

Skipping Stone

Inexpertly thrown
but so finely shaped it thrums through the air
like dragonflies.

Gently gliding
down toward the stillness of the surface;
A kiss.

Delicate ripples
wander out, with a tiny mist above them falling
like rain.

Another flash
of light catches, just before it touches, again briefly
further down.

The silence
everything is focused on a tiny rock spinning
and skipping.

Three times
an instant, then flight again;
like poetry

A hitch,
precedes a short, wobbled, flight.

Faint sound:
Ice in a wineglass; so crisp, so keen
So drowned.

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MMIV