



William J. Karnowski

Distinguished Kansas Poet

• [E-mail](#)

William J. Karnowski is the author of six books including *Pushing the Chain*, *Painting the Train*, *Catching the Rain*, *True Tales*, *Hard Tails and Highways*, *The Hills of Laclede* and *Dispensation*. A seventh book titled, *Sodhouse Green*, is being drafted.

He has published over 90 poems in the *Kansas Plus Weekly Capital-Journal Magazine* and numerous websites. He is a frequent reader at Classic Bean in Topeka, a member of the Kansas Authors Club and The Academy of American Poets.

Karnowski lives in the Wamego, Kansas vicinity, near the unincorporated village of Laclede, with his wife, Sue. They have three children.

Flat Water

Aging Adonis
Ghost rider
Parting the
Dark asphalt
Warping the
Scenery
Turning the heads of the young girls
With the
Stereo of
His exhaust pipes
Seeing their
Disappointment
Cross their faces slowly
But then recognizing beauty behind an old man's face
He has this
Will power
To defeat
The wind and
Boar closing in
The air
Making his jacket
Flutter and eyes sparkle with defiance
It does not matter
Where he is
Going as long
As he is going
Shooting live
Bullets at the
Flat water to scare away his reflection.

Kansas

In my land
Of flush excess,
I only dare
And have elected,
To speak frankly
From the start.

Here I stand
My sweet princess,
I lay it bare
And unprotected,
So walk gently
Upon my heart.



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Night

Does the tree know when
It is dying of the seeds
That it has spent?

Does the baby know when
Crying, that his father
Pays the rent?

Does my family know
I'm lonely, when they are
Sleeping, oh, so sound?

Does my spirit live
Forever, when my
Body is in the ground?

I think, I'm going to
Miss me, when I
Am not around.

I hope, these lines
Are lost forever, and
Never will be found.

Wolf

Four steps sounding like two,
He crossed the frozen lake.
He howled his presence known,
And entered the fallen brake.

The air had bite of blade.
Ice stole its ride unwanted.
His belly only wished a morsel,
And speared him as he hunted.

Three cries, then silence.
He ate without a whimper.
Sleep dragged away his senses,
And hid this night of winter.

A snarl tore his eyes wide open.
Two fires of hate and welcome.
The bear had no pride, nor thanks
Nor question of a bum.

In the pink of black of morning,
Yet, silence of the night,
He knew there was no health
In staying for a fight.

Four steps sounding like two,
He left the fallen brake.
He howled his presence known,
And crossed the frozen lake.

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