

HARD CURRENCY

Frank De Canio

I loathe that ostentatious kiss
that narcissists put on display
to demonstrate what singles miss
by lacking ways of making hay.
Imagine should the moneyed flash,
in celebration of their means,
a mortifying wad of cash
that mocks our envy with its green.
You'd never see such showing-off
of moolah in the well-to-do
without a countermanding cough
from the less fortunate, in lieu
of stealing it. Yet loners brook
the guilt of a potential crook.

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