The Jeweller

This Mortal Coil

The jeweler
Has a shop
On the corner of the boulevard
In the night,
In small spectacles,
He polishes old coins
He uses spit and cloth and ashes
He makes them shine with ashes

He knows the use of ashes
He worships God with ashes

The coins are often very old
By the time they reach the jeweler
With his hands and ashes
He will try the best he can
He knows that he can only shine them
Cannot repair the scratches
He knows that even new coins have scars
So he just smiles

He knows the use of ashes
He worships God with ashes

In the darkest of the night
Both his hands will blister badly
They will often open painfully
And the blood flows from his hands
He works to take from black coin faces
The thumbprints from so many ages
He wishes he could cure the scars
When he forgets he sometimes cries

He knows the use of ashes
He worships God with ashes

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