

# ROCKHOUND



# RHYMES

by  
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Second Edition

*Presented to*

LINCOLN GEM AND MINERAL CLUB, INC.

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*by Phyllis Garko*  
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I had no idea that my first edition of "Rockhound Rhymes" would be so well received. It is because of the great demand for this compilation of rock related poetry that this second edition is being printed.

Again, I would like to dedicate this collection of my original poems to all of the friends and acquaintances I have made through my association with our hobby.

Good, bad, or otherwise, I have had fun composing and compiling this group of "rocky" poems. My greatest wish is that reading them will provide some enjoyment for you.

Reprinting any of these poems is permitted. I only ask that proper credit be given to their author.



George "Chic" Cihacek  
Editor--The Loup Scoop  
Loup Valley Gem & Min. Soc. Inc.

## A ROCKHOUND'S DREAM

My back is bent, my knees are weak,  
My money's spent, but still I seek  
That rock so rare that I can show  
And also share with those I know.  
Where this stone lies, it's hard to tell.  
These failing eyes don't see as well  
As they once did, but still I dream  
Somewhere it's hid and its bright gleam  
Will lead me to that special spot;  
The place, I know, that God forgot.  
It will be there. It has to be!  
It wouldn't dare to hide from me!  
Some day I'll find this rock I seek,  
Maybe behind some mountain peak,  
Or in some dell, or on some hill,  
Or by some trail. I'll hunt until  
This rarest gem will show itself  
To me alone, and on my shelf  
It will repose and there to be  
Envied by all who come to see.

## THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH US

Did you ever stop and think  
And perhaps analyze  
How ridiculous our hobby looks  
Through other peoples' eyes?  
A group of grown-up people  
In a field on hands and knees,  
With noses nearly to the ground  
Raised rumps is all one sees.  
Or this same group of people  
Lugging sacks filled up with rocks.  
It's no wonder that the uninformed  
Think we have "Rock Pox".  
And when they see us fairly drool  
Over someone else's find,  
Is it any wonder that they think  
That we have lost our mind?  
It is hard for them to comprehend  
The joy we all derive  
From fellowship and the great outdoors,  
And just to be alive!  
The unknowing ones may scoff and jeer,  
They just don't understand  
That each of us is rich, indeed,  
With prizes from our land.  
So if they think we're slightly daft,  
Or perhaps one rock short,  
They are the losers, because we know  
Our hobby is great sport!

## A GEODE

A solid rock I know about,  
Its make-up doesn't faze me.  
A hollow one is something else.  
Its structure does amaze me.

Is it a hole within a rock?  
This fact I often ponder.  
Or is it rock around a hole?  
I'll never cease to wonder.



## GENERIS LAPICANIS

A species rare, it must be told,  
With traits both bad and good.  
Its numbers increase many fold,  
An ever growing brood.

The whole world is its habitat.  
Its gait is called bipodal.  
It thrives not upon meat or grass,  
But rather rocks shaped nodal.

Not only nodal rocks it seeks,  
But any shape or size.  
It prods and digs and pokes and seeks  
To find its rocky prize.

And when the object of its quest  
Lies there upon the ground,  
It takes a long and well earned rest  
As sounds of joy abound.

Why such a name for this strange beast?  
The reason's uncompounded.  
It fits him well, to say the least,  
These Latin terms well founded.

Generis does its species show,  
And canis is a hound.  
Lapis is rock, as we all know,  
So there you have--ROCKHOUND!

## DISAPPOINTMENT

What hidden beauty lies within  
This shapeless piece of stone?  
What secret hides beneath its skin  
To be found by me alone?

With trembling hand I snug the vise,  
The saw begins to whine.  
Anticipation starts to rise,  
This gem will soon be mine!

The whining stops and soon I'll know  
What lies within this shell.  
Rainbows of color or flakes of snow;  
Now I'll be able to tell!

Oh, woe is me! It can't be so!  
I must have picked a dud!  
This priceless gem, Oh, what a blow!  
Is just a ball of mud!



A TRIBUTE TO THE  
LINCOLN GEM AND MINERAL CLUB  
Hosts of the 1980 National Show  
(With apologies to Bob Hope)

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES.....  
Of rocks and gems galore  
Brought in from shore to shore,  
So beautiful and gorgeous  
You wished that there were more.  
WE THANK YOU SO MUCH !

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES.....  
Of friendships that we made  
While admiring the jade  
And other stones and drystals  
Whose beauties never fade.  
WE THANK YOU SO MUCH !

Shows like this do not come often,  
In some ways that may be good.  
The efforts expanded would soften  
Even those who are made of wood.

SO THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES.....  
We'll cherish every hour  
We spent upon the floor,  
Admiring this show of shows.  
Now who could ask for more?  
WE THANK YOU SO MUCH !

## ANOTHER ROCKHOUND POEM

On mountain side or on the plain  
This eager hunter roves.  
In sunny weather or in rain  
He's doing what he loves.

His fervent search goes on and on,  
Persistantly he seeks.  
He often starts at break of dawn  
And hunts for weeks and weeks.

What is the object of his search?  
You rightfully might ask.  
What causes him to give his best  
To this enormous task?

The answer is not definite,  
His reasons diversified.  
He may seek some gleaming pyrite,  
Or wood that's petrified.

Or he may seek a crystal rare,  
Or agate vari-colored.  
If his search fails, he doesn't care,  
There's more ground to be covered.

But should he find that stone so dear,  
Happiness will abound.  
By now, I'm sure, it's very clear  
That he's a TRUE ROCKHOUND!

## A CLUB TREASURER'S DILEMMA

I wonder where the money went !

We had a lot, but now it's spent !

There was the mimeograph repair,

And ads and dues, all took their share.

Our trusty L.C. Smith broke down.

This repair bill brought a frown

To this good treasurer's smiling face.

Then there was covering to grace

The tables at our annual show,

And bulletin postage, too, you know.

The Federation Scholarship---

And our balance took another dip.

New covers for the newsletter

Didn't help the account get better.

I hope the silent auction brings

In some money, among other things,

And dues will soon be due and then

The bank book should be well again.

## FOR BETTER OR VERSE

As we sat and chatted the other day,  
A fellow rockhound said to me,  
"We miss your poems, I'm here to say  
"Another we'd like to see.  
"We know that some are not too good,  
"But the, they could be worse.  
"We admire your creative mood  
"When you put your thoughts to verse."  
Now that is easier than it sounds  
When you lack the inclination,  
And a barren brain puts severe bounds  
On a sterile imagination.  
I've already written about field trips,  
Of crystals, swaps and shows;  
About fossils, gems and rockshop tips,  
And our hobby, goodness knows!  
So you'll just have to wait a while  
To read some of my rhyme,  
But when you do, I hope you'll smile,  
Then I'll know it's worth my time.

## ROCKHOUND FEVER

What malady is this that affects me so?

Why this great unrest wherever I go?

Why this desire to probe and seek

Each pile of rocks until I'm weak?

Is there a cure for this disease?

At times I'd like to take my ease,

But I am driven to search some more.

Although I now have rocks galore!

I'm doomed, I guess, to hunt forever

For there is no cure for ROCKHOUND FEVER!

WHY?

Are my eyes bad? I think they're not,  
My Doc says I can see.  
So why does my wife find more rocks  
When she walks behind me?



## WINTERBOUND ROCKHOUND

The hours drag! Time goes so slow!

The air is filled with falling snow.

The mercury has bottomed out,

But that's what winter's all about.  
To help to pass the time away

We dream about some warm spring day  
When we can pack our pick and sack

And hike down some unbeaten track  
To hunt for some unusual find,

A rock or gem of any kind.

The happy glow of thoughts like these

Help us tolerate the out-door freeze,  
And make each day easier to bear,

For before long spring will be here.

## THE LAMENT OF AN AGING ROCKHOUND

I know just how a poor skunk feels  
When it has lost its scent.  
I pity the tall and slim giraffe  
When it finds its neck is bent.  
With crippled birds and sore-foot deer  
I truly sympathize,  
And with a sighted creature  
When it has lost its eyes.  
Their feelings must be akin to mine,  
Since I can hunt no more  
Those precious rocks I so enjoy  
In the outdoors I adore.  
But like many of God's creatures  
Who lost gifts very dear,  
We learn to live without them  
And are thankful we're still here.  
Our memories help sustain us  
Through long and dreary days.  
The golden past, and dear true friends,  
These will be our's always.

## SHOW TIME

It's here again! That time of year!  
It's here again! Show time is here!  
Members are busy with displays,  
Many working nights and days.  
All showing great amounts of zeal  
To make a case which will appeal  
To young and middle-aged and old  
With the many wonders it will hold.  
Tables are placed with greatest care,  
For it is plain that this is where  
The best each member has to show  
Will rest in state for all to know  
That this is what our club's all about.  
We'll show our best, there is no doubt!  
And for this work, what's the reward?  
The viewers' joy as they regard  
Each case so proudly sitting there,  
Holding beauty beyond compare.  
That in itself does justify  
The many hours you and I  
Have spent upon each case they see.  
That's what the true reward should be.  
We'll know our work was not in vain  
When these kind folks come back again  
And bring along their friends next year  
To see the wonders we'll show here.

## PAUSE A WHILE

One day as I was walking  
Down a wooded country lane,  
My ears were titillated by  
A meadow lark's refrain.  
My nose was set a-tingle  
By aromas, Oh, so sweet,  
Of myriads of flowers growing  
All around my feet.

My eyes beheld the glories  
Of this rural countryside.  
The birds, the trees, the grasses green,  
The sky so blue and wide.  
To think that all this beauty  
Was here for us to see!  
That God prepared this showcase  
Just for you and me!

So, often as we go our way,  
Our minds preoccupied  
By mundane things, or our own cares  
Which we can't put aside,  
We fail to see the beauty which  
Surrounds us every day,  
So let's stop and smell the flowers  
As we go on our way.

## COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

When you feel down and wonder why  
 Things can't be different, and you sigh  
 And think of many things left undone.  
 Remember, you're not the only one.  
 Count your blessings!

When it seems to you that God forgot  
 The good you've done, and like as not,  
 The good you'll do as time goes by,  
 Don't despair and wonder why.  
 Count your blessings!

We take for granted simple things,  
 Like childrens' love, a bird that sings,  
 Our eyes to see with and enjoy  
 The beauty of each girl and boy.  
 Count your blessings!

It's not easy, day by day,  
 To see one's dreams just fade away.  
 The only thing that you can do  
 Is say a prayer and start anew.  
 Count your blessings!

It just might help for you to know  
 You have our love and prayers and so  
 Please remember, You're not alone.  
 Have faith, and let His will be done!  
 Count your blessings!

(This was written for our daughter, Lorrie,  
 when we learned that she had been afflicted  
 with MS.)

## IS THIS YOU?

Oh, My Gosh! Tonight's our meeting!

What was I to bring?

Oh, yes, an interesting specimen.

I'll bring any old thing.

There'll be other stuff to look at.

I was to have the program, too!

I'll just bring my bingo cards,

They'll just have to do.

I was to have an article

For the editor's newsletter.

Maybe he'll get several more

That he'll like a little better.

I suppose some windy cuss

Will hold the floor all night.

Not that I've got much to say,

But, then again, I might.

It's getting kind of cold outside.

Maybe I shouldn't go.

There'll be plenty others there.

Someone is sure to show.

If they decide on something

With which I don't agree,

I'll tell 'em the next time we meet.

They'll really hear from me!



## TEMPUS FUGIT

I eagerly anticipate  
The coming of each spring.  
The balmy days, the greening world  
I know that it will bring.  
I await those sunny days  
When I again can roam,  
Looking fro rocks and gemmy things  
That I can bring back home.  
All spring and summer I collect  
These gems from nature's store.  
House, shop and yard may overflow  
But I go back for more.  
I know a long, bleak winter  
Will follow after fall,  
And I want all this material  
Here at my back and call.  
Isn't that the time of year  
We spend days in our shop,  
Sawing, grinding, polishing,  
For hours without stop?  
This hoard of mine will shrink in size  
By the time springtime is here.  
However, this doesn't happen.  
It's just not true, I fear.  
The rock piles don't get smaller.  
They seem to grow and grow.  
In spite of good intentions  
The work goes mighty slow.  
The material that I have used  
Has barely put a dent  
In my rock stock, and I wonder  
Just where this past year went!

## MY FIRST ROCK SHOW

When friends asked if  
I wished to go  
Along with them to  
attend a show,  
The first thing, of course,  
that came to mind  
Was to inquire of them,  
just what kind.

They took great pains  
to acquaint me  
With the gems and minerals  
I would see.  
I had no interest in  
things like these,  
But went along,  
just my friends to please.

Little did I  
realize  
That I was in for  
a great surprise.  
When we walked into  
the well lit hall,  
I simply could not  
believe it all!

(Continued on next page)

## TO A TRILOBITE

Over six hundred million years ago  
You crawled through mud and slime.  
Your movements were so very slow  
Though you were in your prime.

Through Devonian to Mississippian,  
In these times you multiplied.  
You weren't doomed to oblivion  
For now you're glorified.

You give much joy to those who find  
Your body trisegmental,  
Preserved for eons out of mind,  
Your find is monumental.

## A ROCK CLUB'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

The room was decked with boughs of pine,  
In a corner stood the tree  
Beneath which laid the presents  
For everyone to see.

Each table fairly sparkled  
With plates and silver bright,  
And colored Christmas candles  
With their dancing, flickering light.

The hum of voices filled the air,  
Good humor did abound.  
This jovial atmosphere prevails  
When rockhounds gather round.

The members soon did find their place  
Around the festive board.  
Then silence fell upon this crowd  
As one addressed the Lord.

"Dear Father, bless this group", he said,  
"And than You for this food."  
"And thank you for the fellowship  
"Which makes us all feel good."

(Continued on next page)