

Pick up your trash.

And BTW

I'm out of cash.

BYO

Only need a nickel.

Got fifteen cents?

Can you spare a smoke?

Got a dollar?

Hey Lady?

can make a warm heart freeze.

but too often too much
with a smile and a please

that try to feed off me

For it is the two legged kind

off bricks and concrete.

even picking up my scraps

of feeding rats on B Street

I'm as guilty as the next

and drop a flake.

I take a bite

of soft yellow cake.

on a iced white donut
orange tinted coconut

a surprise to see

I unwrap the mystery,
and traffic is yielding,

where a bench offer rest

the Harshman building

So catty corner from

or pasta with sauce.

And they don't eat pizza

all the bread that they toss.

The birds do not eat

to feed in the night.

when the rats come out
what goes on in moon light

Day people don't know

what makes people tick.

Sometimes I wonder
are scattered on bricks

Torn bread and crumbs

in the cold morning light.

from Insanity Towers

in a dark shadow flight

The courtyard is in

Hey Jack of Snacks,

hit me with some Blues

as I fix my brew.

Oh, mystery donuts?

Sweets obscured from view

gift wrapped in white paper.

I pick a clue:

"Cake, Icing, Coconut"

He hides my cigarettes

in brown paper.

I wait for a break

before crossing the street

and little city birds

land by my feet.

As if to say hello.

Feeding

Rats

on B Street



a poem

by Nancy Barnes

Dragged from sleep by
Queen Nic, feet hit the floor,

I'm up and out the door.

Gave too many cigs away

Ran out myself on Sunday.

Hit the ATM on Market.

Rooted pencils for a stub,

a little graphite nub

to mark the same numbers

rarely played since 1987.

They might roll someday,

maybe not,

never have yet.

Waste of buck

for no luck

Tossed down on a bet.