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Old

by Robert Parham

I like old. Old gold. Old news. Old.

Old news is good news, I say. To be old news it must be tossed back at us, an insult, *old news*, you say, but you remembered it, or what you would return in its place is silence. Yes, old news is good news. Old.

New gold. Think of it. Do you think of gold as *new*? Just discovered, somehow gold or gems of any kind are somehow, always, old. Gold is never new except it's fool's gold shining in the eye of sharp-tongued faddist barking "old. . . old" while his polyester clothes wait by the shredder and his catalogs, damp (as tears) and smell of mildew, rot like pages from a calendar.

Old, I say, like stones. Pick up any one and put it on the scale for ballast. Any stone. Sit. Stone. Old.

