



# Epitaph

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By Merrit Malloy

When I die  
Give what's left of me away  
To children  
And old me that wait to die.

And if you need to cry,  
Cry for your brother  
Walking the street beside you.  
And when you need me,  
Put your arms  
Around anyone  
And give them  
What you need to give to me.

I want to leave you something,  
Something better  
Than words  
Or sounds.

Look for me  
In the people I've known  
Or loved,  
And if you cannot give me away,  
At least let me live on in your eyes  
And not your mind.

You can love me most  
By letting  
Hands touch hands,  
By letting bodies touch bodies,  
And by letting go  
Of children  
That need to be free.

Love doesn't die,  
People do.

So, when all that's left of me  
Is love,  
Give me away.