

BRANDON MARLON

## **ANONYMOUS INMATE**

Committed by friends alarmed at his state,  
he grieves his involuntary exile from beloved prairies,  
aware of being pursued still by bounty hunters  
hot on his trail, closing in for the kill.

He rejects his megalomania diagnosis  
and spurns foes on the outside murmuring  
against that religious maniac Louis Riel, a damned fanatic  
prone to rebellion but lost to the world,  
wherever the hell he may be at the moment.

Solitary in a padded cell, he prays at length  
with awkwardly cruciformed arms  
for the gentle son of God to elect his half-breed  
people, a hybrid tribe, for distinction  
and believes he receives word revealing  
that indeed he is a prophet of the New World  
who must appoint a new pope and transfer  
the papacy to his newfangled nation, Canada.

Does he foresee, after all, what doom awaits discharge,  
his abandonment by the Blackfoot and Cree?  
Can he foretell the twitch in his leg as he dangles  
noosed and lifeless?

In night's silence he reluctantly attunes to corridors  
where insane ravings echo and harrow  
sleepless minds of the few who dream, who dare  
plot their comeback against all odds.