

## LUNCHEES IN BRYANT PARK

Pétanque ball lob dusts the Doctor  
from Qatar's wing-tipped oxfords he

plays chess on Thursdays with the Boy  
from Ipanema tall and tan

he glides through the chairs umbrellas  
the doctor takes his elbow they

sit in iron chairs surrounded  
by the toothless homeless the Greek

cigar the oily suit who watch  
while out-of-costume lack-of-set

Broadway tunes roll off the stage spot  
the lawn where batches of yellow

patches brown bloat force the "Lawn Closed"  
on Friday a bell the Merry-

Go-Round spins horse and gold and green  
dragonfly butterfly putti

faux cloud woven sky Mister lip  
gloss spikes the gravel in open-

toed stilettos all glint and gleam  
as he sashays in his maroon

hot pants waves a baubled brown hand  
a cigarette request turns tacks

off asks again which prompts headphones  
donned for just a moment of peace

"are you a Yankees fan" "are you  
a registered Democrat" hushed

only to be interrupted  
a sign thrust over his open

book "Help me I am homeless I  
have seven children" cardboard crammed

and laminated brushed ignored

maroon shirt rebuttoned reties

to sit in shirtsleeves on the back  
steps of the library navy

polo pulls one hand over head  
hair pews bared to the grass and sun

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