

Horse Shit

“I smell horse shit” shouted
the tuxedo-clad young man standing through
the sun roof of the limousine
turning right at the Southeast
corner of Central Park

(where the old-time hansom
cabs wait around all day with their horses
shitting so it falls in the street)
smiling smugly and no doubt
thinking himself clever.

“You are horse shit” I said
to myself as I walked quickly along
smelling the same air on the same
street, well satisfied that I
was more witty than he.