

# Song of the Powers

By David Mason

Mine, said the stone,  
mine is the hour.

I crush the scissors,  
such is my power.  
Stronger than wishes,  
my power, alone.

Mine, said the paper,  
mine are the words  
that smother the stone  
with imagined birds,  
reams of them, flown  
from the mind of the shaper.

Mine, said the scissors,  
mine all the knives  
gashing through paper's  
ethereal lives;  
nothing's so proper  
as tattering wishes.

As stone crushes scissors,  
as paper snuffs stone  
and scissors cut paper,  
all end alone.

So heap up your paper  
and scissor your wishes  
and uproot the stone  
from the top of the hill.  
They all end alone  
as you will, you will.

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