



THE NEW ORLEANS GIRL
She was a hackneyed ol' lady
In the hackneyed old trade
As the ships slipped into Orleans
To the creak of misty docks...
With ropes that smelled of rat-dung
N' faces that smelled of rum and wind--
With these she danced to the jingle of coin
And to the jingle of coin she died.

Paul D. Irman

WITH THANKS TO THE REFLECTOR