

RICHES HAVEN'T CHANGED HER

Peter Austin

About to eat her breakfast
(A modest shredded wheat),
She saw, upon its surface,
(Good God!) the Paraclete!

“A miracle!” she whispered,
Recoiling just a smidge;
Then, taking heart, she bagged it
And stowed it in the fridge.

For weeks, above the egg rack,
It sat there, on its perch,
Till, winning big at bingo,
One Sunday after church,

She caroled, “Lord, I thank Thee
For showing me Thy will,”
And auctioned it on eBay
For nearly half a mil...

“No, riches haven't changed me,”
She simpered to the press,
And, slipping into *L'Absinthe*,
Bejeweled to excess,

She ordered *filet mignon*
With candied mangoes (diced)
And saw, upon its surface,
(Good Heavens!) Jesus Christ!