

## The List

12 Names on a page

I wonder how the ink of so few

Could be so heavy?

Every letter of every one

Another stone to heft

Last name first and first name last.

There are stone walls back home in Tennessee—

Some bow like they've been standing there

forever— Mortar-less, planted by pressure and  
strain

Every inch a mason's child

Stained by sweat, and blood, and effort

Just deep and tall enough

for leaning up against.

More than once while resting there

They have seen the last kiss, the last breath

The last tender stroke of the sweating brow.