

## For Some Box from Tiffany's

If I thought a perfect acorn,  
umber, would suffice to adorn

your unjewelled neck, a pendant strung  
on no more than a plaited thong

couched in the hollow of your throat  
below the apple's bulge, I doubt

I'd seek a more lustrous measure  
for your eyes, green as chrysoprase,

that might surpass this primitive  
donation of oak nut---retrieved

just now, lying barely aside  
my left boot, almost trod under.