On Deciding Not to Be a Bitch

by Con Chapman

You know it makes one feel rather good deciding not to be a bitch.
Lady Brett Ashley, The Sun Also Rises

Deny yourself that pleasure
For my sake; that feeling beyond measure
That you get when you finally, and with much angst,
Decide not to be a bitch, to a round of general thanks.

Unbitchiness brings happiness that is fleeting
While running me down in a BMW on your way, late, to a meeting
Is a memory I'll always cherish,
Assuming I live and don't perish.

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Yes, that's my coat in the overhead compartment
That brings you such exasperation
As you smash it with your briefcase, with deportment.
Forgive me for getting there first—I'm an abomination!

I agree, your half-caf soy chai *whateveruccino*
Has to be perfect. Don't mind the line
That stretches out to the horizon, we won't make a scene-o
We don't have to get to work at any particular time—we're fine!

No, go on your merry way, I love you just the way you are

And surely I'm not alone--
The big hair, the blood-red nails, the car
That swerves into me while you talk on your phone.