

Black Lives . . .

by [Mary Eileen Ball](#) in the [February 2025](#) issue

Published on February 4, 2025

The Slave graves were sandstone,
anonymous, gathered in rows near my
great-great grandparents' monuments.
When mr. henson bought the land—
the old house looming ghostlike
on a hill with the Slave cabin nearby—
he decided to remove the sandstone,
no matter what the neighbors said.
Now pine trees have grown up through the
Slave remains, which lie somewhere
under the soggy earth,
where the blood cries from the ground.
All I can do is pray for their descendants,
listen better, and vote.
Then live out that old African proverb,
When you pray, move your feet.