

The Scene

Three flights up
above the gap between our houses
Mrs. Ronsalow
used to stand in her wavering negligee and whistle
the first five notes to The Blue Danube Waltz.

Miss (or Mrs.) X
would hang her raccoon coat out the window
during the rainy season.

Tidy young matron
across the way almost bled to death one night
after
a week's experimenting with self-abortion.

There were men
about these warrens, too. One of them
baked
a cake of hash for pals
celebrating their last week of
unemployment
insurance.

The one who cohabited with Miss
(or Mrs.) X
left the house by the fire escape
whenever the cops came around.

And there was a third one
we never saw.
He

was dead
having jumped or fallen
through Mrs. Ronsalow's window.

Story was:
standing around in that fat
blowsy negligee in broad daylight, she'd
given him a hard time
never going any further than
the first five notes
of The Blue Danube Waltz.