**What Comes of Moving On**

Christian Knoeller

What an abandoned quarry loves best

is the way water replaces stone

as if to erase an emptiness:

granite faces rise above the river

from stone a thousand feet below.

We could walk along this precipice.

What comes of moving on

like water forever descending

or stone's exalted silence?

We could pocket shards as hard

and beautiful as any monument

to what is finally gone.