Spatter

by Charlotte Hamrick

Your mouth spews
forth verbiage like a hacksaw
tearing through ancient pulp.
Sonofabitch's and goddammit's
fly through the air swift as buckshot,
slamming into the wall like so many
bits of lubricious life force,
cracking like eggshells pecked
by thieving crows.

Your zealous display detonates as red
bursting veins and eyeballs popping,
provoking frosted looks in the urbane and
wide eyes of panic in the timorous. You are
oblivious to the stir you've created,
being so into your life is drama/drama is life -
not that you'd care anyway. As for me,
well, restraint has never held any
fascination for me.

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