

# Stone

## *“History of a Stone”*

*Endlessly the stone waited  
for its chance and then  
a boy comes along  
bends down to it  
and throws it a little bit further on*

**Kamil Peteraj**  
*translated from the Slovakian  
by Viera and James Sutherland-Smith*

Stone upholds my feet  
and suffers the searching of my fingers.  
It absorbs my dreams  
and yields to my yearning to make a mark.  
It will never tell me who I am.  
It must outlive me.

The beach is all stones.  
None of them know  
their neighbour. Each one  
is different. Some  
I'm taking home,  
as I find them beautiful. None  
of them know it. None of them  
know what is happening  
around them.

Each morning  
since the Beginning  
the sun has risen  
upon stone.

Each morning  
until the End  
stone will light  
to the sun.

What if stones dream ?  
Would they dream  
in colour ?  
Would the dreams reach  
into memory ?  
Do stones remember  
the Creation ?  
Was the Creation  
colourful ?

Though I myself  
was not present  
at the Creation  
and my own particular  
peal of welcome  
is not in my gift  
to remember,  
I have witnessed the crowning  
of three small heads  
and heard the first breath.

It is a matter of examining stone  
and through the closeness and honesty  
of your examination  
loving it.  
Then and thus  
stone lives.

Here is a story of a young man  
of ancient  
blonde-haired beauty  
who made a goat-house  
upon a hill.  
He built it  
from the hill's own stone.  
By completion date he understood stone  
far better, he said,  
than human - the grain  
and grief of it - the love.  
But then the goats came along  
with just years to live.

Stone has no conscience.  
Through millions of years  
of light and dark  
stone has done nothing  
of which to feel ashamed.

The sun is a stone  
switched on.  
The stones we handle here on Earth  
carry the sun's charge.  
Through millenia  
they whisper and sing  
tending to powder.

I have heard a stone sing.  
Its song tore at me  
like a vulture's beak -  
breaking me down  
replacing me  
with eternity.

Stone lives without hope.  
It lives with nothing  
except slow wearing -  
infinitely slow.  
Let the wearing of stone  
always be  
infinitely slow.

You kick stone  
you spurn it  
you skim it across flat water  
like a speed boat.  
Stone suffers  
all your maltreatment.  
It knows without question  
no stone no you.  
We are all  
one with the dust.

There are stones that carry no weight  
cast no shadow  
and occupy neither place nor time.  
Beware of them.  
Core beyond belief  
they are god stones.

When Goliath met the stone  
he realised their respective powers.

Afterwards  
the stone had no trouble  
adapting to its new situation  
and is still  
operating there.

Consider the options : -  
strike down  
the tribal demon  
for at least a generation ;  
travel a few feet  
down the beach ;  
or settle a millimetre  
further into sand.

Stone contains all colours.  
As daily the sun slips  
across the hours  
stone broadcasts the colours  
to the world  
like a kaleidoscope.

Stone  
self-effacing  
all-encompassing  
wordless  
dust mote  
sun.

I have seen stone  
grow smooth.  
I am so old  
it is unbearable.

*Rogan Wolf*  
*June 2005*