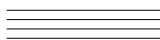


## C O I N



J U D I T H   H A L L

*Money is always there but the pockets change; it is not in the same pockets after a change, and that is all there is to say about money.*

—Gertrude Stein

And between them, it passed repeatedly.  
“The shine,” said one; “the weight,” the other.  
And when it rolls through their comedy

A token extra in token copper twilight  
And floats off-shore, a glint on foam  
Tossed, waving away, all there is is flight.

“Hey!” And morning light, gold, waves  
A million more in the middle of that,  
Swimming in profits: nothing sinks. “Hey!”

They waited in the wet sand for returns,  
In the changing light, silver afternoons,  
And waited after a change, whimpering.

Whereupon the by now well-tanned coin  
Skips the gray amassing surfaces and  
Heads, haven to haven, tail too, for joy.