

Black Lives . . .

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The Slave graves were sandstone,  
anonymous, gathered in rows near my  
great-great grandparents' monuments.  
When mr. henson bought the land—  
the old house looming ghostlike  
on a hill with the Slave cabin nearby—  
he decided to remove the sandstone,  
no matter what the neighbors said.  
Now pine trees have grown up through the  
Slave remains, which lie somewhere  
under the soggy earth,  
where the blood cries from the ground.  
All I can do is pray for their descendants,  
listen better, and vote.  
Then live out that old African proverb,  
When you pray, move your feet.