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Breton Stones

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Breton Stones

In a forest of stones she waits
For the moon to find her.
Lying beneath the dolmen,
Her back against the grass,
She thinks of the women
Who've come before her:
The baker's daughter,
The mayor's wife; even
The baroness, she remembers,
Had her first child this way.
She knows her husband doesn't think
Much of this idea, but she's run
Out of remedies and her prayers
Go unheard, unanswered.

When the moon rises,
She's ready to begin.
She calls him softly to her,
And she knows that he's heard
Her call as fingers of light
Expose her to the dialating moon.
As the moon quickens, she quickens.
At daybreak she rises and in her arms
She bears a child of light,
A child of morning, red
As red-fingered dawn stretching
Under a roof of stone.

Peter Huggins