5-1-2019

Ballad of St. Stephen's Green

James B. Nicola

Follow this and additional works at: https://dc.swosu.edu/westview

Part of the Fiction Commons, Nonfiction Commons, Photography Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Nicola, James B. (2019) "Ballad of St. Stephen's Green," Westview: Vol. 35 : Iss. 1, Article 4. Available at: https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol35/iss1/4

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.
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.