

The Goldsmith's Anniversary

by Gita M. Smith

He dismissed giving her a Cartier watch or South Seas pearls.
Likewise, he rejected furs or wines with old souls.
She was too precious and rare for the nonsense that any man
could give to any woman on any day.

He searched for something deserving of the word “bestowed,”
something so rare as to horrify the clerics of ordinariness.

One night while she dreamed, he skinned her fingertips so lightly
and slowly that it took till dawn to remove only a single layer of skin
no thicker than an eyelash.

For their anniversary, he gave her back her fingerprints, cast in
gold.

