

## 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