

"Amethyst Dreams"

He
 Stops by every Tuesday,
 Pay day.
 Buys little trinkets,
 Clearance clutter.

Dreams of buying an amethyst.
 Mystery stones, he says,
 The stone of love, he wistfully regrets.
 Tries on women's rings that barely reach the knuckle
 On work hardened hands.

Hoping...
 But we both know
 That he'll never
 Leave with a wrapped box in
 A department store sack.

Instead he departs with
 Treasured bits of conversation
 In his mind,
 Beauty that no brightly
 Colored bow can complete.

Tells stories of the good ol' days,
 Relishes in my time,
 Envy's my youth,
 Lives for dreams of
 Amethysts.

Stephanie Adams is a freshman in psychology from Sioux City, Iowa. "Amethyst Dreams was inspired by an elderly man who always came into the department store where I worked throughout high school. Our short conversations taught me that the choices you make now determine whether you will look back on what you *could* have had or look back on what you *did* have. In order to achieve or obtain one thing, you usually have to give up another. He taught me that you have to determine what the "amethysts"—the most important things—in your life are, and work everything else around them."