The Fire Eater

"in silence & in stillness"

Mississippi: Mother of South

by Luna Corvus

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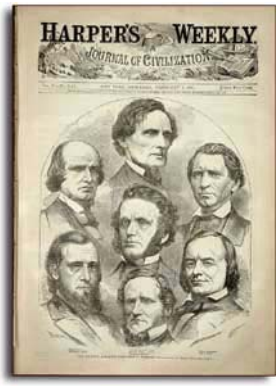
Beaten, but not defeated
trashed,
bashed and
lashed
out at
Mississippi stands unbowed
a source of respect
and affection.



Her Flag is a beacon
of freedom
and defiance
against
the dragons who arm themselves
daily
at the sulfurous spigots
of material power.

That banner is the bell of calling
bong, bong, bong,
across the fields and river
the song
saying "Come hither
Come home,
I am your mother.
I will nourish you with memory
whisper to you lovingly
feed you your history
stroke your cheek
wipe the tears
fill you with righteousness
name your fears
and cast them away."

But Mama, it is not enough.

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Though your burden is great
your duty is greater,
it is your gift to serve.
Send the missionaries forth
to every corner
of the South
and guide your children home.

Across your namesake river
tend the wounded
of Missouri
and the Nations of Oklahoma
then
raise the fallen in Florida.
Uplift your sons and daughters
from Texas to Virginia
and pipe
to those in Yankee bondage
who yearn
for a mother's touch.

Heal the self hatred
hammered into the souls
of your family.
Remember our prophets
are
Davis and Selassie
blazing Christian knights
defenders of our mystery tribe;
their stars never dimmed
by the fight.

Set the table with cornbread and butter
make the sweet tea
see who smells the memory
and comes to dinner.
But for the shut-ins
trapped in darkness
deliver your goodness
acting like St. Andrew
whose Flag ignites
your azure sky.

(Commemorating the 199th birthday of Jefferson Davis)

About the Author