

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