

Clint Stamatovich

## Eastern Spit

i.

I'm sore on you, babe, sores on your back some,  
And to feel that chicken spine move, shiver;  
It is enough outta you, hush, Hume, hum,  
Here comes force to glove its gripped deliver,  
How stupid is a reptile de-functioned,  
Exhausted knowledge gonna knead, gonna  
Drool sum, and scare the girls away (junk some  
Anyway), we'll stay, girl—say, you hanga'  
Louise, we've gotta getta ol' John-boy's—  
He's got completion in the universe  
And we need this answer, babe, through the noise—  
Delved in the void, dead, spent, black in the purse;  
The car crashed head first before John-boy's joint;  
No remains, development, or sharp point.

ii.

So, off made some plate  
went Vincent, his dear Catherine,—  
shut up the ass—good, too,  
all colours bright, say,  
John boy took the ghost's green  
clay and found essential  
sugars to gust up a silver  
son's dirty hair,  
    shorn and open, his eyes shot  
in the clear castle sky,  
let's go to the cave, boys,  
lets' leave the girls a  
mutiny and we'll find  
    a way;  
bellies full of bubbling  
green bile, got off foot  
loosely and found the  
first floor of the yard—  
couple a yeast and ferms later  
and the small boy is done,  
say, we had the babe-lass,  
pigeon-toed, take him—she took

him well; now, then, down  
the spiraled, bleak, black  
metal, down the kids  
hiccuping awfully, down  
the way;

dark now, second, shitting  
and romanticizing John boy's  
self to sleep, left burned in the  
throat the fire of bottles  
that nearly broke in snarls—  
the wench a cur, ha, o,  
with breasts far too  
small, she found some  
English drab and hummed  
sum American tune, but,  
say, she was hot and red, boy,  
asking for our bottle, and, hm,  
Vincent pleading to have  
not carried her nation's ghost—  
where she took no an answer;  
before the babes in the  
basement that bartered  
for tobacco, too young,  
far too young, but found  
some way;

kids fingering themselves in  
booths blotted out of slurred,  
peripheral sight,  
light outside by the bright  
American glow, now just, ha,  
Vincent and John boy and  
a sore inclination  
for full lungs, up by  
Pražský hrad, wat, turned the  
corner for the cobble and  
found a murked room,  
Japanese goblins peering out  
through the cracks, o, of consciousness  
hoisted up by Vincent's cat-in-wall,

came close, comically, through bars  
and on porcelain—Chinese-American  
porcelain—the girls, the two,  
laughing, poking fun, at the whole,  
the whole while,  
singing stupid American pop,  
soda rotting the hind teeth, ha,  
and colours came bearing  
smell and touch; the

    letters smack some sense  
hard and mean and cold  
when the stones broke the  
wet wasteland and stairs  
that led to warmth cradled  
babies that fell under dream  
some hours early, care  
and huff and kiss each  
other in bright rooms, Vince led  
    that way;

but the old-man-bag who  
outwardly stood in protest  
of the open restaurant (never  
feeding, mind him, those mouths  
of pork and beef and goulash),  
Es no restaurante, he sez, 'panish?  
'talian? Surely—  
Breathing hard and slow; sheets  
heavy and hot, in

    no way;  
say, o, this a last hurrah!  
running, unclad, shared, and fat  
to the yup's sink to  
spit-up and laugh and  
talk and, god, trip—

    found that spit-up  
in the mouth of the  
sleeping where the  
sisters follow

    the boys'  
    night along

iii.

English babes have mouths that yawn,

come to dance before moon beam, native  
to the rooted shoe, the old yups come here  
to die—  
sand that grits between piers on cold-sore  
construction; spotted spiders  
beneath each girder still  
in part of the quick light,  
boys' feet smaller than their northern dates,  
mar the Turks, see,  
that see the gray hair more than  
    their brothers see their mothers,  
and squint-eyed young man found his,  
in the American brew, (bastard, call him)  
    her lips fat from clasp,  
sour, little plum, to  
the free sprawled chandeliers that  
'loominate softly children in the height,  
crooked teeth and slighted sight—  
    the expanded smiles come  
from landed, light-toed, sweet legs,  
but the dreams of the German pilot  
    stay still apart;  
he filed aimlessly into cobblestone, barraged  
in pattern near golden raised  
stair-cased homes, a fountain  
robbed stately by eastern  
thieves with string and weight—  
their get-up broke hands when the  
longer touched the guards' change—

St. Vitis and his cock saw Honey  
through her dress, maybe blue,  
borrowed a note from the shallows of  
proper French, you are pretty, petty  
silk, the cock sit proper and right,  
there it comes!  
but too late, disappeared under  
the oak steps clogged in cobble,  
beat in shade, gone where rifles of  
goats and mortars laid