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# Sheriff Dennehy Recruits a Posse from Those Drinking in His Saloon

by Robert Cooperman

“Up, you drunken  
hill rats, you spawn  
of thirst-parlor sluts.  
That dirty half-breed  
stole off with the Widow Burden,  
forced her at knife-point,  
the filthy, raping son  
of a feeble-minded squaw.

“Up, or I’ll shoot  
every goddamn man here,  
and them I don’t plug,  
will buck and wing  
with a hemp bandanna  
round their throats.

“We ride to save  
a pure-white angel.  
But if I find she ran  
of her own accord,  
every man gets a turn  
with the breed-loving whore.

“Then it’s not just a case  
of a spun-gold hussy  
flying off  
with that smudged demon,  
but of her husband’s murder:  
only a matter of time  
before I find the proof.

“Up, you pus-suckers.  
I count to five,  
then I start shooting!”

