

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)