

Golden Sifting Pan

Tough dirtied denim
and worn out leather
adorning your feet

the land squelches beneath
and your socks are soaked
But it's all worth it
for the treasure inside

the metal pan
dented and flimsy
it's edges rusted over
and scratches cover its surface
A tattoo from each job completed

it clatters and clangs
tossed and rammed into
brown abyss
it ripples and shakes
like a tsunami
At your fingertips

when it's about to lose hope
and surrender to the sludge
you grip it by the rim
and pull it out
Of its quicksand

the contents shake and scramble
as you create your own earthquake
disorienting your plot of land
Until you see it shimmer

the speck of light
it finally reveals itself
A needle in a haystack
you grab it out
and reveal a dime sized
Gold slate

it shines brighter than the rest
a vibrant warm yellow
You discard the other minerals
as if it were trash