

Skipping Stones

Rock-a-bye baby
in the curved wood's loose embrace
sway and hum along

Follow the music
stuck in the wind it shoves you
Feel the salty breeze

crash and crunch on sand
tuck your neck while you tumble
stand on stones on toes

Smooth black skipping stones
Nested inside your pocket
its gold now tarnished

chained to your pocket
It counts it's time stuck inside
Masked it waits alone

the siren's breeze comes
To the roof it flings the stone
the shingled sea shakes

Climb up the rooftop
here a mask long forgotten
The light overwhelms

beep beep in the sky
Hawk-like eyes stare down at you
dishes tilt their heads

concave it absorbs
the sweet words sent from above
convex times sits still