

Sketch to Stretch

Excursion, by Barbara Hengstenberg

I picked up a leaf along the way to your house at the end of the road running my finger along its veins I followed them back to the stem pinching the stem between my thumb and first finger, I twirled the leaf into space I picked up a slice of shale along the way good skipping stone and there's a pond near-by I can't pass up this opportunity I picked up a stick along the way through the stand of pines to the pond a four-foot club not quite straight with a dip-in above a knot the perfect spot for my grip I came upon the pond gripping my walking stick, my leaf and the small slice of shale I sat near the pond and gazed upon its surface of glass After what seemed to be a minute but most likely was ten

I stood, squatted to a serious skipping stance and skipped the shale atop the looking-glass one, two, three, four, five skips! I gathered my leaf and my walking stick and I picked up a pinecone along the way back to the road that led to your house its tips pricked my fingers its sap smelled of Christmas comfort smells I continued along down the dirt road twirling my leaf keeping pace with my stick and rolling the pinecone in my hand I picked up a pebble along the way to your house, just a few footsteps away a pure white lucky stone so smooth that I'm sure many before me have rubbed it embedding it with wishes I rubbed its smoothness on my cheek its coolness refreshed my sun-parched face I picked up the pace as I drew nearer your home I've so many treasures to give you treasures from nature gifts from the heart a pinecone, a leaf, a stick and a pebble and a tale of the magical shale that must have skipped at least ten, maybe twenty, times on the glassy pond before it came to its final resting place oh, at least fifty feet from shore my gift to the pond.

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