

One Cent Coin

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I'm a one cent coin.
Manufactured and produced.
Assembly lines are all I know,
What I'm worth is what I'm told.

To society,
I'm little different to all the others
That have come before me.

I'm average pocket change.
Nothing really special,
The type loosely rained
Into a cash registers plastic
pockets,
And forgotten about within days.

But that doesn't mean.
At all.
That I'm going to sit down,
Give up,
And rust away.

You see I,
Don't want to end up.
A dead coin
In a corner stuck.
With millions and millions of
Specs of dust;
When I could be hanging out with
the pocket lint of the living.
Or maybe even spent!

I may only be a cent right now,
But interest,
And an interesting life,
Could make me into something
more.

I want to be important,
Not another one of those coins
Tossed nonchalantly into
fountains, rivers,
Wishing wells,
Hoping for magic spells that grant
Better fortune.

I want to...
Meet different currencies,
Not be left to turn green
Like the majority of
My copper ancestry,
Nor dropped into the deepest
depths,
Of the sixth or seventh sea.
I want to be!

Be..
Traded on the stock exchange
And shown,
That I'm a lot more,
Than a one cent coin,
Born to the world of a factory
floor.