

Gravity's Pull

By Richard Tornello

Quarks go up and quarks point down.
You charm them with your eyes of brown.
Fiscal atoms smashed, a sundered.
Newtonian logic bent, de-rendered.

There's no event on any horizon
None that I can participate.
Before my eyes a virtual collapse,
The total mass of my empty purse.

Before my eyes and on the screen
Witnessed, ghosts in my machine!
Non-local financial transactions
With instantaneous cash subtractions.

Before my eyes, My bank account,
Instantaneous, to a non-zero amount.
My card's all empty.
It's all black.
This isn't a card that pays you back!

It's My walk'n talk'n
Anti-matter phone call,
Financial, black hole of a girl.
Calls me most regularly.
She's My own financial singularity.