

Poetry IN THE PLAZA

VILLAGE OF GREAT NECK PLAZA
8TH ANNUAL POETRY CONTEST, April 2018

FIRST Prize **5 Broken Rings** BY J R Turek

Christmas is jingling just around the corner
no dollars in my budget for gifts
when I'm bequeathed a ring,
one that shimmers in golden yulelight,
fiery Alexandrite stone sparkles
in purple and blue, green and red,
this ring sings hymns to me
to believe in wondrous mysteries.

The ring doesn't fit. Fear of it
slipping off my finger defines me,
can't wear it, can't afford to size it
I say a prayer for help. And there,
in my dresser drawer, tucked under
spare buttons and stopped watches,
5 broken rings.

Bands cracked, stones missing,
gold scuffed and marred, all pre-packed
in a plastic bag for a trip to the jeweler
that never happened. Now, I hug them,
hope they will rescue me in my need.

Jeweler *tsks* at each missing gem
and broken setting, says he can't fix them.
A little saddened, I agree then quickly ask
if I could barter the price of resizing –
he smiles at my new ring, measures it,
weighs the 5 broken rings, shakes my hand
gives me \$80 in cash; he'll melt the old gold,
rebirth 5 broken rings into a new creation.
My new ring fits perfect; off to buy gifts,
faith confirmed, yes, I believe in miracles.