

The Stone by Rich Norman © 2014

And with broken shoulder he did press
And raise the burden upon himself
Pointless and inevitable as dead weight
Now and again, crowding into his eye
Again as before
The limit stitched fast.

How breathless was the moment
The stone released, rolling free
And now, perhaps...
He might find wings, and hover
Then dart away into a forgotten corner of sky
As eternal lightness might fall upward
...into the brightest places
Now above and returning
As light into light
—so was his dream.

And then, to feel the stone upon the break
Pressing down
Inevitable and grey
As purpose and weight
...so was his burden
Of both rock and sky
—a bitter cleft twice again for knowing...

*It is not his toil under which Sisyphus suffered
—but the weight of his hope.*