

## The Ring

The ring was  
three times too small for a finger,  
even a piece of string could not go through it!  
So I asked her,  
*Woman, why have you sold or given me this ring?*  
Nunlike she bobbed her white head-scarf chastisingly,  
black eyes, black under her eyes, she said,  
*Something is being taken away.*  
*You must keep seeing: everything*  
*must be turned to love that is not love.*  
Mother,  
going in to death,  
*can* you do it: love  
something that was there that is being taken away.

—Jean Valentine