

Kopek's Congé

A life of seeking
jumbled callings
troubled wandering
strong urges to break
into a reality
withheld from him
until the shoutings
violent beatings
medications
forced confinement
against his struggling will
With his pen his pad
he wrote each night
God is coming through
God is coming through
Anne I love you
we are God
God is coming through
Reasonings led him to believe
men of spirit need no food
He wrote no more
then passed on through
Obsessive voices are
not speaking now
to bid farewell
Adieu