

# 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.

