

An introduction to the lithosphere: Sentence-Phrase-Word

As you read the three poems below, think about what parts stand out to you. Pick a **sentence or section of a poem** that has strong meaning to you and captures the core idea of these poems, and underline it in a color. Pick a **phrase** that engages you and circle it in another color. Finally, pick one **word** that is powerful or caught your attention.

Conversation with a Pebble by Alyson Hallett

Here's what I've been wondering.
If fire hides in wood
what hides in a stone?

I hold a pebble
in the palm of my hand. It looks like
an egg that wants to hatch.

I do not know how long
it will take, how long its incubation
or breaking through.

My time is slow,
Pebble says. Slower
Than you can imagine.

I know this is true.
I kiss the pebble,
Watch the moisture from my lips sink in.

That's what I'm hiding,
It says. Water. The tiniest
Rivers, lakes, seas.

Ideas of what water
Can be. Yes, pebble says,
I am hiding all the world's memory.

the next hour by Lenio Buguido

the minute we were here,
some fossil waves stood still
as tall as whoever leads the sea.

"they will move again" -
said the land
with language of dinosaurs.

"they will collide to spume
and to scum they will drop",
in a roar then, in an avalanche
of seconds.

Geology by Robert King

I know the origin of rocks, settling
out of water, hatching crystals
from fire, put under pressure
in various designs I gathered
pretty, picnic after picnic.

And I know about love, a little,
igneous lust, the slow affections
of the sedimentary, the pressure
on earth out of sight to rise up
into material, something solid
you can hold, a whole mountain,
for example, or a loose collection
of pebbles you forgot you were keeping.