

Village Churchyard

the gates are unlocked always
for this place belongs to all

there are rows of standing stones
which church goers walk through
some are centuries old
some by comparison quite new
some are so weathered
the names can't be read
I wonder if the loss of the name
makes them any more dead

this is the stone of an uncle
though we never met
because at the time he died
I wasn't been born yet
and my aunt lies with him
both their names are clear
though she didn't join him
for more than thirty years

other family lies here
in unmarked mounds
which over time have sunk
to near level with the ground
I don't often visit them
for to be honest I find
they are so much more real
just kept here in my mind

very little has changed
except the trees are less
and the passing of years
no longer brings me distress
this is such a peaceful place
with its rows of standing stones
relentlessly guarding
those mouldering old bones

and the gates are always unlocked
for all to wander around in peace