

What Goes Around Comes Around

by Lou Beckerman

If I had you now you'd help conjure up the beautiful being that I first met. Eyes animated with his latest adventures and misadventures; full of tease and seeing beyond the ordinarily seen. All in the winter-white mountains - my first holiday alone. There was much beauty then. Later the undulating ups and downs - a veritable mountainous terrain of bliss at its summit and turmoil in the valleys. But love always. You do know that.

You - an endless, infinite circle metaphor in yellow goldenness, though time has unhurriedly worn you down to an almost gold-leaf shadow of your smooth shiny self - that glad love-filled day we singled you out. He was never one to wear jewellery so it was just the one for me.

Legend tells how our ring finger has a vein - vena amoris - vein of love - directly connected to the heart. And so my lover's heart was to be symbolically united with mine by you Ring. Happy day despite the drought breaking. (Under our yellow and white striped marquee the sun shone unquestionably. A pity we all looked jaundiced in the photos.)

Then - much later - the time we'd been 'going through a bad patch' - as you might call it - when we heaved our heart-heavy selves to a friend's barbeque. I remember the deep-down dark desolation that had nestled itself inside. And in a dual assignment - side-by-side under cover of night - *two* winged vampire creatures leave puncture wounds under *you* Ring. My body knows too well how to respond - histamine troops at the ready. Swell, throb, itch, blister. Did you know it's the female that bites? Was this intra-species solidarity? Had they whined 'Take it off!' as they swooped in deadly formation?

Well - there *was* a distinct reason to remove you then. But for a time I couldn't bring myself to reinstate you. You, enclosed in your lonely plush velvet cocoon. 'Purpose outgrown?' had you wondered... I remember a client unexpectedly noticing the empty spot and, trying to be clever (though totally inappropriate), saying I didn't want to be seen to be married. Perhaps he had a point just at that moment in time?

I don't know. In fact I can't explain why I did these things. Like the time one Christmas when I abandoned you on a relative's bathroom floor. You slipped in the soapy suds and I inadvertently failed to look out for you. In the darkness you'd lain for days until I realised you were absent. But you came back. (Was Royal Mail to home too bewildering for you?)

As weight found me, you, eventually, had to be re-located to my littlest finger. (Anyway, our modern-day understanding of anatomy shows that all fingers have venous connections to the heart.) Now I realise I have the habit of sliding the tip of my thumb across to seek out your reassuring presence. The nothingness is immediately disconcerting and I am catapulted into painful stark reality. Something is missing. It's you – my non-bling Ring. And him. Of course. Sometimes I wonder if it was all a dream. (Can dreams last for thirty years?)

Ring – can you hear me? I sense you're in the house watching me watching out for you, getting even with me; leading me on a merry-go-round of futile rummaging; me retracing all movements. You've rounded on me. Circumnavigated. I know you're here.

My astrologer friend has tried a chart. Another offered a forensic-worthy combing, room by room.

OK – I'm sorry; suitably chastened. I want/ need you. Might you forgive and find *me*? After all, you are symbolic of '*forever*' and I'd rather '*forever found*' than '*forever lost*'. I'm only too aware of what I've lost.