Monuments:

I turn the corner and behold the marble dome,

Just a short block away from my red-bricked home,

That guards the nation's heroes embalmed deep in stone,

Both the famously adored and the ones left unknown.

And surrounding cherry blossoms smell like peace,

And bloom as pink as love,

And we are each rosy petal piece,

Floating up above.

Graciously they let me walk along,

These mighty monuments I will one day meet,

When no longer I can walk with these two measly feet,

Forgotten eyes sadly searching to belong.

But of them I think and cherish,

Of those that stand and those that float,

And for this they cannot perish,

In so much that I have wrote.

One needn’t walk upon the Hill to visit monuments,

Or pull out and study old dusty documents,

But search inside their bony dome and they shall find,

The loved ones they seek just ‘round the corner of their mind.