

The Nameless Stone

It was the cool days of autumn, in mid-October,
The grass was cut down, as the souls that forever rest,
The leaves had withered, as the souls that forever rest,
My mind was in a malaise of thoughts so sober,
Thoughts that may not have been for the best,
On lingering notions of death, as gray as the clouds that hung over,
It was here, my mind lay upon things tragic, no least,
In a cemetery, I made way between the rows without fear.

It was here that my eye caught sight of something surprising,
It lay low on the ground, covered in leaves and soil,
It lay buried down below, covered in leaves and soil,
My eyes saw the stone caught the light, my soul's urgency filling,
A compulsion compelled me to bend down and toil,
To uncover the stone – yes, my soul was then singing!

I bent down with sudden compulsion, of beaming vigor,
My hands clasped the sod, pulling it off of the stone,
My hands grasped the dirt, pulling it off of the stone,
In my mind, mere minutes elapsed as I felt none of the rigor,
And I gasped at what came out from the depths of its earthen throne,
The stone, freed from its throne, yielded no name – tampering my fervor,
My heart mourned over this – caught in the vice of a grindstone,
Tortured and tattered – shattered like a prized possession by an envious neighbor.

My eyes glared at the shattered stone, sorrowfully sighing,
My heart was touched profoundly, as the words of our loving Savior,

My soul was moved measurably, as the words of our loving Savior.
Such a humble thing, forlorn and forgotten in times constantly moving,
As the mourning passed, it dawned upon me the admirability of my labor,
For the deed that was done, with great gallantry came with it good tidings,
Tidings of hope, of prosperity in the face of thoughts so sober.

For it was the cool days of autumn, in mid-October,
For the grass had been cut, as the souls that forever rest,
For the leaves had withered, as the souls that forever rest,
But now, peace had come, a malaise of the soul, having fallen over,
“Let those souls lay in peace, that is for the best,”
I thought, “for they will always have someone who will remember.”