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The Gift

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Oddly heavy, translucent
and white-veined,
a gift perhaps, treasure
from the land of the pharaohs.

Carefully, lovingly
she cradles it, oil sloshing
inside. Each step stirring
the fragrance.

Her gift now, her
priceless idea, shattered
with considerable effort,
more than she expected
for the delicate alabaster.

A waste, poured out and broken.
And she slowly gathers
the glistening shards near his feet,
careful not to pierce his flesh.

She turns them over
in her hands, oil seeping
into her own skin,
knowing its scent will linger
like the word he used

anointed.

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