

# CARLOS MARCOS

*Antony LeRoy*

I recall every bit of paper I had read up and down  
From different books. Their covers in leather, red and brown  
Feeling like continents, with their ridges and valleys.  
Shuffling my feet from working my hours at Sally's  
I turn back to the front, and see his name once more,  
Carlos Marx, Obras Completas and then look at the door.  
A proletarian panoply passes proudly by, holding banner  
And sign. They chant and sing in a res'lute manner,  
As the villainous ones come from the depths of hell.  
Each wearing their POLICE vests, smooth as a bell.  
A shot rings out and the masses march on  
"We won't stop 'til the last devil is gone!"

