

Geodes

Carrie Newcomer

You can't always tell one from another.
And it's best not to judge a book by its 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 crystal bright as promise,
All these things that we call familiar,
Are just miracles clothed in the commonplace.
You'll 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 know.
Some say geodes are 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.
You can't always tell one from another.
And it's best not to judge a book by its tattered cover.
Now I don't open them to see folks 'round here just like me,
We have come to believe there's hidden good in common things.
You can't always tell but sometimes you just know.
You can't always tell but sometimes you just know.