Conversation with a Pebble

Here’s what I’ve been wondering.
If fire hides in wood
what hides in a stone?

I hold a pebble
in the palm of my hand. It looks like
an egg that wants to hatch.

I do not know how long
it will take, how long its incubation
or breaking through.

My time is slow,
Pebble says. Slower
Than you can imagine.

I know this is true.
I kiss the pebble,
Watch the moisture from my lips sink in.

That’s what I’m hiding,
It says. Water. The tiniest
Rivers, lakes, seas.

Ideas of what water
Can be. Yes, pebble says,
I am hiding all the world’s memory.

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