

## **Funeral for the Coins**

*by Francis Emralino*

*on the last day of re-extended public coin custody allowance, 20—*

I have lived long enough to feel the last escaping coldness from your surfaces,  
never having been able to memorize the names of the personages etched on the reverses  
Dirt, smell? I thought no one cared about the lonely nickels and destitute silvers?  
And now after the virus shaped like crowns ravaged the high street  
we are barred to touch money to settle bills and fees.

How will luck be settled without the traditional toss coin?  
We cannot even do *mano-mano* —it would be a violation to brush skins or elbows.

Laying the last obverses on the pit I have saved in piggy banks  
Saving you turned now into a crime  
So I set myself free and I set you free  
May your souls fare well as you disintegrate along with ones that perished  
Below the ground where we roam penniless  
Your memories filling the crevices of our tired minds and old wallets.