

what's in your pocket, hotshot?

I had a hundred bucks in my pocket,
but I didn't give her any
did the old man give her a twenty
or a fifty,
I don't know
but I know what she could've done with my hundred
put food in her stomach
have a bed for the night
in a room with a lock
and maybe some shoes and socks
but I didn't give her any

what's in your pocket, pretty boy?

I had my car keys in my pocket,
but I didn't drive her anywhere
did the old man have a van
with a mattress,
I don't know
but I know where I could've driven her
maybe the bus depot
maybe the train station
maybe to a home for runaway kids
anywhere but here
but I didn't drive her anywhere

what else is in your pocket, wise guy ?

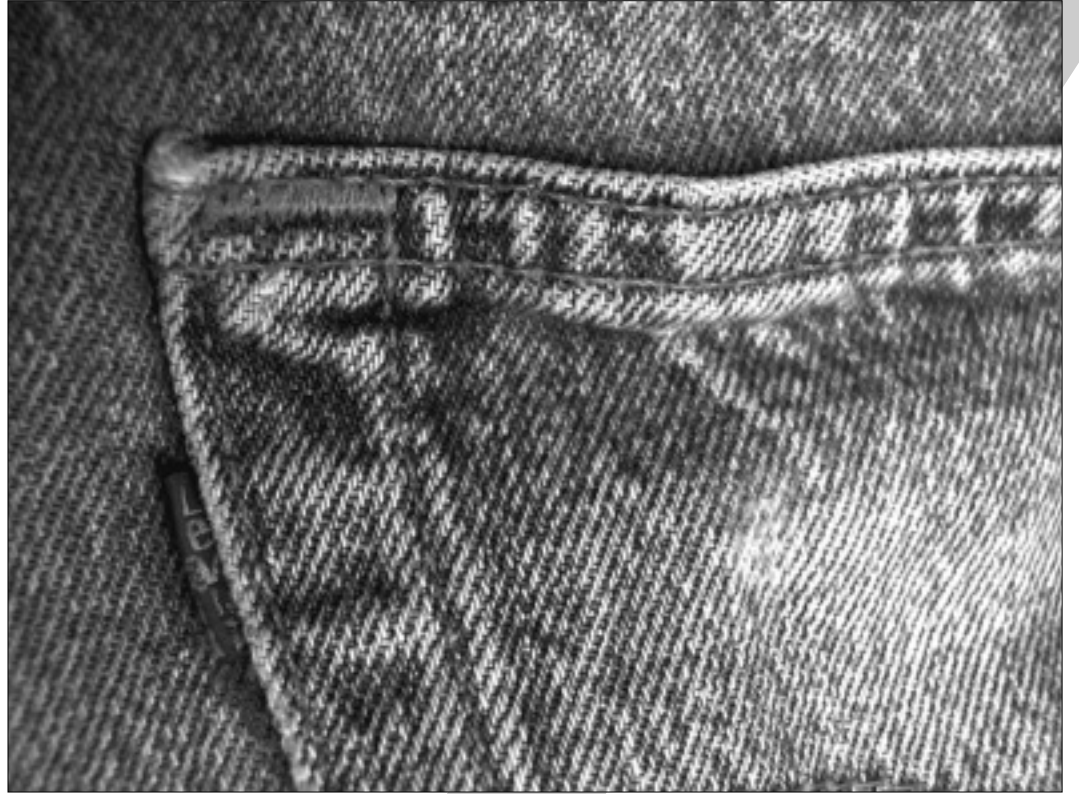
I had a cell phone in my pocket,
but I didn't let her use it
she could've called home
if she remembered her parents' number
but maybe she didn't
maybe she didn't have any parents
or parents who loved her, I don't know
would the old man love her?
in his own way, yeah...

anything else in your pocket?

how about fear?
you got any fear in your pants?
like the look of fear
on that skin-head girl
dealing with that dirty old man

how about guts?
you got any guts in your wallet?
like the guts you needed
to tell that dirty old man
to take a hike

what's in your pocket



Dino is the author of Sent Items (The Sexy Beast Company, 2001), and is currently working on his second book 37 Poems at 37. At the time of writing, he is six poems away from completing his book. He has lived in 5 countries across 4 continents but still chooses to call Los Angeles his home. When expressing his feelings for Los Angeles, Joe likes to quote from the TV show Angel: "You know where I belong? LA. You know why? Nobody belongs there. It's the perfect place for guys like us." Joe enjoys writing subversive rhymes, jingles and free verse. He takes every opportunity to write the most sentimental and over-the-top love poems, and considers it a good day when he can create a poem that is bursting with Biblical and Shakespearean superlatives. Joe began his open reading career at the Cobalt Cafe, but sometimes you can also see him at the UnUrban Cafe in Santa Monica. Joe lives in Woodland Hills, commutes to West L.A., and enjoys working for the entertainment industry.

Cobalt Poets Series # 63 ~ February 8, 2005 ~ PoetrySuperHighway.com/cobalt

how about compassion?
how about love?
how about empathy?
maybe you left those at home,
just like when that girl left her life at home,
but she ain't coming back to get it

why does she shave her head?
so she can look like a boy and people hurt her less?
but she has a friend with her,
she's equally as pathetic and hungry and tired
do they protect each other at night?
is it enough to protect them from that old man,
I don't know

I can tell she's a girl
from her big brown eyes,
she can't fool me.
The old man can tell she's a girl
from her lips,
he can't fool me.

she's the size and height of a 12 year old,
but she looks 10 years older
I can guess how that happened, even I know that
I even know why I didn't help her
you also know why you wouldn't help her

that old man, I'm crapping about
he looked for her
he gave her money
heck, he probably even told her
to meet him
same time same place
next week

is he that bad?
yeah, he's bad
yeah, he's evil.
but he did something,
and I didn't.

all I did
was tell you
what I had
in my pocket



Joe Dino