The HOWL
https://thehowlmag.org
thehowlzine@gmail.com
@thehowlmagazine

The Weight of Gold

Yanna Felismino

The weight of gold is priced at $4,725 per ounce,
used for trade.
It is bought and sold,
Melted and refined,
Rebranded and repriced.

The gold that drapes over my skin
Has been polished,
Scratched,
Lost.
It has crossed oceans and continents--
Witnessed wars,
Illness,
Separation.

My ears are stretched
With the weight of my grandmother's gold,
Allowing me to gently hear her whispers,
Clasped with love.
Her band of commitment hugs my finger:
A reminder of how I came to be.

The arms of generations of women
Embrace my neck,
Interlinked and knotted.
A watchful eye constantly protecting me
Lays across my heart.

My gold is worth the legacy of women left behind:
A preservation of history and heritage
Immortalized through each engraving and stone.

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The weight of my gold is priced with the cost of
226 years of memories per piece,
Ready to be shared,
An interchangeable number
That of which increases over time.
And at the end of every day,
As I remove my armor,
There are imprints etched deep in my skin
By the weight of gold.