

## Dear Ancestor

Your tombstone stands among the rest;  
Neglected and alone.

The name and the date are chiseled out  
On polished, marbled stone.

It reaches out to all who cares  
It is too late to mourn.

You did not know that I exist  
You died and I was born.

Yet each of us are cells of you  
In flesh, in blood, in bone.

Our blood contracts and beats a pulse  
Entirely not our own.

Dear Ancestor, the place you filled  
One hundred years ago

Spreads out among the ones you left  
Who would have loved you so.

I wonder if you lived and loved,  
I wonder if you knew

That someday I would find this spot,  
And come to visit you.

Author Unknown