

SAUCERS
(AQUAMARINE)
Ralph McTell

See that ring you're wearing
Is it aquamarine blue?
The colour of a pair of eyes
Of someone that I knew
The tint is that of honesty
Its first impression cold
Its setting best in silver
Whilst diamonds must have gold.
The mystery of sapphires
That must be telling lies
The colour of spring water
Held up to morning skies.

Hers could not imply the depth
You find in darker eyes
And from which well she drew such strength
I only can surmise
The water at the shoreline's edge
Is of a lighter hue
Belies the secrets of the dark
Hidden in deeper blue
No revelation to be gained
Where the tiny fishes dart
The steel imbedded in her soul
The blade that missed her heart.

Fingers in the water
Sifting through the sand
A splash of silver beads, a jewel
Upon a sun-tanned hand.
Sea water, tears, aquamarine
Can these words mean much more
In glory of cathedrals
Those eyes stared at the floor
Whilst callused skin stone cool and pale
Inside a velvet glove
Hid chapped hands and broken nails
The scars and grip of love.