

Fall 1988

Skipping Stones

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Recommended Citation

Rozema, Mark (1988) "Skipping Stones," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 31 , Article 13.

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Skipping Stones

Some skitter across the virgin sheet
of water rapid-fire as the wingbeat
of a ruffed grouse. Some veer
like stricken kamikaze planes, plunge,
then flutter to the grave. Some shave
the river's thin skin, releasing with each
touch a hidden light, shimmering
like a flock of ladybugs in flight.

Like children, each finds its own way.
Like snowflakes, no two are the same.
Find the curve that says to the finger
"You are my purpose," a stone that holds
deep in its crystal center a longing
to be deemed worthy of the other bank.

Mark Rozema