

# Currency

There's a dollar in my pocket  
for someone to steal  
borrow  
perhaps admire  
Washington's emerald eyes;  
the boy  
with the greasy fingernails  
asks me why  
I carry cash  
but he will never understand  
that I feel I'm worth more  
with a Bill  
weighing down  
my hip, damned by the debts  
I've yet to pay,  
that I feel safer  
with a man  
inside my pants,  
that masculinity is a virtue  
I must contemplate.

*by Hannah Butcher*