Thirty Pieces of Silver
Is Not What It Used To Be

"You shall not crucify Mankind
Upon a cross of gold."
Old Fraud,
On what else then? The crosses thieves
Have to the right and left made sites
Suggesting Henry Ford and Marx?
Impetuously driving out
The money changers purifies
A temple, but it frees a way
For counterfeiters, and their best
Device, a paper currency,
An ultimate in counterfeit.
Press down the crown of thorns, that is,
Manipulate rates of exchange
In Rome or in Gethsemane
And price may hint Iscariot
Took up the noose not out of guilt
But anguish as his fee declined.