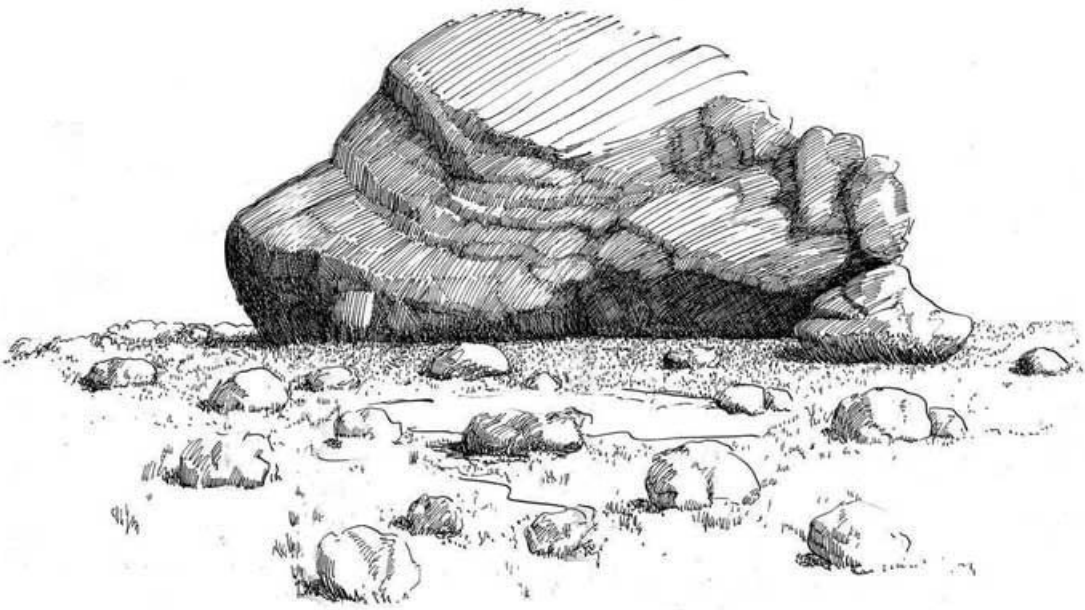
ROUGH STONES



Rough stones

As rough as they be

Breakers of bones

And hearts as you'll see

Exist everywhere.

They dash your feet

As you walk along

Rubbishing your sweet

Street-walk song

Leaving you bleeding.

Interesting enough

They ain't entirely useless

Though quite rough

And often so ruthless

They have their place too.

Sharpest of knives

All pass through them

The best of lives

Owe it all to them

From the final outcome.

Through their scars

Lessons have been taught

Lasting for years

And lingering a lot

Are these stones' memories.

You too am sure

Remember that stone

You had to endure

It's scratch all alone

Don't you?