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Legal Tender

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Some legislators fight to pass a bill
To correct the feeble-minded judges' view
That fueled the engine for abortion's mill
And proved, alas, an eager Satan's cue.

Will legislative conscience stop the voice
Of blood that cries to sovereign God above?
Or will the ranting lobby of "pro-choice"
Forever kill the chance for human love?

Mike Vanden Bosch

Legal Tender

Randall VanderMey

Now take old Mrs. Franco and old Mr. Schilling, the butcher. Ain't no love lost between them two. Ain't no wasted smiles. Ain't no need! Mr. Schilling, he got the duck. Mrs. Franco, she got the dollar. He ain't gonna git no bum dollar. She ain't gonna git no skinny duck. He give the dollar bill a snap to make sure it ain't made on no two-bit backyard print press out a no moldy green exclassified section and she do her part, snip for snap—she give that cross-eyed duck a smack on the bill with the palm of her hand to make sure that orange thing ain't held on by no horseglue. He don't smile and she don't say no two words. But so? I seen him wink to her one time across a leg a lamb, and I hear her say to him, "You got a tic in you eye, Mr. Schilling?"—and I be off to the next stall buying me a squid or something thinking, I know this, I see the game, the dollar, the duck, all the whole thing, no talking and no smiling, it's a way a saying something can't be said, I believe I hear it. And if he die, she going to be there crying into them marigolds she bring and saying, "That man skin a good goat." And if she go first, he going to be there, second row, shaking that spotty head a his and saying, "Mrs. Franco, she a good fat woman."