Lao Tzu’s Rock

Jo Bartruff*

*Iowa State University

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The Tao stone I hold
close and pressed
warm and sweats
with wet
moisture of my skin.
A gift of ground,
carefully picked
for the miracle
mirror-image
sign of One-ness
like us
not-two.
I hold the Tao stone
old as Earth
and unpossessed,
new as birth
of ancient wood;
the weight of time forms
a view: its hues
form yin, herself
the dark
that fits and spoons
with yang, himself
the light.
The Tao stone held
pressed like flesh
of petrified skin,
and polished sheen;
held close
to pause
to see a fleck
a speck of light
a perfect flaw
like the one
familiar scar in your eye.