

Madeleine Hannah

Sailing Stones

“Though no one has ever seen them actually move in person, the trails left behind the stones and periodic changes in their location make it clear that they do.”

-National Park Service

In secret, they creep
across the cracked earth

dark and bulky, jarring
against the flat bleached playa,
obvious, they glide unseen

a fleet of contradictions,
they sit sated and serene
in the valley of death

they voyage unaided,
untroubled by man
or beast

only the wise, wheeling stars
by which they navigate
witness their passage.

Sometimes I worry I'm icebound
or stuck in stagnant slime

but frost and mud
provide their own arcane
locomotion

even rocks
leave wake in the desert.
