

Moma and My Coco Morning

Seven winters kindles a son's rise
on how to kill my daddy!

"Woman kick in wit' every white dime
a that dough I mean rat got dam now."

No, Buck I gott'a, I'm buying
Baby Sis'tah some school shoes!

A baseball fist struck Moma's
shocked she air stares, staggers
on tilting feet trying to hold on
not spill our winter pot of hot-coco
splashes paints the kitchen walls
drips where the rag mop plays.

Canines run outta' my jaws,
I bulldog bit daddy's calf
marks he took to god, made sound
a hog makes wit' a axe in his head.

Like a pinwheel, I spun in his grip,
dropped me on the plank floor,
put a booty ache in my stitches.

But he never hit Moma again
bet not in front of me and aggie
my marble shooting slang shot loaded wit' steelie!

Marcellus The Poet

It's an old axiom, "When poverty walks in the door, love flies out the window." Tormented by this sentiment, my wife inspired me to write instead of fighting her and hurting my hands on her head. I wrote about the pain I wanted to inflict on her for berating me, and read it to her when she got home from work. Panic in her love me eyes, made it known I would never have to put my hands on her, all I had to do was write. While attending Los Angeles Trade Technical Junior College and Control Data Institute I majored in computer operations. My classmates suggested that I attend The Watts Writers' Workshop and read my poetry. I did. My peers laughed and made sport of me. My instructor Otis Smith, leader of the legendary "Watts Prophets," pulled me to the side and informed me that I had natural ability to write comedy. Otis gave me poetic tools and later on the workshop dubbed me "Pencil the People's Poet." In the late seventies I read at black students unions, on the University of California campuses. The Watts Writers' Workshop did a collaborative TV show with Oscar Brown, Jr. on PBS titled, "At The Storefront." But poetry didn't pay bills or feed my growing family. Hunger in my babies' eyes made me wanna put on my boosting clothes. So I went to work at the Shell Oil Fields in Carson, CA. Later, I worked building the 105 freeway. The work was demanding and labor intensive. I turned my back and forgot my woman was at home. All I could do was strip, shower, supper, sleep, get up and go slave. I was too tired to tote my check to the house. It was crazy watching old men barely making it to the parking lot after work. So one day I dug a deep hole, fell in it, and went out on disability. I reside in Leimert Park, the cultural mecca of urban performing arts in Los Angeles. In 2009 I was introduced to "The World Stage" in the Crenshaw district where I shared the first poem I wrote to my wife, titled "Smooth Black, Love Listen." One year later I received "The World Stage" scholarship, a year of courses at UCLA Extension Writers' Program. I studied under instructor Suzanne Lummis and graduated a straight "A" student. I also attended Los Angeles City College to improve my English skills. I completed a course under Professor Yolanda Barnes. Poetry has become my Mistress. I have done open "Mic" at Beyond Baroque, The World Stage, Loyola University, Libros Schimbros, Still Waters and Vibrations. I recently featured at The Mezz Bar in The Alexandria Hotel, Downtown LA.

