

## Unhealthful Wealth

Liters of silver fill his mind,  
His daydreams are built of gold.  
A miser with ores in the pits of his heart,  
the richest of mines yet the darkest.  
His paramour is burning with a ruby red fever.  
The bills that come along with proper care,  
could be easily mistaken for a noose.  
He's drowning in receipts he didn't ask for,  
fixing a health he never destroyed.

He's occupying and monopolizing her love,  
but she shares his with pay.  
She's tumbling into the palms of malady,  
although he's trying to snag her first.  
Just a sacrifice can terminate the war,  
but is he willing to give up bread for honey?  
The bees are stinging his chest,  
while conundrums will dance in his head.  
With every second that learns to soar,  
the liters of silver flow down his cheeks.