

# Future Children As Rocks

*by* Steven Pirani

## **Gem**

I can see you in my mind  
building new words to say,  
as I'm spectating the fuse-box  
of your little, embattled brain.  
Tell me all the things you know already,  
what you know that I don't.

My little gem,  
I am proud and I am afraid  
    over how quickly you change shape,  
at how fast our walls repaint,  
how the years fold over and over.  
Again, I am proud and I am afraid.

    When you think of me  
after me  
I wonder what you will remember?

    My little gem,  
you are not mine now  
but I feel you  
all the same.

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## **Stone**

I wonder if, at some point,  
you will be like me,  
but I do not know what that means  
and I most want you to be you.

    I feel like I should tell you  
things about strength.

My stone  
I am still discovering it myself

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Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/steven-pirani/future-children-as-rocks>»*

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and it is a changing, tricky thing,  
that you will have to learn to grasp.  
I can't help you do that,  
and we will battle when I try.

When you think of me  
after me  
what sort of man will you be?

My stone,  
you are not mine now  
but I feel you  
all the same.

