The Flat Rock

The flat rock I skip across the water
Should leap ringing all the way across
The water, across the crystal bay
Just grained with ripples.
But it skips once, twice, a third time,
Then it slideslips like a leaf
Headed for loam, like a seed thumbed down
Into a rich, black delta, staring back at me,
As it sinks way down,
Like a specimen suspended in glass,
Magnified.
Still.

It's caught
And held there.
Embraced, hardened, oiled,
Bonéd.

It's rich, sunken.

It shoots out pale fingers,
Wavering, one pointed at me, swelling now,
Monumental in its stillness.

/Susan Pulick/

When In The Last

when in the last
you found
not among the choosers
or
the choosing
you lay me
down
in
my indecision
and probing
with metaphors
and a coroner's attempted to dis
of the advancing
the post mortem
of
a social art
who
in refuge
overcame all
but