

**Sinéad Garrigan-Mattar**

## **Stone, Paper, Scissors**

**i.m. Ondine - 20:8:03-12:03:04**

You have not turned to stone  
and yet it is as stone  
that we must show you outward  
to the world. Naming  
you was not hard, we chose  
a name that meant all things  
that dazzle and move and wave;  
small but unending—Ondine.  
But finding a form to carve  
to remember you by is hard.  
It is not that forms or words  
are fixed, but that they slip  
and meanings multiply,  
while you mean only you.  
Your radiance will not sleep,  
You cannot turn to stone.

Here are the slips of paper  
where you lived your paper-  
life. They are too few.  
Birth certificate.  
Death certificate.  
I want to see the rest:  
a ticker-tape parade,  
a paper-shower of life:  
your driving licence, swimming  
awards, your grade three flute—  
all, all are floating  
through the air and out  
of reach. I want the rest.  
I want to hold the book  
of you. You would be soft,  
whole, warm. Not paper.

I am using scissors to cut  
a square around your face  
to frame. These are sharp  
scissors, new scissors:  
no stone will blunt them.