The Puddle Stone by Simon Armitage

Rain-junk
Sky-litter
Some May mornings
Atlantic storm-horses
Clatter this way,
Shedding their iron shoes
In potholes and ruts,
Shoes that melt
Into steel grey puddles
The settle and set
Into cloudless mirrors
By noon.
The shy deer
Of the daytime moon
Comes to sip from the rim
But the sun
Likes the look of itself,
Stares all afternoon,
Its hard eye
Lifting the sheen
From the glass,
Turning the glaze
To rust.
Then we don't see things
For dust.

Which concepts does the poem use?
How does it make you feel?
Why do you think each of the lines are short?
How does this effect the pace it is read?
How is it similar/different to The Rain Stone?
Do you have any questions about the poem?

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