

## CROSSROADS

Alone in the silence  
alone in the sanctum of the cemetery  
Leaves dry and brittle  
crunch with every step —  
others already rotting  
stick to the soles of shoes  
Like the souls of departed  
I carry them with me  
Eyes lock on small grave  
a little girl of eight  
barely started on life's journey —  
beside her another marked  
the full life of her grandfather  
Across the path a lonely tombstone  
memorial for a sailor lost at sea  
Now his widow rests here  
spirits once again in unison  
Paths intertwine cross weave  
as lives once had  
so many generations  
so much living now silent

Stella Mazur Preda  
Ontario, Canada