



a collection of poems by
Yoni Schwartzman



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Consumed In Kindling Flame

Why does evil always
Creep back
When I least want it?

It invades
And fills my eyes
With hot tears,
Destroying the world
I thought I knew

Destroying the thought
That I could be
something better

I thought I was stronger
Than this,
But I'm not
Powerful enough

G-d, I'm not
Strong enough!
I can't defeat
the darkness!

Is there a light side
Past what I see?
Because all I can discern
Is unyielding devastation

It encircles my head
Stabs at the very walls
Of my mind,
Defeating me at last
And subduing the reality
I dreamed as the truth

How could I have been
So naïve?

Finally, I give up!
I concede to you!

Evil, you're mightiest
Beyond all I can do

Wait, I found it again!

I see the goodness
Within me!

It's so strong
That it can't be
Subdued

My power is a flame
Burning brightly
In devastation.

My power is everlasting
G-d's immortal creation

I thought I was weak,
I really did,
But that was before
I realized my strength
That lay hid

My power is so great
That when all seems
Lost and hopeless,
It reemerges anew

Holding fast against
The diabolical schemes
Of despair.

Abomination
Of an emotion
Is what you are,
A vexation of the spirit
With whom I shall spar

You're a wicked
Devious, cruel
Living creature,
That lurks within me
Unknowingly my teacher

Despair, you've
Taught me
How to strengthen
My powerful
WILL

My inner willpower
Fierce and bold,
Rekindles my spirit
More valued
Than gold

I am Yonatan Meir
Schwartzman
Without falsehoods
Or doubts
That are strong enough
To defeat
Me

Praised

Praise His Sun
Bless His stars
Shinning above the clouds,
Master of Death
Bringer of Birth
Lifter of wedding shrouds

Praise His trees
Flowers and fruit
Fragrant upon the breeze,
Sender of storms
Howling
Their winds across the seas

Praise His thunder
Prelude to bolts
Of lighting in the sky,
Painter of hills
Carver of dales
Singer of eagle's cry

Praise His harp
Strung by the king
Bless the music which He gave,
Healer of hurt
Made man from dirt
Puller of ocean's wave

Praise his sword
Bless his shield
Blue star embossed, it shines,
Lover of love
Wiser than life
Hardener of bones and spines

Praise His might
That molded me
With light and dark to see,
O mighty king of
The Universe
My voice belongs to thee

Vengeful Knight

Amongst the rotting carrion
Who fell in battle, overrun
By the teaming beasts that lay at bay
Circling and swooping every which way

A knight alone views his comrades lost
Their pale gray eyes upon his embossed
Staring into the horror they saw
Defiled by the beast's disgusting claw

Into the light he raised his gaze
Towards the red sun high and ablaze
Then to the archers in the gloom
He turned around to face his doom

The golden shield at his friend's feet
Now grasped firmly, hot from the heat
Shined brightly into the arrow's cry
That blocked the sun high in the sky

His sword in hand, he charged ahead
Past all he knew that now was dead
Into the swarm of enemies
Standing erect beneath the trees

He was the army of his lost brothers
The last who donned their bright colors
He slew their killers for their crimes
The trees around shook from his battle cries

And when his vanguard finally arrived
They saw the lone knight who had survived
Leaning against his sword, he wept
For no matter how many heads he swept
The dead stayed dead

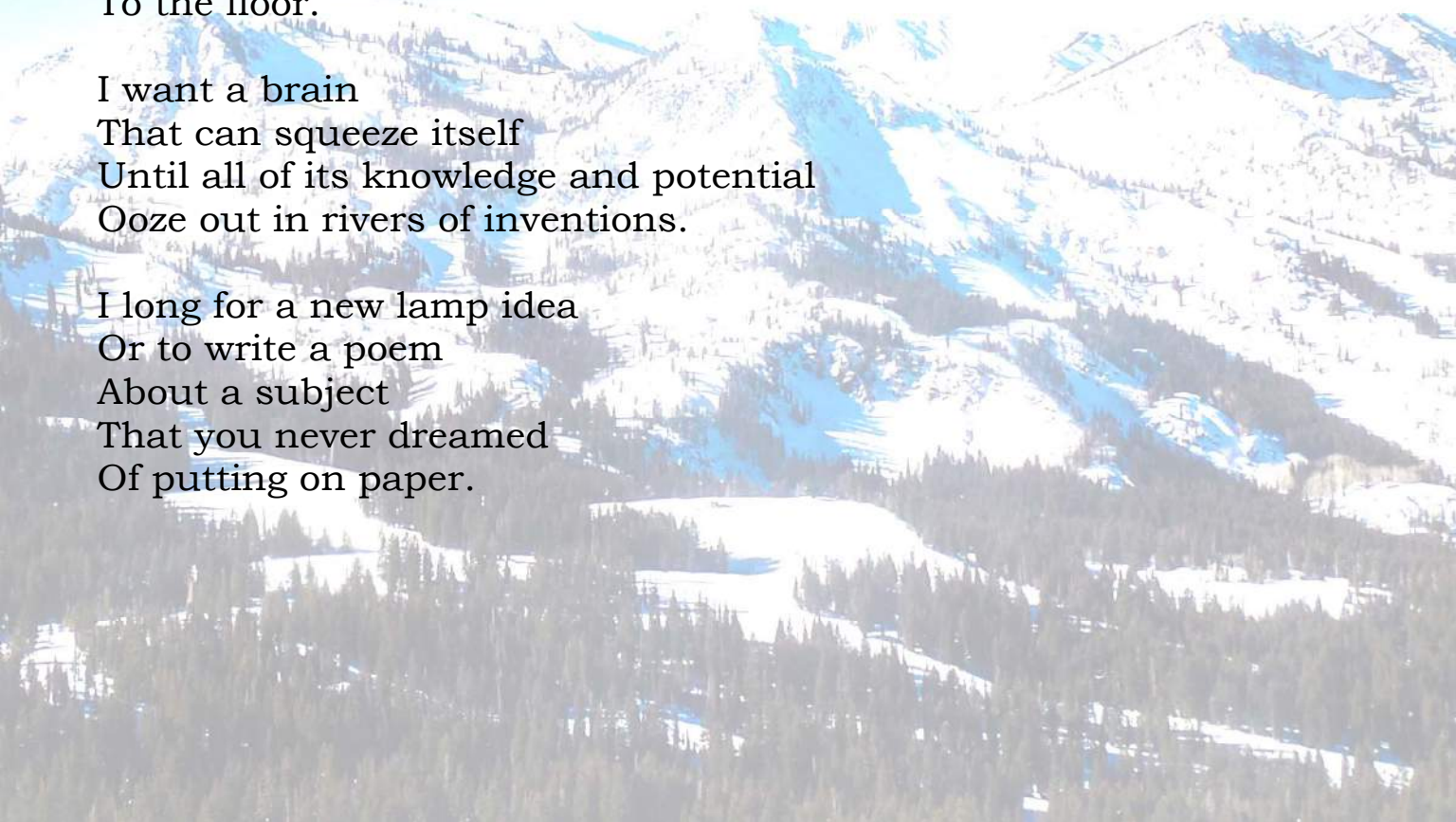
Something New (A 'Spoken Word' poem)

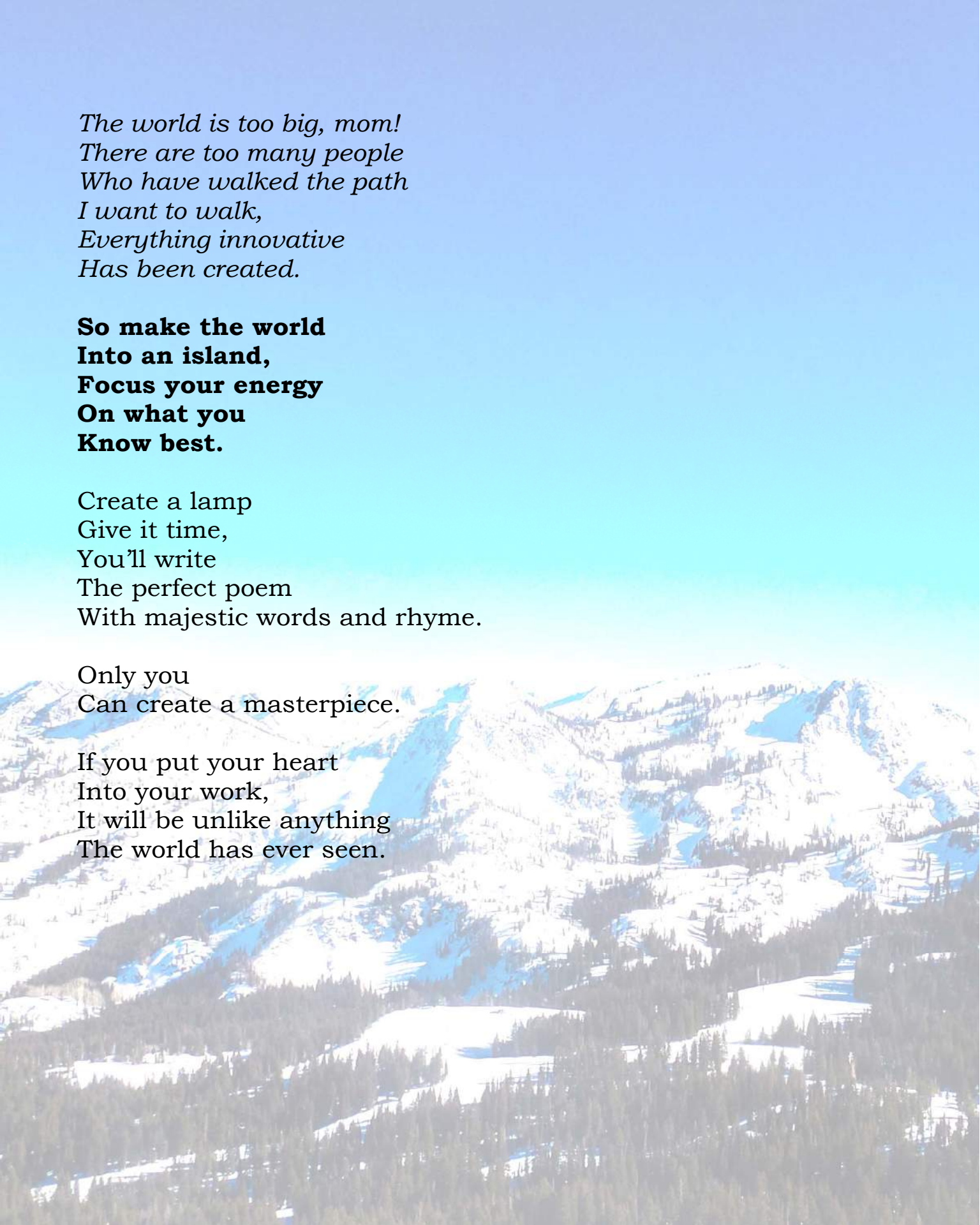
Something new
Something revolutionary
This is what I want
From my mind
But I cannot find
It, though I've searched
Into the far reaches
I pulled up old memories
Tried to piece together
Mediocre stories
Into something more.

I look upon people
Like Tiffany and Angelou
Who created beautiful works
That were fresh and new,
That no one ever
Thought of before
Until they brought their ideas
To the floor.

I want a brain
That can squeeze itself
Until all of its knowledge and potential
Ooze out in rivers of inventions.

I long for a new lamp idea
Or to write a poem
About a subject
That you never dreamed
Of putting on paper.





*The world is too big, mom!
There are too many people
Who have walked the path
I want to walk,
Everything innovative
Has been created.*

**So make the world
Into an island,
Focus your energy
On what you
Know best.**

Create a lamp
Give it time,
You'll write
The perfect poem
With majestic words and rhyme.

Only you
Can create a masterpiece.

If you put your heart
Into your work,
It will be unlike anything
The world has ever seen.

Man Alongside Hashem

"In God do I trust,
I will not be afraid;
What can man do unto me?"

Pain and anger
Are mankind's
Devilry

Life undying
Freedom, Wisdom
Are His cavalry

An army that
He sent forth
From the gates
Of purest Zion

He who hath
Delivered me
A burning spirit
Proud as a lion

O Almighty Lord
Who blessed the light
With equalizing
Darkness

Bestow unto me
Divine knowledge

For the greater good
I shall harness
Your wisdom.

"Blessed is the match
Consumed in kindling flame"
Blessed is the spirit
That began life's vast chain

Power lies in evil
Who balances the right
Power lies in the righteous
A white rider in the night

Toughest is he
Who can withstand
The falsehoods of humanity

Wisest is she
Who can understand
Them as concocted vanity

Mightiest is the One
That drives our souls, together

Celestial is the One
Whose reign shall last forever

Let Freedom Reign

Freedom flies
Across the land
From Old City walls
To Western sands

Driving the wills
Of fighting men
Who go to war
Defending them

Oppression is
An evil disease
That floats abroad
Across the seas

Challenging
Freedom with every move
Oppression strikes
Without cause to prove

Leading men
To search and seek
With evil hearts
To kill the weak

Let freedom
Reign from shore to shore
Stay in our hearts
For evermore

Cure those whose
Evil won't abate
Destroy the walls
Of anger and hate

Unify the
Whole World anew
Show us what
We all can do

Without war
Without oppressed
Let freedom reign
And thoughts
expressed

Let G-d be
Worshipped everyway
Let everyone
In their way pray

Equality
For all mankind
Please freedom reign
In all our minds

Send peace and
Love, all in a clutch
To humanity
To all you touch

Across the
Mountains and over seas
Cure the world of
Oppression's disease

Infect the
Hearts of the ill-willed
Bring them peace
Take back the killed

Let freedom reign
Across the land
Across the Seas
Across the sands

Let freedom reign!
Let freedom reign!

Eyes and Tears

They sang The Hope
cried out in terror
high pitched as children's screams

The evil stabbed me
sending their knives deep into my chest
I painfully bleed their tears

A little girl looks up at me with wide eyes
she's five years old
with a horrifying innocence
in the face of such malevolence

That stares through the heart
and cuts through the mind
her picture remains but she is dead.
My family is dead.

Heavy tears streaming down my cheeks
Suddenly light on fire
Bursting into red rage

My anger sends me hurtling into despair
For I cannot bring her back
She was butchered
She was murdered
She is dead.

I'm so sorry
I couldn't save you
Ruth.
I'm so, so sorry

Last Flight

The luscious forest
with its entangled tree roots
diving in and out
of the moss covered ground

Is home to many living creatures:
generations of paws, claws, and feet
have stomped their shape into the fine dirt
leaving behind new life when theirs end

The tree tops swayed in the warm breeze
carrying the sounds of magnificent cries
sung by the beautiful blue inhabitants
long ago

He lands on a flimsy branch
far above the hubbub bellow
and opens his beak
to solely sing the song of his ancestors

Wrinkled fingers and greying feathers
fail to hinder the spectacular majesty
of his beautiful coat
that led to his name

His large glazed black eyes
survey the dense jungle
as he soars through the air
to his empty nest

He puffs his feathers and relaxes
covering his aged face with his right wing
and closes his eyes one last time
the last slumber of the Blue Macaw.

Collective Conciseness **a 'Spoken Word' poem*

I tell myself
That there's no such thing
As separation
But really, every thought is
my opinion
That separates me
From the world

I experience
Life differently
Than you

And being different
Is separating myself
And giving into the illusion

We are not all
Disconnected pieces
In a vast world

But **one**
spark That is
whole And
beautiful

The only way
To experience
Endless love,

To reach
Limitless
Undying light;
No more racism!
No more hate!
To be one
With G-d, Him:
THE ONE,

Is to be
One with the world
And meditate

Block all
Thoughts
Out of your mind

Clear everything,
Let go of your humanity

And let the darkness

**Hit you like a
shockwave**

And then...

Inner Peace



My Lord
With you by my side
From whom shall I fear?

I will walk through
The halls of the world

And whose power
Will rival yours?

Your language spoken
Is older than any other

Strongest of all
Are your words

When you speak
Are there none who can't hear?

The Road Goes Ever On And On

**The road goes ever on and on
Paved by my choices that have gone
Into the west where the moon lies
Yet I walk to the next sunrise**

**Upon the brink of the boulevard
I stand and stare there long and hard
To perceive where my choices proceed
Whilst paying my history great heed**

**For my past, ever a memory
Shines the clearer for me to see
My future lies in mystery
Soon I shall discover the key**

**Where the long lane leads beyond the door
I shan't find the answer in deep lore,
But in my heart the key remains
Until I've walked all of the plains**

**I will persue the perils ahead
No matter what lies on the path I tread
I will make true my passionate dreams
Whilst the world continues its many schemes**

**The road goes ever on and on
I'll journey through fog into the beyond
Until I reach its end concealed
When G-d Himself shall be revealed**

To Shatter Hate

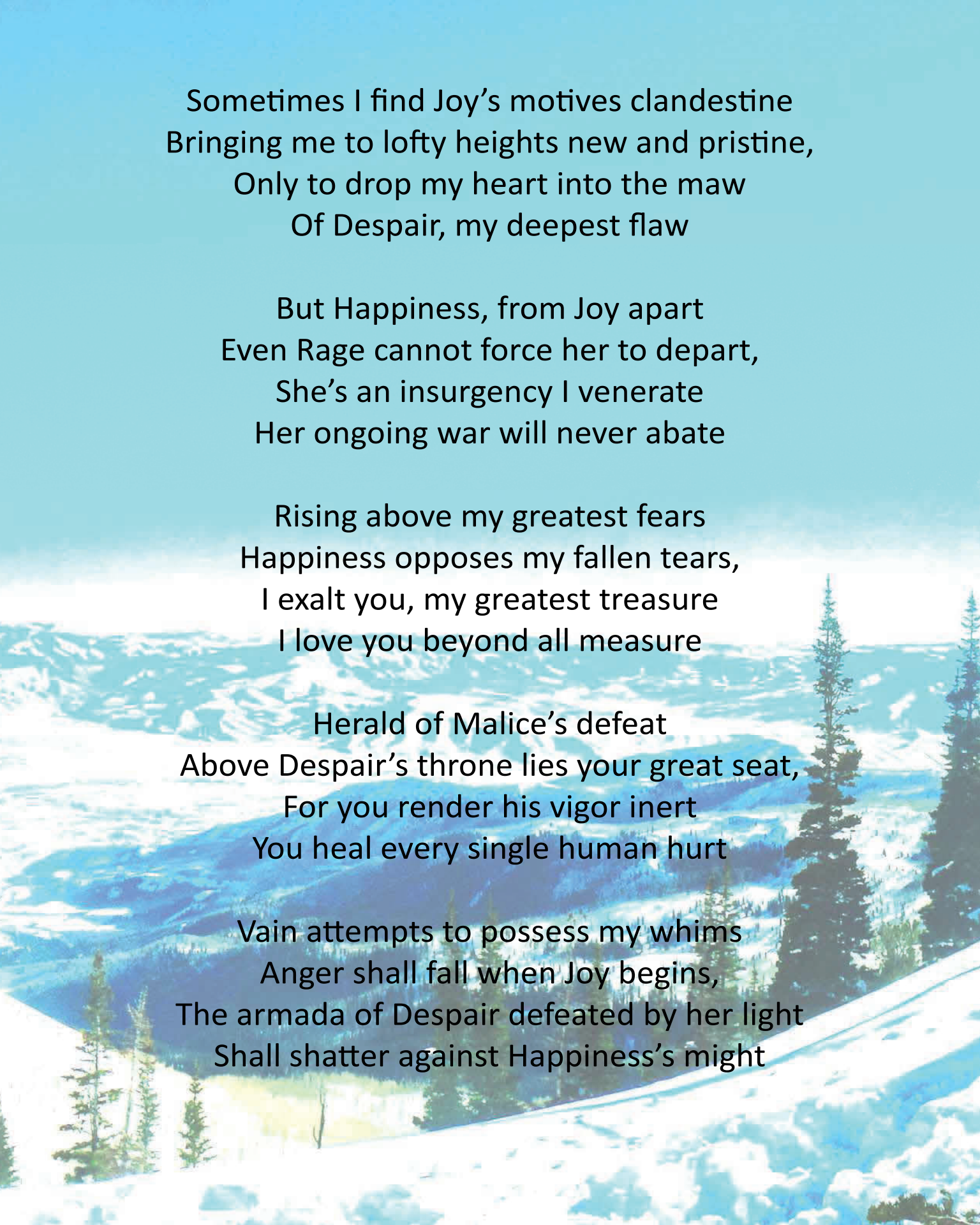
I wander through the world alone
Untampered by Aggression's throne,
The evil hearted he controls
Infecting men with weaker souls

In my chambers I find despair
And hopelessness without compare,
Releasing my fears, long kept at bay
Unleashed when the sun runs away

Anger manifests himself distinctively
Derailing my once-robust sanity,
Yet Anger lacks the strength to sway
My strong will not to obey

If I allowed Anger supremacy
Over the limbs of my body,
What menace would he make of me?
An enraged monstrosity

I walk the path of righteous joy
Stronger than the tactics Hate employs,
Pursuing knowledge of the world
I seek to see white-blue flags unfurled



Sometimes I find Joy's motives clandestine
Bringing me to lofty heights new and pristine,
Only to drop my heart into the maw
Of Despair, my deepest flaw

But Happiness, from Joy apart
Even Rage cannot force her to depart,
She's an insurgency I venerate
Her ongoing war will never abate

Rising above my greatest fears
Happiness opposes my fallen tears,
I exalt you, my greatest treasure
I love you beyond all measure

Herald of Malice's defeat
Above Despair's throne lies your great seat,
For you render his vigor inert
You heal every single human hurt

Vain attempts to possess my whims
Anger shall fall when Joy begins,
The armada of Despair defeated by her light
Shall shatter against Happiness's might

Return

Come here my child
listen close
to what I have to tell
of a beautiful city paved with gold
of ringing silver bells.

A wall it has
surrounding it
arched gates, skillfully hewn
with golden roofs and golden halls
that'll be returned to soon.

A stark white tower
looms in its center
where the lord proclaimed his home
with huge white columns and walls of stone
its Western one's alone

The utensils within
Shall shine forevermore
like the city made of gold
an ark is in the holiest place
which is very seldom shown.

A lavish palace
stood in the city once
housing our wise kings
its halls remain empty until
the old silver bells again ring.

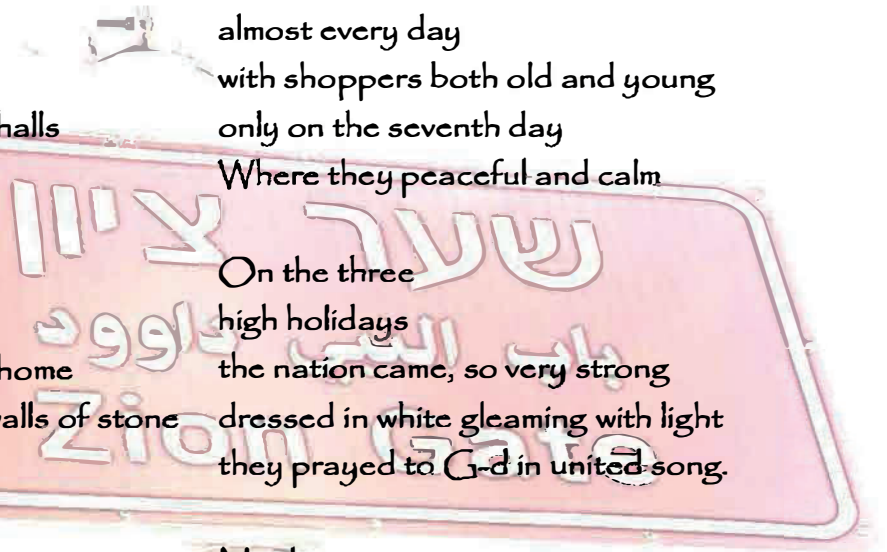
Atop the walls
an army stood
their shields bearing a blue device
an army that seemed to never fail
'til the day of its demise.

Her markets bustled
almost every day
with shoppers both old and young
only on the seventh day
Where they peaceful and calm

On the three
high holidays
the nation came, so very strong
dressed in white gleaming with light
they prayed to G-d in united song.

My dear son
I hope that you'll
Return to Jerusalem soon
I'll meet you at its massive gates
so skillfully hewn.

And so my son
look to the West
for that is where it lies
for in the walled city of gold
the smoke again shall rise.



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