

*More Rocks*

# **MORE ROCKS**

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*For Robert Grenier*

cloud, suddenly  
there is one and

after that two,  
how mitosis

in cells goes on,  
how at times one

notices how  
another per-

son appears, that  
a spark can light

the sky that is  
now empty, blue

dome, as above  
that mountain that

memory is  
thinking of, this

form of being  
say, that water

might be falling  
behind you, that

sound, an unseen  
action off stage

so to speak, as  
if one hears it

only, doesn't  
visually

see what's going  
on elsewhere, one

called Hamlet, one  
the person he

is to marry  
for instance, or

so his mother  
says, the one he

loves but also  
gives away, so

to speak, both to  
his surrogate

father, the one  
who has married

his mother, and  
to another

woman, her name  
Ophelia

though no one knows  
why, perhaps O

phallus or love  
of the O, one

is thinking, one  
walking toward

the stream warmed by  
the sun, as I

sit here, as if  
meditation

could be this, back  
feels flexible

I see, stretching  
first to the side

or should I say  
leaning left, lean

sounds good, so  
does leaning right

although the sound  
is different,

counting differ-  
ent syllables

that way, which I  
mean to from time

to time, as if  
counting something

were anything  
special, which it

is but also  
isn't, counting

being a part  
of everything,

whatever it  
is called, perhaps

life force, the spark  
I like to say

sometimes, how it  
happens when you

least expect it,  
or maybe you

photograph by Peter de Jung



*More Rocks* was written on a backpacking trip in the Sierra Nevada between North Lake and South Lake, 60 miles over three 12,000-foot passes August 15–21, 1994. I wrote in two-line stanzas (four syllables in each line, a mark of punctuation in each pair of lines) as a kind of walking meditation.