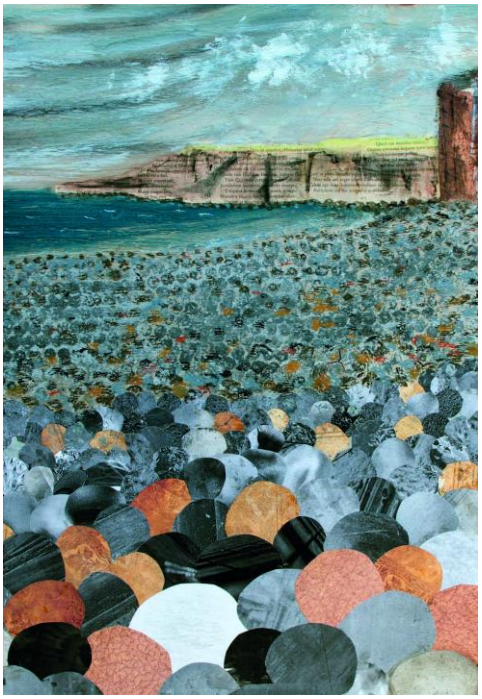
**Singing Stone**



These years have been tumbling in a barrel – the kind
that grinds stones: a mill; a person-making polisher.
I am now a smooth stone: all the rough edges
worn away. To what use, you say?
To look pretty in glass vase or neatly edge a pathway?
I want much more than this.
I want to skim along the surface of the sea.
I want to skip the waves.
I want to sink into the forehead of a giant,
severing his life-blood.
I want to be sharp – not just smooth.
I want to fly not lie
around – I don't mind getting a bit messy
in the battle to know I floored the foe.
I want to sing as I fly.
I want someone to turn me over
lovingly in their hand.
I want to be chosen.
I know I *am* chosen,
but for what?
Have I, like the Baptist, only one line
in history? It had better be a good one.