

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.