



10-15-1989

Indian Graveyard

Mary E. Smith

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

Recommended Citation

Smith, Mary E. (1989) "Indian Graveyard," *Westview*: Vol. 9 : Iss. 1 , Article 21.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol9/iss1/21>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.



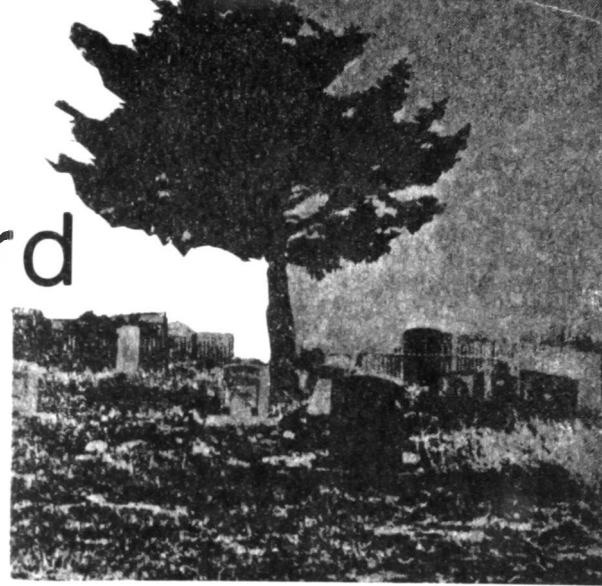
Indian Graveyard

By 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.



Clinton Indian Cemetery.

Photographs courtesy of the author.