

## ABSTRACT

### THE NUMINOUS

Sometimes I go weeks without touching another person, days without seeing a face. With a life like that, Solitude opens in you like a cistern, an example, always with you, of how others might feel, why they do what they do. I would like to think that empathy is the mother of my poetry. I'm afraid it's more my desperate craving of empathy from you. Either way, if, one day, you find yourself surrounded by silence— immersed, whatever the causes, in solitude— contact with others becomes precious. With a life like that, how can you help but try and be tender? I suppose the best that can come from my poems is that we both feel a little less alone.

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May 2005