

Elephants Never Forget

At the beginning of this
year I was gifted a small fake
gold beaded bracelet by my mother.
A delicate elephant charm dangled
from a metal hook between
sixteen shiny blue beads. It split them in-
to groups of eight.

The bracelet began to lose
its glint as I wore it every day.
In the shower, to bed—I fidgeted
with it all the time.
The gold beads began
to wear away, some rusting,
some turning grey.

The bracelet stretched.
It wriggled on my wrist
and would fall off on occasion.
The string went from clear to black and the
bracelet became frail.
Thinning out, it could barely hold its own weight.

Then the elephant charm
fell off.
“Elephants never forget,”
my mother had told me when she gifted
me the small fake gold beaded
bracelet with the delicate elephant charm
at the beginning of this year.

“Why do you still wear that?”
she sometimes asks me now:
“I can buy you a new one you know,
a cuter one.”
Has she forgotten its
meaning?

