



Finding the Worry Stones

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FINDING THE WORRY STONES

Everywhere the deep hush
 of needles, except here
 where I have found
 four pebbles of quartz,
 picked from the foot
 of an uprooted pine,
 unburied, blinking

in the dirt, watching
 the pine's twisted waist
 slowly peel into shreds
 of blistered bark, branches
 thrown out, like arms spread
 to catch itself. Everywhere

the deep hush of needles.
 Except here where storm
 has left his slash and burn,
 his lightning penstroke
 in serifs and curls of branch
 and blast, where I pick
 up four quartz pebbles,
 three dull white, opaled
 cataracts, one cold pink
 and polished quiet, each
 sparkling cracks, glinting seams
 in sunlight, whispering worry
 stones in palm, in pocket,
 murmuring *I remember,*
I remember, remember . . .

Ed Madden