

Memorial for a Nameless Matriarch
by Shayne Coffin

(To a pioneer of old Puslinch, re-interred in Farnham Cemetery, Arkell)

Denied the perfect health of youth,
Run ragged with the biblical expectations of her sex,
Middle-aged daughter, founding mother returned to the dirt she toiled,
Declined the eternal leisure of sweet hereafter,
Raised out of sleep beneath her homestead burial,
Weather-stained bones tumble in the hauler, clang inside her abductor,
Dumping her miniscule traces with a myriad of other residues in the fill,
For how long out of the shelter does she endure the desecration?
Too long, displaced from the result of her labours,
Unearthed, replanted among a prosperous name,
Overshadowed by their illustrious displays of wealth and legacy,
She remains unknown, flat in the grass, looking up to a monarch in the trees.