

Searching for G.W.D.

A man and two women
Emerged from a rented car,
Wandered through Caney Cemetery
Under a boiling Kansas sun
In search of some sign of George Washington Davis,
Coming to an upright stone
Caked with green and orange moss,
Longing to recover faded names and dates,
Covering faint lines with paper,
Rubbing its face with lead pencil,
Harvested its only remaining words:
GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.”

