

Sgt. Nelson, KIA

by Ramon Collins

**She knelt on damp ground and stared
at the name chiseled on the granite headstone.**

**A stone quarried by a stranger
and inscribed by a failed sculptor.**

**Amy Nelson didn't hear breezes rustle dying leaves,
she didn't bow her head.**

**She didn't feel the coldness enter her knees
and rise up the torso to her heart.**

"You are always on my mind," she whispered.

**She tried to stand but the earth beneath her knees
held her tight.**

