

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

Peter Victor

THE STONE

He was under a bright blue sky
Sunshine saturated all
His bare feet slid carefully along the riverbed
The water and rocks pleasant on bare flesh
Sunshine, water and rocks equally pleasant on his bare soul
Which lay silently basking in the sun
Sun, water and blue sky
Along an isolated stretch of wild backwater
Old growth forest watching
Hanging over both banks
He caught the flash and glitter
In the corner of his eye
He stopped, turning to look
A stone, perfectly round
Surrounded, constantly cleansed and polished
By running bubbling wild water
He slid sideways, carefully sitting on a flat protruding rock
Watching
As all the colors of water and earth
All the different shades
Shined and evolved with the slow-moving day
Flexing with the sun and light
He let his head fall back
Tilting up toward the sky
The warm sun and cool blue air
Pleasant on his face
He felt the beginnings of a slow smile
He knew her
Was surprised she found him
On this isolated stretch of beautiful backwater
With eyes closed
Being open and exposed
His soul flexing with the sun and light

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

He softly whispered
The words quickly swept away
His head then lowered
Eyes returning
Watching
As color and light coming off the stone
Briefly froze in time