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Circles

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CIRCLES

Donna Pucciani

Gus B. Miners made my wedding ring
in his basement between Caribbean cruises.
An old walrus with jowls round
as a red moon and bristles brimming
his corpulent lips, he hammered gold
and silver wires flat in his cellar, bending
them to fit the fingers of his friends.

Bowel cancer strung him out on wires
of pain, gilded his innards in radioactive
burn. He finished my circle of gold
three months before the curve of his broad
belly succumbed to fires that torched him
into the Big Workshop in the Sky.

His trim, fashionable wife, always lipsticked
and impeccably jeweled at the country club,
moved to the seashore, died a decade later,
welded to dreams of his thick fingers
wielding pliers, drilling holes in foreign coins
for pendants, arcing silver into softness, bending
ochre into ovals like the orbits of planets
circling the everyday each time domesticity
set a ring on a kitchen sink.