

**A Happy Ending For Petrologists**  
**By Jonathan Humble**

A pebble sat upon a beach and thought, as would a stone,  
Of whether in the Universe it was a soul alone.  
For it could see no evidence to otherwise disprove  
That rocks had not the wherewithal to think or talk or move.

And there with countless coloured stones, all smooth and weatherworn,  
Supressed its angst, lay motionless, stayed quiet and forlorn.  
Through summers and through winters, it endured its solitude;  
In pebbly reflection, existentially it stewed.

It watched the sun, it watched the stars, endured the rain and snow.  
It contemplated life and death until it felt quite low.  
In sad and sorry state it grew despondent day by day;  
For company it yearned more than this poem can convey.

And as its hopes diminished with each wave that crashed the shore,  
It worried that it might be quite alone forever more.  
Until it sighed aloud and solitude came to an end;  
A fellow pebble turned and smiled and asked to be its friend.