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Pearls That Were His Eyes *by* Glen Phillips

If people hadn't slurped oysters
sliding them down deep throats,
would they have discovered pearls?

Opening oysters there's nothing
much beautiful about your first shuck;
shells like fossil plesiosaur turds, man!

But don't be fooled by appearances,
hidden in that shell are palace rooms
fit for a queen of the sea or her consort.

And among soft folds of Her Marine
Majesty, may be found the crown jewel,
set like stud in punk's pursed tongue.

Or maybe among velvet swirls
these silvery knots work as irritants,
like the female camel's spring coil?

But, no, the birth of a pearl is
opposite to contraception. Seabed
bacteria irritants support growth.

And lick after lick of nacre
applies a fresh lustrous coat.
Alberta Pearl was mother's name;

How's that for a segue? Or is it
metamorphosis? Father called our
birthmother 'Pearlie' and we six

siblings were irritants enough
for Her Majesty's domain. Were
we the pearls or merely spat?
You don't have to answer that!