

To the Bluestem Volunteers
on April 10

Our father asked for only his family
at his graveside, so we were six.
You were five.

I sat and watched you work hard
in an everyday sort of way
and listened to the shuffling of shovels and cloth and a breeze in the cedar boughs
above.

We said thank you, and I wondered
what other better thing you might have been doing for those hours?
For us, this was the best thing.
It places your presence forever
in my memory of that time,
with my family.

Laura Prange