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I saw a woman surface from the stone
saw the stone surface from the woman
saw its earth fury
its sand flight
its nostalgic wind spilling.
I saw the distance between the two
century chasm
twisted grimace in the arid blow
of edges.
I saw the suffering
the cyclical of a world sprouted from the earth.
Still the stone sprouting from a woman
knows how to defeat the masses of time that sadden it
knows how to sand down the faith of water worked by crevice.
For the stone to bleed
the woman must first bleed
for the woman to bleed
she must first eat from the earth
its most imperfect particle
and so give birth to damp men
rising from her dust.