

# Singing Stones

Each of us owns  
a dry creek-bed  
crying out  
for its singing stones

Take out the stitches  
from old scar tissue  
covering up  
some painful issue

Unleash the tears  
long locked inside  
roll off the rock  
let go the pride

Our psychic springs  
will not run dry  
if we choose to live  
before we die

Neuronal pathways  
ingrown, inbred  
seal our hearts off  
from our head

Mental mantras  
now stone-dead  
tell us to act on  
what others have said

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