What It Takes

So tell me what it takes.

My wallet is so fat I sit lopsided.

I have a yacht. No miles on it.

My house in Manila overlooks the bay.

We could live there if you like.

It is furnished, air conditioned.

My credit card says "Platinum."

My flatscreen is so flat sideways you cannot see it.

Here. Look.

When I check my bank account balance

the numerals exceed the length of my computer screen.

My family owns an island,

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off the western coast.

The natives have started an insurgency.

Come visit.

I have an extensive collection of rugs.

A rare one, my favorite, made from human skin.

See for yourself.

I snack on small pieces of gold.

It is good for my skin.

Have some.

Tell me what it takes.

All of this is yours.