

# Granite is the most common plutonic rock

*Pilgrim Monument, Provincetown, MA*

I pay \$12 to climb the granite tower, erected  
to commemorate white men's colonization of a peninsula:  
252 feet and 7.5 inches. Below, I see the 1,200 granite blocks  
that brag how men can restrict an ocean's ebb and flow with a dike,  
which most call a breakwater so as not to conflate it with women  
men cannot control. Why not build granite cauldrons  
to commemorate the women's first washing  
on the shores of this new land? I walked out  
along this dike where granite glistens, like humanity

when caught in the right angle of light. I glimpse  
this too in the tower, specks locked in its walls  
where each town's colonization is marked  
in a smoothed granite stone that makes me wonder:

How many kitchen counters in Los Angeles  
could this tower renovate? Will they etch in them the names  
of the tenants they evict? Each slab a memorial  
to progress. From above, I can see I only made it out a hundred

feet when I early walked out on the dike, not even to the shipwrecked body  
leaning against the haphazardly placed stones. Their sharp surfaces  
and phantom shadows that warn of possible slippage belie the depth  
of each step. My body that usually apologizes

for all the space it takes up, feels insignificant as a feather  
when the breeze rises through the tower and up my dress --  
I see my body disappearing off the tower

or between the fissures in the dike  
like the inside of a cracked egg slides between  
the edge of the rent-doubling granite and a handed-down pan.

Perched on the dike and, later, the tower, I want to crawl  
across the granite and absorb its strength against the breaking  
water and wind, confident in its own purpose  
even where it does not belong.