



# My Stone

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LAURELHURST ELEMENTARY SCHOOL | 5<sup>TH</sup> GRADE

It's spring, sunny but with a few blue-black  
clouds hovering over me  
rocky edges of stone on top of stones  
I walk with my grandmother along the water  
We watch as the shore side clashes against the river  
a sharp wind sweeps against the water  
My grandma gathers stones and shells  
to later form into jewelry with her warm, careful hands  
Water curls and curves around my hands  
As I pick up a wet stone  
my grandma and I don't speak,  
so the sound of water overpowers  
the sound of silence  
I put the smooth brown rock in my pocket  
I get home and wash it off and place it near my bed  
My grandma said a stone is a butterfly waiting to fly  
a stone begins plainly, she says  
when things happen to it,  
it gathers color and experience  
My stone is me:  
rough on one side  
soft on the other



This broadside was created in celebration of Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) program's Year End Reading. It was written at Laurelhurst Elementary School during the 2022-23 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence, Samar Abulhassan.