

# Money

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Don't ask how much ask how long  
Ask what is my wingspan what length my fingers  
Will I grow a furry tail or my baby fangs sharpen  
If you really want to know what money means  
You may as well invent a new animal like me  
When you count your chips another world pops open  
In one of them you are rich with ugly poetry  
In one of them I am your pretty wife  
Tallgrass sprouts from the moist places of my body  
I am the queen of the prairie spending golden coins  
Quiet green voices murder me in my sleep  
They say the currency of dream is light  
We spend it on popcorn at the county fair  
Tattooed men take our tickets and bearded ladies laugh  
The Ferris wheel launches loose of its axle  
I'm tumbling toward the river valley again  
All of our cash deposits are eternally on hold  
You can actually buy the future a name  
My hands touching the slick muscles of your back