

unto thee

K J Tesar

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Dedicated to
those I have lost.

Though you no longer live
you will always live
in me

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The Curse of Time

To the young, I have always been old,
In my mind I am forever young.
This curse of time.
Images of days long past,
Intermingle with the now, creating a confusion,
A kaleidoscope of time, mixed

Together forging turmoil in my mind.
Not understanding the age I am in,
Or the concept of time.
My life is a fusion of different eras,
And different faces,
Interwoven in a blurry haze.

Memories of friends long since dead,
Clash with the living in incomprehensible ways.
The Living, and the dead, the thoughts
And reality, a fog in my mind.
Everything floats through my mind's eye

Inseparable.
Though distant by decades, to me
All is still alive, and living side by side,
In this present I can't decipher.
Places I have known, the things I have done,
All seem like yesterday, not many yesterdays past.

This curse of memory
That keeps everything current, always within reach,
Floating in my mind.
How much better to be able to forget?
Rather than this heavy burden
Of the constancy of time.

Mac has gone away

The wry smile on the corner of your mouth,
 lingering bemused,
always lightened the darkest of days.
Rays of cheer beamed from your eyes.
Young, too young,
How could you leave us like that?
Every time we would see you , the welcoming,
 the greeting true,
the ever present smile.
None of us were ready, the unexpected.
You left without saying goodbye.
We looked for you in all the old places,
days spent in the hope,
that only the hopeless can cling to.
The confusion when the word was spread,
the weight of the truth breaking us down,
 you had been called away.
Leaving us alone in this lonely place,
ever the more lonely without you in it, your smile.
A flux of entangled thoughts flowed through my mind,
was it better to have never met?
so this sadness could not have fallen to us.
The seed of sorrow never sown,
the harvest of pain never reaped,
 this emptiness prevail.
Then the wise winds from distant places
brought thoughts of understanding, an answer sure.
How could any of us have been the same
without ever having known your smiling face?

Faraway Clouds

Feelings from a past long extinct,
Streamed through his mind endlessly,
Images of times from a distant place.
He could almost grasp the intent,
But the flow was too fleeting,
And the mind too heavy.
The surrounding terrain foreign,

He found himself living
In a place
That only thoughts could find.
 A place of faraway clouds,
With the feel of a forgotten smile,
On lips he could no longer see.
His was a world of distant voices
Softly calling his name,
With words that were alien,
Too difficult to decipher.

Whispering
In a language he didn't understand.
With a lightness of spirit
 His body was raised on high.
Released from the weight
Of the overwhelming memories,
He fought no more,
His submission a liberation.
The crowning glory
Was the air that carried him,
Now free.

This In-between Place

Before the descent of the darkness,
before the end of days arrives,
we find ourselves in a time between two worlds.
An in-between place.

Still here,
but the die has been cast.
The judgement made, the executioner is hovering,
the sentence has been read.
Would it be better to know?
Better to be prepared for that last call?
Final farewells could be said, embraces,
tears spilt.

The words not usually spoken, but ever understood,
before the shadow arrives, bearing its menace.
Or better to be oblivious, the regular routine,
life marches on.

Living each moment until the last,
as we have always lived them,
in the soothing bliss of innocence.

Not knowing,
what is preparing to rain down on us.
This in-between place, where we stay not long,
the last call of the former days,
soon to be carried into the light.

Last moments spent,
unaware that they are last moments.
A period of time between two worlds, the known,
and the place we will spend all time.

Moments of Time

Words from our lips flowed,
like water bringing life.
A sensation so real, I felt I was there,
and Rhonda was singing.
The grace of her voice
brought tears to my eyes.
In my dream I could see her,
her presence by my side.
Where is she now?
Has she had a good life?
As some of the memories fade,
others are seared into my mind.

Moments
of time, fixed in place,
never to be erased.
The times we shared
when Rhonda was singing.

Will I ever hear your voice again?
Or only when you come to me
as I lay sleeping.
Is it your soul calling out to me?
because the body now lies cold.
Do you come to me
now at ease, roaming where you will,
keeping alive the memories shared,
when our bodies lay as one.

Smiles
and laughter, never far from us.
The beauty of your voice
when you were singing.

A town soon forgotten

Little did you offer me,
except that which I needed most.
Your spirit unwelcoming, the streets cold,
distance seen on your fleeting faces,
turned away, set in stone.

Your cards were full.

The blankness of your eyes will be easily lost to time,
but still I thank you.

When my soul was being buffeted
like a small ship in the fiery storms
that had descended on my life, in such ferment,
when the tumult had reached breaking point,
and I was in much need of solace, some respite,

You were there.

You served as my safe harbour,
a place of shelter until the clamour eased,
the tempest had passed.

Once more was I able to set forth
on less chaotic seas,
the storms reduced to mere turbulent gales,
the normality of a life beset with turmoil,
where tranquility has only been gazed on fleetingly,
and serenity little known.

Goodbye then, to this town
and the frozen chill of its sullen throngs.
Little will you be held in my memory
but always will I remember the repose I found,
when so much it was compelled,
in a town soon forgotten.

Those I Hold

I have given so much of myself
that now I am empty.
An emptiness difficult to replete,
 nor would I want to.
Always shall I hold deep within
the smiling faces of those I have loved.
Forever be in my thoughts
those who are no longer by my side.
Sadness sometimes prevails
knowing that they are gone,
 never to return.
A void where once all was unbroken
and everything in its place.
Laughter filled the air, and my world
seemed complete.
 I wanted no more,
unaware of how swiftly change can befall.
Forever living the moment, the many moments,
as if they would never pass.
 Until pass they did.
Still I see them, and feel their good cheer,
the memories always held fast.
The only thing that keeps me firm
in this desolation,
 this wasteland of solitude,
the knowledge that they await me.
Then once more they will be by my side.
Never again will I be alone,
 as I am now alone,
when, at peace, I will be back in the company
of those I have loved.

Tormented by Demons

In the dark of night they come,
a presence felt, though barely seen
fleetingly.

Whispers in the ear,
a soft name called,
breaking the shallow slumber in dread.

Shadows

invade the mind, give rise to the unease,
lurking constantly, always close.

The grim burden of life's passage
sapping what little strength remains.

In tiredness begins the day,
another day.

The body follows its routines,
legs pushed on by the eternal flow.

The mind wanders, drifting endlessly,
the coming night a foreboding weight.

The torment never far from the inner eye,
a reality more certain than that which is real.

A life of days and nights
spent hiding,

from the scantily veiled truth.

Dark feelings never to be shaken,
the facade not cloaking the bleakness lying within.

No escape.

How could he escape?

These demons of his own creation,
moulded by his own hand.

All that he knows,

all that he can carry with him,
as he closes his eyes, and lets his darkness in.

Living in the Eternal

The last of the old crowd has gone,
Their smiling faces departed with her,
Leaving a desolate place in our hearts
 A void,
Never to be replenished.
Always was their time spent well,
With never a moment wasted,
Or thrown away on life's superfluous.
Year by year, one by one, they left us
Alone here now, where memories flourish,
Growing evermore with each of their passings.
Their final days always a difficult thing
 To watch, and to endure.
With hallways now empty
and quiet,

Their voices still ring clear in our thoughts.
We feel their warmth in our hearts,
We hold their spirits deep within.
Their joyous assembly in the eternal
Would be a great thing to behold,
A celebration of immense delight,
and wonder.

One chapter ends, and the unending begins,
Their bodies now young and strong,
Free from the constraints, and weight of age.
We will see them again
 The old crowd,
When the time is right.
Then with hearty cry
They will receive us into their gathering,
They will surround us with good cheer,
And welcome us into their fold,
Living in the eternal.

Fighting the Desires

He could feel its presence, within his reach,
it almost called out to him,
an irresistible force,
 a hunger.

He tried to not think about it,
but it invaded his thoughts, unremitting,
whispering in his ear.
He knew it was ruinous, a thing to avoid,
but the mind was weak, its want irresistible.
His obsession, his downfall,
 it cried his name.

He sought, deep within, to summon the strength
to fight off the malice,
knowing that the battle was lost
before it had even begun.
He tried to block out its wail,
 tried to resist.

Could he ever find that elusive fortitude
to not follow the path, the path that took him
to a place he didn't want to go.
A place of weakness,
 of self contempt.

But its call was too strong,
he craved the darkness that lurked inside him,
it was a disease of his own making.
Quietly he succumbed, the battle again lost,
the war still raging within.
His bitter curse had prevailed one more time.

He had lost,
 he had won,
another time, every time,
his dark desires still gripped him firm.

Lifeblood

The swishing of the blades,
trying in vain to wipe away all trace of you.
The thundering roar on the roof
sounding out your angry moments.

In times of simpler reflection you drip down the glass
reminding us you are there
without feeling the need for pomposity.
Whatever your mood
your power is always on display,

you cannot be denied, or ignored.
Loved and cherished, hated and despised,
you bring life
and you take it away.

At times you wash away our tears
at others you wipe the laughter from our lips.
You are as essential a part of our lives
as the very air we breathe,
the foundation of life itself.

Your benevolence often on show
as you cleanse all in your path
and make life's colours sparkle in your wake.

Death

Every lurch forward almost a fight,
this constant struggle.
Death inhabits the path I take,
it guides me,
 the panic laid bare.

The stench of the dead, and the soon to be dead,
pervades the very air I breathe.
Emotions laden heavy,
the incessant cries of those without hope
have been stilled, all is now silent,
the voices put to rest.
 This grotesque passage

this way never chosen, yet taken with little dissent.
Shadowy forms loom large, more a feeling,
a presence.
A mantle of darkness has descended, obscuring all,
 eyes no longer see.

A sense of defeat, an unbearable load,
the desire to surrender to my fate
outweighs any lingering hopes once vainly held.
To succumb,
 a release

an overwhelming desire.
Freedom within my grasp,
to fight, to resist, a heavy burden,
the temptation of the way easier taken.
With a yearning for respite I let go,
the shadow envelops me, I submit.
Together we merge as one,
I become part of the all,
I am free.

The Relentless Grip

The old woman struggles in her garden,
long days weigh heavy, the burden unforgiving.
The work is hard, the effort without end,
only the hate she grips to gives her the strength
to force herself on.
Her weathered body is tired, the mind still sharp.
A stream of thoughts, the constant thoughts,
an ever present reminder of it all.
Each step a great difficulty,
with nothing but the aid of a walking stick,
and the burning rage within.
The betrayals, the injustices she has endured,
anger burning deep down inside.
The hatred, a lifeline, something to cling to,
a fervent power that sees her through,
that holds her firm.
Fires of bitterness, her guiding light, her force,
her focus on the wrongs imposed.
Her son the greatest of all the betrayals.
She had put all her faith, and love, in his hands.
All her hopes, and dreams, had lain with him,
the master of deception.
Forgiveness holds no sway,
for the treachery suffered.
She will hold on until the last, gripping tightly.
Letting go, a victory to them all.
Never could she free herself
from the steady stream of lies and deceit
inflicted by those she should have trusted
and held so close.

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