Circles

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Gus B. Miners made my wedding ring in his basement between Caribbean cruises. An old walrus with jowls round as a red moon and bristles brimming his corpulent lips, he hammered gold and silver wires flat in his cellar, bending them to fit the fingers of his friends.

Bowel cancer strung him out on wires of pain, gilded his innards in radioactive burn. He finished my circle of gold three months before the curve of his broad belly succumbed to fires that torched him into the Big Workshop in the Sky.

His trim, fashionable wife, always lipsticked and impeccably jeweled at the country club, moved to the seashore, died a decade later, welded to dreams of his thick fingers wielding pliers, drilling holes in foreign coins for pendants, arcing silver into softness, bending ochre into ovals like the orbits of planets circling the everyday each time domesticity set a ring on a kitchen sink.