

## Old St. Adalbert Cemetery

by [Philip C. Kolin](#) in the [October 2023](#) issue

*developed in the late 1870s*

Even death dies here at old St. Adalbert's.  
Rain and frost have wiped away the names  
and dates from limestone grave markers  
as ants and grasshoppers scratch their own  
obituaries where once human ones stood.

Grave renters lost their squatter's rights  
after a year if someone bought the plot  
and simply pushed the renter down  
with no record of who he or she was.

Lovers must bundle two feet and centuries  
apart. Girls who once swung their corn silk  
hair and flashed quicksilver eyes can flirt now  
only when rain dissolves their muddy bed curtains.

Wealthy souls bragged they could journey  
into eternity above ground in Pullman-like  
berths but today moths tend their satin sheets  
and doors have not squeaked in a century.

The brown leaves of autumn flutter and  
fall and are mistaken for sparrows  
by the St. Adalbert dead hoping  
God's eye has not forgotten them.