

STICK 'EM UP

William Corrington

From eyes to viscera, bypassing brain,
The squalid agonies unfold each night:
The viceking gets his on a private train,
The rustler tumbles from an awful height.

The chromium killer-gods from Earp to Gunn
Bestride the tube, find sponsors in our soul;
Somehow transform the bullet-basted fun
Into a new perverted Mosiac rôle.

These bloody wonders who cannot be bought,
Who lose no trails, always play it cool,
Risk nothing but a punch, are all self-taught
To tell the wicked trickster from the fool;

To butcher evil-doers in the act,
As we sit by—accessories to the fact.

THE MEDUSA

William Corrington

Where you and I have lips,
Ugly razors stood in her face,
Her eyes were two burnished threats;
She had a fine head of henna'd snakes,
A smoking tongue brown at the tip,

And all the storedup inward spite
That counters, smallchange,
Customers wrought: the city's purchase
Mangled her days,
Streetlights did her for stars—
She had no sun.