

CELIA LAWREN

TINY BEAUTIFUL THINGS

A cobalt Bolivian butterfly flutters though pinned to the wall.
A chartreuse walking stick labors in perpetuity to cross its diminutive
display box.

What whimsical place have I entered? They seem alive but are not.
Cloned in captivity and euthanized somewhere in Indonesia,

the shop owner says. *I buy exotic bugs; my partner crafts jewelry.*

I spy a ring under the glass. Worked silver with gold teardrops,
showcase for a large rectangular stone set high and faceted for light.

Amethyst and citron grow in a single crystal,
bleed into one another, to become ametrine.

Very rare, only in Peru, she offers.

I leave with the ring, step into the cobblestone street,
buzzing with American tourists and don't think to ask:

do they lower boys into mines each day, into a night
of black dust that bleeds into tender pink lungs,

or is there a lab that clones ametrine?