

Then came the wind
And took the list.
Of billionaires
And celebrities.
From a torn magazine
Into the cold face
Of a stone statue.

Oprah and Trump
Flew high that night.
But money can't buy
Nor will defy.
The fate that comes
After the rules
Will all expire.

Paper and scissor
Or cold rock
Blinded.
I'm penniless
But gazed.
Into the future
Where all this rhymes.