JUST A RING

Though I am still in appropriate condition,

I am lonely and hollow inside,

I used to be stunning and free,

But now I am imprisoned in plain sight.

I glare at the people who just brush past me,

Like I am nothing but an antique,

They coax me to believe that too,

Though I try to prove I’m not weak.

Some are kind to me,

They polish me but I am not warmed,

I miss dear, gentle Fanny,

She took me to all the dazzling balls.

I loved my rosy gold against her pale skin,

I loved how she gazed at my scarlet gem,

Her lace glove enclosed me like a sheet of dreams,

As I felt her clasp another hand when she went to waltz.

After she met her end, I have been in mourning,

Everything went into dark despair,

My life has lost its shimmer,

For I am only a helpless ring.

**By Amy**