Stone Love Poem Collection By Kim M. Baker © 2009

Origani Poeny Project



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Please recycle to a friend.

of human and god.

Only stone is left to mark the crossroad

Brooks, trees, and ledges landscape these acres.

GLACIER



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Mother.

e si shuteN

predators. Face it:

covers for its guests facing

place. This quarry

s rock and a moss

nsewted between

luo si ind beab

and snakes. A mouse plays

there. Chipmunks

Dinner is stacked up

.llewenots e

A hawk stalks

ЗИОТАИ ИЗНТОМ

ΑΝΑΥΑΙΝ ΟΝΑ ΖΊΔΑΨ ΞΝΟΤΖ ΤΟ

Our stone wall encloses nothing here, except Nirvana. Knights of Stone guard the yard, burly boulders mounded shoulder to shoulder, defend this graceful beach cottage against ferocious currents whipping the cove into mapcap swells.

An abandoned glacial sentinel at the gate plays rock-paper-scissors with a chameleon ill wind, prehensile tail flailing like a clade of lizards. Our fence fences tempests, sea serpents who woo fresh coats of paint and newly nailed shingles.

We know the rocky barrier may keep the bay at bay but will not win the wind war. Still, we cheer on our chivalrous enclosure defending the honor of our Nirvana, knowing it is only a matter of time before a hurricane returns to carry her home.

> after guzzling hard cider at the valley tavern. One day, while playing hide and seek, I seen Ole Guff claw his way up the hill, a'huntin Pap who fired him from the mill. I stood up and screamed, "Look out! Pap!" He's got a rifle! ..." Bang! Bang! Now my spirit roams this place, where Pap's fires spired Maple Valley for miles, for generations, his smoky grief still haunting this wood.

Pap sings a hymn 'o swears, that "dang stone's a farmer's nightmare, can't till 'em under, tear a plow and a horse asunder. Toss the bloody things o'er there, and spare me their sight." So I configured those fieldstones into turtles and bears and a few hiding nooks to outsmart crooks and the likes of Ole Guff, tumble and rough after guzzling hard cider at the valley tavern.

OF CAIRNS AND LEGENDS

stacked is stronger than alone, stones wall their rock-love around rounds of souls

STONE LOVE