

# The Goldsmith's Anniversary

*by* Gita M. Smith

He dismissed giving her a Cartier watch or South Seas pearls.  
Likewise, he rejected furs or wines with old souls.  
She was too precious and rare for the nonsense that any man  
could give to any woman on any day.

He searched for something deserving of the word “bestowed,”  
something so rare as to horrify the clerics of ordinariness.

One night while she dreamed, he skinned her fingertips so lightly  
and slowly that it took till dawn to remove only a single layer of skin  
no thicker than an eyelash.

For their anniversary, he gave her back her fingerprints, cast in  
gold.

