

The Heron's

Pebble

# The Heron's Pebble

*Somewhere in these words is  
the truth*

*I think.*

*I think*

*I believe*

*there is such a thing as truth,*

*but it is hard,*

*impossible,*

*to reason your way to that belief.*


*Descartes, who was  
much smarter than I,  
worked hard at it and did  
an admirable job,*

*but even he is not  
fully convincing.*

*Still, I feel that*

*somewhere*

*there is some small stone,*

A collection of various sized and colored stones (pebbles, rocks) scattered on a white background. A vertical line divides the image into two halves. The left half contains several larger, smoother stones, while the right half contains many smaller, more angular and rough stones. The stones vary in color, including shades of grey, tan, yellow, and dark brown.

*rounded and worn*

*from aeons*

*of  
rounding  
and*

*wearing*

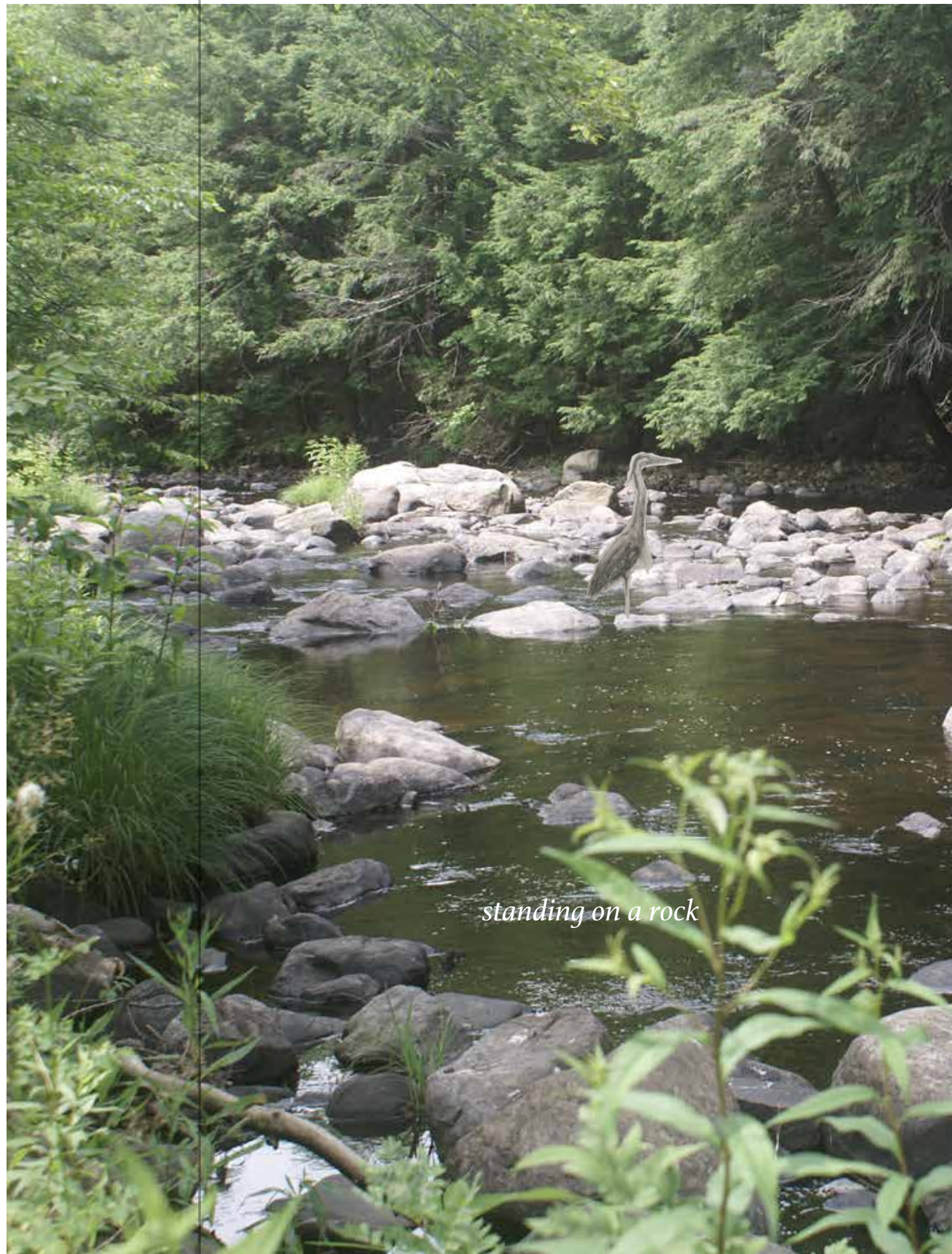
*– somewhere  
there is some small  
pebble of truth.*

*(Quick, said the bird.*

*Find it! Find it!)*



*Perhaps under the claw of a heron*



*standing on a rock*

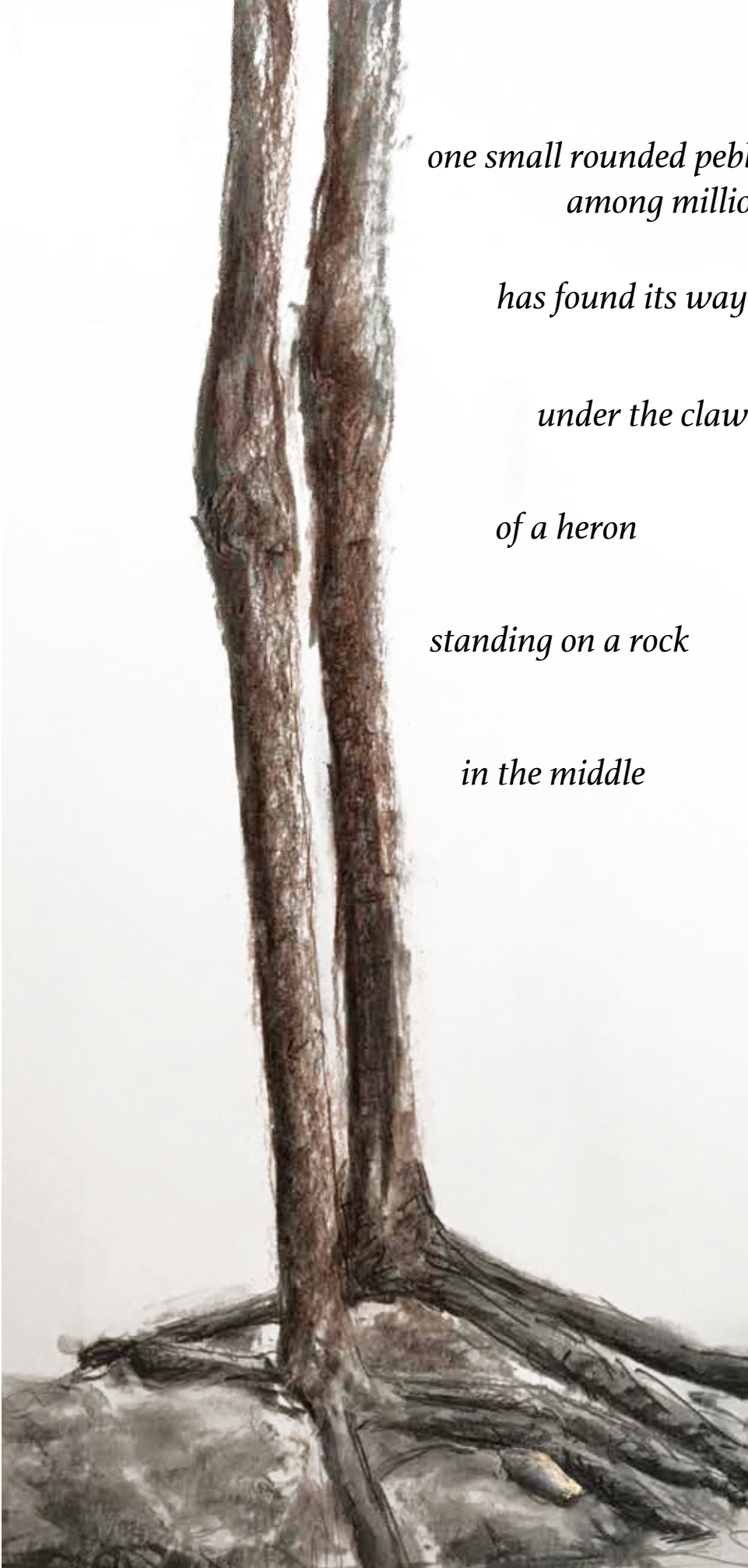




*in the middle*

*of a stream,*





*one small rounded pebble  
among millions*

*has found its way*

*under the claw*

*of a heron*

*standing on a rock*

*in the middle*

*of a stream*

*teeming*

*with rounded,*

*forever tumbling rocks.*

*Except for its desire to fool some frog  
or crayfish*

*into thinking it is a stick,*

*it would move to dislodge the pebble.*

*But its mind is elsewhere*

*and it doesn't move,*

*pretending instead*





*to be a stick.*

*The motionless heron,*

*after seven heartbeats within its chest*

*(how to count the heartbeats of a heron?)*

*turns its head to look at me*







*a pebble of truth under its toe.*



*Finally,*

*it turns its head back to its business*

*and, abandoning its hunt,*

*raises its heavy wings –*

*and slowly flaps off*

*like an ancient and majestic  
pterodactyl,*







*leaving the pebble of truth*

*to drop*

*back*

*into the stream*

*from which it came.*





*How many millions of years*

*(pebbles and crayfish  
know nothing of years)*

*will it be*

*before that pebble is once again*

*isolated and visible?*

*And will a heron once again*

*capture it?*

*Shall I be a heron in a next life*

*so I can capture that stone*

*and pause in my fishing,*

*to look at a small, rounded stone*

*beneath my toe?*

*Or will I fly off*

*And will I know its value if I do?*



*to be about my business?*



