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Mississippi Stick, by David Joseph Marcou.

I am
Yet supposed to be
Could have been
Fail to be

Who consoles the two,
Me and the self...
And why strain three of us,
Two do most else.

Anti-nation...
Your autonomous grid
Fits me
To misappliance
Yet partway recovers me
(Flak-caught am by you?)
Through all-syncopate destiny

I sin ample not all
So wish-blanket me
In a sham-cocked weave
Who do weep...

I-as-you appraise penitence
Its unleavened, unripe regard
For ethical ease,
Murky please,
And scream.

Here do I release above you?

Am not and too content
With one apathy
But cannot sustain
On our selfless fidelity
So let it be

Now is a time...
My muddy-go-round
Heart
Reminds here
And retines here
This single victual

Whose larynxed odor,
A mumble-peg frost
Lulls now.

1977-1978.