

The Cemetery

By Dr. Ronnie Wolfe – May 1, 2010

Beneath an azure sky a silent city lies;
The dwarfish emerald leaves and bright bouquet belies
The truest meaning of this quiet place
Where death and life at odds meet face to face.

Beneath this grassy knoll where men and beasts both trod,
There lie the ended lives of those who've gone to God
To answer for their lives, for whether just or not,
Present themselves to Him and settle in their lot.

Upon this sacred ground where men are all the same,
Both men who are renown and those who have no fame
All rest together here in this God-forsaken place,
Both those who suffer loss and those who won the race.

I stand absorbed by ambient breeze and thoughts that flood my mind.
The sun is warm; the picture grand; the stones of sundry kind.
Flooded notions in my brain flee in and out my troubled head.
Where is my place among these ones, my place among the dead?

It seems the luring presence of the dead men lying here
Are calling out for me to come, lie close their lonely bier.
This summoning call rings out to me for sin's inherent end,
When victory waits for my release, and the grave becomes my friend.

At fair or cloudy day my heart will cease its altered beat,
And I'll give up the ghost to where the soul has no retreat.
And I'll be here among the ones who've gone to that great land,
A place where holy angels are, a place I've never been.

Then I will lie among these ones who have no answered plea,
And someone else will visit here and wonder, just like me,
And clutch his heart and wonder when his time will surely come,
When death will capture life's last stand, and the soul will wander home.