



A POUND ON THE PAVEMENT

ON YOUR WANDERS, YOU FIND A FALLEN POUND.
SERENDIPITY! (BY MONDAY'S STANDARDS.)
DOWN YOU STOOP WHILST YOUR HAND STRETCHES FORWARD
BUT THEN, AT ONCE, YOUR ONE-EYED GAZE TURNS SKYWARD.

FROM OUT THE QUEEN'S EYE YOU MUST LOOK UPWARDS,
TO SEE A NEW SOUL TO YOUR BODY BOUND,
THE LAST POOR SNIPE WHO SAW A COIN AND FOUND
THEIR BODY BOUGHT FOR IT, THEIR SOUL AGROUND.

THE COIN'S LAST TENANT STANDS STRAIGHT UP AND LEAVES,
WHOEVER THEY WERE, THEY'VE NOW BECOME YOU,
THEIR OLD LIFE'S FORGOT, THE COIN'S FORGOT TOO,
THEY LIVE UNAWARE THAT THEIR LIFE IS PRE-USED.

AND SO SHALL IT GO WHEN THERE COMES SOMEONE NEW,
WHOEVER IT IS, THEREAFTER YOU'LL BE,
MAN, WOMAN, RAT, FOX, MAGPIE, SPIDER OR FLEA.
THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG, LET'S JUST WAIT AND SEE.