

HEIDI TABATA

Marie Curie at the Bank

Oh sweetheart
you said
chucking me under the chin
you need to understand
that's how money works

so I stacked up all my money in the world
carefully sorted into denominations
and waited
to see how money worked

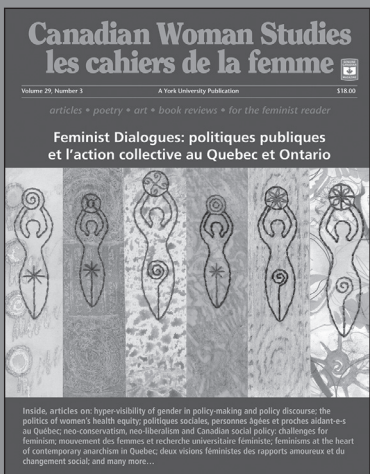
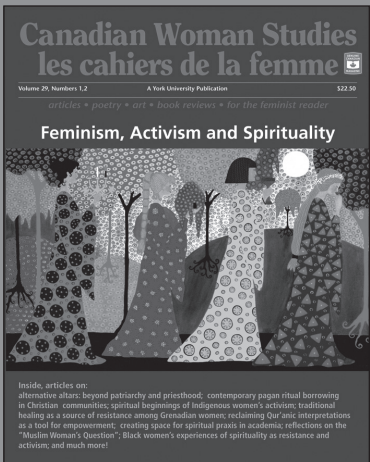
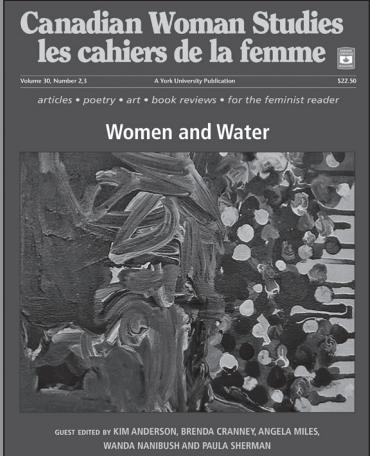
as it turns out, money
like most metal, is a conductor
it doesn't actually do any work
but transmits an odourless, colourless cold
soul death of its handlers
in a specific metallic whisper

you want some? Jump then.
Oh you're hungry?
jump higher.
You're powerless, you say?
open your legs
see how powerful you are?
Now ... you hungry people
go fuck the powerless
... *Christ*, you people are barbarians

Oh sweetheart
please don't talk to me anymore
about how money works
I fear that
I do not have the warmth
To melt
the frozen blood in your veins
the frozen tears on our cheeks
the frozen future in my womb
I fear that I have been
contaminated
by contact
with your stories
about how money works.

*Heidi Tabata is a traveller and student of life, love, law, and philosophy.
Sometimes she writes incoherently about these things.*

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