

A Story Common to Man

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What does that stone feel?
That one, there on the street,
a tiny blip on a concrete radar,
colored light turned as
the stone meets stone,
Bridgestone, Firestone.

Maybe it wishes to be a slab
of sandstone making up the Egyptian
wonders of the world,
always tanned and important
finger acid burning it smooth

like the skipping stone
with its seconds of glory
then a deep, wet pit.

Our friend the rock
casts a shadow
alone and low
run over and unnecessary.
Doesn't feel a thing.

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