Instructions:

1. Read the text below to yourself two times or more.
2. Mark each line break with a slash / and each stanza break with a double slash //.

Skipping Stones

by Sachiko Murakami (1980 - )

I fling flat stones into the surf, corral my anger in the strangely angled pose. Each beat’s concentric blip a sound so odd it clarifies the brine to mellow blues. My mother’s ex once skimmed his bottle caps

down at the lake; not littering, I thought, the glinting disc’s fourteen discrete hop-hops. Now I trust black, the solid strength of rock. My hand must learn the pebble’s weight, and know which chips will change the shape and spoil the trick; this can’t be accurately guessed, and though some seem to work without my gauging it; I fling them to new ocean bottom homes, and some I leave to dry upon the beach. Skip stones.

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my anger in the strangely angled pose.

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http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poems/skipping-stones