

# STEPPING STONE

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I've walked this path from house to shed my whole childhood and not once have I looked down, until today, stumbling over the granite step stone. Smooth groove carved in the center from so many feet. One edge a little rounder than the other. A night crawler wriggles beneath for shade. What lives have I stepped on? I lift the loose stone, worm trails eaten into dirt, a few mealy grubs, roly polies. The stone has mapped their travels. Thumbing the granite lanes, so regular, so intentional. The marks too perfect. I claw off dirt, letters emerge—the headstone too worn to read.