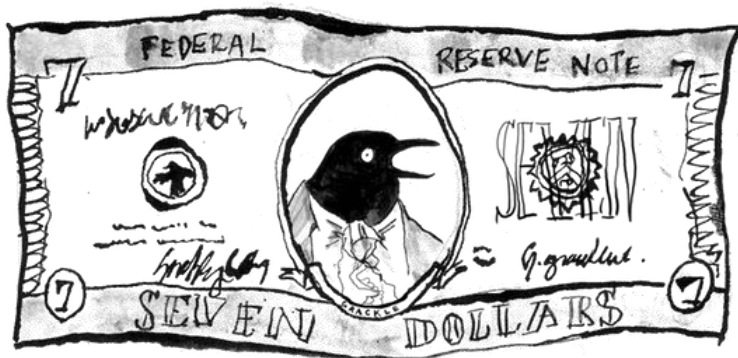




# THE GRUB STREET GRACKLE



## POETRY STIMULUS PRESENTS

This River, This Stone

*a poem by*

—Karen Shepherd—

# This River, This Stone

She pauses by the river, stone in hand.  
A willow dangles, touching pools where light  
is caught and salmon ripen for their run.  
The maples let go, red leaves stick to boots  
and this small weight held in her palm is all  
and nothing. Edges—smoothed by currents, time,  
and chance—begin and end in water’s womb.  
The surface holds reflections of the firs  
and stars that break the darkness, stretching space  
between the banks. She is the breath of storms  
to come, the force behind the ripple’s spread,  
the placing and replacing of response.  
She lets go by not letting go, her stone  
both imminent and fading in stillness.

—Karen Shepherd

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Despite leading a boring and stable life, Karen Shepherd seeks opportunities to drape words around the small and mundane experiences of her existence. Her musings have been published in various print and online journals, but most of her work resides only in files on her laptop.

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