The Jeweller

This Mortal Coil

Jeweller has a shop on the corner of the boulevard.
In the night, in small spectacles he polishes old coins.
He uses spit and cloths and ashes.
He makes them shine with ashes.
He knows the use of ashes.
He worships God with ashes.
The coins are often very old by the time they reach the jeweller.
With his hand and ashes he will try the best he can.
He knows that he can only shine them, cannot repair the scratches.
He knows that even new coins have scars so he just smiles.
He knows the use of ashes.
He worships god with ashes.
In the darkest of the night.
Both his hands will blister badly.
They will often open painfully and the blood flows from his hands.
He works to take from black coin faces, the thumb prints from so many ages.
He wishes he could cure the scars.
When he forgets he sometimes cries.
He knows the use of ashes.
He worships god with ashes.
He knows, He knows
He worships God with ashes

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