

The Silent Type

"I Once Gave A Girl A Gold Ring"

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I once gave a girl a gold ring, it hung from her neck on a chain. I thought its possession would be a constant reminder of me, but sadly that ornament lacked the presence devotion demands and easily she would forget what that weight on her chest truly meant when I wasn't near. Sometimes I couldn't be there.

"It's a gift, it's a gift," she would say. "It's a symbol, a promise I made to someone who once cared for me so much he gilded his love around this ring. There was a face once, a bearer, a name..." But her recollection had waned and she struggled for words to explain, "Well, beyond that the details are vague." Nothing remained. The gift was in vain.

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