

If Red Rock Could Talk

JM Huck

We were once water
wide as rainbows,
deep as trenches
'til one day, we dried up...

Arteries meta
morphosing to sand,
mineralizing from a mega
ton of dynamite.

We folded into earth,
a newfound home among
familiar surroundings, going green
blue to gray in milliseconds.

A dinosaur who'd heard
about it cried.

We slept like fatted giants,
dormant then jostled as dry
storms tattooed us
into motley monsters.

Icy glances
wrought our insides to stone,
though telltale cuts and bruises
expose a frail core.

Some native peoples
doodled stories on our skin,
some settlers engulfed them,

mining our offspring for
fortune.

Methusala knows,
or ask any one of the daughters.