Amethyst Dreams

Stephanie Adams*

*Iowa State University

Copyright ©2001 by the authors. Sketch is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
"Amethyst Dreams"

He
Stops by every Tuesday,
Pay day.
Buys little trinkets,
Clearance clutter.

Dreams of buying an amethyst.
Mystery stones, he says,
The stone of love, he wistfully regrets.
Tries on women’s rings that barely reach the knuckle
On work hardened hands.

Hoping...
But we both know
That he’ll never
Leave with a wrapped box in
A department store sack.

Instead he departs with
Treasured bits of conversation
In his mind,
Beauty that no brightly
Colored bow can complete.

Tells stories of the good ol’ days,
Relishes in my time,
Envies my youth,
Lives for dreams of
Amethysts.

Stephanie Adams is a freshman in psychology from Sioux City, Iowa. “Amethyst Dreams was inspired by an elderly man who always came into the department store where I worked throughout high school. Our short conversations taught me that the choices you make now determine whether you will look back on what you could have had or look back on what you did have. In order to achieve or obtain one thing, you usually have to give up another. He taught me that you have to determine what the “amethysts”—the most important things—in your life are, and work everything else around them.”