



1996

Stone

Derek Otsuji

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Stone

I am *moon* shaped on the lips
 nothing so tangible as you imagined
 though it is true I have no soul
 but a core.

This lack keeps me pure
 as the flesh of grapes
 so that plucked from a river
 I am its memory:
 permanent, cool, and distant.

But at the last
 when even memory fails,
 dissipates like mint
 on the skin,
 I am measureless—
 the slow months passing
 deep in my center.

 *Derek Otsuji will soon graduate with his Master's degree in English. He has been awarded the Hinckley Scholarship, the English Department's Thomas Award, and cleaned house in the Vera Hinckley Mayhew poetry contest. If you're nice to him, his family may bring you macadamia nut cookies from Hawaii, as they did for us.*