

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 14
Number 1 *Seasonal Dreams*

Article 21

Fall 12-1-1994

Grieve Not For Gretna

Denise Moran
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Moran, Denise (1994) "Grieve Not For Gretna," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 14 : No. 1 , Article 21.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol14/iss1/21>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact orenick@cod.edu.

Grieve Not For Gretna

by Denise Moran

We who lie beneath these stones
Are nothing more than rotting bones.
Remnants of a town gone by,
We stare up, sightless, at the sky.

Our children for us no longer mourn
from their own lives they've since been torn.
Where they rest, we cannot say,
Some other field, so far away.

Once named after Gretna Greene
Out lands now hail as Carol Stream.
Neither church, school, nor barn are found
To mark what we knew as our old town.

Pioneers of the Prairie State
We settled here 'round '38
Years before the deadly roar
Of guns proclaiming the Civil War

We came from Europe and back East
Farmer, merchant, miller, priest.
Journeying far, young and healthy,
Toting dreams of becoming wealthy.

We grew near old St. Charles Road
Nurturing the yearly seed we sowed.
First by wagon, then by track,
We shipped goods to Chicago and back

With Indian blood beneath our feet,
We harvested corn, oats, and wheat.
Usurping mighty Indian nations
Banished by us to reservations.

Our dust commingles no with theirs
On land once home to cougar and bear.
No longer heard is the eagle's call
Above this uncaring suburban sprawl.

A bike path winds around our tombs
Where silence reigns and wildflowers bloom
Whoever knew that we would pass
Into obscurity beneath this prairie grass.