

Go Talk to Some Rocks

Logan Brown

A year ago, I met a pink margherita pillow. Covered in mucky water and tracks from a car, when I bent down to poke her, she woke up and said, “I’m okay, I just partied too hard.”

At an antique shop was thee Mr. Peanut, in the shell! His smile beamed; my heart swelled!
The price tag: oh, an easy sell! A friend for life was made! My parents did not take this well.

I had a tryst with a punk rock bathroom once, and the graffitied walls bared it's soul to me.
Scribbled names, sordid confessions, sharpie dicks. I’d gleaned them all before I even peed.

On a very sweaty dirt road sat a green-skinned goblino, a clay *duende* created from Mexico,
whose eyes promised me some spiritual revelation, but only if I asked it, “cuanto dinero?”

At work in a box, I hear a small “let me free!” Out comes my cutter, and what do I see?
Jolly gnome riding a snail! “Yippee! Yippee!” What else to say? You’re coming with me.

In a thrift shop, we met a pastel-painted kitty cat. She sat every day, watching the rats.
So we snatched her, cha-ching. At last, at last! She's on the other side of the welcome mat.

I sat with a bus window once, trying not to cry. They were cool and didn’t fog up, or pry
about the who and the why. Together in silence, they showed me the trees passing by.

In a tree I met a geezer, Old Man Lichen. I asked him, “Sir, you know where a guy can
get signal round here?” He leered n’ said “Iffen that’s what you're after, why’re you hiking?”

I spoke with a lamppost the other day. The sky was sullen, dark and grey. "How's life outside?" I asked, but he didn't say. Just watched o'er his fife. Bright-eyed, bright rays.

There's a small wooden bridge in my local sticks, and the kids in town are little pricks. Poor sad thing covered in filthy slurs for kicks. So, when I cross, I always stay with it a bit.

I carry a pair of pebbles in my pocket, from the island where she lives without me. The rocks and I reckon if I rub em together every day, they protect her across the sea.

The rock pockets on a jacket, my XL Carhartt one. He's with me through a lot, and I'd tell you the fun things he's squawked, but get this, the big guy? He doesn't talk.