

MUSINGS ON MEMORIALS

ROADSIDE

Susan D'Inga

I glimpsed it on a corner
Next to a road sign.
It grabbed me
As I flashed by.
Captured - a curve - a u-turn
There I was - moved.
Curious.

It started then.
Many miles,
Many memorials.
Many musings.





The warning so loud.

The cost.

The lost.

Two wooden crosses - reminders.

One like sky -

One merging with the earth.



I am here.
I was here.
I am here -
Remembered.

Are they who remember
Still here -
Remembering?
Or are they gone Like me?
Remembered?

Who tends these?
This memory.
This symbol.



I climb up for a closer look.
A different angle.

Oh.....another!
Fallen.





Why remember a loved one, a friend, a pal,
Here - In a roadside pullout?
Last moment of life?
Flight into the unknown?

(I see him catapulted off his Harley into oblivion.
Had to be a hog. Who has a nickname like "Gator?")

Why put it here -
For strangers to come upon -
With trinkets?
What meaning would they have to us -
Passersby,
Who pause perhaps to change drivers
Or pee in the bushes,
Who may or may not even notice -
Though obvious this memorial.

For those of curious nature
What would they do?
Look up the road - Speculate?
"Bad curve - must have been speeding."
Observe closely the trinkets.
Judge the dead life?
"He was a _____. See the confederate flag?"
And where would that thought take them?



These memorials
Loving reminders of some One's,
So individual each one.



Some like tears wept.



Some like surprises.
A whisper carried on a breeze
in wildflowers and grasses.



Some warnings - don't
let this happen to you,
your son, daughter,
friend.....

.....Lacrosse Team.



"They all agreed it was a great party.
Their parents and friends, not so much."

All are declarations -
some sad,
some fierce.



Our friend lived!



Our father lived!

Our children lived!

And are remembered!



Here