

# Hiking the Antietam Battlefield

Trespassing carefully  
on autumn's sweetness  
of pawpaw, goldenrod  
and bluestem, through  
this deathly place  
of beauty, loss and leas,  
where for years no farmer  
could plow his field  
for fear of de-earthing  
those who died here,  
I'm grateful for the  
modest miracle  
of this sunny afternoon,  
trying to remember  
we wouldn't be here  
but for them.