

## Seven Stones

Genesis

I heard the old man tell his tale:

Tinker, alone within a storm,  
And losing hope he clears the leaves beneath a tree,  
Seven stones  
Lay on the ground.  
Within the seventh house a friend was found.  
And the changes of no consequence will pick up the reins from n  
owhere.

Sailors, in peril on the sea,  
Amongst the waves a rock looms nearer, and not yet seen.  
They see a gull  
Flying by.  
The Captain turns the boat and he asks not why.  
And the changes of no consequence will pick up the reins from n  
owhere.  
Nowhere.

Despair that tires the world brings the old man laughter.  
The laughter of the world only grieves him,  
believe him,  
The old man's guide is chance.

I heard the old man tell his tale:

Farmer, who knows not when to sow,  
Consults the old man clutching money in his hand.  
And with a shrug,  
The old man smiled,  
Took the money, left the farmer wild.  
And the changes of no consequence will pick up the reins from n  
owhere.  
Nowhere.

Despair that tires the world brings the old man laughter.  
The laughter of the world only grieves him,  
believe him,  
The old man's guide is chance.