

Stones

by [Luci Shaw](#) in the [March 2023](#) issue

Writing, the words wait in a line,
a row of polished stones

ready to be skipped across the lake.
That is their desire as well.

If I am clumsy, my flung words gravelly,
jagged, they will sink like rocks.

Better, I'll broadcast simple seeds,
words bursting from a ripe pod,

believing the wind will find for them
a soil rich enough to grow in,

to send up buds, flowers. Their meaning
hangs in the air—waiting for a light breeze.