

Let a Stone Play a Central Role in Your Poem

Stone

Go inside a stone
That would be my way.
Let somebody else become a dove
Or gnash with a tiger's tooth.
I am happy to be a stone.

From the outside the stone is a riddle:
No one knows how to answer it.
Yet within, it must be cool and quiet
Even though a cow steps on it full weight,
Even though a child throws it in a river;
The stone sinks, slow, unperturbed
To the river bottom
Where the fishes come to knock on it
And listen.

I have seen sparks fly out
When two stones are rubbed,
So perhaps it is not dark inside after all;
Perhaps there is a moon shining
From somewhere, as though behind a hill—
Just enough light to make out
The strange writings, the star-charts
On the inner walls.

Charles Simic:
in Selected Early Poems

Blue Heron Stone

Because I could not bring back
the blue heron
who watched us,
out of the river's shadows,
and then flew heavily away—

Because I could not keep
her yellow metal eye
to remind me of fierceness—
I kept this stone.

Blue-gray, like the heron,
layered by millions of years in the sea,
and rounded
by thousands of years in the river,

it is the circling clouds of a storm:
it is all weather, all calm,

all the weight,
that keeps you from me
and holds us to the earth.

Polly Brown
in *Pebble Leaf Feather Knife: poems*

This poem is
a black beach stone
worn smooth,
tumbled by tides
for clackity centuries.

It just fits
in your palm.
Hold it.
Your warmth
will bring it alive.

jch 4/1/2015

Therapy

Pick up a stone. Feel
its weight in your upturned hand.

Put the stone down.

Turn your palm upward. Feel the weight
of that stone in your empty hand.

You and the stone
both carrying the weight of the stone.

Then let it go.

Release the feeling
of the weight of the stone.

You are no longer carrying it.

Kim Kaufman

An afternoon Among Stones

I. (of six)

It is terrible to be so moved by a mere stone
on its remnant of riverbank from a past age;
a white stone as round as a kneecap or a child's skull,

not so much white as mooncolor,
not so much round as oval;
a marvel of substance, of hardness
that time alone could mold,
time and the thrust of a long-vanished river,
torrents of water rolling it over and over
the way we children once rolled clay between our curved palms.

Peggy Pond Church
in: *this dancing ground of sky*