

## Rocks / *Kimberly Kay Yeager*

Rocks that live at my  
    garden boundaries  
grey, changeless, patient,  
    all the things  
the clash of competitive blooms  
    cannot attain.

I have been those  
    rocks,  
stoic, and logical,  
    happy even.

Yet now I sense  
    the smell of flowers  
growing in that greyness,  
    born out of the  
roiled emotions  
    which create  
all that contentment  
    cannot.