

Timothy Pilgrim

Cairns

Cascades meadow, peaks pointed
through sheer clouds, I collect
flat stones, mostly granite.

You place each atop another,
gingerly construct a tower
jutting from a base of moss. Rocks

of various sizes give the structure
a curved look. Often, mere pebbles
support some rocks as large

as breasts. I study you,
from behind, hold my breath
as you bend, adjust the placement,

stand upright in litheness,
pause, assess the stability,
rise to a bright sky. I have collected

many stones, lie back, hoping
it takes you all summer
to finish this cairn.