

COLLECTING ROCKS

I think that there shall never be
an ignoramus just like me,
who roams the hills throughout the day,
to pick up rocks that do not pay.
For there's one thing I've been told
I take the rocks and leave the gold.
O'er deserts wild and mountains blue
I search for rocks of varied hue.
A hundred pounds or more I pack,
With blistered feet and aching back,
And after this is said and done
I cannot name a single one.
I pick up rocks where e'er I go
The reason why I do not know.
For rocks are found by fools like me
Where God intended them to be.

Author unknown