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Two Dollars

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Two Dollars

Michael Udel

Would that I should not now find
An element so unnatural to my mind
A shape for which I have no love
These coins now resting in my glove.

For what token, I wish to know
Might ever hope to touch my soul
Might repay me with a heavenly caress
That purely mortal realm of happiness.

So have these coins trespassed upon my smile
That I call their feel completely vile
To the winds I cast them for redemption
May some other fool be cursed in their pretension.



Sculpture by Jim Roberson