

## Treasure (Journey #2)

At the age of twenty-five  
he carried with him  
three shells at all times.  
They kept a rhythm,  
when he walked, against  
his left breast. Sometimes  
he'd show them to close  
friends—always shocked  
by the first one. A tin  
Christ, sans cross and arms,  
crucified all the same,  
about five inches high  
he'd lay carefully face  
up on a table. He'd never  
show without proper space,  
a table—preferably carved  
with initials. When Christ  
was dead center, he'd pull  
the second from his pocket.  
A wedding band, highly polished,  
bright shining, cresting the tin  
head. He'd balance it,  
like a nickel on edge,  
and make sure the shadow  
cut under Christ's chin.  
Then, and only when  
it was right—a rarity—  
he'd reveal the third.  
Slipped from a dimestore star  
scroll tube, a rolled photo  
torn in half, only  
the white back showing,  
he'd arrange as arms.  
Straight out, ragged edges  
toward the broken torso.