Thoughts on a Passing

November 16, 2013

When I Die. Blessed With Peace As A King Or Dog.

Lye Me Down. Bury Me Like A Bone. Wrap Me Not In Silken Shroud Nor Velvet

Gown. Nor Mark My Dead Shell With A Stone. Rather Let My Vessel Join With

My Friends. Mere Worm. Clod. Sod. Grass. Roots. Soil. Loam. As My Spirit Flys

To A Bourne. Where My Soul May Gimbol Gambol And Roam. I Fade Not To

The Black Dark Cold Night. But Awake To A Bright New Morne.

Nor Speak At The Pulpit Of Who I May Have Been. Recite Of My Sins. Good

Deeds. Rather Seek In Thy Own Garden. Thoughts Of Delight. When. I May

have Touched Thy Heart. Twined For A Breathe With Thee. From Ashes And

Dust. We Spring. So Fashioned. Blessed. Conceived. Pass Through. Return.

Move On. As We Must. To a Realm Beyond. Pray Say. Mourne Not. Nor Grieve.

As Thy Cry At A Birth. Rejoice At My Death. As I Smile. Bid You Adieu. Take My

Leave.