Indian Graveyard

Mary E. Smith
As we walk among the graves
How do we know if they too walk with us?
Are they here? In the wind that whistles a weary tune
Among stones and lowly metal markers
That have lost all the letters that once
Spelled names, days of birth, and death.

Some stones still stand and proudly say who lies below.
And days they lived and when they died.
Oh, thoughts run rampant and visions are clear
Of a grandma there and a baby here.
These are sacred towns below this earth.
So walk gently and speak low.
It is our way reverence to show
To those gone on to the great unknown.

We, too, will join that numberless throng.
Then we'll know if we can hear
The things they say as they walk through
Among our markers above our town
When we too are below the ground.