

# Key to the Dollar Store

By Al Young

Just tell me who the hell am I?  
What powers did I, do I hold?  
What right have I to say “my”  
or “mine” or “me” — all honey-  
glazed, all bullet-proofed and  
worshipful of any gangster “I”?

The key to the Dollar Store  
hangs on my belt. Yes, “my”  
again. And what of roof, of bread,  
of loving laughter? What’s in?  
My vinyl favorite Booker Little,  
vintage, soothes me. He jars  
our ears with trumpet joy and  
stuff freed folks stash in cabinets.

Never one to make too much of  
why we love and what, I love my  
powers. I might put you in my will.