

A SOUVENIR

Can I take this?
A stone-ah? *Sim?*
He waves me away with it.
It feels cold in my sweaty hands

He isn't a quarter though his path
A design of diamonds and circles patterned with stone
With a pounding object, he mashes them into place
Stone by stone rebuilding Europe
This must takes days, a week...years

Scratched white under my finger nails
Simplicity, purpose, duty
Why did I pick a white one, not gray?
Clean, pure...special

No, not at all
Europe keeping its past
Say no to the tide of *informacao*
The resistance of one man, one act
Halting the wave of time
Never let the levee break

I came from the land of concrete
I vacation the world to see
And what do I bring back home?
One pure, simple, white stone