

STEVEN F. KLEPETAR

Throwing Stones

Out on the river, pitching them sidearm
at frogs. Glass houses, what little

bastards we were. Sometimes they skipped
five, six, seven
times
or kerplunk –
the ovoid space in water's heart.

Sunlight
glittered on the surface, green web
of trees
and all the time
(without knowing)
we were sinking in time's rich, sticky mud.

Something heard (at wind-quiet noon?): birds
sweeping at the desperate shadows of fish.