

Cemetery Walk

Sarah Emmett

It was somewhere around here, I think.
Where they buried that baby,
yeah, the one I told you about.
No, not by the pioneer obelisks
a wife for each side
fresh flower at its feet.
No, not by the veterans' memorial—
What even was the Black Hawk War?
Oh that.
No, not by the new grandparent grave
ten kids
clean-cut and temple-topped.
Not mine but close.
No, not by the flat slabs of a family plot.
Once upon a time
I jumped across them like stepping-stones
and held my grandma's hand.
She searched out neglected relatives
an aunt, a cousin, would it have been?
But anyways, now where's that baby?
He was somewhere around here, I think.