

**Graves – A Personal Journey
Withernwick, 5th October 2010**

**A pilgrimage to my past,
to the village old graveyard,
a thing I need to do
so I can move onwards.
Great Granny and Granddads' graves,
unstoned, are level with the ground
so if you don't know where to look
they're not very easily found.
My Granddad is next them,
close so not on his own,
died young at twenty nine
so to me an unknown.**

**Mam and dad's ashes,
in their respective years,
were dutifully carried
to be spread here.
I was away in the army
when High Street Granny died;
I know she's here somewhere
but don't know where she lies.
The massive Old Oak is long gone.
In its place stands a young tree
with Teddy Bears in its branches
placed by my brother's family.**

**Aunt Ginnie and Uncle Fred
under their lichen stone
lie together, though apart
from the family so still on their own.
Bill Giles lies with his mam and dad
just across the way but still close by,
so young at just aged forty two,
the first of my village friends to die.
Cecil Ellis who'd owned the main shop,
sold up and then moved away,
is with his parents and his wife
both back in the village to stay.**

**Old Billy Bulson and his Vera rest
together by Lambwaths Road wall,
I've such vivid memories
of them one and all.
My first visit to the graveyard
for ten years or maybe more.**

**I'd not had time to stop and wander
when I was back here before.**

**I've filed all the memories,
visited all their graves and stones;
now let them live on in my mind
while the village guards their bones.**