

Warrick Wynne

STONE GARDEN

Once it must have been everywhere:
blocks of it glued together
under fence lines,
the weight, pendulous,
beneath the lawn
the concentrated form
compact, compressed of it;
it must have almost risen from below
in its great mass and bulk
like a wrecked liner unsinking itself,
rising from the water,
streaming with light.

In the stone house
they must have lived their lives on it
and the shifting solid deck,
must have seen such weighty days,
rolling it aside each morning
like an empty tomb,
swallowing it like a bitter pill.

In your hearts
you too may have felt
the mass of the rock garden.
its uneroded whole
weighing you down
such leaden depths,
the stoney ground,
the drowning life.

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