

## Not a Hoot!

Solex

They had turkey wing fans and they felt kind of elegant  
Nothing to do but just sit there  
I wanted them to walk by him the way  
They would pass by a person asking for money in an alley  
They not only wrote like him  
They also walked with his rolling slouch  
Drank like his heroes and heroines,  
Cultivated a hard-boiled melancholy  
And he writes slowly in longhand  
Possibly forty lines a day (rhymes)