

Mugshot

She was mugged;

She took shot after shot
And she thought she had energy
Until that brown thing
Made her tremble in her clothes,
Fall down off her feet
in spirit

It mattered not, really,
That she was walking out a coffeehouse
With less cents in her hand
Than when she got there--
only the small amount of change was disturbing
--But that brown thing mugged her,
Mugged her right there, shot through her
So she would fall to the grounds
In front of the coffeehouse;

She lay there amongst the
cigarette butts and styrofoam cups
Trembling
Crumbled amongst the ground's drowned sounds,
Lumped worshipfully in front of
the static sticker "cappuccino"