

Lakeview Cemetery

Each morning
I run the gentle hills of Lakeview Cemetery,
a sanctuary in Cleveland, Ohio.
Exalted statues look over me—
black tears streak stone faces,
sculpted gowns lifted and frozen in the sun.

Surrounded by dawn
and one hundred year old elm and oak,
I feel my life.
I breathe
my breath.

One with the wind,
I celebrate morning.

Surrounded by etched names and dates of those departed,
I flow into energy beneath form,
I flow into the gratitude of now.

I am
the graceful stone goddesses
crying dark tears
of joy.