

# Grace

by Maxine Kumin

Hens have their gravel; gravel sticks  
The way it should stick, in the craw.  
And stone on stone is tooth  
For grinding raw.

And grinding raw, I learn from this  
To fill my crop the way I should.  
I put down pudding stone  
And find it good.

I find it good to line my gut  
With tidy octagons of grit.  
No loophole and no chink  
Make vents in it.

And in it vents no slime or sludge;  
No losses sluice, no terrors slough.  
God, give me appetite  
for stone enough.

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