

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.

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.

