

**Stone Print**

There seems to be nothing on the framed white matte,  
a dot, perhaps, as one bends near:

a tiny, flat boat, is it?  
and a figure so surprisingly small  
that one leans closer still:

yes, really, it is a man  
of thin black wash on a creamy sea,  
his one paddle deep in paper,  
maybe a millimetre long,  
open, angled loop.

Oh worlds! the privacies of miniature,  
perfections overlooked,  
like those small families of ivory  
carved and mounted in a circle on a pin  
visited through the magnifying eye,  
where we look in, gods all

and through our tenderness  
our totem selves go sailing,  
ringed around by undetected whales too deep to see,  
but singing.

—Audrey Conard