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## The Little Stones

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## THE LITTLE STONES

The little stones line up on the road  
and march off. Some are for windows,  
some are for foreheads, some for the  
slipping wheels of locomotives. As they  
reach their stations they turn off  
without saying goodbye to each other.  
This one is lucky. He will be a jewel.  
He will live on the breasts of beautiful  
women and in the pockets of thieves.  
Now this one stops. He is meant for the  
hand of a child and the eye of the child's  
sister. And here is a row of four. See  
how they march together? These stones  
will grow large, they will signal the  
tombs of a family, one for the mother  
and father, one for the daughter and two  
for the son who dies in a strange land.  
And a handful of six round, white stones  
to rub against each other in the pocket  
of a mathematician. These six stones  
will conjure numbers that haven't been  
invented yet, will measure galaxies, the  
speed of solar systems, the deaths of stars.  
And the stars, exploding, will become  
stones and will line up again on a road  
and march off, some for windows, some for  
foreheads, some for the slipping wheels  
of locomotives or the tombs of families  
of four—the mother, father, daughter, the  
son with his body in one land, his grave  
in another, each of them marked by a stone.