

Who You Call'in a Thief? By Robin B Lipinski

1857, the West was open for business.
Calling from the bar balcony,
The ladies of the light beckoned with their trade.

Below, the flickering oil lamps showed,
Cards dealt from below,
While spittoons were quickly filled.

Many a man lost their life,
Sitting in their place,
Wondering where their hard earned money went,
In the games of vice,
Or gambling,
Or flesh,
Or just plain robbed.

Hanging was a weekly rite,
Gallows laughing grim,
As those who lived loved to watch,
Those lost to sin.

Yet there was no innocence,
no purity in that time,
Just a free-for-all to get it done,
Sort of like an over worked horse.

Those with ideals from the East,
Riding in on wagons drawn by ox and horse,
Soon learned the ways of the West,
One by one, they fell.

And as the noose fell and fell,
Hanging man and beast,
The leader of the law was seen in histories light.

Judge Beckett, playing cards,
Was the worst one of them all.

The End