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FROM ‘THE SEVENS SONS OF GOLDEN’

Michael Marberry

FOURTH & FIFTH SONS (CONCURRENT TWIN-SONG)

Both me (a brooded litter born with me) and me in Golden’s battled. First: dis-ease. Then: the jettaturaed peek toward me as peek as stink. What’s left of nexts-to-be but wars with me: pre-force, feisty siphons? Me me’d me sure a recumbentibus momentous, paramount. Still, me bore these stunts perfecto. Tits-for-tats, this went awhile: me, flurried, living. Then: bell. Then: cease. Then: something kinned to cognizance and awe. Me (hive-mind and honey me) and me like Golden Brosefs: twin narcissus and emergent boids, irreducible as densest idioms. Heed, me weeps, these zygotes all. You’re gonna miss me when we’re gone.

Both me (a brooded litter born with me) and me in Golden’s battled. First: dis-ease. Then: the jettaturaed peek toward me as peek as stink. What’s left of nexts-to-be but wars with me: pre-force, feisty siphons? Me me’d me sure a recumbentibus momentous, paramount. Still,
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THE CONGRESS OF DADDIES (W/ RULES OF ORDER)

To start: Each day’s the day of
less potential. It hurts to say
so, though we know to know
and not say’s the sin of dumb
understanding. Point of order:
Query: Did we OK quorum?
If so, a’ight, let’s motion our
motion, meaning: love. Did we
when and how and why them
Golden? Retort! Let’s answer
every vote with yays or nays
and oath to gavel in absentias.
Let’s requisition this bitchest
body politic with bed-grunts,
wettest gestures. Of Golden,
think with manly thoughts
and uber-. Daddies! Surely
Golden did appear to each of
us stupendous. And dudered,
we stiff-dicked.
[one_half_last padding="0 50px 0 0"]
THE EARTH (IN WRITTEN CORRESPONDENCE)

Golden, have I loved you like a planet with the paradigm of whim? Truer physics I forget, unlike the scent of red innards: offal & spit-fried. Once, I was two hands to hold your weight in trees and piles of dirt-white truffles we could not wean off. Once, you were my reckoning. See Golden: lonely philo-logic. See Golden: lowly and strange like those furors for rock-art, folk-rock, ancient metallurgies. (Did I hurt you? You ought to live on Mars.) I gave you more sons than the highest prime in the ledger of pure sorrows. O, Golden latitudes. O, madly. O.

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Michael Marberry’s work has appeared in The New Republic, West Branch, Indiana Review, Hayden’s Ferry Review, The Cincinnati Review, Bat City Review, and elsewhere. Michael is currently the Poetry Editor of Third Coast and Coordinator of the Poets-in-Print Reading Series. He hails from Tennessee but lives in Michigan.