

Sand and Granite
John William Babb
Junior Poetry

We were not made out of sand
Too fragile that we could crumble
Under the tempered hand.

We were never of the king
From our ascension to this life
We were our own, with our spines to carry
The loads ourselves.

No matter how many times
Our hearts and our minds
Seem to have been cast out of Eden
They remain ours.

And if we filled our lungs
With mercury and silver
Studded them with jewels
And painted them gold
They still breathe
The same air as everyone else.

We are our own makeshifts
Not just people but concepts
So abstract and hard to explain
That not everyone can follow
But can be summed up in one word each:
Our names.

We were our own ambrosia first
Those who would not listen
Told us that our remedies
Would make the end of us
It did not matter anyway
We were others' remedies second.

We were made out of granite
Too much to carry for the weak
Mere pebbles for the strong.