

Walk in the Graveyard

The memory of that walk haunts me,
Like the ghosts of those buried.
Sticks to me like the names
Carved in the gravestones.
The graveyard quiet and still
As the cold snow falling softly.
Our chatter disturbing those sleeping below.
Just as our footsteps were disturbing the snow.
The only sign of life a red robin,
Its breast like a drop of blood,
In the dead atmosphere.
Seeing it, I remembered life again,
Upon leaving it the graveyard
Left nothing but a memory.