

VOICES  
VOICES  
VOICES



*A Second Decade of Poems  
From Voices Israel*

MICHAEL E. STONE

*Ice Light*

The sun's captured light,  
is split, speared, and  
caught in the nylon net  
on the bay window.

Yesterday's melt froze overnight  
and made patches of hard slippery gloss  
bonded brownly to the pavement.

A leafless bush,  
draws a silhouette on the blind.  
A bird alighting there,  
stood, considered,  
then launched off.  
And the shadow branch shuddered.

Light glints through a drop of water,  
An eye frozen in mid-drip,  
On the bare-branched bush.



MICHAEL E. STONE

*Sights*

Over Galway harbour  
gulls and crows  
competing  
screech wheel and dip  
and she sits alone  
on a black stone bench  
outlined on the river's flow  
wearing life's weave of  
entwined threads  
of love and letting go.

