

Sonnet Scroll

Detectorist

By David Stephenson

I take my multi-frequency detector
and closed-back headphones to some likely place—
a park or fairgrounds, any unpaved space
that I can get permission to explore—
and tune the coil for gold, and prospect for
lost rings and jewelry. My unhurried pace
belies the thrill and tension of the chase,
the hope for a long-overdue big score.

I scan the surface layer of dirt and stone
for treasures buried inches underground,
revealed by buzzing sounds in my headphones,
but always also hear faint, ghostly tones
and wonder what strange riches might be found
if I dug deeper, into the unknown.