



Tombstones

Forlorn and brave we stand
Sentinel – the last door to forgotten stories,
The sun, wind and rain our only companions,
Eroding our strength with every kiss.

We weep not for our fate, sure in our place
Keeper of the final records of those that lie below
Each passing year brings new testament to human frailty
... But, emotions aside, stone and bone are not so different.
The sun rises and falls, the Earth turns,
And in the end, time claims us both.