

The Last Words of Leon Czołkoś

by Dylan Parsons

no weapon formed
against a man of God shall prosper,
but I cut that president down like a
goddamned cherry tree.
I pulled my pistol, fast as
the lightning they will soon
force into my veins, and shot twice:
once for Hawaii, once for the Philippines.

and each passing day in my cell,
my pacing quickened as I waited for that
son of a bitch to croak. on the seventh day,
they said he'd make it, and on the eighth
the Lord saw that i was good
and returned the old devil to the dirt.

after they had strapped me down
in the electric chair, my last words
hung in the air like a red phantom

*(a spectre is haunting America, and soon
i will be too).*

