

**the stone artist**

by Theresa Rogers

is tending to his cairn  
again, gently balancing

one jagged stone  
on to another

until each is poised  
impossibly on its own

thick sea rock pressing  
into mussel shells

bruised and broken

each day brings  
a new topology

along the curved seawall  
of the far Northwest

lined with silver trees—  
*cavenio sagrada* (Españoles)

or *cascaras* to those  
who first paid witness

still, his sculpted birds

won't wing or birth  
as they keep vigil

in cold winds  
and king tide swells

asking only  
for one last moon

before starting their slow  
slide back to the sea