Carry a Stone on Your Tongue

to open the doors, windows, the moment
to feel drenched in it
to hear the owl's note
as the moon stuck in his beak

to feel the moon's implosion
to burn with it
to know impetuous green
beneath the damp dirt

to taste the damp dirt in the stone
you place on your tongue
to quell thirst You hold it
like an owl's note Unfolding



Grenache DRY STACK VINEYARI Bennett Valley

WINE: www.erickentwines.com

POETRY: www.helenwallacepoetry.com

Kent Humphrey, Winemaker

bloca Phint Wallace

Helen Pruitt Wallace, Poet