

# The Weight Of A Rock

Marnie Stern

Some say the clock is the memory framed  
Some know the memory by what it is named  
He has closed his eyes  
He has given up hope  
He is bound to the sky  
On a tethered rope  
He is the weight of a rock  
He is the weight of a rock  
And he wonders why  
The frame of the clock comes scratching by.

Some say the clock is the memory framed  
Some know the memory by what it is named

I am the weight of the rock  
I am the frame of the clock (repeat 3)  
He is the weight of a rock  
And he wonders why (repeat 1)