Richard Merelman

Burr Fleeing Weehawken (July 11, 1804)

Such a luminous dawn I’ve stained with pistol
Smoke. But Hamilton reeks of peerless evil.
Married Liza Schuyler for money, starts a
Bank for the wealthy

(Ruining ordinary New Yorkers), growing
Midas-rich. Adulterer, too. He lectured
Me on morals. He called me a perfect monster;
Namely the banker

Who, defiant, leant to the average worker
Lest our Revolution become deception.
Here’s the truth: he favors the laws . . . which favor
Powerful bankers.

Yes, I’m pure ambition. He veiled his scheming
Under phrases ripped from a Constitution
Masked in pretty words. And he slandered my name.
Bank on his dying.

Now I’m hastening to a waiting wagon.
Will our Country flourish without a leader
Strong enough to neuter the lords of lucre,
Temper the bankers?