Pearls That Were His Eyes

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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!