

Up in the Block

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The stolen-cart puller in his coat the cold sun,
With the wee beaks of his chicken jails poking fun
At a hungry band of dogtails dancing around,
Takes that if he with an early mouth howled this one
Word, like a hound,

(Chickens!)

Her shrunk thin-haired olden head will be bound to look
As a puny thumb on her neck,
As a chicken.

Then this sunny vendor and his laborious son,
Now that their young business has finally begun
Pulling all the magnetic meat lovers around,
Take that if they together only howled this one
Phrase, like gay hounds,

(Broiled chickens!)

Her wide boneless like body will be bound to look
As a bell from below her neck,
As a chicken.

Later this moneyed father, waving at the sun
Counting for the seventh time his fresh bills for fun
And feeling on his cool accomplished head a crown,
Takes that if he with empty jails amused his son
For one more round,

(Farmed chickens!)

Her loose dry skin now crying will be bound to look
To stretch and to reveal her specks,
As a chicken.

But when she begins
The veranda missus
To crow his words back at him

The cunning vendor ready to flee with his son,
On peering up her apartment finds himself stunned
Like a lone prophet by her calm hearty high ground,
Yet upon chinfall his heart strays back to the fun
That his head sounds.

(A cock up in the block!
A cock up in the block.)