

Jen Hirt

## Elegy After the Jeweler's

Where one must show a photo ID to try on a Rolex if one cares  
about such things.

Where it's a rich devil planning obsolescence.

Where I mark Exhibit A: the green-banded watch, white-faced with  
black pony, worn

When horses were better than boys. "It's better to just buy new  
ones," says the jeweler.

Watches and horses and boys, he means.

What it's like to be told your watch cogs are worn as Appalachia  
and not worth fixing,

(an opinion the river never held against the water gap, nor herons  
against horizons).

Where I conclude: if there's a Chinese symbol for *she sold her*  
*mother's gold*,

Where I combine characters for grief & anger with characters for  
*not my style*

(*and I could use the money because death certificates cost \$29*).

Where I'm offered and don't like the angelic gold of thousand-  
dollar pendants because

PILGRIMAGE

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What's worth wearing! is language for the leather choker found in  
the street, I'm

Wearing it now like a graduate touring Great Rebellion on pennies  
a day.

When I sell her rings in order to order the thirteenth death  
certificate, I

Wind tight the jeweler's stupid question: "How did you know we  
buy gold?"

Weigh my hairsprung answer, "It's on the sign in your window."

Where he says, "But did you hear about us from anywhere else?"

Where I want to tell him other things I've heard about from  
anywhere else,

Where farmers hang roadkill from paw-paws for flies to pollinate  
their carrion flowers,

Where if you donate your body to science there is no funeral fee but  
also no funeral home

Where is the jeweler who has ever held a funeral? For all these dead  
watches?

(These unwanted rings of carats eight to ten and fourteen?)

"Well we don't have a pile of bullion in the back," laughs the jeweler  
when I

Wonder where the rings of the dead go. "I wish we did."

PILGRIMAGE

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