

Norma Knight

SWEET NELLY

When day dons its shadows
she toddles forth
from door to corner
from corner to door.

Only sounds guide her
as she wades through a sea
of gyrating heads and eyes
flirting on nicotine fog.

At the bar now,
caught in a pendulous sway,
she ogles the prismatic shelves,
points to a bottle of Ruby Red
and coddling it like a new-found love

she resumes the certain path,
tottering out of sight,
her monodrama complete
for another night.