

A Transmographic of Stone

The shard I lift is shaped like the rear-end
of one of those
art-deco charter-busses from the fifties Or maybe
the square-nose of the whale
in my illustrated Children's Bible Story book
just before Jonah got gulped
And I see that stone
is transport, is container, is
perhaps punisher... perhaps
salvation—
(after all, Jonah *lived*—
his alternative, *drowning*)
But Rosa Parks moved to the front--
the part of this bus that is missing,
like some horrific accident dissecting
the greyhound
the whole front section gone—
maybe hurled over the edge of the road
and into the canyon,
derailing the whole
civil rights movement...
And Jonah moved, by peristalsis,
contradictions and gulps
ever closer the back of the fish with
churning prawn and kelp
toward the normal exit
before God gracefully intervened
with gag-reflex
so Nineveh could hear
and be spared...
Oh, my charter-stone! My Moby-rock!
Protector of petrified passengers!
You have a deep-red heart
--no metaphor here, really--
a deep red, iron deposit heart
like rust, like blood, like something sacred
you traveled across centuries
to bring—disembarking now into
my hand,
saved from the drowning
of deep untouched geologies,
spared the discrimination
of mineral classification.