

EARRING BLUES

They float almost neglected
on a wooden rack in the bedroom
while hands reach for green glass on gold wire
white spiralic shells, discs of abalone
strands of malachite chips from Taos
a pair of blue clay horses
fire opals from down under
ancient resin of amber, yellow and orange
ginko leaves in gold, leaves of carnelian
leather moons, grapes of amethyst
moon stones for comfort
crystal drops gleaming rainbows
Celtic dogs on metal squares
golden goddess profiled on coins
From Mexico, silver netting and
drops of blazing blue-green.
From Africa, pink and black bead clusters.
The silver singleton feather so light
paired with turquoise oval.

These days, earrings put aside, too
bothersome to struggle with elastic strands
of masks that pull down lobes, adornment
dropped, and for how long?

Why bother?

Because we're human, enjoy
lips, eyes and ears displayed,
yet hope to live safely beyond
this time, earth elements and
craft giving joyful refuge.