The Jeweller

John Cale

Very slowly he sipped his tea, not shifting his glance from the thick double spaced printing he read with his jeweller's eyeEngrossed in his corner, he passed onto the other inhabitants of the room a scrawled insularity of time and spaceFor both passed him by with the speed of light, not unlike the flow of substance, however varied, into that lysergic entity known as the black holeHe was hardly ugly for his time, and conversation was certainly not lost on him

Drastic measures were called for, and as in antiquity the lonely man was blessed with wisdom to the point of desperationBut there in his corner, developing around him like a sun, was a climate of such rare beauty that sight and sound could no longer be considered sufficient food for the sensesAnd he had begun to notice, as his hearing failed, that mind and matter were in no way connected to one other, as if in fact the one could not propose and prove its erotic existence in terms of the other"What does this word mean?" he enquired of the solemn waiter hopefully

"Nothing for desert sir", came the reply, "perhaps a cocktail, demitasse or a herbal essence, it helps the breathing you know sometimes". "The bill, if you don't mind", quickly he shot backAnd as the patter of the feet faded in the room, for he barely heard them now, his eye slowly began to close, and by the time he emerged on the sunny street he was forced to rely entirely on the other eye for help, but happily it continued its many functions, blinking gently for lubrication, and registering images

It was rush hour, in Hawaii only 10amSo, turning into his street, he stopped at the drug store and bought an eye patch that soon covered the reluctant eyeClimbing the stairs he pondered what to do next, he would call a doctor and have tests made, eat nourishing food and if necessary consent to surgery, the last resort of the gambling manAnd at 1am he awoke from a dream and after fumbling his way in the obolescent light of his room he peered into the rusty veins of his mirror and lifted away the patch

What he saw astonished him. Where once was tremulous tissue and membrane was now a follicle and perfectly formed vagina with vulva, overgrown and mysterious, unrevealing and still to the untrained eyeBut in the deep dark recesses of that sticky occlusion lay the unclosing watchful eye of disgust in its closing moments, lunging forward and hungry for the cold light of days

Songwriters
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