

## Moving rocks.

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*It's all in the wrists*  
he demonstrates, as mine  
keep slipping (spindly by design  
plus damage, stubborn insist-  
ence, abusive years of keyboards, frets and stops)  
and I lose my grip,  
and though the chunk of rock at first resists,  
sure enough, to my surprise  
when I half-push, half-  
turn, half-lift  
this stone I'd thought immovable,  
and subtly twist  
it on its axes, it complies;  
the boulder tumbles ponderous and low,  
but *moves*, and rolls  
across the earth, bowls through  
the air,  
and somehow, more or less,  
however thick and fixed,  
its solid mass  
seems slowly  
to be getting there.