Stone Age

Ernest Stableford*
STONE AGE

As the windblown seed wedged
where the ledge wall’s riven
snakes down a water course in
its black granite veins;

sucks moist mineraled decay
and swells with a green spray
that will tease the crevice open
a season before the fall.

So, with your sweet roots
sucking at my dark heart,
I wonder how long ripens
this unwed scandal

before the dark rock splits,
giving up all that’s given:
water bleeding through the stone,
light streaming in the water

color weaving through the light -
your love playing in my bones -
where, thus opened, I see
stitching through it all

the bright threads of my undoing
tremor by tremor, grain by grain
until the hills surrender
to the seas again.

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