The Stone of Me
By: Gail Langstroth

you lay your arm around me
I feel its weight

we sleep

I wake

to find your arm
but not weight

does sleep erase weight

help us float

water lifting in dream—if

this is what it means
to be your lover

I agree

weightless your arm holds

the stone of me

About the author

Gail Langstroth spent 38 years of her life in Europe as an international lecturer and eurythmy performer. In June of 2011, she received her MFA in poetry from Drew University, Madison, NJ; the Patricia Dobler Poetry Prize (2011); and the Passager Poetry Contest, honorable mention (2012). In 2014, she premieres her lecture and performance: en el fondo del aire (in the depths of air—the life and poetry of Juan Ramón Jiménez) in Peru, Spain, and New York City.

Judge: Denise Duhamel