



Landfill

Filled with collateral

Damaged
markers rows and rows of markers

Wind slapping weeds against the stones

Weeping willows hovering over the fallen

Birds singing too loud

Still not waking the dead

Still not hearing the drums

The call to arms.

Names rubbed thin on stones near the sea

Did salty tears cover your final resting place?

You are not forgotten gulls wail into the clouds

That touch the earth and rest on your granite home.