the stars shining like shards of broken glass
twinkling down at us
as the hours slip away the morning takes away that beautiful sight every
morning and yet we constantly look forward to that gratifying sight every time
the sun leaves our graces

The night sky is a thing of beauty
as its the only thing left in the universe that man cannot claim as his own
and yet it's mysteries continuously unravel slowly for us to take notice of

These emotions of calming clarity and relaxation are what the night sky brings to
us on a nightly basis allowing us to look onward inspired by its vastness of un-
imaginable knowledge that it contains knowing that we may never understand it

And thus is the night sky

Zackory Kzeminski

....Numbers....

These numbers that remain
ever visual in my mind
after a long night of hell
they remind me to buy the winning scratch off
every day
for these numbers will haunt me until i win
because there the kind that will never leave me
oh you Numbers how dare you tease me

Zackory Kzeminski

..Unending.....

Once again i slip out of consciousness into the dream realm
a world in which everything and anything is possible
a place where the ending becomes the unending
and a place where life seems like fantasy and the dream is more like a
reality

Once again i fall back into the once thought dream
you know the one.....
the one where you have the money, the cars, the houses, and the girl
yeah the one where i'm the dirt broke homeless guy who happens across a duffel
bag full of green

And once again i awaken to find myself searching frantically all over for a stash
of coin that doesn't exist
yea the unending hell hole life i lead in which nothing happens as i plan for things
to go

As i slip into the unknown void of the subconscious
the unending life where i have everything and nothing at all
as the unending cycle continues to initiate a life of forgotten
illness
as the unending dreams drag me from time and place to no-where at all

It's an endless pattern.....an Unending cyclone of sadness, and joy
.....Unending.....

Zackory Kzeminski

1,2.....

1,2, I'm through with you
3,4, I'm on the floor
5,6, there's blood in the mix
7,8, there's death on this date
9,10, so this is how it ends?

Zackory Kzeminski

A Dare Upon Which I Accepted

your lovable, adorable, unknowingly unpredictable,
fun to talk, you keep me from bein a total asshole to ppl even if we dont txt as much,
your always on my mind, and to b honest as the lyrics should b worded id walk through fire to prove my love for you but that isnt how you should measure a man,
you make me smile wen u txt me,
i get chills when i see i have a poke from you on facebook,
i dont feel as much of a loser knowin how you wont treat me like shit and forget about me,
i thank you for opening my heart and reviving my long since dead heart that shouldn't be functional after so many years of not being used
And as you can guess thy list continues almost endlessly but to bore my readers would be unfavorable of me so yea

i know that this isn't so much a poem as it is a list of the things i feel whenever we talk whether its via text message, instant messenger, facebook, or whatever else i may or may not have forgotten to list but yea this is for you baby and ill always be here for you and i just want you to know that

Zackory Kzeminski

As I Watch.....

As i sit here watching the fire burn
i recall a time when all was fine
and as i watch that fire grow
i laugh as i come back to reality
and remember how things came to be
and at that moment my life breaks down
and as it breaks im forced to realise how dull
my life has been and how dull it will be
when im forced to remain in a life
a life in which solitude isnt how
i'd want to remain
so as i watch this fire burn
i reminess about my life i come to the reaization
about the way life works
and that is: Life will never cease with springing surprises unto all beings no
matter the race or species

Zackory Kzeminski

Confused

Am I lost in a world of uncertainty

or am I just wandering around aimlessly?

Was I right to say yes

or was I blinded by sheer stupidity?

If i'm wrong am I safe

or am I to just be hurt yet again?

Am i blinded by the light at the end of this path

or is it the path of unrighteousness that is my destiny?

Am I confused for being unsure of the way in which I must take to clear my name in the eyes of those who have destroyed me and made me who I am

Or is the confusion the cause of my path in which I was placed upon, the one that will lead me to my death and my own personal destruction?

Someone help me to understand my fate in this world!

Someone please help me to find the answer that has eluded me for all this time!
!

Someone please step out from my shadows an guide me down the path less traveled! ! !

For I do not wish to stay on the path I walk

I wish to travel the path i left an follow it out of my dark an twisted heart

I wish someone would guide me so i'm not so confused! ! ! !

Zackory Kzeminski

Death

Some say that death is only the beginning

i believe that death is just the birth of a life that we only dream of

everyone says that death is lurking around every corner

i believe that death stands right there behind us all waiting to claim her trophy

they say that death is but a man

i believe that death is actually a woman in disguise

all people say that death takes whoever he wants

i believe that death picks her victims based on who looks more promising enough
to please her

Zackory Kzeminski

Devils Tears Of Blood

Laying here thinking about the past
as these tears of blood stream down my face
with a hole in my chest
with the pain coursing through my body

laying, waiting, wishing, and wanting
hoping, dreaming, and bleeding for the lost causes

dreaming of a time when things were meant to happen
sitting here bleeding as my world collapses seeing your face everywhere i go
unable to escape the pain you left behind

wishing, dreaming, wondering, and wanting
sleeping forever and never living

as the devil takes hold on my unsoiled shell
just to cry these tears of blood
wanting to end this world with floods
days and nights they have no meaning
as the devil cries out from being misunderstood

Zackory Kzeminski

Falling

The way you've made me feel
on that fateful day we met
you've made me weaker
with every sight of you

You've made me weak (weak)
you've made me break (break)
you've gone and made me the beast i am today
this is what you've made me
out to be

With every day that passes by
you've made me realize how much i've fallen for you
and it's like the poison that beats throughout my veins
from a heart that's blacker than the daytime sky during an eclipse
and the only way to fade the pain is to continually remain falling for you

You've made me weak (weak)
you've made me break (break)
you've gone about and wrecked my heart and blamed me for the beast i've
become

And even now as i right this poem for you
knowing how badly i want you to read this
as well as how badly you'd go about and break me down to the nothingness i've
become

Zackory Kzeminski

Insanity

Standing there in the door way
looking out at the night sky
I wait for the sirens
of the heavily armed police force
as they charge the house front
springing the deadly traps
that i've layed down for just this scenario
after having slain the fully crowded hotel
before the alrams went off
running around with blood stained swords, knives, and flak jacket

As i wait on the top floor at the end of the hall
staring at the elevator doors patiently waiting
as the task force and swat teams made their ways up to make the greatest
arrest of all time while i sing a song of complete insanity
finally the police and swat make their way to me
i surrender myself happily over to them

After having been arrested finally and making the front pages of several major
newspapers and television networks
the world having not the ability of beleiving a small town man could do such a
terrible deed
three weeks go by an im placed in isolation at a triple max security prison where
only the worst of the worst criminals are sent to
where im subject to psycho-therapy and hours of mindless therapist's voices
ringing in my head
and yet the only diagnosis they can present to the courts is that i was acting only
out of insanity and that im to be placed in a mental institute
and be heavily sedated until i can return to reality
but until then im gladly living with insanity

Zackory Kzeminski

It Hurts.....

It hurts so much
the pain in my wrists
the numbing feeling in my hand
as the blood flows out of my body

It hurts so much the pain in my body
why do i feel like the world is fading
as i clutch the wound
as the bullet exits my body

It hurts so much
i can't feel my heart
as you rip it out of my chest
n toy with it like a lab rat

It hurts so much
this feeling of lonely-ness
as my heart grows cold
and the color fades to death

It hurts so much
knowing i may have loved the wrong person
for way to long
to have the time to have my doubts
about this life and how easy it may or may not be to claim my life and sacrifice it
for the all powerful Goddess of the moon
as i write my story with my own blood on the floor to let the world know how
miserable i had been before the past caught up wit me

Zackory Kzeminski

Love Is Murder

The biggest murder of all time is the murder of love
thus making love a crime that all people should be charged guilty with
especially after marriage because love is what makes people question their
lover's trust and their ability to be faithful

Love makes people go mad with jealousy if their significant other looks at
another person

love is what destroys a person as a whole not just their heart
and in the end Love can be so dangerous that it could kill people
quite literally which is why Love is Evil and also why Love Is Murder

Zackory Kzeminski

Mystery

In the dark of day
i stalk my prey
for it is a game
in which i play
if you hear me
you will see
that i am nothing
more than me
for in order for myself
to be free
well that's jsut it
my Mystery

Zackory Kzeminski

Past Ties Forgotten And Dug Up Once More

As i sit here reading letters from the past
im reminded of how things once were
as images from a time once lost
dance across my view
i see me and you standing there talkin like we use to

the room starts spinning faster and faster
maing me dizzy a i her your voice over and over yet again
as i read the words you carelessly threw out there
the words that stab me everytime i read them
and even tho im not moving none the world passes me by as i
watch my mistakes takes form again and again
in the likes of you over the years

i only see the pain ive caused as it lingers in your eyes
as they scream out their words of hatred owards me
as my past ties once forgotten have once again been
dug up from the grave i buried them in years ago
as ur lat words strike me even now and make me
think of so mny things that i have to say to you
but know ill never get that chance

Zackory Kzeminski

Shots! ! ! ! !

Sitting alone in a circular room
drinking shots left and right
'til i can stand myself
as i continue to pound down
shot after shot
10 shots down
trying to stand without falling over
i try and recite the alphabet backwards even though i cant do that even when im
sober
while hopping on one leg
20 shots down
im just now starting to trip and such
but i can still remember my name which is the opposite of what i need to be
doing
i dont want to remember the hell this day has put me through
30 shots down
now i cant remember why i started drinking but whatever the reason im sure it
was bad enough to make me blow all of my b-day money on booze and cheap
balloons
60 shots down
im thinking i should be dead from all the alcohol poisoning that i've proly
obtained from 5 minutes ago when i first started to drink
oh well im loving my shots and thats all that matters wouldnt you agree sis?

Zackory Kzeminski

Space

I'm sick of the shit you put me through
before you decided you never wanted anything to do with me
so when you see my face again you'll know i've changed
since the space you left in my heart only gets immensely larger
with every passing couple i see on a daily basis

When i leave this space behind it'll be the last time you hurt me
for if you could do anymore damage to my long dead soul
know that you helped make me the hateful image you see before you now
because once you stab that stake into my un-dead heart
you'll see how i don't bleed
for i've bleed out my heart and soul
cause you were the one who ruined it all by going and cheating
on me when all i did was give you your space when you needed it
yet the minute you cheated i knew
i could smell the fear that you stank of as you knew that you were going to hurt
me and yet i stood there and took all the blows you threw at my direction while
trying to fix the problem with the only thing i could think of: Suicide.

Yet as i sat there that day and failed at my attempt i realized that things will get
better so long as i take the space i need to put my life and feelings for you in a
safe secure block of thought where no-one could pry the memories of us away
from me as i fight the urge to die by the hands of society and it's mental
institutes

Now that we've had our space and i try to crawl back to you hoping for once that
you'd see me as an equal instead of your inferior
fighting back the urge to express my still felt emotions towards you
knowing how badly you'd reject me once again for the last time before i let death
wrap her bone-like hands around mine and accompanies me away from this sad
pathetic place we call life

Zackory Kzeminski

Tell Me How To React

Tell me how to react
when all you do is blame me
for everything im not
Tell me how to react
when you always think that
what you say is truth
Tell me how to react
when everything i am
is everything you made me
Tekk me how to react
when it's you who
is wrong more times then none
Tell me how to react
when the way you treat me
is as if im some kind of disease
Tell me how to react
when everything you say
does nothing but destroy me
Tell me how to react
when all you do is insult me
to the point in which i have nothing left to me
Tell me how you'll react
when your at my funeral
and you have yourself to blame

Zackory Kzeminski

The _____ Hearts Of The Duetists

As I sit there in a dumb-found stupor
as I re-read the letter you left in my posession
with a broken heart made from my blackened deadened heart
the words i read still play in my mind
while my body gives out on me as
the blood stained letter falls from my hand
it reads:

'thank you for always being so super
you were my one last fatal obsession
i'll leave this for you from an angels broken start
these lines i leave i shall try to make kind
as i tell you that everything has
been lost as i fade under rock and sand
i love you...your deepest needs'

As I struggle to catch myself
remembering the gun in my pocket
searching my blackened soul for the strength
to place the barrel where my heart should be
wanting to pull the trigger as your corpse flashes through
my fading memory

Of the day you left this note on the bookshelf
in the place we called the 'empty socket'
now it seems as though i am but a wavelength
away from the place where its just you and me
in that dark place where we would have to start anew
our hidden misery

As the muzzle flash flickers
the world begins to fade to black
and yet there you are as beautiful as ever
even in death you never did cease to amaze me
even now as we walk together hand in hand
onto a better place than the likes
in which we've left behind

Here in a place where no one bickers

you and i are once again back
as the love we have will never
die so long as we shall forever be
together in this place of a foreign land
like the ones we made as little tykes
forever we are entwined

this is the work of not only myself but with the help of the most uhhmazing
friend i could ever have in my life 'kitty' who is extremely adorable hehe

Zackory Kzeminski

The Awakening

There it was the biggest sign i've ever been granted
the sign that will have forever changed my life
that fateful day that caused me to awaken for the first time

An awakening so unreal that it made me realize the world we see
isn't the world as it really is
the real world is one of a disasterous death scene
as the fires of hell rage on on the surface of this world

Where in a parralell universe the world we know is frozen like the ninth circle of
hell
and this is The Awakening that has opened my forever been closed eyes as i
travel through hell's nine circles and back

Zackory Kzeminski

The Final Battle.....Of Life And Death

As i sit here in the midst of life and death
i twittle my thumbs an laugh
cause i know when im gone theres only one place reserved for me
and that place is located next to the devil herself
but in the middle of this transition between heaven and hell
the devils evil sister, god, is pulling me towards a place i have no wish of heading
to
so as i sit here twittling my thumbs i wonder is it all worth the trouble these two
sisters make it out to be
or should i continue to test their patience with me and teeter on this greatest
decision of which place i belong to when i finally decide that its my time to sink
or float
and as im laying here in slumber i can only smile just o keep the darker emotions
right beneath my skin
as the face under it all stares on with hatred of this world we call home
with its twisted features and fiery temper it waits for my undying approval to be
let loose on this pathetic excuse of a world
but in the midst of it all my inner demons are all screaming to be released so as
they can stop the one who screams in thwe tounges of evil in one last battle for
the posession of my soul as the battle slowly heats up the evilness is fed with my
hate rage and anger towards all of whom have ever hurt me
be it the wish of evil to conquer me or to use me as a vessel this i will never
know until my day of reckoning for on that day i will unleash all of the fury within
myself to either defeat the darkness or to revel in it glorious victory for on that
day it will be The Final Battle.....
of life and death

Zackory Kzeminski

The Nightmare You Caused.....

As i lay here covered in blood
clinging to this long over-due life
reading the words you left carved unto my body
the room in state of chaos
holding back the tears i have
as i blankly watch you leave the room
wanting desperately to call out to you for help
knowing that you'd just cry n walk away
just to be with him

As i clutch the wounds you left
screaming out in agony
as if you dumped an entire bag of salt on me
cursing the day that came to be
the final day of my misery
as i watch you walk out forever

As i slowly lay hear counting down the minutes
until i die
knowing how much i cared for you
and never bothering to consider whether
or not you even cared for me in the slightest
with my final breathe creeping ever closer
hoping, wishing that you'll walk back in through that door

As that final breathe leaves and everything begins to get dark
the last thing i'll ever see is the sight of your face leaning over my limp and
broken body
screaming from the pain that you caused yourself
by doing the deed of slicing every main artery before thrusting the bloody knife
into my chest all the way to the hilt and never batting an eye
And then i awaken to the thunder storm raging outside while drinking my coffee

Zackory Kzeminski

These Moments.....

These Moments of insecurity are the ones in
which leave me hating the things that have happened in my life
except for the things that have brought me such great friends

These moments of uncertainty which leave me
wishing i could let myself be saved by a strangers touch
yet leave me cold n with an empty heart

These moments in which i doubt my very existense
are the moments in which just the right person can reach out
and take my hand and guide down the path less traveled

as i hope for the moment in which i'll allow myself to be loved
by anyone willing to fix the pieces of a long dead and broken heart
.....These Moments.....

Zackory Kzeminski

Tired.....

I'm tired of how easily i find myself distracted with thoughts of you
thoughts of things that will never be
so here i am acting the part that everyone see's me
as best fit in thier own sick little puppet show
in which i'm the nobody, the outcast, the loner, the misfit, the friend, the loser,
and my favorite part i play the best the good guy who could be the right guy for
the wrong girl

I'm tired of living a life where i'm a speck in the corner dispite my efforts for
being noticed
and the most i get is a wave and a dirty look from the wrong people and such
waiting for the right girl to come along and mend my beyond repairs heart
hoping to find a better sliver of light
in my world of darkness.....

Zackory Kzeminski

Untitled

As the screams penetrate my deep slumber
all i can visualize is her face fucked up in pain
screaming out to me, pleading with me to save her
and yet all i can do is lay there almost coma-tose
sweating blood and breathing heavily
almost choking on the nothingness thats runs through my veins
like the poison from a snake bite tearing through me
as i struggle to awaken myself from this nightmare
i still see her laying there bleeding out all over the room
unclearly thinking as i stand there with the bloody knife that killed her
staring off into the night sky as if in a trance
chanting in the tounge of deamons and satan
licking the blood from the unholy blade that aided in her untimely death
as i stand there listening to the message she left just moments before
as she proclaimed how she loved me dearly
and as i stand there, laughing deliriously as the police take me away
as i yell my final words, ' Now we can be together fore ever and no one can tear
us apart'
before taking my own life on the spot where we first met

Zackory Kzeminski

What Is Love?

What is love?

is it something that can be noticed?

is love able to affect someone so much that it is seen?

can love affect ones way of life

to the point in which it is easily

seen through the eyes of ones love

can love truly set one free of all base emotions?

and if not is love truly worth all the pain that people

make it out to be when they are heartbroken?

so thus forth i ask you now to your face:

Just what is love?

Zackory Kzeminski

Why Do I Feel The Way I Do

why do i feel the way i do
when it only seems i am nothing to you
you helped me in my darkest times
when my life fell to rhymes
the only girl i ever loved
seems to me as if i cant be loved
but all is fine and all is well
while i fall heavily on my way to hell
this is how i feel today
entirely unloved and burned to say
that when my time has come and gone
i hope only hope that you remember me when im gone
for the time is late for all to be seen
it is time for me to wipe the slate clean
you are my love and my pride
but what am i when you break away
my armor my soul my heart
for these simple things i have worn to this day
out there on the battlefield that is known as life
but all is lost for me as of now
and for that i must take my bow

Zackory Kzeminski