

## Rock Collection

Pond

dressed and grays and blues and yellows  
found it deep in the backyard  
underneath the cruel bent blades  
rock collecting can be so hard  
a multicolored promise  
I'll one day find them all  
I'll lay them all around me  
and slowly build a wall

foamy quartz on milky green  
you hold my hand and whispered sometimes  
I feel the weight of everything  
your hazel eyes shined in the sunshine

a multicolored promise  
creases map my hands  
pain ground into wisdom  
that nobody understands

relaying all my thoughts until they're warped and frayed  
swallowed up and quickly lost by the rock found on that day  
a pure and simple silence a sharp and quelling dream  
pile them high and fill the gaps, a dam built to drown the screams

chipped out from a fossil bed  
you hold my hand and whispered sometimes  
I've always been haunted by what I've said  
I try to be careful where my feet fall

a multicolored promise  
difficult to find  
lived and died and swallowed  
and pressed out one more time

one day I'll go down, be covered by the dirt  
swallowed up and quickly ground  
and added back into this earth  
where I'll sit I'll combine with the others over time  
pressed and polished till I shine  
and wait to be an other's find