

# Lost Legal Tender

## Charles W. Hedrick





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# Lost Legal Tender in the Streets, Ditties, Rhymes, Whimsical Verse: Introduction



Since I have achieved the status of a late octogenarian (89 years) most physical activity requiring dexterity, balance, and physical prowess are beyond my present abilities. What is left to me is the art of walking—if it can be called an art. For the last three years I have been walking daily on a selected route of about one hour (approximately 2.5 miles) that takes me through part of my new city (North Kansas City, Missouri). I walk seven days each week. In inclement weather I will walk for an hour through the house. My walk through the city is interesting, but my walk in the house is dull and boring. Thus, the weather must be very bad for me to walk inside.

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One thing that has made out-of-doors walking interesting are the numerous things that people drop in the street and fail to recover, including coins and bank notes. To keep my mind active, I began writing hasty rhymed verse about legal tender found along my route. I cannot call these pieces poetry, since I regard poetry as a serious medium of communication. I think of these hasty rhymes as memoirs of experiences, errant thoughts that passed through my mind at the finding of coins, or as hastily written memorials in rhyming verse to a medium of exchange making human life in the present day more convenient. Bartering without reliable legal tender is a cumbersome process. Nevertheless, these generally whimsical pieces are not completely without poetic value. Readers, of course, will themselves be the judge of that statement.

Connoisseurs of legal tender in the streets (if I may call them such) are subject to the whims of fate, the gods of fortune and misfortune. For coins may appear with random irregularity at almost any point along the route or, for that matter, off the route. They rarely ever surface in the same space, but, on the other hand, sometimes they do. The best place to expect them is in the vicinity of parked automobiles or cash registers. They also have a crazy knack of suddenly appearing in the middle of a street, as though dropped from a passing bicycle.

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I have been asked about method in the composition of these rhymes. My intent is to aim at anchoring the rhyme as much as possible in the circumstances of the discovery of the dropped item and then to give free rein to the imagination. Hence, the finished piece (more often, than not) is a caricature of the event. In the process of composition, I begin writing in my mind as I continue walking and write whatever I can remember of what I earlier formed in mind upon my return. It usually takes one or two days to have a rhyme for polishing (if they are ever “polished”). The finished piece will depend on the availability of words available to achieve the rhyme initially conceived. Sometimes I write out my idea in prose without worrying about a rhyming pattern and in the end adjust the narrative to fit what rhymes are available. The rhymes are not consciously composed with a specific meter in mind, but I would like to think that they exhibit various verbal rhythms, like the free rhythm in plainchant.

My daughters and two of my grandchildren have joined me from time to time on my gambols through the streets and I have cajoled them to try their hand at writing such rhymes when they find lost legal tender in the streets. They have done well and often shared with me the gifts of their efforts. It is to them that this volume of imaginative responses to the found coin of the state is affectionally dedicated: Janet Lucinda Kennaley, Lois

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Kathryn Hedrick, Katie Kennaley, and Kimberly Kennaley.

In memory of coins lost and found.

Charles W. Hedrick

*Lucinda H.*

This book is a treasure about treasures - penned by a treasure.

*Berry*

very enjoyable to read. Keep walking!



# Chapter One: The Penny



## Treasure and Art

Finding a treasure lost is not an art.

All one must do is start

Watching one's feet

While walking down the street.

I found a penny yesterday,

Just by looking down the way.

Old Abe

Something caught my eye,

As I was walking by,

An almost brown orb.

Earthy elements it had absorbed,

Pressed deep into the blacktop.

I had to stop,

And see what it might be.

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Turns out 'twas a penny.

Old Abe's face

Virtually effaced,

Etched and worn,

Like the man mourned

By a Union,

Brought into disunion.

A Red Copper

A copper-red refugee

Shouted out to me,

"I'm lost; I have no home.

Pick me up and write a poem."

I was saddened to see

Its homeless plight

And took it home with me.

This rhyme I vowed to write,

In its memory.

The Tao

A penny lost,

In the street.

A penny found,

On the ground

At my feet.

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A penny lost,  
Who knows how?  
But there it lay,  
In my way.  
It was the Tao.

### Brain Drain

AARGH! Another cent  
From the U. S. Mint.  
Cents strain  
My overworked brain  
In making rhymes.  
I much prefer dimes.

### Ode to an Unknown Disk

There thee lay at my feet.  
Thy face aged by wind, grime, and sleet.  
Thou an unknown orb,  
Obscured by elements thou didst absorb,  
Clouding thy visage,  
Concealed by the beige,  
Elements of nature  
In thy tincture.  
But a tiny copper glint  
Hinted thou art a cent.

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### A Penny's Value

A penny

Is not a plenty.

But of nothing it's not

If it's all you've got.

On the pavement,

It's heaven sent.

To one

Who has none,

It's a lot.

### McGinty's Ditty

"Blimey," said McGinty

(It sounded like a horse's whinny)

"Life is more than a shiny penny,

Or more than pennies many,

Whether found on the road,

Terribly grimy,

Or lost in the sea,

So very briny."

Quoth McGinty:

"Don't be a whiney jenny.

Enjoy life, you ninny!"

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### The Sly Plucker

I was humming a song,  
As I walked along.  
When what should I spy,  
With my one good eye?  
A tiny copper!  
I did what was proper:  
I plucked it from the ground,  
Looked all around,  
In order to see  
who was watching me.  
No one! The street empty,  
As far as I could see.  
Like the quick glint of a locket  
I put it in my pocket.

### The Event

A big event!  
I found a cent.  
One cent is not meant,  
To be spent,  
But saved,  
To buy things I've craved.

### My Daughter

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She shuffled around,  
And reached down.  
Without a sound  
My foot slammed on the ground,  
Over an object somewhat round  
With broken edges and brown.  
She frowned.

Granddaughter Kimber

In a parking lot  
What should I spot?  
A single red copper  
Kimber, I could not stop her,  
Rushed over,  
And grabbed another.  
I looked around,  
And found,  
One more  
to store.

A Kimber Reprise

On the same day  
Walking in the way.  
Grace did abound.

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And another copper found.  
This time I did stop her,  
By slamming my foot on the copper  
And shoving her away  
Toward Auntie Kay.

Cheap Rhymes

Find a penny; make a rhyme.  
It's not a dime.  
A dime requires time.  
Pennies are not prime time.

Penny in a Parking Lot

A penny picked up in a parking lot,  
Is both a little and a lot.  
Depending  
On whether you are bending  
Or completely broke,  
Like a penniless bloke.

Troubadours of the Outdoors

Found another shiny copper.  
And as is proper,  
Here is a rhyme,  
To fit the clime

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Of lyric troubadours  
Of the outdoors.

### A Story of Two Pennies

“A penny a whinny.  
Make my ass whinny,  
And I give you a penny,”  
Said skinny Jenny.  
Disgusted that no one tried,  
Jenny flung down two cents and sighed.  
“All I ever get out of my dumb ass are brays,  
Like a hound that always bays.”  
Quick as spit I picked up the cents,  
Chuckling, for most people have the sense,  
To know that donkeys bray  
And hound dogs bark as well as bay.  
It’s in their nature,  
Like nomenclature.  
“Only horses whinny, Jenny,  
You ninny.”

### Parking at HyVee

Parking at HyVee,  
Sat we three,  
Mom and me



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And a shiny penny.  
The cent was on the ground,  
And was found,  
By your own coin hound,  
Who snatched it in a bound,  
Like a quick Davy Crockett  
Before any could block it  
(Rhymes are hard; don't knock it).

### A Penny's Perspective

"I looked up to see,  
Her looking down at me,"  
Pointing a rigid digit down  
Toward me with a frown.  
"There," she said,  
To her kindly old dad,  
"Pick up the cent and write a rhyme.  
I don't have the time.  
I must make a rhyme,  
On a dime."  
The feeble old fellow bent down,  
Picked me up from the ground  
And exclaimed in a shaky tone,  
"Thanks for tossing me a bone.  
Could I instead write a koan,

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Or perhaps haiku,  
Please and thank you?"

### The Conversation

A tiny itty-bitty mint-bit  
Lay scratched and brown,  
On the brown ground.  
An insignificant cent  
From the Denver Mint.  
"I saw you pass.  
It was not the last  
Time you went by."  
"I finally spied your lie,  
With my oval eye  
That separated your brown round,  
From the equally brown ground."  
He rescued the slightly bent cent,  
Rather gleefully  
For his posterity.

### A simple Copper

A tiny dropper, no whopper, a simple copper  
Appeared as I neared and downward peered.  
As feared, a thing to be jeered,  
Yet I cheered and geared,

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To make an un-sublime tacky rhyme.

(Perhaps in time it won't seem such a poetic crime.

I really prefer to rhyme on a dime.)

### Poor Little Penny

Weathered by wind and rain,

Browned by time,

Scarred by tires and grime,

One cent waits to regain,

Its place in the monetary

System, but alas nary

A person spied its lost condition,

Leaving it to perdition.

Until I with my good eye

Its fifty-four-year old curves did spy.

### One Cent Sent

A copper glint,

On the pavement,

One cent,

Heaven sent,

From the Denver Mint.

### Green Patina

A 1996 one-cent copper disk

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Sporting green patina  
(Like mint-green bisque  
In a Mexican cantina)  
requires 20 years of patination,  
Or oxidation.

### Finding a Penny

Disappearing in dark shade  
The copper-colored brown round  
Is invisible even openly displayed,  
On shadowed ground.  
One's oval eye must quickly fly,  
Over wide areas a vestigial circle  
Hopefully to spy  
(Or perhaps a demi-circle)  
With either eye  
Somewhere around  
On the ground.

### The Bone

She of the eagle eye  
Under my feet did espy  
A disheveled brown round  
Thing the color of ground  
With a faint copper tint

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From the U. S. Mint.

“Daad,” said she  
Pointing at my feet and me,  
“look down,  
Not all around.”  
A corroded penny lay,  
Beneath my feet that day.  
Rather than write a rhyme  
(Rhymes are not her pastime)  
She tossed her old man a bone.  
(Rather than rhyme a koan).

Others' Eyes

Pennies hide in the street,  
Under your nose and at your feet.  
Concealed and disguised they disappear,  
And then suddenly reappear,  
To searching eyes,  
Revealing where one lies.  
You don't always see them.  
Till you glimpse a curved rim  
Or catch the glint,  
Reflected from a copper dent.  
Often where one lies,  
Is only disclosed to others' eyes.

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Variety brings Prosperity

We walked today,  
Another way  
From our way yesterday.  
I found a cent,  
On the hot cement  
In the gutter.  
She found another,  
In another gutter.  
Just goes to show,  
You never know,  
What variety brings  
trying different routings.

The Penny and a Fig

Who cares a fig,  
For copper foundlings.  
They don't bring on a jig.  
They are paltry things,  
A tattered coat on a stick  
Or a poorly baked sundried brick.  
Yet once they were worth much more  
In terms of copper content.  
Today at its core

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It is mostly zinc by the U.S Mint.

I found one today,

Worth about one-third a cent,

So evaluators say.

Might it be a portent,

As the penny goes,

The country follows?

Non-Copper Coppers

In an asphalt valley

Far down lay a penny brown

Between black ridges in an alley,

In the black, brown ground,

An amalgam it is of little copper and more of zinc.

Zinc tarnishes brown, blue, black.

I think we should rethink,

The penny's great lack,

Of earthly worth.

The Dragon's Surprise

In a parking lot

My eyes did spot

A Chinese surprise,

Surely a gifted prize,

By the Golden Dragon Buffet,

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As its sign did say.  
The thing was coin of reddish-brown,  
That I found,  
A recent dropping  
From someone's shopping  
Change at the buffet,  
Yesterday.

The Road Topping

One dirty cent.  
Lost, unspent.  
Not a fresh dropping,  
Rather, used road topping,  
Covered with street crud,  
And dried mud.  
But a copper glint  
Tracks it to the U.S. mint.

Losing a Penny

A penny near a car door  
Is never a surprise.  
Even the poor  
As they rise  
Can drop a coin  
That then will join



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Those waiting to be found  
Somewhere on the ground.

A Copper in a Bank Lot

A copper in a bank lot  
Out in an open spot,  
Bright in the rain-swept  
Street; its loss unwept,  
Its finding by chance  
With a lucky glance.

A penny recovered  
For our nation  
And its financial operation.

A Near Fifty-Year Journey

Where have you been little mite,  
Since your -75 Denver minting?  
Did you take a long flight?  
Did you spend time glinting,  
On some strange Far Eastern shore  
Before being picked-up  
And dropped again on the floor  
Of a winery built by the brothers Krupp?  
On your near fifty-year journey  
Did you visit the Austrian home of Czerny?

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Or were you always hidden in the litter  
Of a Missouri street  
Where your subdued copper glitter  
Caught her discerning eye?  
She happily pointed you out  
To me and quickly I  
Plucked you up without  
A second's thought  
About the rhyme  
That must be wrought.  
Your journey ended,  
(Perhaps not as you intended)  
By being apprehended.

### Thailand Meets the US

Found a 2000 copper red,  
Not in a flower bed,  
By a car tire  
In the grime and mire  
Of the city streets,  
Where rubber meets  
Occasionally  
A penny.

### A Lonely Penny

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Little red  
Lincoln head  
Icon of hope,  
A familiar trope  
For huddled masses  
And subjected classes.  
Why discarded,  
Left unguarded,  
And alone  
In a parking zone?

A Bag of Goodbye Swag

A recent impression  
Now a lost possession  
Outside a car  
Not very far  
From the rider's door.  
It was no chore  
To pick up the cent  
That left the mint  
Brand new  
In twenty twenty-two.  
Now it lies in a plastic bag  
A kind of goodbye swag  
For my children to divide

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When I cross the great divide.

Was it Fate or God?

Specter of a lost cent,

Hid by a squall storm,

Found by a sun-glint

Off its copper form.

A scratched-up piece of mint

Hiding in plain sight;

No cause even to squint

For the light was right.

You became mine.

Alas it was not fated

Nor even a plan divine.

Such views are surely antiquated.

God has more sense

Than to worry with lost pence.

The Goodwill Copper

A Goodwill copper,

Left by an unfortunate dropper,

For me was a stopper.

I was not proper.

I picked it off the swabbed floor,

And headed for the door,

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After glancing around for more.

And then I left the store.

A copper

On the floor

Of a Goodwill store

Belongs to the mopper

Or to the stopper,

Hardly the dropper.

The Theological Debate

Said Father Sean McGinty

To the very Rev. Leroy Whitt:

“The Gutter has plenty

In it, but I submit

Not all there is evil.

For example, this found penny.

Your theological views are just medieval,

Whitt,” averred Sean McGinty.

Opined Leroy Whitt (in Texas drawl),

“The Bible warns the gutter-minded

God’s wrath will surely fall

(As you should be reminded)

On those who walk

The gutter’s sinful way

And greedily gutters stalk.

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They will doubtless finally pay.  
For those slimy bits of filthy lucre  
They find in the gutter.  
So don't try to snooker  
Us. They all should fearfully shudder  
With quaking fear  
For holding such things dear.  
Msgr. McGinty replied,  
In a voice rather snide.  
"A time comes when all backslide.  
Ecclesiastical absolution  
Will surely stay divine retribution.  
Don't be such a nit,  
Whitt."

Penny-grubbers

Elusive coins lurk in gutters  
Of the wild shire.  
Sought by wry penny-grubbers,  
Who do so admire  
Their awesome symmetry  
And reddish hue.  
They have proven viability  
In the market zoo,  
Yet only slight marketability

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Unless spent in very large tumblers.  
“Malesh,” say the penny-grubbers,  
We like their varied colors.

### The Imposter

Tiny orb disguised  
By grit and grime,  
Reddish-hue oxidized  
by clime and time.  
And two faces by tire incised,  
What were you in orb-youth,  
Before your calamity,  
When you appeared in truth,  
And authenticity?

### Lincoln's Head

A penny red  
Fell on the roadbed,  
And McGinty said,  
“Pick it up!” He pled,  
“Lincoln led  
A nation divided,  
Then reunited.  
He then bled,  
over slaves emancipated,

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And died in bed,  
A sheet over his head.  
Don't leave the red  
In the roadbed."

### A Pennyworth

Lost and found, another Penny!  
Why are there so many  
Reds lost and found?  
Are reds worth more by pound,  
Or is the economy too sound?  
I suspect we'll never know,  
Till we have less than we owe.

### Finding Coins

A freshly minted penny  
By the school bus curb  
'Twas so glinty,  
It evoked this blurb:  
"Of shiny objects," quoth McGinty,  
"There are aplenty.  
Losing coins doth one disturb,  
But finding coins is superb."

### A Coin on Chinese Ground



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On Chinese ground,  
I summarily found  
A shiny copper.  
It was a showstopper.  
I looked around but did not see  
More coins in the vicinity.  
The coin I found  
Went homeward bound.  
As you see, I did my time,  
And wrote the rhyme.

The Prayer

No dime?  
Zeus rants,  
“No rhyme!”

Two pence?  
Zeus relents,  
Still incensed.

“Two cents?”  
Zeus grants,  
“Commence!”

“More time?”  
Zeus chants,

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“Fine,  
A verbal mime.”

*Lucinda H.*

OMIGOSH! This is amazing!!!

*Berry*

WOW!

# Chapter Two: Nickels and Dimes



## Nichol in a Pickle

Billy Bob Nichol  
Found himself in a pickle.  
He bought a popsicle,  
That was not yet an icicle.  
And it began to trickle.  
Preoccupied, he lost a nickel.  
He frowned.  
Later I found  
His nickel on the ground.  
(apologies all around  
But I was hardbound  
For a rhyme about B. B. Nichol  
And my shiny new nickel).

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### The Pretenders

A single coin found  
On the ground  
Encompass five pretenders emoting  
In a single silver coating  
Pretending to be more than they are  
But they only register par.  
AARGH another!  
Why do I bother?

### The Brown Nickel

A copper nickel? Can it be?  
Or is it a slug I see?  
No, it is far too heavy.  
A slug is not thick but thin,  
In consistency like tin.  
Yes, a nickel have I found  
Dirty and copper brown  
Lying on the ground  
With a logo  
Of Monticello.

### The Shiny Nickel

Nestled in the cusp of a curb,

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A nickel prompted this blurb.  
The coin shiny and bright,  
Quite a remarkable sight,  
After the copper-colored brown  
That I previously found  
On the grimy ground.

The Gods are Clods

“The Gods  
Are clods,”  
He thought,  
For having brought  
Him only a nickel.  
So, he ate a pickle,  
Sour at them  
Who gave him,  
Only a nickel,  
When they could tickle  
His palm  
With the balm  
Of a dime  
To reward this rhyme.

What to do with a Nickel

I found a shiny nickel,

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Not a rusty cycle  
Or a broken bicycle,  
On my way  
Yesterday.  
It will spend,  
It will lend,  
And I can send  
It to someone with the blues  
Or give it to whomever I choose.

Something Sweet

Walking down the street  
A nickel at my feet.  
Ain't that sweet!

On Xmas Eve

One Xmas Eve in the Street  
Not lying at my feet  
A battered FDR  
Glinted like a tiny star  
Up in the sky  
Very, very high.  
I waited for cars to pass,  
Coughed at the fumes of gas,  
And picked up a lost dime.

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I thought at the time,  
AARGH not another rhyme.

At the Op Doc Shop

I found a dime.

Here's my rhyme.

(a rhyme on time.)

Leaving the Op Doc Shop

I took a little hop

Slapped my foot upon it

(the tiny little bit).

Quick as a rocket,

Put it in my pocket.

Here my rhyme endeth

As I homeward wendeth.

A Dime Couplet

Yesterday I found a dime.

Hence, this rhyme.

Stardust

Stardust,

Cupronickel

From the earth's crust

Of elements critical

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For human comfort,  
Comprises a found dime  
And requires a report  
In a short rhyme.

### The Obligation

I found a dime  
In a doc's parking lot  
Necessitating this rhyme  
Suitable for a dime  
Before I put it in the pot  
For my progeny  
To divide at my demise,  
The cessation of me.  
I am sure the three  
Will regard it quite the prize.

### The Gift

"See" said she  
Pointing to the penny  
Lying on the ground,  
With a frown.  
"I'm no poet  
And you know it."  
She gave me the dime



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(without a rhyme!)

Found on my street.

I exclaimed “Neat!”

“Ha,” she growled at me,

You got the dime;

You do the rhyme.”

Was it Fate?

I found a dime

In the street

And made this rhyme

A requirement to meet.

If you want something more

Try Steven’s Badroulbadour,

“A worm at Heaven’s Gate.”

My dime find was likely fate

Little more.

Ten Coppers

A silver dime doth ten coppers make

Unless forged by some callous rake.

This coin was solid and strong as the state

And as decreed by fate

Bore the date

2014 (not 1948).

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### A Silver Circle

A thin silver-circle  
I spied up ahead.  
Like the storied turtle,  
My step a slow steady tread,  
I put my foot  
Upon the thing  
And took a careful look.  
'Twas not a gaudy bling  
Or dried offal from a rook  
But a dime in its prime  
Evoking this sublime rhyme.

### Shiny Dimes

There is no set time  
To spot a lost dime.  
It will suddenly appear.  
It might be once a year  
That they volunteer  
Themselves to public view.  
One must patiently await  
An appearance, perhaps by a gate  
Or precariously perched upon a grate.  
One thing is sure

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A shiny dime's allure will long endure.

The Clean Nickel

I found a nickel in the washer  
Between the frame and the slosher.  
With two toothpicks I picked it out  
And gave a shout:  
A nickel richer  
And a repaired swisher!

A Fresh Dropping

A fresh dropping  
by a gaol's gate  
had me stopping.  
A kindly fate  
Had left a silver coin  
By which to inflate  
My coin pile and conjoin  
Its mates with a Denver 2008;  
Their soul fellow,  
A scratched Monticello.

A Glance to my Right

Providence smiled on my walk this time,  
In glancing to my right, a dropped dime.

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A brief flash, a momentary glint  
Between two cars, a coin of the U. S. Mint.  
The experience evoked this rhyme  
About the fate of an American dime.

A Dime by a Curb

McGinty averred,  
“A dime by a curb  
Is better than a bird  
In the hand? Absurd!”  
Said he. “That sounds like the word  
Of a perturbed nerd  
Who spouts some happy blurb,  
Which he preferred,  
On being disturbed.”  
“A curb with a dime  
(Encouraging a rhyme)  
Is truly sublime  
In our time,”  
McGinty opined.

Like a Limerick

A short-skirted lady from Kent  
Found a nickel and bent  
Revealing scant pantaloons

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Resembling two half moons

A view not heaven sent.

Like a Limerick Two

The Rt Rev. Dr. Gorsev McShinn,  
Who railed against fleshly sin,  
Averred “every nickel I give to God;  
And if bawdy I shoot my wad  
on a very dry gin.”

Boruca in Costa Rica

Gremlin is a mischievous sprite  
That comes in the night,  
To reside in your pocket  
(And not for your profit).  
Grinning he throws a dime coin  
Out, which will inevitably join  
The assorted litter of the street.  
Where it may appear at one's feet  
When least expected.  
There it lies neglected  
Till one looks down  
To the ground.  
And cries “eureka,”  
Even in Boruca in Costa Rica.

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### A Nickel Some Years Hence

The found nickel  
Did greatly tickle  
My green greed,  
Evoking the Banker's creed:  
"The more you got,  
The less you have not."  
I widely smiled  
At two girls and a boy child  
Trying to decide  
Three ways to make it divide.

### Details of Discovery

Whoopie! I found a dime,  
And now must rhyme  
Details of the event.  
My discovery was not heaven sent.  
I found it in the gravel,  
And need from street must travel  
Into a gravelly parking lot,  
Where sun shone on its spot.  
I plucked it from the ground,  
And for others looked all around.  
McGinty says: "A rhyme

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With a dime is good all the time.”

One Dime in a Gutter

In a slithery gutter,  
Full of toothy sleaze and unseen disease,  
Enough to make one shudder,

A shiny dime winked,  
Smiling all aglitter,  
Chittering,  
all atwitter.

I blinked.

What should I do?  
Pick up a dime so flirty even though she was dirty,  
With disease and sleaze goo?

I did what I do  
when I find a dirty dime.  
I took her.  
And wrote a hasty rhyme.

A Dime Rhyme

The Warlu went curling  
In the sudden heat.  
The flat worm slithered

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Into the noxious peat.  
Then I saw a shiny tiny orb  
Luxuriating at my feet,  
Stretched out by the Marley grass,  
Where the Rigwams eat.  
I graced the orb with sanctuary,  
at risk it was in the Marley fog,  
Granting it warm meditation  
Far from the smelly peaty bog.



# Chapter Three: Quarters, Dollars, Multiples, and Trove



## **A** Lost Couple of Coins

Out on a casual stroll  
With no specific goal  
I found a grimy cent.  
Over I bent.  
Into my pocket it went.  
Further down the way  
25 cents in silver lay,  
Gray with hoary time.  
Hence, this rhyme.

## Treasure Beyond Measure

I saw TJ's Monticello

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In the Missouri mud  
And exclaimed, "Hello,  
Elmer Fudd!"  
Then giving thanks to God,  
Closer I trod.

A copper was also stuck,  
Beside it

In the Missouri muck  
All went into my pocket.

On another day I found  
A disguised round  
Thing on the ground.

It was totally browned  
With Missouri mud  
And other crud.

It turned out to be  
A copper penny.

The Cache

Treasure troves  
Are in holes,  
Or in caves  
Where one saves  
What is valuable  
What is most salvable

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Of their treasure  
(What gives pleasure).  
But yesterday  
On the roadway  
We found a cache,  
That was quite a catch  
Of coins numerous  
(Even multitudinous)  
24 and 38,  
A veritable spate  
Of coin  
(Alas, the 38 were purloined.)  
I saw them first.  
But she in a quick burst  
Put them in her purse.

Mazel Tov

To me a penny and a quarter  
And 30 cents to my daughter  
Who took it under my nose,  
While I froze.  
It made a nice trove.  
Mazel Tov!

The King

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I found a quarter stamped 2001,  
Leaning upon a curb  
Gleaming in the sun.  
It elicited this blurb:  
Today the copper quarter is king,  
Over the silver fifty ka-ching!  
Do you know why,  
They no longer vie.

### Frustration

Two pennies copper-red  
Lying in the roadbed.  
A third snatched away,  
Before I could say  
“That’s mine!”  
She opined,  
“I got it first,”  
And I almost burst.  
With indignation  
And frustration.

### The Quarter

Two bits  
Seen in the road grit,  
Shining like star spit,

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Slipped into my pocket.

A good fit!

Two Pennies

McGinty's Ditty

Of pennies too many:

Much to his surprise

McGinty found two pennies,

One on another, just the right size.

So McGinty theorized,

“A penny multiplies,

If it tries.”

Two Dimes

Two dimes at the same time

Calls for a short rhyme.

At my feet they were found

Where I spied them on the ground.

I bent down,

Looked all around,

But no more could be found.

I frowned,

Uttering an obscene sound.

I took an oath:

“I bequeath thee,

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To my progeny.”

A Quarter on a Grate

Opined McGinty,  
His eyes a little squinty,  
“A found quarter upon a grate,  
is better than a Pfenning in a crate,  
or a nickel by a gate.”  
McGinty says, “ululate!  
When in that state.”

A Quarter Found

A quarter found,  
On the ground  
Equals pennies twenty-five.  
Not enough to survive today,  
But in the bank let it lay.  
Who knows?  
Perhaps it grows,  
Into a pile  
After a while.

Quarters are Thin

The quarter is too thin,  
For 25 copper pence

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In a silver skin.  
I found one yesterday.  
Saw it from the corner of an eye.  
It will hardly pay,  
For things I desire  
Or things I feel,  
I need as a modern buyer.  
A quarter find is not ideal,  
But it will serve,  
Until a better deal  
I observe,  
On the street  
At my feet.

### The Dollar Bill

That a \$1 Federal Reserve note  
Will surface on the street,  
Is quite remote.  
Rarely do dollar bills meet,  
One's gaze on a walk,  
But it does occur,  
Even if one cannot see like a hawk,  
And they often reoccur.  
I have found them before,  
Lying in the street.

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Today I found one more,  
Face up at my feet.  
Neat!

Father's Day

We walked a different way that day,  
Going slightly out the way.  
Two Coins found by daughter Kay,  
Were grimy as dark red clay.  
Kay gave them both away,  
To me for Father's Day.  
I gladly took the begrimed pair,  
And set about a rhyme to prepare.  
But thought it a tad unfair,  
That she my brain should ensnare.  
For she with reasonable care  
Could make a rhyme as fair,  
Of her own savoir-faire.

A Trove—of Sorts

Three coins in the street  
Found all at my feet,  
But not in the same place  
Or physical space,  
All on the same stroll,



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All on the same gambol.  
One of two pence, bright and shiny  
Though awfully tiny.  
The second dirty and abused,  
But I hardly refused,  
To claim it my own  
Even if 'twas but a clone.  
The dime was found last.  
What a blast!  
The dry spell ends,  
As luck makes amends.

### The Gods Repented

Sometimes the Gods  
Extend generosity,  
To correct our paucity  
Of coin discovery.  
What are the odds,  
There will be multiplicity,  
And reciprocity,  
And positive nods from the Gods?  
Yesterday, the Gods repented.  
In spite of their recent slights  
Allowing coins at several sites  
And we by pence and dimes were augmented.

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Tuppence

Two pence below a door  
Of a late model car.  
A nice score, yet little more  
Than a humble dinar.  
I picked them up,  
By the door.  
It helped break the slump,  
And not a difficult chore.

The Bogy

One folded paper buck  
And a copper-like cent,  
Both, from the U.S. mint.  
Someone's bad luck,  
Dropped on the pavement.  
I picked them both,  
Up from the ground  
And looked all around,  
As I was loath  
To leave all unfound.  
What bogy or poltergeist  
In today's zeitgeist  
Could have pulled such a heist?

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### Four Pennies

Four pennies at one dropping  
And the loser was not stopping,  
But dropped another one.  
Five he dropped and was done.  
A trove it is not,  
But that is all we got.  
As they were cluster-able  
They are at least multiple.

### Three Copper Pence

Three Copper Pence  
Not worth much in cents.  
But it made no sense,  
To ignore their reddish glints.  
Multiple finds they were.  
Such does not often occur.  
When it does, I much prefer  
Coins of bright silver,  
Or at least a quartet.  
But you get what you get  
On the street. Have no regret.  
Why sweat and fret  
Your loss? Celebrate your gain,

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And hope it happens again.

### A Simple Action

Eleven pence,  
A dime and a cent,  
I found on the street,  
On very hot concrete.  
It was a recent drop,  
And prompted a stop,  
And a bend  
And my arm to extend,  
And a finger extraction,  
A very simple action  
It is true.  
Wouldn't you do it too?

### Her Find

She saw it before me,  
And said, "see,  
At your feet over there!"  
I looked to where  
She pointed; on my right  
Lay two bits shining bright,  
In the parking lot  
Of a restaurant.

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It was a nice gesture,  
That led to this conjecture:  
Why be so nice to me?  
She was bound to expect a fee,  
For the gift of her discovery.  
Perhaps, I should have declined,  
But I decided she was kind,  
And not of a crafty mind.  
So, I grabbed the tiny two bits,  
And called on my rhyming wits,  
To produce verse that fits.

George Washington

A rolled-up one,  
George Washington,  
lying in a city gutter  
Set my heart aflutter.  
Some kid's hand, no doubt,  
Released it without  
Thinking, and left it  
Where it lit  
Out in the wide-open  
Un-stepped by any brogan,  
Unseen by any eye  
Until I did not pass it by.

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### A Rarity

Rarely do multiples appear,  
In the city streets  
On the same day and year.  
But one occasionally meets,  
a concatenation of legal tender:  
Today a quarter and two pence.  
They call me to render,  
This rhyme about silver and pence:  
Silver and pence  
Make good sense.  
While not immense  
Coins are commonsense.

### The Disagreement

McGinty was heard to utter:  
“Eyes and minds in the gutter!  
For amongst the dirty refuse,  
You may find several sous.”  
I did; it was worth two-bits.  
But the very Reverend Leroy Whitt’s  
Comment on McGinty’s advice  
Was, “the gutter leads to vice!  
Mind out of the gutter!”

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He was heard to mutter,  
“A quarter cannot lead to Paradise,  
Regardless of McGinty’s avarice.”

Vows to the Gods

It happened: a trove  
Suddenly appeared. I dove  
For one, she for three  
And said to me on one knee,  
“Look another on the ground!”  
I looked around and found  
Another copper, five in all  
Someone had let fall.  
Thus, one is led to fantasize,  
Then to moralize:  
“If you want better odds,  
Pay your vows to the Gods.”

A Quarter is a Quarter

Evaluating two bits,  
Unlike measuring in cubits,  
Renders an exact worth,  
While noting the cubits for one’s girth  
Is an uncertain estimation.  
So, when I found a Denali application

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Of twelve-and-one-half cents twice  
I knew it to be quite precise.  
A quarter is a quarter,  
Never anything shorter.

Partners, Friends, Lovers?

Coupled in gravel and grime,  
Two tiny orbs well hidden,  
Concealed by dark color and time.  
Till one red eye, unbidden,  
Peeped out from its dark cover,  
And by me was snatched away.

    The other went deep undercover,  
to conceal itself another day.  
I went right back and got it too,  
Partners reunited in rhyme,  
Written up for critical review.  
Will it stand the test of time?

Repentance

Sparkling on the roadside  
In the hot afternoon sun  
In all their shining pride  
Two coins had decided to run.  
They went on a gambol,



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Which was a decided gamble.  
Out of safe pockets they fell  
Into a sidewalk hell  
And were beaten by the sun,  
Till both decided, "this was no fun."  
They wanted to go home  
And promised nevermore to roam.  
One quarter and a cent  
Decided to repent  
Their erring ways  
And spend remaining days  
In more profitable ways.  
Then I grabbed them and bagged them.  
Their prospects look dim.  
A coin's life misspent  
Is only bound for the U.S. Mint.

A Reluctant Rhymer

"There," she said  
"A silver five-cent  
And a penny red,"  
And over I bent.  
She gave them to me  
To write the rhyme  
And I did agree

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To invest my own time.  
But later I found another  
Penny, which made three.  
Truth-be-told I'd rather  
Her rhyme be one she  
Invented than done by me,  
But I did agree.  
And this rhyme you see  
Is for the coins, all three.

The Talisman

Midst lawns, steel, and asphalt  
We came to an abrupt halt,  
My daughter and me,  
In the tiny streets of NKC.  
Dumped in the road a mucky mess,  
But pawed through—such largesse:  
Two pence,  
Five cents,  
And the largest largesse of cents  
Twenty-five pence  
And a medal of St. Jude  
For those who are screwed  
With a lost cause.  
It gives one pause.

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Maybe worth 40 bucks  
To those whose luck's  
Gone south or sour,  
And yet cling to talisman power.

Space 347

In 347 thirty cents  
Appeared as glints  
To my woeful eye.  
In a millisecond I did espy  
Their circular shape.  
There was no escape.  
Into my pocket they went,  
These refugees from cool cement.  
And in time  
I wrote a rhyme.

