

# The Jeweller

John Cale

Very slowly he sipped his tea  
Not shifting his glance from the thick double  
Spaced printing he read with his jeweler's eye

Engrossed in his corner  
He passed onto the other inhabitants of the room  
A scrawled insularity of time and space

For both passed him by with the speed of light  
Not unlike the flow of substance however varied  
Into that lysergic entity known as the black hole

He was hardly ugly for his time  
And conversation was certainly not lost on him  
Drastic measures were called for  
And as in antiquity the lonely man was blessed  
With wisdom to the point of desperation

But there in his corner, developing around him  
Like a sun was a climate of such rare beauty  
That sight and sound could no longer be considered  
Sufficient food for the senses

And he had begun to notice as his hearing failed  
That mind and matter were in no way connected to one other  
As if in fact the one could not propose and prove  
Its erotic existence in terms of the other

"What does this word mean?"  
He enquired of the solemn waiter hopefully  
"Nothing for desert sir", came the reply  
"Perhaps a cocktail, demitasse or a herbal essence  
It helps the breathing you know sometimes"  
"The bill, if you don't mind", quickly he shot back

And as the patter of the feet faded in the room  
For he barely heard them now, his eye slowly began to close  
And by the time he emerged on the sunny street  
He was forced to rely entirely on the other eye for help

But happily it continued its many functions  
Blinking gently for lubrication and registering images  
It was rush hour in Hawaii only ten a.m.

So turning into his street  
He stopped at the drug store and bought an eye patch  
That soon covered the reluctant eye

Climbing the stairs he pondered what to do next  
He would call a doctor and have tests made  
Eat nourishing food and if necessary consent to surgery  
The last resort of the gambling man

And at one a.m. he awoke from a dream  
And after fumbling his way in the obsolescent light of his room  
He peered into the rusty veins of his mirror  
And lifted away the patch, what he saw astonished him

Where once was tremulous tissue and membrane  
Was now a follicle and perfectly formed vagina with vulva  
Overgrown and mysterious, unrevealing and still to the untrained eye

But in the deep dark recesses of that sticky occlusion  
Lay the unclosing watchful eye of disgust in its closing moments  
Lunging forward and hungry for the cold light of days