

Cold Black Stone

A Poem by Jim Norton

When I arrived I walked
The entire length of it,
Not looking at any names
Just to get a sense of it.
Maybe I thought, I wouldn't find it. . .
That it had all been a terrible mistake.
And then I stopped without realizing it. . .
As if my body had known exactly where to go.
I looked up and there it was,
All the other names were a blur. . .except yours.
Slowly, I reached up and touched each letter,
Closing my eyes as my fingers traced your name
Etched forever now across the cold black stone.
And then it all came back,
All the memories that brought you
To this moment. . .
From the time we first decided
To call you Jonathan.
From that moment forward
Each time your name was spoken,
It was embraced with love and caring.
But now. . .this is all we have left,
Our memories and your name. . .
Etched forever in cold black stone.