

Rock and Bones.

Whenever look at the gravestones,
In the graveyard, on our walks,
I am fascinated by the lives they hold.

Will i have one too? I wonder,
It would have to be with you,
What will it say? A poet is buried here.

A marker in the real world of a life lived.
And who will come to tend and mend,
Perhaps the children we don't yet have.

And in distant time, it will be forgotten,
The stone will crumble, and be rotten,
Just like the bones underneath.