

## Breath of Wind

The wind blows cold and stout,  
Blowing the trees, making a howl.  
The soil sinks with every step,  
Six feet separates us from the past.

Wiping snow and moss off their stone,  
Is the last bit of kindness they can ever be shown.  
Gingerly stepping over resting lives,  
They were someone's child, husband or wife.

Silent like a service, peaceful like sleep,  
How many visit here? Do these shells, memories keep?  
The snow falls, like the tears that were weeped,  
The cold wind blows, with every step, biting my cheek.

But it's not the wind that blows,  
It's every last breath from those below.  
Making anyone who passes by, make them known-  
For in those yards, millions of stories are sewn.

Not the stories those numbers show,  
The 1910's influenza, 1930's depression,  
The 1940's the war and aggression,  
But instead the stories forgotten long ago.

The weddings, the dances, and flowers,  
A cursed poets' midnight stricken hours,  
The soldier's last love letter,  
The parents nursing their children to be better.  
The breakfasts that packed kitchens,  
The overstays because, "Just one more minute."

These are the things that mattered the most,  
Not the size of grave, nor numbers, nor stone.  
It's what happened, the stories that made them real,  
This is what gives the winds' cold feel.

Those yards are a museum,  
Holding all these lives and stories.  
The wind blows, so we don't forget,  
All they want now is someone to set.

Their last breath moves the trees,  
Their last breath bites our cheeks.  
Their last breath's a cry of "please,"  
Their last breath is a "don't forget me."