

Future Children As Rocks

by Steven Pirani

Gem

I can see you in my mind
building new words to say,
as I'm spectating the fuse-box
of your little, embattled brain.
Tell me all the things you know already,
what you know that I don't.

My little gem,
I am proud and I am afraid
 over how quickly you change shape,
at how fast our walls repaint,
how the years fold over and over.
Again, I am proud and I am afraid.

 When you think of me
after me
I wonder what you will remember?

 My little gem,
you are not mine now
but I feel you
all the same.

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Stone

I wonder if, at some point,
you will be like me,
but I do not know what that means
and I most want you to be you.

 I feel like I should tell you
things about strength.

My stone
I am still discovering it myself

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and it is a changing, tricky thing,
that you will have to learn to grasp.
I can't help you do that,
and we will battle when I try.

When you think of me
after me
what sort of man will you be?

My stone,
you are not mine now
but I feel you
all the same.

