

Rock of Ages

Relent with your rummaging you feckless feline! Do you know who I am? What I am? Of whence I come?
Of what I've done? Of the swath of centuries I've seen through as time inexorably marches on?

Die hard hunters like yourself may perhaps appreciate the art of patience, of which I'm well acquainted

For you see I am no meagre marble or a flimsy flake of flint, a fleck? A speck? Show some respect, you
should expect no cleft from me for thee will see I won't go easily, I've lasted past a thousand centuries, I've
seen empires rise and fall and cities sink into the sea

So cease your scrutinies and leave me be,
there's better things to do than waste my time, as I myself am not enthused to keep in your confounded
company

I could destroy you on a whim, you know

A panthera pardus parted partly here and partly there, fragmented, scattered to the air

By the heir to the Earth,

If you don't mind my saying, how perplexed I am you're staying, staring into stone that's known the voice
of thousands praying to my magnanimous magma majesty

How can it be? That you don't seem to have heard of me? If that's so...perhaps.... hmmm, I think it's time
you heard a little ge'ode to the grandiosity

Of me, a sedentary sedimentary of igneous inclination, a monstrous, marbled metamorph of mountainous
formation!

A tenacious gracious stone taking tectonic tribulations

In my stride,

You'd best believe I breathe no balderdash, you won't find an older boulder brash enough to make such
bold remarks, at that you can't deride, my claim is as concrete as my heart,

For I survived where others died,

Throughout the annals of ancient times, surviving several spates of quakes that stood to break all those
who came before when cracks cascaded through their cores,

For I've endured enough erosion from the efforts of the ocean, standing stoic from the Ice Age to the
Cambrian Explosion

Pushing through perennial pressures propelling me toward implosion, maintaining many maims from acid
rain and constant cases of corrosion

I've kept busy with the Byzantines, and rambled to the Romans, risking visits from the Visigoths, and
treaties with the Trojans

The sheer notion of what I've lost... and lived is painful to perceive, and still I've yet to receive reprieve
from all the horrors I have seen...

A child of Gaia facing dire spectacle for all his days, from being hurled by hecatonchires, and hounded by Hominidae, nicked by nosy nymphs, and falling foul of fawns and forest prey

I pray it might relent...and yet...my will remains unspent!

And through all that?

I'M STILL ROLLING!

Strolling past steadfast a stone as I! Your senses dim and you begin to hear the cosmic chorus cry!

Rock of Ages! Rock of Ages! Sing the pyromanic sages!

(Speeds up)

While most burn out and fade away, I won't relent, I'm here to stay

I've weathered worse than war, and worn my share of drills and bores, of course you can't conceive a cruder character to face the fearsome forces tearing lesser lithic lowlives right asunder, don't you wonder?

How the thunder and the power and the glory!
To inspire a thousand stories! Could be reduced to something so... mundane...

Serenades once sung so serenely... whispered, keenly across the ages

Of the rock that rocked the world...

And still you say nothing...

You onerous whelp! I will wipe that confounded facade off your face if it's the last thing I ever do!

Stall all you like, I stalagmite be quite inclined to start a fight, you wish to rumble? You will crumble right before my molten might as I escape my earthen armor and explode like dynamite!

So come all! Rise up and gather round
Witness the night go up in smoke
As I immolate the ground around me
And laugh at those who chose to choke

You cannot possibly believe you could evade my retribution; you will regret your muted insolence as slowly you're dissolved into a soluble solution!

(Maniacal laughing)

(More maniacal laughing)

(Yet more maniacal laughing)

The spotted cat stared bewildered at the peculiar pebble that rested in its path, from what it could see the stone had started cackling uncontrollably at something or other, the cat thought for a second, ultimately deciding to use its paw to flick it harmlessly out of the way, landing with an unceremonious THUNK! Into the nearby underbrush

“Well he sure seemed vexed about something”, thought the spotted cat, bringing its paw up to its ear
“Shame I couldn’t quite catch any of that”

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