

Steps between Stones

In response to Nicola Arthen's An Intricate Well

by Alec Mateo and Benjamin Schoonenberg

The thing about him is...
That between stones...

The thing is that he despises the unwhole.

And between these stones
The steps between these stones...

During a single interval...

Would by virtue of that passionate disdain...
Would for sake of some parallel completion...

In one pass over, through, or around...

He would finish his coffee or sandwich or what have you
Shedding crumbs and spilling liquid all over the moss
And never on himself, his chin jutted out, in one interval
If he understood it as such, in haste.

They might say there's a shimmy to him but I see haste.

Haste, I feel, is antithetical to a shimmy.

The thing about a good shimmy is...

A good one at the very least...

A good one can be done between these stones
[a good shimmy oughta be compact - in contrast, or rather
opposition to Haste]

Good Space for a Shimmy with the Shoulders,

At Play with the Loss of Balance,

and the catching of it back.

My legs are tired just thinking of the bringing, everything is
brought. My hands are sore too, from the moving; I'd like to
tell him that.

There are curves and angles on these stones. Steps over and
on top of them punctuated by curves and angles. Lose a little
footing to have it caught back; - a shimmy.

The thing about sore hands is that rarely are they read as more
than consequence. Sandstone in the shade, when let rest, lets
out the heat it sponges up in the sun,

It's a porous stone, a greedy stone.

Moist moss can make for slipping but that is talk for fresh
hands.

I remember, hiking
with my parents as
a child, and seeing
a stone that was
hollowed out from
the inside. A stone
looking like a bowl,
curved smoothly.

My father explain-
ed to me that many
consecutive single
drops of water -
falling exactly at
the same place, each
time - had shaped
the stone.

I remember wonder-
ing how long that
process took.

I remember, on
those walks my
brothers and I would
collect stones - ones
we liked and wanted
to take home with
us. Our parents said
we could take as
many as we wanted,
as long as we carried
them ourselves.

I remember car-
rying those stones,
picking the ones you
want to take with
you - which ones
are worth carrying
and which you
want to leave in the
landscape where
you found them, or
along the route you
are walking, creates
a sense of intimacy
with them. They be-
come dear to you as
you hold them close
to your body.