



The Street

by Joel Johnston

Mr. Big
and the big Cats
are cruising
On the streets they look
and trouble finds
them.
A knife flicks here.
Blood spills there.
A party later.
Women and whiskey.
Morning daze and sore heads,
they cruise the streets.
Trouble finds them.
The store is robbed
A party later.
The big Cats and
Mr. Big.