

Skimming Stones

A brooding shadow picks its way towards a taunting shore

Probing, shuffling amongst foreign travellers

Pale-faced and weary

Abandoned by the receding light

Unsteady footsteps upset sleeping waters

Tendrils of sea-green snare

bare ankles

Arriving in sandalled feet to a chorus of rumbling laughter

Sunken eyes gleam in the moonlight, observing, appreciating

A face, smooth and rounded, His mottled and worn

Old faces both, weighted with history

Stiff limbs support an outstretched hand, reaching

For the handful, tear-shaped

Held, tightly clasped in trembling hands

He feels no warmth

This rounded pebble

A final reassuring possession

Two-faced, real and solid

Scored and fragile

The air moistens, his arm is drawn back

Excited shore winds carry his arc

Piercing, twinkling stars break his grip

One last flight for the wounded

Gliding

 Skipping

 Darting

 Living

Eluding currents

Slowing, faltering, dipping

under

the murky brown

consumed by stronger wills

He settles

The man who has lost everything

Among weary travellers

Still