6-15-2001

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Me and Sprockett was sharing a bottle
when Kid Leeson and his gang stomped in.
"It's the English whore's lap-dog!" Leeson roared.
Whores, trappers, miners dove for cover.
Sprockett smashed the bottle
and scoured one face bloody-clean.
I got another in the gut; he'd take hours to die.
Two bullets tore John's chest,
but he put a third eye in a forehead.
We fired together, two more buzzards fell,
teeth shattering on the saw-dusted floor.

Now, it was just him and Leeson,
shit-stained scared, facing Sprockett alone,
even with blood soaking John's shirt.
Leeson bided, Sprockett crumbled
slow as an avalanche so far away
it looks like sifting flour.
Leeson smiled, but I blasted
the cheating weasel's jaw off;
he exploded like a stick of dynamite
was wedged between his teeth.
"Thanks, Sid," Sprockett gasped and died.

What you mean my hand's too fluttery
to hold a gun? You want to step outside?
Then buy me a drink and shut up!
That's my best friend's blood on this floor,
the greatest gunfighter I ever heard of,
and free with his money, unlike some,
tight as skunks with everything but their stink.