

## The Last Page

### Midas

Midas that tough, successful alchemist  
Before his time

Could turn the wind to gold, or the cheek  
Of any daughter

On the street. Knee-deep in the true  
Universe of

Exchange, his glittering vest of avarice  
Buttoning up

An ingot-blot of mind. Unlike Proteus  
Trapped in a

River of perfect absorption, or caught  
In a desk drawer's

Tireless hoard of prophecy, flailing through  
Serpent, tree and

Boar, into the numerate future possessed  
Of stealth and gain.

Laura Coyne\*

\* This poem first appeared in *The Reader*.