

Poetry Series

**Nick Krakana**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2011

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

Nick Krakana()

# A Cabbie's Eye

A past winter  
I did something out a line  
I drove a cab  
But for a short time

This new look on life  
Gave me reason to rhyme

I watched the sun come today  
Waiting for a fair  
To come my way  
Morning joggers ran on by

Chasing a runners high

There are people who ride with me  
Who seek a high in the rye  
This thing called booze  
Will make you lose

All good you've ever gained  
Goes right on down the drain  
Never to be seen again

Remember the next time  
You reach for the rye  
The cheapest high  
You'll ever buy

Is the healthy run  
Of a runners high

Nick Krakana  
February 13-2011  
Timmins - Ontario  
Canada

Nick Krakana

# A Caffeine Trick

Coffee it seems  
Fulfills many dreams  
Moving the brain  
Into new extremes

At first sip  
One begins to slip  
Ahead on a slick  
Known as the caffeine trick

With a second and third  
Down the hatch  
The caffeine addict  
Begins to relax

An oxy moron of caffeine sorts  
Making one feel like  
Cut off shorts - frazzled at the ends  
A jittery trend

A caffeinated brain knows no end  
Riding this short circuit trend  
Coming back tomorrow  
To do it all again

(copyright)

Nick Krakana

# A Crows Sensibility

The Crows weren't here today  
I miss there company on these winter days

A keener eye you'll never know  
Than the one thats in a Crow

They say the Eagle and the Hawk  
Can see clearly down the road  
And around the block

But the Crow oh the Crow  
Has sensibility far surpassing  
The Eagle and the Hawks agility

Knowing just when and were  
We humans put out our curb side fare

A morsel here a tidbit there  
Gets a Crow through winters fair

Nick Krakana

Nick krakana

# A Fart In The Air

I left today a part of me  
?That breaks from dignity  
?It lingered there in the air??  
Holding fast to? the seat down there  
?  
A garlic sauce its fragrance be  
?Never to attract the honey bee??  
On board a plane  
?It can cause great pain

?Way down in the ?nasal lane??  
With no were to go  
?It floats you know?  
Amongst the noses ?row on row??

The captain safe  
Away up there?  
Were no fart but his  
Can enter the air??

Nick Krakana

# A Horse Named Joe

He was beautiful stallion named Joe  
And over time we became friends you know

Brought north were the black fly reins  
Away from his familiar range  
His line was of solid stock  
Of those who rocked the time clock

A wilder spirit you'll never know  
Than this stallion named Joe  
At first glance he scared me so  
With his eyes flaming fire

This glow of fire  
Was just a front you see  
Cause deep down inside  
Joe -he was a softy

My son and i became friends leisurely  
Dinning on carrots and apples with he  
Having a presence of majesty  
Caution and good sense flowed from his eyes

A horse is like a tonic i see  
With gentle heart they speak to me  
The creator of all did place in this stall  
A horse unbeknownst to he

Did help us along our journey

Nick Krakana

# A Runners Lament

A runner I've always been  
?Closer than my next of kin  
?It's kept me in a natural way  
?When things went wrong along life's way

??When I run my mind is free?  
My troubles seem to escape from me?  
The sky is bluer the sun is brighter?  
The birds are louder ?life is better

??Do you like to run and feel so free?  
Lase'em up and you will see  
How on the level you can be?  
The pace is faster now? as I round a bend

This exhilaration is mine to spend  
?The dynamics of life get simpler now?  
It's a real way you will see?  
When the runners are laced to me

??My mind is free from trouble  
Away they go as I move a long  
The air expels them like a song  
?My lungs are real as real can be

?For at this moment they are what sustain me  
??A soldiers gun a pirate's sabre?  
These running shoes they are my saviour  
?For with them I traverse the miles

?Sorting things out and leaving the piles

NK - ©

Nick Krakana

# A Soldiers Everest

I heard him say?  
I love my scares anyway?  
They happened over there?  
And now i carry them everywhere??

A war is what its meant to be?  
A place filled with tragedy?  
Both sides feel its pain?  
Is it fair to say its like falling rain

??Each drip is like a day gone by?  
And now we face the mountain high?  
Together in this icy place?  
No tracers here to sting our face??

No - no bullets on this mountain top  
?As we size up every drop?  
Each in his own time  
?Like over there we tow the line??

Strength comes from knowing  
?It can always be worse  
?Like the desert sands we once traversed?  
What we once thought to be weak

??Has now become our greatest peak?  
To reach the top of Everest  
?Ironically the name itself? spells out the human quest ??  
If only there was ever rest?

It is as St. Augustine was once given to say  
'Restless we will be till we rest in thee'

Nick Krakana

# Along This Path

They come about  
When time is near  
With life that seems  
To disappear

Come walk with me along this path  
It marks the way for ones epitaph  
Did you think you could get away  
From life's distractions along the way

Oh no it cannot be so  
I want to know what I have sown  
A word of kindness a whisper in the trees  
It's something that makes you bend your knees

Like a park so barren in winter snow  
A stroll with the dog the best companion I know  
Time is old time is knew  
The stars of heaven shine on me and you

Brings me back to a twilight walk  
Where the stars of heaven did seemingly talk  
Their twinkles seemed to be to me  
Morris code typed out so gently

Its good that this will never change  
The ways of heaven we cannot rearrange  
The sun and moon will always be  
A stark reminder of our frailty

Nick Krakana

# California Dreaming

I dreamt I was back in California  
?Felling its breeze blow away my cares?  
Would it rain don't think so ?  
California sun has too much glow

A glow a glow it shawn so?  
Sometimes I wish I was back in Californio  
?The 6 AM run's are heaven you know  
??Newport Beach here we go

?Right along with the traffic flow  
??The lights we'd catch right on time  
?In sink with our thoughts to the dime  
The dry air filled our lungs up so?

Desert air is the way to go  
??Along the back bay dog and I run?  
Out of the way of the traffic run?  
Keeping pace is what we do

??A pace that's different for me and you?  
California I'll always miss you?

Nick Krakana  
Timmins Ontario  
Canada

Nick krakana

# D Day Normandy

Bullets fly by like the firefly  
Don't stop or you'll die  
The icy waters of Normandy  
Numbs the pain the eye can't see

Keep your gun clean and your head down  
Crawl your way up through the blood and all  
This was the way I saw it then  
I say never again

I can still hear the bullets zip by  
Then there was the battle cry  
To you they seem like long ago  
To me they are there on my pillow

So here it be i am 93  
And these horrible memories are ever close to me  
Ryan was saved to live and be free  
Without him there would be no movie

To make a movie of such a time  
Makes me wonder why we held the line  
No rehearsal could have opened our eyes  
To what the enemy had in disguise

A night of brutality there by the sea  
Now brought to all thanks to film and TV  
For many to sit in comfort and say  
We owe much to these young men who died that day

There seems to be a riddle  
Here in front of me  
You at home with snacks in hand  
Watching my comrades die in the cold sand

Nick Krakana  
copyright 2013

Nick Krakana

# Death Of A Soldier

The leaves they fell on the day  
As thousands of his comrades carried him away

The Argilles of 1903 stationed there guns backwards for he  
A reminder of brother in arms solidarity

As the pipes played there sad farewell  
And the trees there leaves like tears did fell

They seemed to bid there own farewell  
With a lonely sound of the only horse  
Commissioned to draw his carriage down  
Along the streets thru Hammer town

Freshly shoed the steed did click  
November 11th comes all to quick

Please remenber my comrades and me  
When next you see Remembrance Day

Nick krakana

## F4 - U The Corsair Poem

There are million things  
Which must go right  
To make this marvel fly

As the switch is thrown  
So begins her journey to the sky  
Her many valves and pistons  
In sync like a marching band

Must warm to temp - configure  
And obey the pilots command  
From way inside her metal heart  
Spews a highly distinguished sound

Exhaling like a dragon  
'Origins of originality' she states  
'I feel restless here on the ground  
A Corsair's work is Heaven bound'

Nick Krakana  
October 4th 2017

Nick krakana

# Games Of Old

The clouds were the same  
And so was the rain  
Not any more  
Since the internet came

The games of old  
That never changed  
Now collect dust  
Out in the lanes

This thing called cyber - Is more of a sabre  
Cutting away a natural way  
A wholesome sound gone away  
Laughter from knock the cans

Played out in the sunset down the way

Nick krakana

# Garbage Beneath The Heavens

I went out tonight ?  
To put the garbage away

?And everything was OK

??The sky was clear no clouds were near?  
Everything's OK

??There was a star ?out in the east  
?Growing larger than bakers yeast  
??The weather network ?Pointed it out to be  
Planet Jupiter? looming large upon darkness charge

??I looked around ?there was not a sound?  
Only a jet at 35 high? I wondered  
Do stars seem closer up there

??Everything's still OK

??This scene has never changed its way?  
The ways of heaven? are there to stay  
??What do you think  
Is this the way things will always be  
?  
The most complex of simplicity?  
Man with his simple wisdom?  
Can not change this heavenly tapestry  
??This is the way it was meant to be??

And everything's OK

Nick krakana

# God And The Dog

He wondered over  
On that great day  
When the thought  
Of creation became My way

He looked up  
And this was the message  
He sent My way...  
'Send me to'... he went on to say...

'I'll be his buddy  
When all desert  
No money or status  
Can earn my love'

And so it was  
On that great day  
When God and the Dog  
Talked away

Nick Krakana  
June 21st 2017

Nick krakana

# God Played Hockey

It has occurred to me  
?That God likes to play hockey  
?It seems the natural thing to do?  
Upon his raindrops of frozen dew

??His realm of presence spread evenly  
Between the lines - And goal post two

A trip up here a slash over there  
?Was the ref looking sometimes I don't care?

This is the fact of life we all share  
??So around the circle out there  
?A pre game prayer we all do share?  
Telling us - beware

?Of our human nature  
?In this battle we all share

Nick Krakana  
Timmins Ontario  
copyright 2010

Nick krakana

# Longfellow's Gleam Of Sunshine

For those who know the battle within  
And can still see a way clear  
Longfellow carries to hold the tide  
Of a friend that is so dear?

Does he speak of lofty things?  
Or is it of one who's died?  
This mix of thought stirs up in me  
My own lover's tide

Were I once flew like the eagle  
To his nest on high  
But no it's higher still than that  
Alas it must be of the other side

Back tracks of the heart it seems?  
Were once Longfellow did reside?  
His horse does play a vital role  
As he scans the country side?

The yesterdays came flooding back?  
A sunshine mist they must have shared?  
As they walked along life's way

God's greater hand did place in him? this memory of the pen  
Forever stirring up the heart to try love once again

Nick Krakana

# My Dog Ben

This poem is in memory of Ben  
my 14 1/2 year old dog a Golden / Newfie mix  
February 14th,2000 to August 24th,2014

My Dog Ben

For those of us who know this pain  
Seeing your best friend slowly become lame  
Knowing well the time is nigh  
When you must say good-bye

The strangest thing came over me  
As old Ben stared back at me  
And I felt his conveyance seep into me  
Please let me slip away peacefully

A gift you were so strong and brave  
Who helped me these two boys to raise  
Each day was an adventure along the way  
No matter - which ever way

At one year old you let me know  
Courage was the mixture in your bones  
The biggest of bears scared you not  
As we discovered new berry plots

Fourteen thousand miles and plus  
You ran with me without a fuss

Thank you my old friend  
It was the hardest duty for me  
To place you peacefully into eternity

Nick Krakana

# My Dogs Life

My dog he likes to stare at me  
He knows my every frailty  
He knows if my day's been good or bad  
Or if life has made me sad

He's always glad to see me home  
He's not the kind who likes to roam  
Running the horses was his favourite time  
Through the bush keeping Joe in line

His heart's as big as the moon on high  
When he goes I know I'll cry  
For now we'll walk the slow walk through  
He can't run no more his hips sore too

He once was a juvenile just like me  
Getting into mischief one two three  
Like all young eyes we showed him how  
Not to go running afoul

I did from time to time go look for him

Like when he crossed the line so thin  
T'was then i saw his face in mine  
Like the horse who chatters when a bear is near  
Oh please just get me out of hear

A mushers sleigh he pulled along  
Filled with a laughing children's song  
I think he loved to hear their chatter  
I swear that's what he was after

Can you tell me why it is so  
The creator dealt the dog this harsh blow

To live a life so short and fast  
Of all his creatures around down here  
The dog is the one who became so dear

Could his reason be a lesson for each of life's seasons

For he knows no treason - Love's his only reason

Nick Krakana  
Copyright 2014

Nick Krakana

# Natures Way

The blade of grass the ray of sun  
Keeps the prairie on the run

????The Ferrite the Owl and the Coyote three?  
Know inherently about this harmony  
Then man comes along with a poisonous song?  
Doing naturally what is wrong

??Leave her be? the way she always be  
And between the Owl ?  
The Black Footed Ferrite?  
And the Prairie Dog three

Having this wondrous gift of orderly  
Things in check naturally  
Mother natures way is not a poisonous one  
Returning all we think over and done

This wonderous way she brings our way  
No poison no gun no ego to run  
Naturally a rhythm we seldom hear  
Especially when we interfere

Nick krakana  
Timmins, Ontario  
Copyright 2013

Nick krakana

# Old Leaves

No finer site can be seen  
Than old leaves on the ground  
In early spring  
A wonder to stop and see

Just how the Creator sustains a tree  
Self sufficiency is clear to see  
Amidst its new greenery

A tree had to fall to capture it all  
Words sprinkled on paper once bare  
Giving a glimpse into his special care

Air from the leaf  
Paper from wood  
Steel from rocks  
Makes the ride here good

Under his canopy at this time of year  
Becomes the tonic turning off a world so near  
Be a listener come see  
What's taken for granted can give unto thee

Nick Krakana

# Old Slippers

They are meant to be? what waits for me?  
At the end of a weary day?  
Always there absorbing all care??  
Like my dog ?who sighs over there?

Lifting his eyelids just to see?  
My feet transfer comfortably??  
Resting his head ?on well worn paws?  
He sighs as I walk upon this squeaky floor

New slippers are conflicting energy ?  
Things that go against the ordinary?  
The moccasin of long ago  
Walked in harmony with every toe??

The newer it be the harder it gets?  
To rest ones feet? from the aggregates??

September 9th 2013

Nick Krakana

# People Of The Land

??I know a people of the land?  
Who some say they do not understand?  
The thirteen Moons they know of well ?  
The seasons change and the tides swell?

?They are simple with no complexity?  
They know the land and its healing touch?  
It gives back oh so much

??The original keepers of this land?  
Here so long ago for you and me?  
And some say that it was the Cree

??Kind and gentle greeting all ?  
Beneath the virgin timbers tall  
??Take the time to say Wachay?  
While you are out along the way?

First a nod then a smile  
??It's a way of friendship you will see  
?From our brothers of the Cree

??NK©?September 2008

Nick Krakana

# Peter Gzowski - Canadian Radio History

The thing? my older sister Elizabeth? shared with me  
??Was the art of? listening to Peter Gzowski  
The loosest of ends ?he tied up you see?  
From behind his mike? at the CBC

??Canadian history was taught ?and made there  
??From his beloved Toffino ?we'd hear him out there  
??With Coffee and cigarets a comfortable chair?  
Leaning into his mike over the air

??True Canadiana was Peters fair?  
Just close your eyes he'd take you there  
??Alone sits the senior? a horse sense i feel?

From this man on the radio?  
The only good company to reel  
??I dont know if there will ever be?  
Another like minded Peter Gzowski  
?  
Natural - like a honey bee  
He enriched this country?  
From behind the mike at CBC

Nick Krakana  
Timmins

Nick krakana

# Remember What Is Everything

Can i say to you  
What this might be  
To some it is a cup of tea  
With a loved one at 93

Then there are those  
Who crave new cloths  
Or a trip to see the shows  
Just to wear the new cloths

Around and around it goes  
Get the cloths the new car to  
Park over there  
Oh look its you

Looking back at me  
Looking at you  
All just to say  
Hey whats new

So what is everything to you  
Is it a walk in the morning dew  
Or to sit on a window ledge  
To watch raindrops new

Time is old time is new  
The stars of heaven  
Shine on me and you  
They are old but seem so new

New this new that  
Its time for a new hat  
Does my spirit know about that  
Will it change me about all that

Like a cold beer  
Its false appetite seems queer  
Veneer veneer its all just veneer  
I'm really still the same - oh dear

Nick Krakana

## Second Chance

I have run with the best  
Now I can rest  
No gate and wire  
To run the test

My new friends  
Look upon me  
In a different way  
I sense it's not a money play

Confinement locked our spirits down  
Thanks to Wallkill  
We now tread on free ground  
Were cocaine thoughts dissipate

As I walk in my friends gentle gate  
We two have been abused  
Our youth drained out  
Like a burnt up fuze

Our days now are gentle  
Like the breezes that blow  
It sure is good the inmates appreciate us so  
Each day is kinder than the day before

Never more to enter the race track door

Nick Krakana ©  
Timmins - Ontario  
Canada  
June/2016

Nick krakana

# Sentenced

Life goes round  
Along its way  
Yet we seek to  
Speed up each day

To do and get  
More of what we want  
Sentenced  
To this daily taunt

Nick Krakana  
copyright

Nick krakana

# Shawshank

The walls are high  
And the stone is grey  
The sun creeps over  
About noon each day

Its time is routine  
Where life gets mean  
And the razor wire  
Has a menacing gleam

Our bodies are theres to keep  
Tis when we close our eyes to sleep  
We dare to take that freedom leap  
Over the wire each soul dose fly

This prison break we do each night  
A blessing they cannot erase by sight  
However surreal its a treasured might  
Keeps one sane in this dingy light

Copyright  
Nick Krakana - Timmins

Nick krakana

# Steve Earle - Farm Aid 1998

If there ever was  
A living portrait  
I know I've found it here

With Del McCoury's tight ensemble  
Each note expressed their face  
A perfect match for every word  
That Steve could not erase

Somewhere in his big heart  
It haunts him I can see  
For only Steve could sing it.... so abundantly

Nick Krakana  
September 27th 2017

Nick krakana

# Strawberry Fields

No finer a scene can be ?  
Than strawberry pickers?  
In the early morning??  
With rumps up in the air?

Eyes fixed on berries ?so fat and near??  
Red fingers all they're having a ball?  
The world outside is put on stall??  
There seems to be tranquility?

Amidst these fields of berrying

Each sore back picks away?  
Not noticing the heat of day??  
Contentment marks each Isle I see?  
As pickers talk upon there knees

?Not about the cares of life?  
Rather how these berries relive its strive??  
Come with me now we'll pick awhile?  
The cares of life will wash away

?As we pick away a summers day

Nick Krakana  
July 2013

Nick krakana

# Sun Fired Sunset

Okavango sunset makes it's mark  
As daylight turns to dark?  
The Zebras walk towards it's set  
?Instinctively knowing were they've meet

??A stripe here a zag there?  
Confusion to the Lion over there  
?His eyes afire from hunger inside?  
Watching their every stride

??Confused Lions wait to see?  
The slight of a weak knee?  
Ah - their it is - a hobble we see  
?Tonight on full bellies we'll sleep

Nick Krakana

# Taylor Swift - Part 1

See the fans  
They know the deal  
Taylors singing about  
Whats real

In each note  
Her heart there lies  
The truth reflecting  
In the fans eyes

Some are misty  
Some are dry  
Each care is left  
Outside the door

Now all caught up  
In the roar  
Oh what a time  
This is to be

When Taylor Swift  
Sings to me!

Nick krakana

## Taylor Swift - Part 2

When Taylor sings  
The fans know its real  
They whisper to each other  
This is unreal

Why she's signing  
About me they say  
How'd she know  
I felt this way

Oh this Taylor  
She must be a gypsy  
Romanian maybe  
With her own chrystal ball

For who else  
Could tell all

Nick krakana

# The Backward Walker

I walked through a storm today?

Just so I could walk the other way?  
And seeing things differently ?as I did??  
I realized ?that time rolls by at a different beat?  
When you walk backwards down the street?

People stop and stare

??Whisper to.....??thinking weird thoughts of you?  
Who they say walks this way??  
Tiz I when the wind  
?Blows cold and strong against my way??

They scratch their heads ?  
And look away?  
Cause they see no beauty  
?In a different way.

Nick krakana

# The Eagles

So we all went down  
To the Troubadour  
And stayed there till it closed

Up at Joshua Creek  
Went out for a pee  
Trying to unscramble  
What makes me, me

Looked up to see  
An eagle looking back at me  
Was that a sign  
To were we'd be

We all went up there  
To find the inner me  
With peyote buttons in hand  
Baby eaglets walked the desert sand

Take it easy Jackson tried to say  
Can you help me make it play  
Rock n roll country please it's for me  
Its a girl my lord in a flat bed Ford

Ours was the 70's  
No texting please  
Just people talking  
About one of these nights

A Budweiser bathtub  
After the show  
Invitation button's made it go  
Sugar packs please oh yes we know

Airport security gendered up fear  
Irving Azzof deflected each stare  
Again at Dan Tannas  
They saw lying eyes

This took it to the limit  
T'was a part of getting old  
Like a Stradivarius there story oozed out  
Writing about life can make you shout

Was one of these nights in Malibu  
That set them apart  
The desert air drew it out  
Take from it what you will

Hotel California stopped the pace  
Were is it now we should go  
Just gonna take it easy  
Till the next show

Life in the fast lane  
Is just an exercise for Joe  
Success took us to the limit  
I guess that defines us so

Eagles will always fly you know

Nick Krakana  
Timmins - Ontario  
Canada  
June 24/2016

Nick krakana

# The Green Mile

I could have let these words slip by  
?But couldn't when I saw his jail guard cry?  
John Coffy changed some hearts that day?  
When the order of electricity passed his way

??What else were they to do?  
The time and place required a death?  
An equalizer from his last breath  
??  
The math here doesn't work he say ?  
On that day the sparrow did sing  
?And the rain it ceased to let the sun shine in

??Mr. Jingles received the gift that day  
?Imparting of power so he could stay  
?Boss lived on to see his kin all gone?  
A constant reminder of what he'd done wrong??

Nick Krakana

# The Heart Of An Elephant

I watched an elephant show today  
?And seeing all the love they had to convey?  
I wished the world could be like they?

The heart of an elephant is a special one  
Full of love and muddy fun??  
Please don't shoot them anymore ?  
To sell their ivory on a foreign shore  
?

An elephant's memory is a precious one  
?Remembering the knife and the gun

??These elephant angels that I see  
?So plainly here on my TV  
?Send messages to you and me?  
Across the miles that's what I see

??Kindness is the key

But Oh that an elephant sees the heart  
?In a family of love never to part?  
We do have much to learn in turn ?  
From the ways of an elephants heart

Nick Krakana

# The Jailers Door

My blood pressure went up today?  
When the jailer said walk this way??  
It wasn't his tone of voice you see  
?Rather the steel door that closed ?behind me

??An impromptu visit it would be  
?To see a brother of the Cree  
?Incarcerated for living mischievously??  
40 ounces and a stolen car?

Won't get you very far?  
The police in hot pursuit  
?Didn't give a hoot??  
That Victor didn't steel the car

?He said the ride was all he took?  
Now that's enough for the lawman's hook  
?He'll do two years for this silly charge??  
Testing the police cars supercharge

?Jail house tooth paste ?is devoid of taste  
?I still think this is a real waste??  
A classic case of ?Lawman's hast

2011 Monteith Jail

Nick Krakana

# The Litho

I have a litho upon my wall  
Its not very expensive at all  
I'm glad it came out this way

A capture of the ocean spray  
The artists heart he knew this to  
Painting a litho to share  
With folks like me and you

Each wave a master peace

A finger print on the sand  
Much like the one upon your hand  
Given to you and me  
Upon a sandy canvas by the sea

Nick Krakana

# The Log Cabin

Sometimes at night  
In the fading light  
It does come back to me  
Where a log cabin stood deep in the woods

Devoid of all defugalties  
Where time is set  
To a seasons change  
The largest gear in a time peace range

I did that day absorb my stay  
On trout bacon and tea  
When a drowsiness  
At the end of this did come over me

A bush nap for those  
In there fishing clothes  
Know it only to be  
The best of sleep in the woods so deep

Is it this type of slumber  
We know's out there  
When we say gone fishing over there  
Sometimes at night in the fading light

This does come back to me  
Where a log cabin stood  
Deep in the woods  
Named peace and tranquility

Nick Krakana  
Copyright 2013  
Timmins - Ontario  
Canada

Nick krakana

# The Lowland Hunter

Patrick was once a young man like you and me  
?A great hunter from the Cree  
?Walking the James Bay lowlands free?  
With his legs so strong following along

??His Fathers teaching in the ways of the land  
?How to survive with axe in hand?  
An existence from long ago  
?Foreign to those who do not know

??To understand we must know the past  
?Respect for the land and it will last?  
For all that the Creator gave from his hand?  
The fish of the water the beast on the land??

So today should you pass a brother of the Cree  
?Remember it was his people of long ago  
?Who tended this land with an invisible hoe

Nick Krakana

# The Medicine Man

There are no side effects  
From the medicine man  
For he plucks it up  
From the Creators hand

Nick Krakana

# The Modern Day Rat

That day George Orwell wrote about  
Back then now is here  
When neighbor, friend or stranger  
Ratted to local authorities so near

Drive to slow and weave a bit  
No matter how trivial it be  
A knock will come upon your door  
Stating presumably what the rat did see

Oh my just were are we going  
Imagine the old west with phoneology  
His horse just shit a rat did say  
Quick cell call the sheriff he'll take him away

Sounds to harsh to hear you say  
It's the modern sabre of choice today  
Mind your business they used to say  
Watch out you - I got a cell and I'll rat on you today

Nick Krakana  
Timmins  
August 12/ 2016

Nick krakana

# The Talking Pine

Today I Stopped  
To look at a tree  
As I gazed up at it's majesty  
I had a sense it stared back at me

Telepathy seemed to emanate  
From its millions of needles and timeless state

'You have no saw nor weathered face  
or axe in hand to swing at my base'

'I've watched my friends go down you know  
Its never enough I've heard them say'

'As they came crashing down on that day  
Another of earths keepers lost'  
Then I felt it to say...  
'We'er worth far more than money or pay'

'For without my family of trees  
You humans will have no oxygen to squeeze'

Nick Krakana  
copyright August 19th 2017

Nick krakana

# The Taxi Ride

I've learned the streets of my home town  
?By driving a taxi up and down??  
Each fair had its own life's care?  
And some felt the need to share

??Through the reds and greens and stop signs too?  
Absolute strangers shared a thought or two??  
In times like these I forget myself?  
And put my own life on a shelf

Nick Krakana

# The Wolf Track

A wolf print I came upon  
As I wandered on a new land  
He had a walk like no other  
His imprint did sink and make me think

Where has he been and where has he gone  
Each step like a note in a symphony song

I felt his eyes as I walked along  
Telepathy or instinct did come to mind  
No fearful thought I had of he  
I wonder if he read this in me

It was an honour just to see his way

So with a click - a photo of his track  
I did carry back surprised to see such artistry  
The sand like pearls did shine  
My hand next to his showed a sizeable track

A rembrant photo it turned out to be  
Just to picture what he would seem to be  
Is the best way to remember he  
The big grey wolf in the timber free

Nick Krakana

# The Wounded Black Bear

While out on a bike ride one day  
?A beautiful Black Bear ?Wandered my way  
?A ghostly figure was he  
??As he just appeared in front of me

?With a coat that shone so splendidly  
??His poetic strength ?displayed in every step?  
Like a ballerina - ?silent and beautiful was he??  
The was I say ??

Because someone shot him that day  
?And coincidence would have me see him this way  
?I believe it was his front shoulder ?  
That was hit that morning??

This I could see ?  
As he struggled before me?  
Great effort in every stride? Just to get to the other side  
??He disappeared without a trace?

No noise no fuss  
?Not like some of use??  
He was a magnificent old bear ?  
And to see him this way? saddened me  
??  
There is a wheel they say?  
That follows each of us on our way  
??I wonder how this shooter  
?Deal's with pain on his day

Nick Krakana

# Tim Hortons

There is a street  
In Hamilton town  
That directly relates  
To the coffee ground

The first of its kind  
Safe haven for the caffeine mind  
Were a puck chaser named Tim  
Became famous for filling it to the brim

It would be the first to be  
Born here in Steel City

Nick Krakana

# Tim Hortons Scuffle

Charge up your card automatically?  
And Timmies sneaks by directly  
?Into your account they go?  
In front of the heat and light bill you know??

Ah but its healthy they say ?  
Egg whites from a factory down the way  
?No need to stand in a line up no more  
?Just idle your car till you get to the door??

Did I see the guy behind me cough?  
Sorry my truck is idling rough  
?Kind of like my system craving this stuff?  
No wonder why I huff and puff??

A doctor drives by with a high five?  
Noting the customers in the drive?  
Carotid arteries and guts that don't work?  
Noting the faces for his next shift at work

Nick Krakana

# Time The Bandit

Time is going  
This I can see  
As the morning mirror  
Stares back at me

Its me in there  
With all this grey hair  
Ever stop yourself  
At times like this

When the clock on the wall  
Says its getting late  
This two armed bandit  
It stole our youth

Father time  
Your so uncouth

NK - ©

Nick Krakana

# Timmins To Matheson

Matheson town has a jewel in her crown  
For along this river they call the black  
A place like no other continues to give back

Beginning with rose and ending with dale  
Its a place filled with kindness  
For those who are now frail

Driving slowly east out of Timmins along the 101  
And as the fall scenery flowed by me that day  
These words came to me that blustery fall day

It was real fall day and i mean it just that way  
The leaves blew by me every which way  
The fields lay grey were the hay once lay

And the farmers cloths out on the line did sway  
Waterbag Creek turned muddy that day  
Because it rained heavy just yesterday

The Black River Inn is all boarded up  
That Hungarian couple they cooked there so well  
Were lawyers and judges and people of prominence did dine

And yes their food was better than fine wine  
There love was an old one from long ago  
When people married for the long hard row

Yes it was a real fall day  
And the leaves blew by me  
Like the years of yesterday

Nick Krakana

# To Clone A Dog

I left a message for you today?  
Before you went out along your way?  
I thought of how life fly's by so fast?  
And how to leave a message that would last??

So here's my thought for you to carry?  
Simple and free?  
Love and kindness is the key  
??It's carried me past some callus ways

?Get a grip and draw it near? never to disappear?  
A rock in life's roughest seas  
??Hold this four letter word tight in your heart?  
And never let it depart?

Dog's they know it well  
?A clone of this nature would serve man well??  
The oddity of this I see?  
Dog spelled backwards

?Becomes the great I AM of spirituality

Nick krakana  
Timmins Ontario  
Canada

Nick krakana

# Uniform Of Yesterday

The simplest of kindness  
Ever to express  
Was a dog biscuit  
From the mailman's vest

Today while on my way  
My dog did spy  
From his biscuit eye

This uniform of yesterday  
Who would bring treats  
Along his way

Nope... I'm not supposed to he say  
No biscuites anymore along my way  
It has become a no more to be  
This kind gesture between the dog and me

NK December 28th 2011

Nick krakana