

## Rock Garden

So many pebbles, such Braille on bare thighs  
As foot soles found sand, wrinkles welling  
Under, purple & blue, the lagoon  
These stones surround...

It was Summer then, gentle with warmth:  
Boulder blurs, the rigid crags softened,  
Reflective amid drops...

How less threatening they seemed  
Taking the moonlight as a veil-----  
Daily I have meditated on such irrefutable forms,  
The faceless slabs that erosion gave  
A suggestion of limbs to  
As if to hold a head.

A neck can support baskets,  
But with them it was shoulders I pictured  
Carved in their own slopes-----

Does the sky weigh too much?

One afternoon in some secret region  
I felt you were joined to those rocks.  
Bearing a great mass, your eyes were full  
Of marble flecks & your hands molded sky  
As if rocks might spring from your fingers.

You held quite a lot:  
Ivy, moss, hirsute on the back, while nude  
Palms choreographed stillness.  
I believed that sound was a cove  
Your wrists locked in.

They were always so strong & loveable,  
Even if stark. In them I hoped to become  
A dove white cloud ladled by a touch  
Which is the only touch.

Then it turned colder. The obsidian tapped  
Its deepest roots. You spoke of jogging & began  
Naming the paths: igneous, sedimentary.

I held back everything even while wrapping  
Spirit as a shawl about you.

Tonight I slept  
Between crevices for a spell then woke to find  
A detached rose perfectly preserved  
By a thin frost coat.

The stones looked on almost friendly-like  
As I cast it towards the water: blue over purple

& those silhouettes of foam...