

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/3

Chad Parenteau
It's A Start

Let's just say we're on Charles Street,
which is where I am right now.
And two police on horseback ride by,
and one of their steeds shit on the sidewalk,
which is exactly what happened just now.
Now what if it was the front horse who dumped
and the policeman in the back has had enough
either by always having to go a wide berth
or by the hypocrisy of patrolling
for those who loiter and liter
and never calling his partner's messes.
Back Cop might snap, send his horse to a gallop
to capture and arrest his friend in front.
Now Front Cop— who we can assume is not too bright
from his assumption that a sidewalk corner ramp
is the perfect place for pockey—
Front Cop might think his partner behind him
saw some crime take place, and so he takes off
in the direction of straight ahead,
in hopes he's going the right way.
He's ashamed of asking Back Cop (*who does* look mad)
where to go, and he's probably asked before,
so Front Cop keeps on going faster,
and ends up turning from street to street,
never stopping, thinking he guesses right
each time he looks behind his partner in close pursuit.
If this goes on long enough, and this poem
finds a musically inclined partner,
we could have a story that finally replaces
that "Charlie on the M.T.A." song no one has heard for years
as the official tune of Boston.
All we have to do is leave out the part
of the horses keeling over dead
(unless the cops go with them).

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/3

