## **Dear Ancestor**

Your tombstone stands among the rest Neglected and alone. The name and dates have all worn off The weathered marble stone.

It reaches out to all who care, But it's now too late to mourn. You did not know that I'd exist. You died ... and I was born.

Yet each of us are cells of you In flesh, in blood, in bone. Our hearts contract and beat a pulse Entirely not our own.

Dear ancestor, the place you filled Some hundred years ago, Spreads out among the ones you left, Who would have loved you so.

I wonder how you lived and loved.

I wonder if you knew
That someday I would find this place,
And come and visit you.

Author unknown. Submitted by Bonnie Bellmer Petoskey, MI