

A Walk Among Tombstones

By Glenn Currier

I walked among you for a while
wandered on the greening ground
over father, mother, and child
listened but heard no sound
only a soft flutter of breeze
and a lone cardinal's song
looked up through the trees
at spring's budding throng.

How still you rest below
through every season of our lives
under golden leaves and snow
no longer husbands and wives
now all children of the light
no birthdays or family names
nor cloudy days nor stormy nights
nor bitter fights nor hateful claims.

Here family plots are bounded
monuments to people well known
but all by dirt and dust surrounded
a few short lines on a tombstone
to remember a woman or a man
perhaps a poem or scripture quote
when their lives ended and began
a jot of life for the living to note.

It is good to walk among the dead
remind me of mortality
that life's a precious thin thread
and a few moments of vitality
to pause and bow and honor those
whose cold bones rest quiet here
to stop and feel the softness of the rose
and give thanks for a life so dear.

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