

Mother Nature's Jewelry Case

In daybreak's earliest sheen of sun, we watch tiny specks of light align on pine branches, as if someone spilled a jewel box filled with diamond paste onto emerald green limbs, just for pure fun. Our gold-toned meadow is lined with shadow stripes of citrine, amethyst, turquoise. We can almost taste snow crystals yet to fall, glazed by frosted air. A ruby cardinal peeks out, preens, makes haste to an aged obsidian oak. Nearby, a sapphire throated jay shrieks from a winterberry bush encased in garnet berries. Later, an opal-coated x-ray technician calls our niece to say that pearl white dots arrayed on moonstone grey breast tissue must very soon be chiseled away.