

# NOT A PENNY

*Peter Austin*

They strove against the voice that whispered, “dance:  
In just a day, or seven, you inherit!”  
And very nearly managed, to their merit,  
To squander not a penny in advance.  
They neither kissed their uncle’s leprous feet,  
Nor made, from his domain, a hasty beeline,  
But sagely stroked, instead, his fav’rite feline,  
So odiously swollen with conceit;

And even at the funeral, for fear  
They’d otherwise be frowned upon as flighty  
And thwarted by the million-eyed Almighty,  
They engineered the shedding of a tear.  
But, whether by His offices or not,  
The self-enraptured cat was all they got.

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