

## **That One Dime**

by Anthony Franklin

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Quarters, nickels, pennies,  
They all tended to stay inside,  
But the dime fits just right  
Into the slit on the bottom of his pocket.

The constant crashing of his feet  
Made all the coins bounce,  
And on their way down they chimed.  
Except for that one dime.

That one dime was fixed,  
Fixed in the hole of that man's pocket.  
For a moment it was stuck, hanging on,  
But with each crash it was pushed ever outward.

It slipped, slipped, and eventually writhed,  
Until the man finally pounced on his victim.  
When that happened, the dime couldn't hold,  
And so out into the world it was thrown.

That one dime couldn't see all the blood,  
It couldn't feel the soft winter grass.  
No, the dime couldn't hear her incessant shrieking,  
Or think to be afraid of that man.

So, in the patch of grass that edges the sidewalk,  
That one dime made do.  
Seven years it went by unnoticed,  
But that one little dime never knew.

Until a small boy, maybe seven years old,  
Walked along the same patch as the dime.  
The boy noticed it, picked it up,  
And said, "This little dime is mine"