

## DALE HARCOTBE

### GIFT

As if it were a select jewel  
cushioned on a velvet sea  
he presented her with the necklace  
hand-made during long hours

Staring down at multi-coloured macaroni  
crudely threaded on string  
the woman looked back to a brooch  
bought long ago, by a child  
who believed it was genuine diamonds  
(dreams came cheaply in those days  
bought for 2/6 at Woolworths  
we were not decimal then)

Looking back she saw a child-face  
creased in confusion by the stares  
and sly smiles of adults  
whose eyes were blinded to treasure

