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You're a Pearl

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Jenkins: You're a Pearl

You're a Pearl Michael Jenkins

A pearl? No. A pearl's classy, the oyster's passion, a smooth moon made from pain.

Me, I'm abalone, plain rough mutton-eared mother of pearl, gaudy off-key cheap, my mother's daughter.

From the kitchen her oily voice was that sheen slickening the puddles after the rain.

Shane, her lover loser wanna-be surfer half her age, used my abalone treasures for ashtrays.

I turned thirteen, hint of shimmer. His eyes changed like the sea, blue to green.

But in moonlight they went black. I held tight

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to the rock of his back.

I've never told anyone that my inlaid secret I've kept hidden between the frets,

yet here's more girl victim gore if you're thinking I've got shine— I liked it.