



Poem for a Pebble

by Vicky Gatehouse

I found you on a sad day.

You lay on the pavement's edge
as if someone had kicked you aside,

small, grey and imperfectly round.
Eyes to the ground, I crept past,

then a flicker of sun, and you winked
and I *knew* that wink was for me.

You were a perfect fit for my palm
and, close up, so much more

than just grey, with starry sprinkles
of pink and cream,

shiny and pitted, smooth and rough
all at the same time.

You made me think
about the zillions of years

it took to make you this way –
still inside you, the spit of volcanos,

the cold toes of glaciers,
the wild-beating heart of the sea.

You are the secret I hold
in the snug darkness of pockets.

How warm you grow
as you take away all my sad.

