

Bird Poop

A story about a rock.

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For Holly and Kyle.

The rock, or large boulder as some may call it, had no eyes to see or ears to hear like we do as humans, but it could experience vibrations. It could experience hot and cold, loud and quiet. Colours had different vibrations. So did elements such as rain and sand and snow. It knew when it was windy and when it was sunny. If it could love, it would be said that it loved the sun. Years ago, if it measured years, it would say, if it could talk, that it loved the sun, if it could love. If it could feel, which it may, in its own way; it would feel the warmth of the sunshine on it early in the morning, and it would fill with vibration. Even on its dark side that never felt the sun directly. You see, for years ago, it was near the top of a mountain side where the sun would be the first to touch in the morning. It would move over the rock from its top to its bottom, increasing the

vibration in it and filling it with energy that would last sometimes through the entire following night. It remembers those days with fondness. When it was near the top of the world. Feeling the wind, the sun, the rain, the cool nights; and many days and nights resting under a blanket of snow.

You see, this rock had been around for years. It has even witnessed the rising of the mountains. Now how many of us can say that? Of course, the rock cannot talk though. Nevertheless, it was there. When the mountains began to rise out of oceans, breaking earth's crust. The rock rising with it. The rock has witnessed much in its time.



It eventually tumbled down the mountain. Not all the way down. In fact, it tumbled down three times. The first time came as a surprise. A shake came from the earth, as it always does. The earth is always shaking, and the rock can feel it. This time a large shake happened, and the rock began to tumble down. If it could have been scared, it may have been. It rolled down without hands or legs to stop it; or maybe it enjoyed the role. Tumbling down like a bouncing ball, with big bounces and little bounces, left and right, up and down. Gravity bringing it down to a new place.

Like I said, this happened three times. When it stopped after the first tumble, it was in a precarious spot. On the edge of a cliff. Looking down beside a waterfall. It was a beautiful spot, if it thought of things as beautiful, or maybe it was just a new experience. Whatever it was for

the rock, it was only there for a short time. Really short for a rock.

It soon rolled down further to where it was stopped alongside a whole bunch of other rocks. Or boulders as some may call them. There it stayed for many, many years. Some may say thousands. Maybe that is not long for rocks.

It stayed there amongst the other rocks feeling the vibration of the earth. Feeling the rain, snow, wind, and sun, and even the stars. You see, everything has a vibration, and everything can sense other vibrations. Especially when you are as quiet and still as a rock. This rock could even sense trees begin to grow around near it. It could feel the change in air temperature through the day and night. It could feel the warm lava moving

through the earth below. You may say, it could feel everything, if it could feel.

The next time it tumbled it was also a surprise. There were new vibrations happening near it. Ones it had not felt before. If it could feel. They did not come completely from the Earth, and they came quickly. Over days, if the rock measured days.

Soon a blast happened close enough to the rock that it flew through the air for a short time. Really, really, really short, for a rock. Soon after it landed, it was put into a large truck with other rocks and hauled away.



Now at this point many things happened quickly for the rock. It was transported to a town where it was sorted and washed and placed near other large rocks, or boulders as some may call them. They were all about the size of a desk. Now a rock may not know what a desk is, but this rock was about that big, nevertheless. Big enough for a human to sit on and dangle their feet. This takes us to the most recent move for the rock.

You see, humans come to this place where the rocks are piled. They come to bring them home with them, or to their place of work. They bring them to enjoy and have nearby, or to hold or help protect something. This particular rock was taken to a place where many human children learn a lot of things. A school.

Now this next part you may not believe, but it is the truth, nonetheless. The rock was placed in the schoolyard of an elementary school. That may not seem hard to believe, and maybe it isn't, but what the rock felt soon after, may be hard to believe, for some.

You see, the rock was one of the last of the additions to a new school playground. School was soon open for the new schoolyear, and everything was now ready for the kids to play outside at recess and lunch. In fact, the next day was the first day of school.

The rock was placed in the playground near a slide. That night it stayed there quietly, as rocks do, and felt its new setting, if it could feel. The vibrations here were different, but also the same. It never got very dark. The stars were difficult to

see, if a rock could see, but a rock has no eyes. Yet, if it could feel, it could still feel the stars, their vibrations. It could feel an orange lamp light nearby shining on it. It could feel the vibrations of vehicles as they drove past the schoolyard. It could also still feel the Earth vibrating underneath it.

In the morning there were many new vibrations. School buses, and the arrival of them on the pavement of the school parking lot, began to vibrate through the rock. Sounds of kids, their backpacks shaking, their voices full of excitement, the chattering of bike locks, all began to vibrate through the rock. Then the sound of a bell vibrated through the rock, and it soon became quiet again, and the rock could feel the sun shining on it, and a slight breeze brush across it.

Soon, very soon for the rock, for it has been around for a long time, a bell vibrated again. A rush of kids came pouring out of the school. It reminded the rock of the short time it precariously spent next to a waterfall. A constant, yet ever-changing vibration of energy rushing past the rock. Then it happened; and this is the part you may not believe, at least for some, but it is the truth, nonetheless. A hand touched the rock for the very first time. Up to this point it had been moved by gravity or machines. It had never felt anything organic. Except for a bird or two, many years ago, and a Hoary Marmot scurry over it occasionally; but they were brief moments. Very brief, for a rock. This though, this moment was different.

It was the hand of a child touching the rock. For a moment, a very brief moment, especially for a rock, it felt the warmth of that hand. The soft,

gentle, warm, slightly moist and sticky hand of that child. Among everything else, and besides everything else; the vibration of the earth, the sun, the air; it could feel the energy of a young life flow through it. The warm hand vibrated so much energy into the rock, it could feel, if it could feel, the warm hand vibrate energy all the way through the entire rock; and it was a big rock. Some may even say it was a boulder. For the first time it felt the energy of something alive right up against it. Holding it. Hugging it. In that energy, the rock could feel the excitement of a first recess with a new playground. It could feel the fear and anxiety of making new friends. It could feel the comfort of routine that school brings. It could feel the hunger of a belly in need of a snack. It could feel the joy and imagination within the child, with every pulse of blood moving through the hand, and it could feel love. The love of life lived in the moment of a human child.



Since then, the rock has come to experience many new things. Many hands of course. Hands touching it as the kids in the schoolyard play tag. Hands and arms and warm breath as kids hide behind it, playing hide and go seek in the schoolyard. Hands and warm tears as kids cry on it, being left out of a group of friends for a moment, or longer for a human child. It has also experienced being drawn on with chalk. Being jumped on and off. Being home base. It may even say it enjoys being home base, if it could speak, or enjoy, for that matter. In fact, it may say that it has many favorite moments being in that schoolyard. Feeling warm bums sitting on it, with legs dangling over the edge, swinging back and forth as breadcrumbs land on the rock, and sticky jam from sticky fingers stick to it. Then when the bell vibrates again, and the kids go back in the school, birds land on the rock and eat up the breadcrumbs. Pooping on the rock, of course.

The bird poop washes off in the rain and the wind.
So does the jam, eventually.

You may not believe it, but some of you may, that if the rock could talk, it may say it is happy in the schoolyard. It may say it has always been happy. It may say it does not know how to be anything but happy, or content, or at peace. You see, the rock doesn't really have any words for how it feels, if it can feel. Which is probably fine since it cannot speak; or we cannot hear it. Either way, it knows what it has experienced, and it will always have experienced the first time a child placed its hands on the rock in the schoolyard, on that first recess. It will have that experience, along with everything else; always. For the rock, like everything, is a part of everything. That, is the truth.

Love, Dad.

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