

Ode to Concordia Cemetery

Cemeteries are not only for sorrow, happiness is not forbidden
A park, a studio, a labyrinth — a perfect place to wander, observe, and think.

Graves peek from snow drifts
Icicles hang from crypts, frozen in time
Frozen ground resists digging
Discarded headstones languish behind bushes, spirits split between homes
Unauthorized cenotaphs are hidden away
Squirrels jump from tombstones, their tiny paw prints encased in ice
Snow deafens and brings serenity
Blizzards unsettle this ordered place

Rainstorms deluge, the dead turn aquatic
Lichgates keep briars dry
Puddles form and swallow roads
Bricks are exposed under asphalt, all on top of earth
Displaced dirt piled high, a mound for the dead
Trees blossom, birds fly
Grass grows over fresh graves
New growth brings life to the dead's home

Light replaces darkness, a place for the dead no more
Stained glass in mausoleums sends reflections
People gossip and dogs walk
Children frolic and play during funerals
Television crews film, where all storylines end
Cicadas sing to the dead
Holes in fences let ghosts in and out
Dew evaporates from gravestones, spirits rise

Colorful leaves blanket graves
Branches torn by wind lie on headstones
Deer wander among the dead, spirit animals choosing
Gaggles of geese parade, no quiet now
Processions of cars begin an end
Urns, bolsters, slabs, obelisks, tombs — death personified
All things must die, even memories of the dead
Fresh flowers let us remember, rotten flowers show we forget

When life's chaos becomes too much
A cemetery is a place where minds come to rest.