

THE STONE

Each generation
left the sea
for the land,
and the stone.
Each generation,
knowing only itself,
cracked the heavens with prayer
and carved the stone in its image.
And each generation
thought its time to be
the stone's only moment.

Until one generation,
finding the stone too frail
to bear the burden of another image,
found a truer rock,
and setting it by the last,
could not agree on an image.
Fireswords flashed,
and the generation split among itself
its territory
its righteousness
and its ritual.

For millennia
no new generations
rose to press upon the land
or onward to the stone.
And the years swept away the edges
of stones old and new
and ground both
to a pile of soft sand
that waited for the wind.

Until compassion
moved an aged carver,
travelling within his own light,
to shine upon the beach.
Feeling the ground where the stone once stood,
he knelt.
His hammer and chisel fell beside him,
as he cried into the formlessness,
folding into the sand's stillness,
as he offered a new prayer:

Each stone is a child of time
as is each image
each feeling, each thought.
All things return to themselves
and find their reunion
when left to be.

Free at last,
the sand lifted
and fell to pieces
in the sea.

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