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.