

The Museum of Stones

is witness to weight
tranquillity is a bar
keep your eyes wet
small fingers need
hard red polished
maracas movement
in the cornered dark
crow at the edge of

shaft of light
that must be
looking down
the memory
poison seeds
every hoax
a burial jar
the pitcher

centuries of pounding sea
impossible to raise or lower
step over the next artefact
of playing an ancient game
a long-dead woman taught
claims at least one believer
even whalebone can torment
one dropped pebble at a time

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is hiding from itself
slabs of heat under
forgotten town of
marble remains
crouch by windows
that bend towards
every assemblage
safe from knives

flat white
bare toes
goats
weather
so low
the wind
surfaces
impatient

newness laid end to end
spell resurrection for this
under thick grass names
cannot enter this brown fort
you are a giant with knees
an iron filing drawn towards
unmarked by some miracle
to gouge their hearts on rock

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is portable by sleight
denying small fingers
and making mobile
but seen everywhere
so beautiful you stop
drying into hues
pinkish-grey-golden
mercury round its rim

no longer
the joy
missiles
by accident
the car
so precious
delusion
whirring

a tomb-room centre of gravity
of lifting from the ground
that may hit or miss or scar
a bed of grey and yellow gravel
discover a spread of betel-nuts
you never mind the deception
a perpetual motion machine
studium to punctum as you shoot