

Mount Hope, Rochester

each morning, I walk this path to class,
passing through the quiet of Mount Hope,
where names etched in stone line the way,
rows of lives sealed in silence,
waiting between the earth and sky.
and in each step, I feel the weight
of stories held tight, tucked away,
reminders of all we carry forward
and all we leave behind.

I think of these voices once woven into days,
once bright and full of purpose,
and wonder if they found what we all seek
a place that feels like home,
a moment where the heart is full,
an answer to the question that walks beside us.

how fleeting it all seems, this journey we share,
each of us moving,
trying to hold on, to make sense of the light
that slips through our hands.

between class and quiet stone,
I feel the weight of those sealed lives,
how they hold no secrets now, only stillness,
and in their silence, a call to live
to love, to create, to carve out happiness
as fiercely as we can. for what else is there?

I walk this path and I think of you,
of those I've yet to meet, of days yet to come,
and in the presence of so many farewells,
I hold close to the moments that are still mine,
the chance to breathe, to reach, to be.

we walk through this life,
and all we have, all we truly hold,
is the space we fill,
with the choice to live like every moment