

LOCAL GRAVESTONES

1

Morning walks to the Pioneer cemetery never grow old. Early settlers and soldiers from civil and world wars rest on plots shaded by stately firs, some markers grandiose, or so worn their names can't be read, others quaint like Minnie, Vernon, Ernest and Adelaide.

I always stop by the obelisk for

*J T Walton Sr.
9/12/1812 – 10/25/1896*

*Crossed the plains
with ox team
1849*

2

Near the School of Music,
flashing streaks of light
draw me to a recent gravestone.
Surprise! Two small pinwheels
generate silvery slivers,
a waterwheel effect,
someone's brilliance recalled.

Placed by loving hands:
two miniature trucks, a pooh bear
and crested plastic dinosaurs.
Any day a spirit might stop
by the granite stone which reads
WE LOVE YOU!

Samuel E Davis

April 2, 1990 – October 2, 1993

3

Dear Samuel,
You were born and gone
before the century turned;
sixteen years until I noticed
your grave.

See how many walk here now on
a July day, some bent over phones,
others in singlets race past markers
of those who run no more.

Gnats swarm in late sun, continuity
sensed by elders who welcome inflow
of new blood yet hold memories of
those who've gone beyond like you,
only yesterday.

So I write to you, Samuel,
my eyes caught and you conjured
by silver pinwheels turning.