

Musings of a Full Moon

by Helen P. Souranoff

THAT RING

That ring, sits on your finger,
fitting perfectly on your hand;
is that where I lie, on your finger,
waiting for something I can't understand?
It gleams, in the morning light,
like a fire appears in the dark;
yet the light fades, it flickers red, then disappears,
without a spark.
That ring, on your finger, is it truly to stay there?
the memory of my existence, soon to vanish
into thin air?
You wear that band,
bright from love,
of shinning, gleaming gold,
but tarnished, simply, by passing time,
and before it got too old...
it now sits on another's finger,
that piece of red so precious to see;
that perfect ring, so bright and tender;
I wish that ring, was placed back
On me.