

"I Listen to Money Singing"

--Philip Larkin, "Money"

Thimble and Shoe are stuck in jail, throwing
the dice for doubles. Flatiron borrows on

his Baltic lot to buy the Reading Railroad,
while Racing Car roars right past Go, picks up

two hundred. Hat collects the Park Place rent
for a one-night stay in her ritzy red hotel,

thumbs bills, buys more green houses, total four.
Here comes the Shoe, and Thimble, too, they're out

of jail, but Thimble's riding the Reading now,
complaining Flatiron's fare will finish her.

And here comes Bank, he writes the mortgages,
hustles your ascent, auctions your fall, he

transacts the practical and volatile
business of capital. Money sings.

And watch for Mr. Monopoly, he's stepping
along in ancient spatterdashers, wearing

top hat and morning coat, twirling his cane,
puffing his fat cigar, performing wealth

as operatic solo. Money hums.