

## **In Praise of Your Gold Earrings**

**by Don Boas**

They tease me from across the table.  
Hammered ornaments from the earth.  
No reason for the luxury, or regret.  
I like to find them in the dark,  
my fingers fascinated by skin  
and then touching the odd  
rightness of metal. You never  
take them out or buy another pair.  
So you don't need my latest gift—  
a box for your treasure,  
your initials carved in the soft wood.