Sacred Hills

The place, lost to us all,
Continued to call,
Joined by Truth and Concern.
The dead in repose
Laid out in rows
Once known only by ferns,
Now beckon us near
In order to hear
Their stories of the past.
We pause on this day
In order to say
We hear your voices at last!

By
David M. Lucas
On the occasion of finding
The lost African American Cemetery
May, 2006

Presented embedded on the actual
Wagon Road
that leads up to the cemetery.