

## The Gem

The girdle of an opal  
in my wife's hand  
gives off pale blue  
and milky white fire  
in the moonlight.

Her thumb strokes  
the stone's sharp pavilion,  
the crown, the star  
and bezel facets  
as though soaking  
up their brilliance.

Across her body  
day takes the shape  
of swirling wind  
and fast moving cloud.

A lemon yellow tulip  
drenched with dew  
outside our window,  
drooping purple irises,  
lilacs and late daffodils —

everything she has  
nurtured for years  
now seems ready to burst  
with the fire in her hand.