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Going to Graves

David Knape

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DAVID KNAPE

We go to graves to see the names
Upon the tombstones chiseled plain
To find the loved ones who we must
Fondly remember, a part of us

We go to graves to kneel at plots
Remembering things so soon forgot
We bow our heads and say a prayer
So many memories buried there

We go to graves to bend a knee
To see the photos of deceased
So young and vibrant they once were
Their likeness cause hearts to stir

We go to graves to say amen
To all the things remembered when
There was such joy in family, friends
Those times will never come again

We go to graves to tell our folks
The love we had but seldom spoke
And that we miss them more than we
Could ever say, quite honestly

We go to graves, down rows we walk
To find forebears, if stones could talk
What stories we would hear from them
Their voices echo in the wind

We go to graves to feel the sense
Of being with them, once again
Of having one more memory
Kept in our hearts eternally

We go to graves to find the thing
That's missing in the lives we lead
And in the end, if truth we tell
We go to graves to find ourselves.

SEPTEMBER 11 TEN YEAR #38 NICK YOUNG