Flint and Stone

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This small rock spent random centuries rolling to the thrust and push of countercurrents where sea-going stream met sea-mass moving toward the shore.

Then the slow upthrust of the earth as it formed the backbone of the Rockies exposed the stone, a small ocean egg left to hatch on a barren hillside.

Our ancestors are all around me here. I feel the distant vibrations of the drum and hear the high, clean voices of the singers in the wind.

At my feet I find a wedge of flint, a thin, sharp-edged flake sheared when a man leaned down his careful weight, transmitting it to the parent stone through the rounded point of a staghorn.

The chip must have hit the ground like thunder for the sound of it to roll up the vast silence of the arroyos and across the centuries to reach my ears, just now.