

AMY LINGAFELTER

The Counterfeiter

Making counterfeit
U.S. dollars,
making love,
making the larkspur
definite are all the things
you can do with a computer
and a little fortitude.

I count half a mil,
you count inches
on my frame,
the little fortitude,
the powerful study.
Well, back it up,
you charming man.
I can count the ways
in which you fail
to back your shit up—
on disk and paper,
with Plan B or numbers,
in words with deeds.

I count half a mil,
and succeed
in backing you up.
When it's not enough,
we'll make fake.

I only take up five and a half feet,
though in that space,
I am all that counts,

because of charm.
Because of charm,
I don't think.
Instead,
I bank counterfeit.
I wear nothing
except my socks.

I only succeed in my count.
My smell is larkspur.
My colors are red and purple.
My car and wine are American.
I will be a happy woman
the day I realize
the secret to your charm
is my charm.