

## Stone man.



Photography by: Katie Headley

One man stands alone,  
But heart not made of stone.  
Watching over the new but remembering the old,  
Acknowledging the fact that it all could be gone in one fold.  
Don't hate what got you here,  
And when the new comes disregard fear.  
Clear image through the blinds,  
Books like people so many kinds.  
Plaster on the wall,  
The new or the old who should I call?  
We knew the old was never going to stay,

But the new is here and changing every day.

Choose what you will,

But it will be gone like a tiny rain droplet on a window sill.