

A POCKETFUL OF STONES

He's sending stones skimming and flying
Circles spinning out his time
Though the earth is dying his head is in the clouds
Chances are this spark's a lifetime

Out of touch he'll live in wonder
Won't lose sleep he'll just pretend
In his world he won't go under
Turns without him until the end

Rivers run dry but there's no line on his brow
Says he doesn't care who's saved
It's just the dice you roll, the here and now
And he's not guilty or afraid

One day he'll slip away
Cool water flowing all around
In the river and on the ground
Leave a pocketful of stones and not believe in other lives

Until then he'll live in wonder
He won't fight or comprehend
In his world he won't go under
Turns without him until the end

(Polly Samson)