

## **Rocks**

Rocks scatter their time in history.  
Large or small their surfaces, smooth  
or rigid, tell how we exist.

We line up deep rocks  
when racing in the fast lane  
or speeding in the dark tunnel  
of our minds.

They cheer us up to reach home.  
They have been peaceful  
and not at war.  
They grow yet shatter artistic goals.

Cultural advantages boom  
when we have steadfast minds  
to say “no, not this one.  
Where and what do I want”.