

## Breath of Wind

The wind blows cold and stout,  
Blowing the trees, making a howl.  
The soil sinks with every step,  
Six feet separates us from the past.

Wiping snow and moss off their stone,  
Is the last bit of kindness they can ever be shown.  
Gingerly stepping over resting lives,

Those yards are a museum,  
Holding all these lives and stories.  
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All they want now is someone to set.

Their last breath moves the trees,  
Their last breath bites our cheeks.  
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