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Colored

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Colored

Cayla Buttram

I saw a man today,
Cast as a dark shadow
Against the charcoal waters
And ashen sky.
His denim work pants crinkled
At the hips as he bent
To scoop a handful of rocks
From the pebbly shore along the choppy river.
Moving his hand from side to side,
He let the rocks bounce and rattle
Like enclosed dice in a game of chance.
Then, he threw one rock
Across the water
And watched it skip, deliberate.
Satisfied, he looked at the rocks
In his hand.
I watched as his beautiful black brow
Furrowed deeply with concentration.
His weathered hands
Felt to find the next one,
And I wondered:
Did he judge them
By color?

3.8.2009
