

# Mourning

By Glenn Currier

I saw the woman kneeling at his grave  
weeping at his premature departure.  
Were her tears a liquid bridge  
between their love, their passionate past  
and a new still aborning present?

My heart ached for her  
thinking of the way they gave themselves to each other  
and to a greater cause  
wondering  
and hoping  
his life was a small stone  
for building something  
beautiful.

*Author's Note: I recently saw a documentary: "Section 60 – Arlington National Cemetery." It was beautifully done but it was so painful to watch, these women and men weeping and lingering at the gravesites of their loved ones fallen in the Iraq or Afghanistan wars. I had trouble articulating my feelings and the reason I sat through those painful beautiful scenes until the end of the film. I also wish to thank Sharon Talbot for her poem by the same title and for the idea for this poem. Sharon's HelloPoetry.com page: <https://hellopoetry.com/u697570/poems/>*

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