

# 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.

