

The Stone My Grandson Gave Me

Paul Mariani

Published online: 15 October 2010
© The Author(s) 2010

The Stone My Grandson Gave Me

Bright yellow, like his hair, and shadowed, the one side flat so it could rest here on my desk, a simple fragment of something bigger, something it seems now heaven-sent, waiting for us on the sidewalk, where his blue eyes spied it as we strolled together down the town's one wide maple-lined street toward the old brick church, where he meant to race down the length of the muddy grass embankment, then charge up the neo-Georgian porticos and hide.

Jacob's angel, I thought to myself, being of that mind that can glimpse—like you and you—the wondrous world around. *For you*, he shouted, running up ahead. Call it—what?—a kind of currency? Or—better, maybe—something the very ground had yielded up this day, *anno domini*, which the kid had signed: a thing turned diamond after all these years, as it waited to be found.

Paul Mariani is University Professor of English at Boston College, Chestnut Hill, MA 02467; paul.mariani@bc.edu. He is the author of sixteen books, including six books of poetry, most recently *Death and Transfigurations: Poems* (Paraclete Press, 2005), and five biographies, most recently, *Gerard Manley Hopkins: A Life* (Viking, 2008).