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Children of the Stone

Born from the stone, raised by the plains,
smiled upon by the sky,
they are the Children of the Stone.
They dream of jovial stars, the vile planets
and the celestial pair, the Sun and the Moon.

Teased by the forests, taught by the desert
liberated by the arctic.
The Children of the Stone reach adolescence,
they spill bugs upon the grass, weave warmth
into the moss, and paint color onto the flowers.

Loved by the sea, admired by the mountains,
kindled by the tropics. The Earth is their
dwelling to collect, create, and recreate.
The Children of the Stone reach adulthood,
their youthful hands begin to scar.

Enticed by the caves, avoided by the fissures,
chased by the prairies.
The Children of the Stone are universal in
identity, they are known as creators, as nature's origin,
they have reached their elder years.

Worn hands, kind eyes, lined faces.
Born from the Stone, received by the wind,
they become the childish breeze that
rushes past the grass, flowers and leaves.
they can finally see the Universe.