

Pebble

by Grant Anderson

It was a pebble, no bigger, no smaller than my thumb.
It was a pebble, people think they've seen a many sum.
Just a pebble, one of an infinite amount.
Just a pebble, far too much for anyone to count.

But there it sat, all isolated and alone.
Covered by heaps of dirt, grime, bugs, and even bone.
The fresh ground that I had heaved up out of the soil,
revealed a forgotten secret I wish to spoil.

I found it odd that something so important, so grand,
had never felt the kind grace of any human hand.
Its job was quite simple, yet vital at that.
Its job was to hold up others in a stack.

Large, vast, and great walls are made that no man can climb,
without a prayer and the price of one's own time.
They reach high up above where snow begins to stick,
and stretch far and wide, thousands of pebbles thick.

One pebble less would make it just one pebble shorter,
but that one pebble is meant to be a supporter.
The disappearance of one, two, three, then four,
would make it not be a mountain anymore.

Now when I take a step back and enjoy the vibrant view,
I remember that all of the masses don't have a clue.
Be it Everest or a mole hill, they all share one thing,
They are all made of just pebbles that in unison sing.