**Old Bones**

*March 17, 2013*

Shed not a tear over these old bones.

No need to shovel a grave.

Feed me to the Bears and I'll be home.

Or set me adrift on the waves.

No need for a pine box bind me in.

No wish for a Tomb or Stone.

I will lye with the wind air trees when.

I lye down and cease to roam.

The light of the Moon and the Touch of the Stars.

Will guide me on my way.