

The Rock

I'm old. I mean very old.

You think I am mis-shapen.

But I was whole once, part of an infinite world.

Before I became a stone.

Little men climbed over me when I was a boulder.

I mean a very large rock. Hours and hours of it.

I became rock hard.

And gave my name to the Rockies. The Rock of Ages.

I came forth from the earth, sometimes as magma.

Between liquid and set hard.

Burnt every thing in my path. Thrown high in the sky.

Gave fertility back to the earth. Now I am an attraction.

Bernard Lawrence, 08 - 2008