An Acorn is More Than Just An Acorn

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This small, tiny acorn,
Half of an acorn, actually.
Discarded by nature,
Ignored by most,
Yet somehow it caught my eye.
When standing alone, flat side down,
It looked like a small helmet,
Worn by the Mongols maybe,
Or by the soldiers of some other civilization.
The top to a small hut,
It could be,
But it also slightly resembled the "gold ball" house
That was on my street, a few doors down from mine.
When I picked it up by its stem,
And looked at its inside,
I saw a sunflower, perhaps
or an inscription,
A picture, a now unrecognized form of writing,
Found only on the walls of caves,
Left there by some ancient tribe.
This acorn, small and unimportant,
so much more than just an acorn.

-- Shawn Carter