

Descendants

Many years ago,
Long before you or I were born,
There were those who searched the sea
Weathering heavy storm.

The waters rose and fell,
Sickness was no surprise,
When land was reached at last
They kissed the ground and praised the skies.

But their journey did not stop,
Across wilderness, they trekked west,
And I can't speak for you
But I would want some rest.

Yet still, they kept on going,
Determination in their blood,
Forts and tents and houses
Raised just above the mud.

But they couldn't sit for long,
There was work to still be done,
The threat of deathly cold
Had them always on the run.

Small towns soon turned to cities,
Progress was being made,
Log houses became homes
And there those families stayed.

Fast forward just a little,
200 years and more,
Those people haven't left
Just as stubborn as before.

And here we stand today,
Strong hearts within our chests,
Thanks to those few people
We get to write the rest.

© Kirra Little UE

Just a Walk

Today I walk.

I walk through those twisted metal gates.

I've walked through them before.

Always greeted by the humbling silence,

But today...

Today is different.

There's a weight in the air.

It's like this every year,

The one consistency in each passing November.

I walk down the paths,

Winding my way about,

Taking in the crisp autumn scent.

Today I have no destination.

Flowers are everywhere I look.

Families are gathered together to share stories,

To bring bouquets,

To place poppies.

A veteran kneels in the wet grass,

Shutting his eyes,

Holding his daughter's hand.

I keep walking.

Twenty five...

Twenty two...

Nineteen...

I list the ages in my head,

Wandering the rows marked as military.
Some have no flowers,
Some have been forgotten.
Fathers...
Brothers...
Sons...
Who received their telegrams?
Who was struck with the news that their husband wouldn't return?
That he'd never see his little girl?
Who wept when their son was laid in the ground?
Did he cry... When he saw the other side?
My thoughts drift,
My pace is steady.
Those dashes between dates haunt me.
So many lives,
Just a name and two dates set in stone.
What happened in the middle?
What are their stories?
I turn up my jacket collar,
It's cold enough to see my breath in the stillness.
I stop.
I listen.
Soft voices carry on the wind.
Whispers of war,
The distant sound of beating drums,
The sobs of loss.
My scarf rustles.

The voices are gone.

Sigh.

It's like this every year,

The one consistency in each passing November.

I walk back the way I came,

I walk through those twisted metal gates.

I look back over the rows,

I look to where the flag watches over them.

There they are,

In the last rays of sunlight,

Standing at attention,

Ready to guard against the night.

I smile.

I will remember them.

© Kirra Little UE

We're Still Here

Histories swirl through our veins,

Unspoken,

Unwritten.

Stories of those who gave us breath,

Centuries before we would ever breathe,

And these untold tales shape us

In ways we could never explain,

Ways we will never understand.

Voices whisper,

Drowned in the wind,

Of who they once were,

Of who we could be.

Their words are spoken in cemeteries:

Stoneless patches of earth

And vast monuments

Sing the names

Of the people nature reclaimed

Before our feet touched the soil.

Those few,

Those very few,

Who sit,

And listen

Will learn,

More than most ever will,

And the histories in our blood

May yet find forms

On the lips of those
Who learn to speak it.
For those before us have left
But we still stand,
We're still here.

© Kirra Little UE