

THE MUSE'S JEWELS

M.L. McCarthy

The Muse, long wed, admires her jewels; tries
A rope of rubies, sets it down, takes up
A sapphire-glinting brooch. Her serious eyes
Approve from the mirror. Heaped in a crystal cup,
Small treasures sparkle, rings, pins, that she sifts:
My one bright glory, in whose bounty lies
Immortal joy, despite time's poisoned gifts,
Decay and sorrow. Enthroned familiar, she
Admires her jewels, and steals a smile at me.

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