Stones Float poems “Adulthood” appeared in *Terminus*, 2004, and “Beginning to End” was A View from the Loft Le Poème finalist and appeared online, April-May 2003.

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**A Heavy Shower**

Dry rain fell like tired gravel, bouncing off rock hard land. Drops evaporated into dust. Eventually, fields were covered by an arid ground fog and looked like a cheesy 1950s horror flick. Walking through it left people’s ankles grimy and aching. No one had an explanation. Some said what happens, happens. Some pretended it wasn’t happening, believing it was far easier to deny reality. Politicians reassured the public, but the citizens knew better. They raised sturdy slate umbrellas to block out the falling granite sky.

**Adulthood**

Admit it. Something about carrying a briefcase makes you feel all grown up. New and shiny or scratched and battered doesn’t matter. A briefcase suggests secrets inside, super important papers, confidential documents for VIPs and CEOs, or mob money or terrorist bombs, or a bologna sandwich, maybe a banana, breath mints. You never know. A briefcase says, "I have arrived," commands respect, even when you know feeling that way is childish.

**Beginning to End**

It was when she began not remembering what was and what was not.

 There were the bizarre dreams, bodies falling out of chimneys,

 horses telling her fortune, her work pod climbing Everest.

 Those were okay; she knew they were dreams.

But then she dreamt conversations with friends and family,

 ordinary conversations about everyday things.

 She would remember them, but not remember if they happened.

 Then she wasn't sure if what happened really happened;

so, she began to live in a sort of fugue state,

 not quite knowing if she were really there or really herself;

 and it all began to be both dream and real

 and she decided, finally, it didn't matter anymore.

After she dreamt she died in her sleep, there was no reason to get up.

**Reversal**

In a negative world, values would be reversed. Night, day. Day, night. Shadows, light instead of shade and light, the color of black. We’d shade bathe under the oak tree and plant crops in forests and caves. We’d rise at the crack of sunset, look forward to cloudy nights at the beach, where fish would flutter through the air. We’d keep our cats in aquariums. Snakes would fly. Stones float. Minds feel. Hearts think. Poems be prose.