**Epitaph**

*1979*

Mr. Death blow a note

On your old conch shell.

Won't you give me

A ticket to ride,

In your big purple ship,

With its wings of gold foil,

As it soars through

The gossamer sky?

The time has drawn near

For the laughter to start

As a peek at the other side.

Do not weep. Never cry.

Only shout with the joy

Of the life and the love

I have seen,

And the ones who remain

With the thoughts in their hearts.

I have known. I have suffered.

I have been.