

A stone sits poised –

Heave it at the Zealot –
sanctimonious crowd.

Punish the harlot.

Stone them until they
are dead, along with
our mercy and reason.

Or hold it. Like a worry bead
soft aromas blend meadow,
murmuring stream, swish of sunshine,
until peace with trees and breeze
creates a tranquil heart.

I am the rock.

I am the tree and tornado,
savory salt and dead sea.

Within me are rage and rest,
kindness and cruelty,
love and lust,
revenge and forgiveness.

Whether I hurl the stone
or cradle it in peace
is my choice.