



Ophir J. Bitton

Only a Chap

Dodgy bugger even
a Quinn of shorts
Felt hat and Flannel
shirt
Corduroy trouser and
bare feet
Leather loafer with
leather soles
Not much for creativity
Not more for flare
Commonplace in wit
just below in charm
Yet hardy like thick
stew
Not a satin invitation
to the glance
Not an affront to
passerbys
Invisibly lonely
and a trifle sad

Puss Puss

So here it is
the flea on the
Cat, it's not this
it's that, hand
table tap tap, fidgeting
feet can't nap
the door is open
the bar closed
ice diluting the
courage rye serum
3-fold napkins
like EMTs await
tears, stuttering
thickens the air of
undigested proclaims
neon taunting from
a cross
broadway, "no
vacancy" Flash
flash, the bus boy
the trash, can't
clean this table
spit filled hieroglyphics
lopsided fable
"I'm sorry," three-
fold, vacant, "it's
not this, it's that"
(don't swear don't
swear don't swear)
"I swear"
tat tat tat
that's the flee on
the cat.

New Town

One car
Not a horse in sight
The town was loud
Its streets alight
A stranger is a
stranger just the same
Not as recognizable
as then
The sheriff knows
no names
He sits far above
the street
Everyone sauntering
beneath his feet
A coin won't buy
a stranger all that
much