

Cairn

By Thomas Rist.

If
you stone
by stone un-cairned
the cairn, grappled
the guts of the rock (as it were)
from the never-still body, somewhere
you'd find, deep in the heart of the rubble,
the keystone, cornerstone, call it the thing you like
the first intention
beating. Cover it then, and add to the mound
a stone for the pinnacle. Ear to the ground,
it has marked the ghosts of the lost
and given them road. The bossed
stones of Egypt remember
the dead. The cairn,
a hill in the hills,
remembers
life.