

Incident at the Rock Pile

Doug Birgfeld

Someone heard,
A first grader,
That you could
Spark rocks
By cracking them
Together.

The rock pile,
By the chain fence
Off limits,
But well attended,
The laboratory
For short scientists
Discovering fire

One Proto-Human,
One Clovis Person,
Takes a likely stone,
Black and speckled
Sparkly and glinting,
From a pile

Not his pile, but the pile
Carefully stacked
By the Kindergartener,
Organized and ready
For a recess of trials,
Coaxing magic from inert

The thief, on the flee,
Is witnessed.
Action in required.
Stones make good protests

He lets it fly

The civilian girl
From Munjoy Hill
Only knows she is hit
And bleeding
It will need a stitch

The Kindergartner
To the principal
Cannot recount the steps
That led away
From careful observation

To collateral casualties
At the off limit rock pile
At a Portland school
Where the discovery of fire
Was one collision
Of stone against stone
Away.

About the author

Doug Birgfeld is a poet and songwriter who steals great lines from the people of Halloween and Portland Maine.