

Up in the Block

Written by Hasan Abir

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!)

*...The rest of this poem should be published elsewhere
(This note is not part of the poem)*