



PROJECT MUSE®

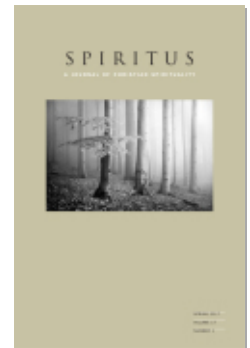
Dreaming of Stones

Christine Valters Paintner

Spiritus: A Journal of Christian Spirituality, Volume 17, Number 1, Spring 2017, pp. 111-112 (Article)

Published by Johns Hopkins University Press

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.1353/scs.2017.0008>



➔ *For additional information about this article*

<https://muse.jhu.edu/article/655750>

Dreaming of Stones

CHRISTINE VALTERS PAINTNER

In the world before waking
I meet a winged one,
feathered, untethered,
who presses in my palm
three precious stones,
like St. Ita in her dream,
but similarities end there,
her with saintliness and certainty,
me asking questions in the dark.

All I know is
I am not crafted from
patience of rock or gravity of earth,
nor flow of river,
I am not otter with
her hours devoted to play.
I am none of these.
At least not yet.

The stones will still be singing
centuries from now,
made smooth by
all kinds of weather.
If I strike them together,
they spark and kindle.
Do I store them as treasures
to secretly admire
on storm-soaked days?
Or wear them as an amulet
around my neck?

When the angel returns to me
in the harsh truth of last morning,
will she ask
what have I endured,

treasured, and sparked?
Will she ask what have I hidden away
and what made visible?