

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.