

New Worlds in Old Stones



Mary Frances

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Where the path meets the road, the last fallen leaves tangle and catch on bumpy curves of dried mud and moss.

On the walls of old houses, time and weather paint a soft wash on the stone in colours of earth and air.

In the churchyard, wind and rain scour prayers and dates from the headstones rubbing a rough grain and etching new marks.

At the points where things meet, in gaps where light breaks in, in cracks where buds burst out, at the seams and edges of things - these are the places where imaginary landscapes might appear.

Small and easily hidden, they are almost lost in the cracked stone maps - at first just dirt and damage, lichen and weed. Then slowly the eye shifts its focus and tiny worlds start to form.

Waves break on a sea wall, a lilac tree overlooks a misty valley, seabirds circle over the stormy ocean, a forest lake shimmers under a dawn sky.

These are the small treasures on every street, tiny portals to other worlds. They appear as a stage set for dreams we have forgotten, dreams we half-remember, dreams we have not yet dreamed.

—Mary Frances





























