



Your tombstone stands among the rest  
Neglected and alone  
The name and date are chiselled out  
On polished, marbled stone

It reaches out to all who care  
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 contacts 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 know  
That someday I would find this spot  
And come to visit you

**By Walter Butler Palmer**