

Who Killed

Poor poor peony,
 Shot down on Bleeker Street
 By a moa,
A legend shot down,
 Who killed Lester Peony?
His coffee-house is closed,
 Tables of the Yak are stacked,
He walked Bleeker Street
 In monk's cloth like Saint Francis,
Beard for birds to nest in,
 Brought some birds into the Yak,
 Was a mask fancier,
Shot by an old-timer evicted
 For a bigger coffee-house,
Let's put peonies on Lester's grave

Poor poor Dino,
 Poor old man,
He's the real village the in-legend,
 Homed here from Southern Italy,
Knew O'Neil Millay,
 Artists who lived the Village,
He was trying to drive out the money-changers
 Of the tourist temples
 With one bullet,
Saint Dino,
 Villagers call meetings in his honor
 For giving his last years
To the driving out of peony,
 Poor poor Dino,
Let's visit him in his cell

— Emilie Glen

New York, New York