

Kestrel

Rebecca Baggett

Stone and Stone

The stone meditates
beneath clear stream water,
crunches and slips beneath paw
or foot. The stone balances a house
on its back. The stone weights
a small boy's linty pocket,
mute and self-contained.
The stone rests at the edge
of a trail, minding its own business.
Moss-filmed. Content.

Suddenly the stone finds itself
a verb, rips clean morning air,
shatters skin and crisp white bone,
falls wet and glistening, appalled
at its new definition.