Stone

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STONE

Stones are the soul of the earth.
Some people deify stones,

their lack of answers
erecting altars of reverence.

Though I wouldn’t want to be
a stone in another life,

I often pick up stones in this life, listening
for reasons to be.

Stones are kicked down the street frequently
like tired old rhymes repeated.

Children wait to pick up stones,
throw them into the air

and return them to the lost generations.
To skim a stone along

a flat surface of water,
the thrower spins a message

of the heart to the other
side of love.

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