

Poem – Stone

Facing my Goliath—
the giant looming
impossible.

I tremble inside
armor laden
with the past,
shield up
to this moment,
the future heavy
with the unknown.

I want trust
like David,
who reached
into the brook
to select
a few small stones.

No shield, I carry
pieces of earth
worn smooth
by the conversation
of movement and time—
touching each stone now.

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