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Monopoly

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The sidewalk owns our clothes and beds. 
Amid the chairs, a child’s game spares its gold.

Five-hundred dollar bills. They fly and flip
Around my feet. They try to move from Baltic Ave.

My daughter cries and runs to catch each bill.
I tried to tell the Lady Lord my job,

Is gone. The good electric company,
They closed the door on hopes of families.

I took my chance to find a job nearby.
Some said to ask Commun’ty Chest, but no.

They could not help so soon, this day, so try
The red hotel on Boardwalk Avenue.

My child and me we walked around this town.
The boardwalk we could see. We scuffed along.

Into the sea we walked—on sand, so cool.
Around our necks the water whirled and rose.

Into our nose we breathed, my child and me,
And freed our hopes and dreams amid the swirls.