

For Money's Sake

It is either for God's sake
Or for Art's sake
But it is never for money's sake.

For money's sake, I sweep floors
Or watch the produce roll by on a belt.

For money's sake, I earn a hundred dollars a week
Or maybe two
And I drive around in an old truck.

For art's sake, I grow excited.
For God's sake, I face the truth
...about myself, about life, about love.

For money's sake I am bored.
For money's sake, I am lonely
...for she loves nice things.

She has no sense of poetry
And she really has no sense of romance either
(Contrary to popular belief).
She simply loves nice things.

She wants a new car, money does.
Not to be purchased outright
But to be purchased in payments
...for it's *so* affordable ...*so* reasonable.

She wants me to get a good job ...a real job.

She whispers...

*"Come. Sit back in you big, brown chair and let you windmill scars heal.
Blaspheme the name of Christ over the evening meal.*

*"Don't believe in anything; believe in everything.
It's easier that way.
I'll love you that way."*

