The Last Page

Midas

Midas that tough, successful alchemist
Before his time
Could turn the wind to gold, or the cheek
Of any daughter
On the street. Knee-deep in the true
Universe of
Exchange, his glittering vest of avarice
Buttoning up
An ingot-blot of mind. Unlike Proteus
Trapped in a
River of perfect absorption, or caught
In a desk drawer’s
Tireless hoard of prophecy, flailing through
Serpent, tree and
Boar, into the numerate future possessed
Of stealth and gain.

Laura Coyne*

* This poem first appeared in The Reader.