PAVEMENT INCIDENT

William Walden

An old man dropped a quarter on the street
When it escaped from his arthritic hand.
He tried to pick it up, but obsolete
Old knees refused to honor his command.
He stood forlorn in utter vanquishment
Until a young and cute pedestrian,
Perceiving his dilemma, swiftly bent
And then returned the quarter to the man.
He thanked her warmly and said smilingly,
"Those last six inches are a mile to me."

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Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 3 No. 2 Spring 2006