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Sunday Afternoon

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Sunday Afternoon

Take my ride
over to the west side

bring 'long my pole
some doughball and a
bottle of wine.

Lake is lined
with low rides —
Caddy's and Electra's
all rusted and dented.

Old gray-haired men
eyes still red
sit in lawn chairs
and wait —
stringers'll be full
by nightfall.

My old lady
likes catjack
but my baby
in the crib
cries for carp.

August West

The Joke's On

So I'm standin there,
ornamentin' this funky
lampposty corner when
outta nowhere this cat
and his old lady come
cuttin' by, rappin' 'bout
who gotta do the
dishes.

As I slam back the
dregs of my bubbling
companion she looks
thru my eyes and
fans my soul. Then
she smiles and
shuffles her hand
through the cat's
pocket and tosses
me a C.

I toss her a nod
and head for the
bottle stop.

Meanwhile she
takes him home
to do the
dishes.

Christopher B. Brougham