

Not Yeatsian

by Cooper Renner

It was only much later—
When he found the empty roll of toilet paper
On the floor of the bath—
That he knew he was rich,
Ready to offer a spot of cash
To the drunkest bum on the bus
(Ignoring the vomit down the front of his blues)
Or to waste a couple hours in any of a dozen bars
Playing game after game of pool
With the sullen pre-verbal
Barkeep snapping his gum
In time to the crickets or murmuring *mm hmm*
After every sip of the eggnog.
Didn't he have like a frog
No lips to speak of, and the weathered lizard
Look of the frequently face-lifted?
Until the girls came in from the spa
Shouting "It's May, it's May!"
Strange, when he thought back on it—
He only remembered the frisky bits.

