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James B. Nicola

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# Ballad of St. Stephen's Green

By James B. Nicola

While loitering in St. Stephen's Green,  
Watching the youth pass by,  
I spied an elder gentleman  
In a blue suit and bright tie

Strutting, five-feet-six, or less,  
With hair of jet-streaked gray  
Combed back and wetted to impress  
In a masculine Irish way.

When standing, he would start to list;  
When waddling, clack his cane—  
Or metal pole, hitched at a wrist—  
To make it down a lane.

He rummaged through a rubbish bin,  
Got most of a gâteau,  
Then clacked off pocketing the win,  
Uneven, driven, slow.

I rummaged through my knapsack stash  
Recalling half a scone  
And fished it out. But in a flash  
The lopping man was gone.

Then, spotting him, I gave pursuit.  
He sped and cursed the leg  
Then shouted down my bag of loot,  
Too proud, too fine, to beg.