

*Poem from the perspective of a certain thing... A thing which doesn't feel the need to express itself or its thoughts. Yet, it still adds to the texture of the universe and experiences reality through its own lens, a hard, cold, grey, and uniquely beautiful lens...*

I see as I rest, a worlds sight below my gaze  
Towering in height from rocks of old,  
Solar rays graze my skin, dry and cold.

The sun my warmth, the clouds my shade,  
The rain my skin, I breathe the breeze.

I'm not covered in grass nor green,  
For there's only rock – just grey like me.

I witness seasons cycle  
I remain unmoved.  
Until something cracks,  
Crumbles,  
I do move

I tumble and roll,  
Descend without control,  
Crashing down, cascading forth,  
Thundering clacks of rock shattering old.  
Crumbling over vast stretches of stone,  
I cross creeks, rivers, flowing clear and bold.

Unbothered I clatter on  
Until I'm caught  
I plummet,  
in the freshly cold.

Trashed around, propelled forth,  
Scattering astray under flowing force.

Colliding currents, jets dashing blue,  
Crumbling corrosion at my pores,  
Shedding sheathes of rock,  
I erode to my core.

There I'm left - until I am all that is left.  
Leaving a trace of light,  
My core trembles vividly,  
Shivering a solar white.

Crystalline, pristinely I shimmer.  
Beneath a blanket of aquatic foam and glimmer,  
I lay shiny, in a bed of sand.

Those being grains from ventures past.