

# The Stone

Summoned by the thirst of La Mancha  
I carry the stone that is our unconscious.  
Walking where bodies lie like so many poets words  
dark clouds portend the design.  
On the eastern horizon, a fortress of black rock rises  
where the hyacinth and lilac once grew,  
marching west are men without eyes.  
They utter phrases which were conceived in love  
but are now shadows and fleeting glimpses of scorched bone.

I take the stone from my pocket.  
Holding it in my hands as I would a precious gem,  
I speak in whispering tones:  
“The glass statue from Marseille,  
the metaphor etched into finest topaz,  
the rich azure of a young child’s eye  
juxtapose to caress”.

The stone becomes a white dove  
winging its way to the East  
where it dissolves the entire horizon into a crystalline bottle.  
I am left standing in a dark wood.

It seems I am alone.