

About Jewelry

By Eydie McDaniel

Many others may thrill
I ask: what's the big deal?

Bling, bling, bling, it's not really my thing
How did it start excitement to bring?

Over the shoulder a look through time
An image to ponder seems so fine.

Surely it all began far away
From bond with the earth I'd like to say.

A symbol to carry of the trusted mother
A tooth, a twig, a clod, or some other

A twig or a tooth in a pocket would poke
A clod, make mud for a cold messy soak

One day by a stream with sun's reflection
Something kept shining and led to inspection.

A chorus of hearts most surely sang.
So maybe the jewel thing began with a bang.

Then digging in earnest most likely began
with sticks, and rocks, and many a hand.

As sunlight on streams made its own kind of bling,
Those who had it soon showed off their thing.

We'd call it superstition the thoughts that arose
Caught starlight, fire and power I suppose.

But over the centuries in lands far and wide
T'is power symbolic for king, queen, or bride.

Once t'was a fever out west so I'm told,
where guns were drawn to fight for the gold.

With diamonds flashing and teeth not so white
We love to go out for a star studded night

Amazing the long lasting gift of the earth
Its beauty so special will out shine its worth.

And let us remember we've clamored and fussed
Over tidbits of nature we dug from the dust.