

## 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.