

# Wind, Water, Stone

By Octavio Paz

Translated by Eliot Weinberger

*for Roger Caillois*

Water hollows stone,  
wind scatters water,  
stone stops the wind.  
Water, wind, stone.

Wind carves stone,  
stone's a cup of water,  
water escapes and is wind.  
Stone, wind, water.

Wind sings in its whirling,  
water murmurs going by,  
unmoving stone keeps still.  
Wind, water, stone.

Each is another and no other:  
crossing and vanishing  
through their empty names:  
water, stone, wind.

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