

The View

by Katelyn Swanson

The slow ascension of the sunrise
Casts a wash of yellowed light across the grass
Squirrels scurry across the damp ground
The sun sends a warm beam of light through my window
I pull the blinds away so I can see

Gray and moldy headstones line the lawn
Some weathered, many long forgotten
Once monumental obelisks
Now lay sprawled akin the breathing earth
Giant crosses and towering pillars
Are all that's left of a thousand lifetimes
Marble markers for the young and the old
Tiny stones for the tiniest souls
Whose life ended before it began
Many nameless, faceless
Both in their time,
And ours

I can't help but yearn
For the people and their time I never knew
Yearn to know their names
And their faces
Their fears, their passions, their dreams
Yearn for memories
Of birthdays and holidays and celebrations
I feel sorry for them
That there's no one left to tell their stories
No one left to remember their names

The iron fence that separates us,
The living from the dead,
Is mangled and rusted
My pain for them grows
As quickly as the vines wrapped around their headstones
With every stolen glance out my window
Along with my urge
To resurrect their stories