

## 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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