**Some Rocks I Have Known**

Carly Taylor

there was a purple one

in the damp Cascades

behind cascading waterfalls

my palm cupped its dome shape

placed it in an egg carton

between chalky pebbles

fished out of landscaping

and a hunk of amethyst

purchased at Cracker Barrel

i took them to show-and-tell

sat on the bus statue-still

still lost my smallest finds

to the grimy black underfoot

my cuboid crystal of pyrite

stolen by some hungry fool

tucked in a threadbare backpack

i shared my precious things

lost some of them forever

a child’s garden of virtues

a jagged mica-speckled one

like the kitchen counter where

i cried over my poor penmanship

it arced through playground air

struck a boy with sandy hair

in the sweat above his eye

i had never seen someone’s

real blood gush before

it clotted in the dust

the teachers banned us

from picking up any more

still i longed to hold them

now i am an adult somehow

finding myself in small towns

gem-peddlers on every corner

they have names and powers

the white placards tell me

i peruse earnest volumes

on spellcasting for modern witches

a weary woman enters

asks the girl behind the counter

what kind of gemstone

can help her son focus again

i roll my eyes but find

a smooth oval of flower agate

blossoms of yogurt pink

in milky white and amber

marred by one black streak

which lowers its price

it promises to reclaim my joy

manifest my potential

and connect me to lighter

more innocent emotions

i lay it on the counter

hunt for my credit card

telling myself that’s not why

that’s not why i place it

on my cracked windowsill

overlooking the tomato garden

and journal every morning

for the first time in my life

that’s not why i clutch it

when my chest tightens

its smoothness soothing

and sometimes find that

an unforeseeable idea

has come to mind