

# 150 Kansas Poems

## #37 Ebenfeld Churchyard March 23, 2011

A shovelful of dirt strikes the casket.

He played golf one afternoon in May  
and the next day, was no longer.

It's raining here on the prairie  
behind the country church he loved.

How does my gentle cousin  
not wake up in the morning?

Was it fifty years ago, when  
tiring of coloring books,  
we played under grandma's table  
wondering which one of us  
she loved the most?

Was it only fifty years ago,  
when dashing across a farmyard  
I stumbled, splitting my knee open,  
and he felt guilty because  
he won the race?

It's raining here on the prairie  
behind the country church he loved.

The tent over the gravesite  
is of no use to me.

– Elizabeth Black

*Elizabeth Black grew up on a farm in southwest Kansas. After a long career as a teacher, writer, journalist, and editor in the Washington D.C. area, she moved to Lawrence, Kansas in 2007. Elizabeth is the author of the novel Buffalo Spirits, which drew on her experiences growing up in western Kansas.*

