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# Ted's Butcher Shop

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TED'S BUTCHER SHOP

The Tide  
on the corner shelf  
has been there seven years.  
1953 pinup girls  
in red and white stripes  
smile down at barefoot children  
lined up in front of the oak cabinet  
full of redhots, baseball cards  
and Blammo bubble gum.

Ted and Olga  
live in the rooms upstairs  
drive a 1960 stationwagon  
and won't let the girl from The Press  
take pictures of them  
("It yust gives us  
too much business").

Ted weighs meat  
on a metal scale,  
wraps it in paper  
pink as beef tongue  
and writes a price  
with the black crayon  
he keeps in his apron pocket.

"You be goot, yah?"  
Ted tells a girl with braids,  
while Olga with white hair  
gives out free candybars  
and shuffles through bloody sawdust  
and a forest of hanging meat.

Wendy Martin