

Dithyrambic

by Mathew Paust

Little ditty 'bout five males, one a cat:

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Dinky washes car in parking lot.

Seized with sudden fury, shouts to White Guy and anyone else within range, rhetorically,

What's that snitch doin' here?

White Guy sees shiny black Mercedes parked across street by laundromat. Snitch, long in leg and torso, eases out, stretches, shakes loose with jive moves.

Snitch carefully groomed in sloppy street blinged finery, cap bill pointed correct way of day. Girl exits Mercedes, prances into laundromat.

Rev. Hill murmurs to leashed Precious in grass beside laundromat.

Therapy cat, same as his brother, father and grandfather, Rev. Hill tells White Guy.

Rev. Hill speaks softly, articulates with casual care.

Snitch yodels at Dinky:

Dink you bring dat rag here so's I can give her a wipe yo!

Dinky (no inverse name) responds with gusto:

You want this rag you come here and get it!

Snitch boogies up and down, saunters over, supercool, displays verbose command of au courant black screen argot.

Dinky (who's done hard time) turns his back, buffs customer's car.

Snitch jabbars, boogies up and down.

Girl prances out to Mercedes, hops in.

Snitch lopes back, joins girl.

Rev. Hill lifts Precious to his shoulder.

Dinky buffs customer's car.

Mercedes cruises off.

White Guy wonders at the spelling: duh or d'oh?

