

Gifts from a Lithic Lover

Monday I'll send you slate
a slim square purple-split
carved with concentric circles
by miners in Bethesda quarries

Sit quiet let it whirlpool you toward the earth's core

Tuesday Ysnaby sandstone
a corner hacked thick from a rocky geo
aeons ago for alcoves shelves
in storm-bruised houses huddled at Skara Brae

Wedge it against a door mute the rattle of wind.

Wednesday blue pebbles from Tinos
murmur the soft Greek word *mármaron*,
rock that shimmers like the sea
in the pulse of an off-shore breeze

Keep them in the wave-light lest they dull.

Thursday a weighty nodule of flint,
white-shelled found near the Devil's Tumps
where downland fields stretch like battlegrounds
scattered rich with bleached bones

Hire a knapper adorn your orchard wall

Friday a scant handful of obsidian
mirror-black at one time red-hot lava Stromboli flow
beware it has sharp glinting eyes
locals call it dragon glass

Wrap it with care it could turn your buried secrets inside out.

Saturday a lump of serpentine
from sandy clitter on the Lizard headland
rough and dusty now polished
it greens with swirled surf

Sculpt it as you will wren's egg finger bowl lighthouse

Sunday undo this canvas bag of adder-stones
 good luck tokens
 thread a leather bootlace through each hole

Go wherever you are led
 around sea edges over folded hills
 into echoing caverns
 up through the rind of the sky
 on towards the sun