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Robert Samuel Lackey

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Roots Along The Stone

By Robert Samuel Lackey

Amidst the rubble of your dreams,
Beneath the swirling dust and
Fading embers of a scream
That clogged your throat
When you first heard the news,
Now silence sits.

Heavy, a great stone on your chest
Each breath slips out like water
Through your hands. . .to get it back
Requires a supreme act of will
And memory.
Time itself hangs freeze-frame in the
Eye.

Yet into this stark crater in your life
Will tumble strange new soil.
Fragments falling in from other lives.
Broken loose by shock,
Often igneous. . .shaped and shattered
By the heat.

And in the pit, where all you tilled
Was blasted to the rock
Deep waters trickle in from hidden
veins.
And roots once stopped by stone,
Find bright fissures and pass through —
To deeper soil.

Time drops new seeds and passes on.
And there's no need now
To plow around the stones.
For it is in the end
That new life can break through.
And it is in the end
That we begin again.

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Photograph by Tony Neely

