I hold in my hands a cup of river stone.
Water-smoothed surface still deep gray rough.
Weight rests heavy in my palm. Pale yellow
interior fired in an alchemist’s kiln.
Still-calm water’s surface cloud crossed.
Submerged continents, oceans in miniature
rotate with the tides.

I search to see the bottom of the cup.
Gentle waves pulse against a rim
grown indistinct, as if my gaze disturbed,
and the bottom recedes always out of my vision.
Until water meets sky. Poised on the boundary
boundless, I pause.

We meet unexpectedly, I with my river stone
weight still a palm memory; and you,
tall man in a green shirt. My gaze
travels the long distance to your face, finds
eyes like two mountain lakes. Unobserved
and uninterrupted, I hold your gaze
for the first time. A gentle pulse of waves
begins to lap the shores. I search
for a sandy bottom, the deeper my glance
penetrates, the greater their depths.
Together, a second gateway.