

Autamata, Skimming Stones

We would hold a stone aligned with the horizon
And then release
It would skim and ride until it dipped beneath the water-line

We made helicopters from sycamore fruits
Those machines were simple
On their way down, turning

I remember scenes painted in watercolours
The colour of dreams
And then patterns formed and nothing more could stem the rising tide

We broke the surface tension
We broke the surface
Now these stones beneath my clothes will always bear the watermark