

the stone artist

by Theresa Rogers

is tending to his cairn
again, gently balancing

one jagged stone
on to another

until each is poised
impossibly on its own

thick sea rock pressing
into mussel shells

bruised and broken

each day brings
a new topology

along the curved seawall
of the far Northwest

lined with silver trees—
cavenio sagrada (Españoles)

or *cascaras* to those
who first paid witness

still, his sculpted birds

won't wing or birth
as they keep vigil

in cold winds
and king tide swells

asking only
for one last moon

before starting their slow
slide back to the sea

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