

IV

In Healey's Palace I was sitting—
Joe at the ivories, Irene spitting
Rag into the stinking dizzy
Misbegotten Hall, while Lizzie,
Like a she-demon in a rift
Of Hell-smoke, toured the booths, half-piffed.

I saw two rah-rahs—caps, soft shirts,
Match-legs, the kind of face that hurts,
The walk that makes death sweet—Ted Gore
And Alec Ross; they had that whore
Mary between them. Don't know which,
One looked; and May said: "The old bitch
Lulu, as I'm a virgin, boys!"
And I yelled back over the noise:
"Did that three-legged baby croak
That you got off the salesman-bloke?"

The beer-glass missed. It broke instead
On old man Davenport's bald head.
I picked a platter up, one-handed.
Right on her new straw lid it landed.
Cheest, what a crash!

Before you knew,
Ted slipped the management a new
Crisp five, and everyone sat down
But May, that said I'd spoiled her gown,
And me, that blubbered on her shoulder,
And kissed her shiny nose, and told her
I didn't mean to smash her...Crowst,
But I was beautifully soused!
I think Al called me "good old sport,"
And three smokes lugged out Davenport.