Geodes

Carrie Newcomer

No you can't always tell one from another
And it's best not to judge a book by it's tattered cover
I have found when I tried or looked deeper inside
What appears unadorned might be wondrously formed
You can't always tell but sometimes you just know'Round here we throw geodes in our gardens
They're as common as the rain or corn silk in July
Unpretentious browns and grays the stain of Indiana clay
They're what's left of shallow seas, glacial rock and mystery
And inside their shines a secret bright as promiseAll these things that we call familiar
Are just miracles clothed in the commonplace
And youll see it if you try in the next stranger's eyes
God walks around in muddy boots, sometimes rags and that's the truth
You can't always tell, but sometimes you just knowSome say geodes were made from pockets of tears
Trapped away in small places for years upon years
Pressed down and transformed, 'til the true self was born
And the whole world moved on like the last notes of a song
A love letter sent without return address

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