Stonehenge

Perhaps you are proud we are here
but we are not –
your shapes and arrangements
mean nothing to us
and even you have forgotten why you put us here,
dragged us from Wales, you say,
but we do not acknowledge your names.
There is only here.
Here where the sun rises or is hidden;
where it is still or the wind brushes by;
where it is wet or dry, all the same to us
although little pieces are eroded
in time you cannot comprehend.
You build monuments to yourselves
but while we remain, those that built us
are forgotten, their flesh gone.
We respect only their bones.

Perhaps you think you've helped
by hewing us out of the place
where we were left by the world's secret workings,
pushed up from where our mother magma formed us.
You took us to the open air where you can see us
but we perceive no difference.
All the outside brings is lichen
with its tiny, toy empires on our surfaces.
Now you put a fence around us,
print postcards, bring tourists,
define yourselves by us.
We take no meaning from you.
If we stand, as you call it, 'standing stones',
it is with no purpose – rather we lie on our feet.

Some say we are a tool to mark the time.
Well here is our prediction:
we will be standing

   long after you.

Though we are not immortal
we may as well be compared with you.
But when the arc of our corrosion is complete
we will meet you in the earth
and when you have learnt that there are no lessons
then we can converse.

-- Conor Whelan