

1944

Graveyard in Carrboro, N.C.

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Recommended Citation

Moser, Alice. "Graveyard in Carrboro, N.C.." *New Mexico Quarterly* 14, 2 (1944). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol14/iss2/30>

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GRAVEYARD IN CARRBORO, N. C.

A drizzling rain falls
 On the luckless mound
 Of Joseph Smith who gave
 His eight year's body to the ground.

The mill-folk lie here, too,
 Their juke-box motion stopped,
 Immune to the imperious call
 Blasting the hour, dropped

Away from strident wheels
 In clifflike industries
 That, toneless as a pulse,
 Grind indifferent elegies.

Not that marble houses stir the dead
 Whose wreaths and ribbons are forgot;
 But we who mourn with pomp and artistry
 Reject pine-boards and the weed-grown plot

Tangled in loneliness
 The silence strafed with sound
 Where dusty trees accuse
 The poverty of the ground.

Over the rusty hills the day moves on
 Like the hot wind that fills
 The mouldering patterns of death
 As tawdry as life in the careless mills.

And what of their inheritors
 In the wayside Inn,
 Hard as steel in the crumbling brick,
 Red dust mirrored on the tightened skin?

Foes and brothers, there is something mine
 In the trembling hand above the new-made bier
 But the road beginning is swathed in smoke,
 The tiger-eye drowned in the atmosphere.

ALICE MOSER