

1929, Advertisement*

The crude eye first falls on the money:

fifty thousand perfect circles of silver and gold
stacked in uplifted rows

then:

the heavy curves, smooth thorns, oiled indifferences
of the twin Colt six-shooters

while: light

wobbles the startles the
strict lines of

bank windows walls
liquid counters

ghosts geometry

finally: the eye

meets the eyes, darkened,
deepened, of two men.

You'd think, dear customer, the one
who leans in front with the S-curve
of classical nudes, our hero, but it is

the blurred, cross-armed, second man,
who will one day walk into six
of New York's finest banks and steal

half a million full-moons for you.

— **Nicola Fucigna**

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