

In the Union Cemetery

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just above the three short blocks
of my little town, the oldest graves,
dating from the early 1800s, are dark
and covered with lichen. A few obelisks,
here and there, but mostly lower stones,
and one tall statue of a doughboy
from the Great War, the War to End All Wars,
rising above the field of granite. I am drawn
to the heartbreak of the small lambs
from a time when childhood was riskier.
And the fat cherubs, even though they look
like they'd be more at home in a Renaissance palace.
When I go past our mechanic's stone, the one
with the etching of his favorite muscle car,
I can't help but smile. And there, at the top
of the hill lined with arborvitaes, is our stone,
just letters and numbers carved in rose granite.
My name's there, too, and soon I'll join you,
pull up the green coverlet, and hope
the leaves will cover us with their yellow rain.