

Kathleen Hellen

On stones

Not any man seeking answers in the agate, jasper,
not Theophrastus searching on the shore in Lesbos—
men with powers of attraction like some stones,
the precious ones, not loved for color's
fracture but for quarried labor, worn—
men with consequence of motion:
seals are made of this, or the sarcophagus:
smooth round rock, speaking in the haptic.
Applying forces not external to emotion,
not opposing—stony matrix, hidden to myself,
a wetness lapping at self-presence
(dark room, closed-door pleasure).

