

## Small Stones

By Chris McDonnell

Approaching the end of a ninetieth year,  
 years caught in faded photographs  
 and worn words,  
 where the echo of footsteps  
 on a small-stoned path  
 is now lost in this forever Autumn,  
 towards the end  
 of a personal journey  
 after many false starts  
 and blind alleyways  
 walking a wandering way  
 through familiar trees  
 full rust-yellow in this late Fall,  
 when, stopped short,  
 sometime late in '68  
 while in a journey space  
 through a distant field  
 not then knowing all that has followed,  
 the endless papers,  
 prose and poetry,  
 the drawings and meetings, rooms,  
 publications and collections,  
 skilled scholarship  
 and the lighting of lamps  
 in the little darkness.

Empty silence on the wind  
 cold under distant stars.  
 All slips away,  
 memory deceives the present  
 and a broken, hand-held instant  
 is gone, lost  
 in June and December,  
 words in the exchange  
 of love,  
 blown-out on the wind  
 of forgetfulness.



Chris McDonnell

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Chris McDonnell retired as a Headteacher in 2002. His writing has appeared in a number of editions of the *Seasonal* over many years, as well as in other collections both in the UK, US and Ireland. He lives in Staffordshire in the Midlands of England.