

A Mourning that Followed

You were only a face without a name,
an image barricaded behind the dirt
they threw on your lifeless body.

They planted rocks above your lonely grave
& now you lie beneath the ground six feet under.

Crying silently, as the cool air of the morning
hits your broken coffin.

You were a voice without a name,
words drove your heart to collapse.

I cannot hold a remorseful tune
for the lost spirit that now lies in a damp ditch.

I only stand stiff along with my grieving family
as they hum their songs of loss
so one day you can hear.