

FOUND POEM

JANE MOLINARY

*List Entitled Types of Bitches Found on the Sidewalk Near
Burgundy and Congress St. in New Orleans, Louisiana*

Using a butter knife to chip
a dried noodle off
of the inside of a bowl I felt
like one of those *can't clean their own dishes bitches*.

Couldn't help feeling
like a *whipped bitch* wondering
whether or not the bowl
was mine made me a *salty bitch*,
made me want a cup of coffee
in order to deal with the *dick
riding bitch* in me. The *instigatin'*,
tricky bitch I tend
to turn into when
I come across those *bitches
that be ignorin' you when they know
they can hear you*.

I've never been a *waffle-
makin' bitch* in the mornings.

Never want to know or hear anything
from anybody 'cause in the mornings
the whole world to me is one
big *sloppy bitch*. The kinda *bitch*
who stares you in the face like
want to be jokin' bitches tend to do.

Since I'm a *coffee-drinkin' bitch*,
when I don't have it, faulty heaters,
dirty dishes, bounced checks, and refrigerators
all turn into *bitches that think*
they better than me.

Morning reminds me
that I'm a *daiquiri drinkin'*
in the afternoon bitch.
That I can be a *goofy bitch* blamin'
dirty bowls on other bitches,
criticizin' *slipper-wearin' bitches*
while I'm the *bitch wearin' shoes that be talkin'*.

I blow the air away
from my nose when I come
across *dirty sock wearin' bitches*.
Can't stand *bitches steppin'*
on my flip-flops on the sidewalk.

Such a *two-cent bitch*.

Been a *heinous bitch*, been a
white linen pants wearin' when they know they got their period bitch.

I've been caught
too many times bein'

a non-replacin' toilet paper bitch.

Bitches know I've been an *awkward bitch*.

Mid-summer Mardi-Gras ain't got no

Friends talkin' to me bitch.

I've taken the baked goods that mornings have made
for me, picked at 'em and gave 'em back.

One *big, overly-sensitive*

bitch. I am the *bitch*

who's always tryin' to beat
the *bitch* out of me.