

Fury: In Praise of Stone

hewn from a quarry
a rainless summer
petrified lengths, miles
heeled in inquiry
beseeking wilderness
of converted curtains
iridescent moorings
for moisture, coupling
pebbles emerge, precious
with twilight, engraved images
of procreation spewing
[and] every yesterday
covered in light
particles arid and calm
of savage grandeur
a commencement of growth
before mercy, a realm
a roof from which to build
brittle dunes yearning
saliva with mud
foundations, stalactite beams
bare and bloody, potions
clotted with tomorrows past
still to be chiseled.