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Going to Graves

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Going To Graves

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

