

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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