

Annett Louisan, silver lady

the lady who works at the silver store
is polishing cases of glass
she brushes black velvet
straightens still more
and waits while the people all pass

the lady who works at the silver store
is gazing out onto the street
her heels on thick carpet
her eyes on the poor
as the balance on fragile feet

jewelry from Arabia and African lands
the riches of Asian and Mexican hands
they will dazzle the hearts of the merchants of dreams
and bond so much more than they seem

the lady who works at the silver store
unmoved by the world out there
some sell her their lives
some buy her dreams
while everyone longs for her care