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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.