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Origami Poetry Project™

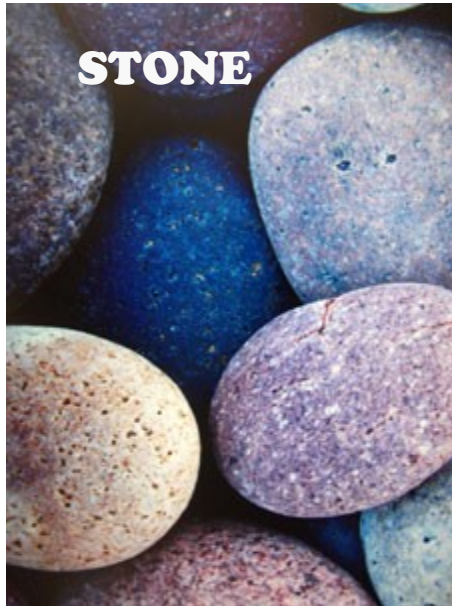
STONE
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Acknowledgements

“A Short Ballad about Louise and the Stone” in Flutter
“A Third Stone” in Right Hand Pointing
“Coda: Gift” in Pegasus



Donations Greatly Appreciated



Corey Mesler

*“The very stone one kicks with one’s boot will
outlast Shakespeare.”
- Virginia Woolf*

*“Are there not stones in heaven/But what serve for
the thunder?”
- William Shakespeare*

*“I am glad we live in a thingy world.”
- Iris Murdoch*

What I Bring to the Table

Limp me into middle age.
Hang me up like a single
sock. Sock me
like a punch-drunk pug.
Take me out to the rifle range
and target my sores.
I’m passive like a stone.
Kick me like Virginia Woolf
and change the world-to-come.

A Short Ballad about Louise and the Stone

My lover, Louise, took a stone
and carved it with my loving impressions.
When she left she took the stone
with her. Where it is now I can only speculate
but I imagine that it is the corner
around which she will never turn. I imagine
that if I understood where went the stone
I would understand Louise and all she meant
to me and why I loved her so hard
she could only make fast her heart with a stone.

A Third Stone

This is Mark Strand’s stone.
This is Greg Orr’s.
They sit on the edge of my
lawn in the moonlight,
the incorporating moonlight,
like watchdogs, crooning.
When I dream it is the
stones I hear singing. Their
lines are not for me.
They are chanting prayers
to Theodore Roethke, to
William Blake. One
morning there is a third stone.
It is smaller than the others but
it glows like the world’s mind.

More About the Stone

The teachers gathered us
in the library. They
wanted to stop something
before it started.
They would not tell us
the story of the stone,
how they came to know it,
but they warned us
against its dominion.
This intrigued us, of course,
and some of us met at
Jimmy Tripper’s house
to talk about what we would
do once the stone came,
how we would move
slowly, with determination,
toward the circle the
stone created by its stillness.
How we would make
it ours and how afterward we
would know better than
our teachers about pre-
paring anyone for the stone.

Coda: Gift

A child will bring a stone home
and keep it as if
it were a precious gem. This
is the understanding
of the world we lose as we age.
On my desk is a desiccated
flower, a gift from
my daughter, the bestowing angel,
and the stone, now here, conferred.