

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

at night in all seasons.

It is not safe to sit there
into landscape regions.
as Hub rats run and jump

On past Rat Wall

so named for a reason
to savor my treat.

to a bench on the corner
walk on up B Street
I head for the sunlight,

this must be stopped.

but come on people,

and other things dropped
They may pick at bones

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 shaped

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

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