

John Kaniecki

If I Should Fall Before You

If I should fall before you
Know I fought to the end
If I should fall before you
Know that I was your friend

Rivers flow endlessly
Never filling the sea
Rivers flow endlessly
Into the misty gray fog of eternity

Some say there is a land beyond the great expanse
Where we shall sing and dance
Some say there is a land beyond the great expanse
I for one am willing to take that chance

If I should fall before you
I will welcome you in
If I should fall before you
Take comfort
We shall meet again

For Every Wrong There Is A Right

For every wrong there is a right
For the darkness there is a light
Don't be fooled by the night
Don't let them say there is no day
There is always the narrow way

Take the straight gate
Though all is a loss
Take the straight gate
Embrace the wicked cross

For when we walk through death's door
And life is no more
You shall have to answer
For every deed and word

For every wrong there is a right
You pick and choose
For every wrong there is a right
One way you win
One way you lose

For every wrong there is a right
Fight valiantly with all your might
Live with the knowledge
You reside in God's sight
For every wrong there is a right

Cheeseburger Porn

Steak is very nice
Some culinary wizard serving a hot slice
But heed this wicked advice
Sometimes a cheeseburger hits the spot
A nice juicy one of course!
With the disease of extra cheese please

You see the perfect body
Full breasts and long luscious legs
A figure Michelangelo would gladly carve
Well that is fine and divine
But sometimes you don't need the perfect ten
Maybe two pudgy fives in enthusiasm
Perhaps having a real orgasm

Let's pretend is school boys' fantasy
And pornography is a cruel reality
The obscene on the screen
With butchering brutality
No they're not enjoying it
That's why it's called acting
Getting paid to get laid

But it ain't one size fits all
At least the best I can recall
Sex is a funny funny thing
People love both
Big booty and the snooty
Girls emaciated are celebrated
Hot isn't measured with a thermometer
A freak is unique for sure

And thus Cheeseburger Porn is born
The pickle on the side extremely large
But when you take that bite
You realize something ain't right
Even with fries and a milkshake
Fake is fake
Even when they quake shake and break
But you take what you take
So if you want to do some slumming
Cheeseburger Porn is coming

Some Ragtime Blues

The pen is my piano every letter a note
But pray tell how does one keep it in tune?
In an electric age with an electric rage
Feel the power in the page
Radically rocking and simply shocking
Electricity is a true blue
"You can do better than that"
Prods Gerard
The hardest taskmaster is your greatest friend
Unless you're a slave of course
In which case
He's just one miserable son of a bitch
Are we having a failure to communicate?
Which of us are truly free?
Not the miserable misers loving their money
Hate saturates the wicked mind
With a sweet thick sticky syrup
Flies and wasps circle

Hear the buzzing song of wrong
 Biting and stinging at every single chance
 While Jesus slept in the gardens
 Once you lay down the melody
 The chords follow naturally
 I never listen to the clumsy clamor of the critics
 Show me don't tell says the ancient adage
 Nebuchadnezzar ravaged the holy temple of the Lord
 And put the Chosen People to the sword
 I'm feeling fine singing my song of Palestine
 Pacifism my friend is a means to an end
 I shall simply love my enemy
 See the gospel influence
 Hey Janice Joplin you died far too young
 But even you with all your fire of fury
 You could never outdo a heavenly choir
 You see once you seen the light
 Necessity makes you do right
 Unless you are of vain Lucifer and his ilk
 Heaven and hell
 On Earth they coexist
 Some but only some
 Will hear the beauty infused in this.

Borrowing Blind Tom

A freak and a mirror hit hard
 Who then is this Blind Tom?
 His dark hollow eyes swallow the sunset
 And the glorious rays exit
 In Tom's enchanted fingers

I never knew a slave who didn't sing the blues
 Or a pauper too busy for a free meal
 They electrified the poet's finest words
 Just cause they could

Blind Tom didn't play piano he became music
 His fingers fluttering wings of the hummingbird
 Or so slow you don't even see the river flow
 Fast to slow then slow to fast

In a moment the future meets the past

“Say hey Blind Tom, play us Dixie”

It is not a request

The master is speaking and he is Lord

Cruel and cold yes, but still Lord

Of this miserable hell called a plantation

Tears well in Tom’s eyes as he plays the song of oppression

He cannot hang his piano by the waters of Babylon

Tom is Vashti’s bitch

And all the cool cats know it

Funniest thing

It’ll make you laugh long and hard

Till you fall off of your Archie Bunker chair

Being born void of sight

Blind Tom

Can’t tell black from white

Except that on the plantation there is fright

And on the piano

Keys of delight

War

“Follow the money” says Ken Brown

“Follow the money”

Some things are worth saying twice

Says the wise owl “Hoot! Hoot!”

Or the snickering vulture “Yum! Yum!”

Hawks and doves circle in the wind

As carefully aimed Surface to Air Missiles

Target those who dare raise a peep of protest

Until they say “Uncle”

Uncle S.A.M. that is

So you see center stage the stalwart

Blond haired blue eyed US Marine

John Wayne wannabe

Waving old glory grandly in the grim wind

Some false flag attacks goes down

Adding jet fuel to the fires of 911

There is a prolonged air campaign
 As generals and scientists test their toys
 And then comes the wholesale slaughter
 (Lying about collateral damage of course)
 (Which is a euphemism for slaughtering women and children)
 Or so they hope

All the while with a grand smile in slickest style
 They grab the resources, oil, opium, no matter what
 Their greedy grubby hands take all they got
 It will be the war to end all wars
 But we've been in this movie theatre a long while
 And we've seen this scene over and over
 They aren't so bright we are just so stupid
 Beer and chips as we watch Sunday football
 Jesus says it's okay or so says Reverend Money Bags

I pause for a moment for the wounded and slain
 I hush my heart for those who died in vain
 For those who lose their limbs
 Or are damaged in the secret places deep within

Somewhere a banker with a martini raises a toast
 "To war" he says in a grand boast
 Trillions to be made and so much more
 War the greatest con the biggest score

The Crack of Light from the Door

The Abyss of perpetual blackness
 Torments
 Like the ticking of the finite clock
 Click, click, click
 As my mortality manifests
 Aching muscles, memory loss
 The overwhelming crushing weight of my iron cross

The crack of light from the door
 In the hurry of my worry
 Something I failed to notice before
 There is a God of Love

Of that I am sure
There is a God of Love
Wholesome and pure
There is a God of Love
And much, much more

That faint ray of light
Potent in power magnificent in might
Creeping in from behind the eternal portal
Suggesting that I am more than mortal

Bringing much needed hope
A cosmic cure
The crack of light from the door

Early on

I wrote quite a lot
in the voice
of a character. this was
early on – I wrote
about scumbags;
all bukowski
and filth.
thought it was obvious
that if I wrote poetry
then what I was writing
wasn't all about
me. it wasn't – I
was a fool. spent my time
reading damn
stupid magazines. thought
it was worth it
to get my word out. it wasn't.
thought it was artistry – like that's
always good. like a sun
shining over a factory
and burning through various
carcinogens – such beautiful colours;
no value at all.

Anna

Anna banana from Montana had a cabana in Havana
Listening to Santana
Oh she would sit on my knee
And I'd sing her silly songs full of glee
But alas little girls get old
And I had to be less bold
So we would draw pictures of silly monsters
The one I held with greatest worth
Was of course Bert
Maybe you cannot understand
As you are not privy
You are on the outside looking in
But when Anna reads this
I am sure she'll feel bliss and grin

Anna, Anna I will always be your friend
I hope you can cope
And the laughing smiles will never end
But I know how the world is cruel
And how the haters and manipulators
Play the innocent for the fool
Never be their tool!
Live by the golden rule

I wish I could see you grow to a beautiful woman
But alas it must pass as it is not part of God's plan
And when life hits you into a daze
Cause it happens to us all
I want you to recall
Those innocent happier days
Keep them by your side
Let them be strength to guide you
On the path of virtue

I shall see you in the great beyond Anna
Manana

About the Poet

John Kaniecki writes prose and poetry. His poetry has appeared in over one hundred outlets. His poetry is always in a state of flux. He wishes to bring his poetry into this new age and then some. He works as an assistant to a lawyer. He is also a peace activist and a minister in the Church of Christ.

He has over a dozen books either published by small publishers or self-published. His long term goal is to have his writing support his financial needs. His poem “Tea With Joe Hill” won the Joe Hill Poetry Contest in 2012. His memoirs “More Than The Madness” finished in the top ten in the 2015 Westbow Manuscript Search. His poetry chapbook “The Second Coming of Victoria” was a quarter finalist in the 2015 Mary Ballard Poetry Chapbook Contest.

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