

Name _____

The Whispering Stones

In hidden corners of the ancient earth,
Lies a tale of stones, of great worth.
They stand as sentinels, weathered and old,
Ancient storytellers, their stories untold.
With faces carved by nature's hand,
They watch the ages, a silent band.
The stones have witnessed, with patient eyes,
The world's great secrets, its lows and highs.
Each rock and pebble, with a tale to share,
Of empires rising and kingdoms in the air.
They've heard the whispers of the wind and rain,
The secrets of mountains and the ocean's refrain.
In their stony hearts, the earth's memories reside,
A treasure trove of stories, hidden inside.
They've felt the footsteps of creatures long gone,
And the rhythms of life, from dusk until dawn.
The stones have seen lovers' promises kept,
And the tears of those who silently wept.
They've stood through battles, fierce and grand,
And the changing tides of this ancient land.
Though their voices are silent, their wisdom profound,
In their presence, ancient echoes resound.
The stones, the rocks, the earth's loyal guides,
Hold the secrets of time, where history resides.
So, listen closely, when you pass them by,
These whispering stones, beneath the sky.
For they are the keepers of the earth's grand lore,
Ancient storytellers forevermore.

