

Tyler Nielsen

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## Fool's Gold

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So you wish to be gold?

Let it be so, you are gold.

So long as we can agree that I am brass.

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How does the glimmer suit you?

How do the centuries of war fit you?

Are you a warm coin?

Never settling in the same purse?

Are you a prideful diadem?

Never settling on the same brow?

No... How could you be?

Corruptor of kings, tempter of many swollen palms, and breeder of tyrannical sons and daughters

Enmity of brothers whose estates you turn against one another

Golden pride and vanity; the mineral miser

You do not tarnish and yet you carry a film of greed across your countenance

And paint your harem in pitiful affluence; a disgrace of nature, trade, and divine mandate

Your friends shine like you, but never so bright  
Officials of honors and teachers of self-righteousness  
They are crafted of an envious silver  
Those whom have passed through so many traitor's palms before your own  
A wrathful troop of thirty pieces you lay with  
Old faithful shining silver blades and bullets  
How right for you to gather dust alongside them  
They will fade away, and hate you all the more with every glint lost to the years  
And every coat of crimson they don in your name  
Who will you outshine then?

I guess it will fall to me then, to be your inferior  
Foolish, poor, forgotten, unassuming brass  
Hidden away in treasure troves across the nations — lost in desk drawers and dressers  
A simple marriage of copper and zinc  
I've come alongside civilization unobtrusively  
And I've seen many things  
Of you and your kinship  
Upon the buttoned shirts of children  
And the buckled boots of workmen  
Or spectacles of schoolmasters  
I've heard them mock the affair of you and your master  
Who is wrapped around the finger of whom?

Not even we can tell in the toasted enlightenment of tavern hearths

Though we are in good, warming company

I've never outshined these humble folk

And they've never offered me more than a spitshine

But we are an illustrious team

Both doing our part, day by day

Both wearing out with the passing of time

But oh, the places we've been

The battles we've fought for you

The children we've lost for the cause of your consorts

While the whole court dances over our heads

If only our tradesmen knew how to craft a crown

What truth I could speak of their place in life

But you'll keep that secret until we become rust

And our wearers return to dust

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Have my words not entertained you in the slightest?

Very well, I will take my leave.

Perhaps platinum will make better company.

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