

Stone

by Emma Hutson

If I am to be a stone,
Let me be a river rock,
Polished by flowing water,
Not chip-cracked by avalanches
Or ground down by industry.
If I am to be polished,
Let it be by honest time,
By cool water running,
Not fraught tumbling
In foam and soap and grit.
If I am to be tumbled,
Let it be by someone kind,
Who sees gleaming promise
Behind a dusty exterior
Not yet taught to shine.

