



I Took a Long Walk
Scott Everard

Published: 1987

Categorie(s):

Tag(s): Berachah Cemetery poem

I took a long walk where I played as a child
in the woods where the children still haunt.
The oak tree and rope swing have gone with the years
like these little ones nobody wants.

I followed the path by the creek where we played
to the clearing where high weeds would grow.
Time has been cruel to the stones strewn about
like these little ones nobody knows.

No names had been given, only numbers engraved
in this pitiful place they call home.
The forest reclaimed all that man left behind
like these little ones left all alone.

What has become of those young girls who lived
by the creek in the woods? No one knows.
Do they remember? Do they care? Do they weep
like these little ones nobody chose?

I took a long walk where I played as a child
and I wonder if heaven above
Finds a place for those left in the ground with no name
like these little ones nobody loved.



www.feedbooks.com
Food for the mind