

FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY

You gave me my first ring when I was ten,  
an oval dome of bull's-eye malachite.  
You'd learned to cut and polish stones so when  
you learned my birthday, you could expedite  
the present problem in a unique way.  
I don't remember anything I got  
except that gem accented with a spray  
of aqua swirled around a deep-sea spot.

I never thought I'd be so fond of greens.  
Demantoid, prase, and peridot's pale limes  
still stir up the excitement of my teens--  
aromas, songs, the feel of special times.  
For graduation you designed me jade--  
two exclamation points for new-pierced ears.  
Each time I fondle all the things you made,  
they unwind pastel images from years  
still green as what's inside a June pea pod:  
Aventurine and tourmaline so skilled  
in workmanship that people stop to nod  
and gaze at how my jewel box is filled.

You learned to facet, understand the rough.  
Today you gave me emeralds in a ring.  
But oh, your gift of self has been enough  
to circle life with green fire from a king.

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