

WEALTHY AND WHYS

Justin St. Clair

(scoffing...)

Curse Ben Franklin, that maladaptive maxim monger.

Forward-thinking?

Forward-thinking—yeah—and a bit far-sighted as well
(whereupon the luminary hyperope, Dr. Franklin,
constructed for himself and generations of
impaired visionaries—spectacles!)

And what about those wooden teeth?

No, I suppose
that was old George—resourceful chap.
Had to do something with the wood from that
damn
tree.

Big Ben should take a gander down from his lofty perch.
I've got a spectacle he can sink his teeth into.
Pennies. Hadn't the bugger any sense?

Curse Ben Franklin, burning a hole in my pants.
I saved ten thousand and that fucking Kike—

(—uh—make that Kite. Texas thanks you, Ben.)