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CULTURAL WORK

Dollar Daze in the Days of the Big CV

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Abstract

The first miser I met was the supremely joyful Scrooge McDuck diving in and out of pools of cash. The pandemic has shaken my miser, but finally he can't not be gleefully optimistic that rentierismo will return in triumph, re-establishing the old order of inequality, exploitation, class relations and bins of moola for the few.

Keywords

Peter Ross; Poem; COVID-19; Dollar Daze

Depression days back in.

First I came for the toilet paper. Then I came for the pasta.

Then I came for the rent.

Their hands holdin' out, beggin' for me to not act.

The dollarz I hide in my head and under the bed. I count 'em every day – all the time.

Okay, number away.

Don't be so serious at a Covid party.

Equality's not permanent, thank Godz. Not even worth a dream. & everyones I know be okay – just holdin' out.

So, stats say I'm on the CV's list.

An' so? I save. Savings the thing.

Save me, O lord! Save me O Lord?

I bend the knee to no one – but the cats when I feed 'em a'mornins. Free loaders!

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They paid me to learn betimes – and still, while others toil ‘ganst their wills.
 Toil away, toilers, lookin’ ahead.
 What? Think of ‘em? Maybe.
 More to the point, I count my bills and coins, agan, agan.
 & food I have, power, roof, walls, and things – lots of ‘em.
 Some wrapped in nostalgia. That bishop, e.g.. Mexico? Sure. Caroline Crumpet, she sold it me. Bugger her.

Countin’ on worldometer always beyond the rest.
 Who to win? Total cases/new cases/total deaths/ new deaths/ total recovered/active cases/serious – critical/
 total cases per mil/deaths per mil/ total tests/tests per mil/population.
 If I were a bettin’ man.
 But mizers don’t do it. Too busy countin’ and hoardin’.
 But who to win? Who to be the biggest loser?
 For me, it’s the USA.

Back to countin’ the dollarz.
 Back to countin’ my cohort’s dead. More males dead by miles.
 You youngsters aimin’ to kill me. Bastards!
 Same boat?
 Not you.

I want . . . What?
 More time?
 Not really.
 Pleasure?
 What’s that? Outside of counting.
 Evidence of resilience? Maybe.
 Dependents? The backyard wild rats and chooks; and inside the cats. The scattering, feeding arts. They’d
 survive – or not.
 The mynors, miners an’ doves have their world, an’ the lorikeets an’ magpies an’ wattles an’ . . . not much
 else, but battlin’ it about like bad cat an’ the ratz. Nuff said. You get the drift.
 An’ there be dollarz to count.
 Runs the refrain in my brain: if only I had another sixty thou - or seventy, was it - or more? Echoes of I’ve
 made a hundred thou. Check the asx, agan, agan, agan.

Yeah! Sure! I not be needin’ it.
 But to secure security, to securitize what remains of life.
 How much do I have?
 Tote it again.
 Positives and negatives.
 Losses and gains.

Desires. Could be gambling. Could be cocaine. Could be orgasm. Could be reasonable.
 But it ain’t.
 It’s countin’ my money.

Watch out my renters! Here I come!