

Don't add me to the collection
Ellie Banfield

Don't add me to that damn collection, left in the cold garage with the garden tools.

Spread half my ashes at Pelican Bay Beach at dawn,
where the ocean meets the sand and we used to see washed up jellyfish
on walks with Grandma.

Where we used to catch crabs, boogie board, and
ride the tram down the boardwalk counting the alligators, burning
our feet when we first got off on the sun heated wood.
Let me rest where I can watch the pelicans fly above and the sting rays swim below.

Last time I was home I opened a box in the garage and found the urns
of forgotten family members.
I didn't even know who they were or how we were related.
Don't let that be me.
Don't let me be forgotten.

Spread the other half in Lake Maxinkuckee.
The first body of water we ever knew, our first home.
Where we learned to swim and fish. The one place we all come back to
no matter what is going on.

Don't let me sit and collect dust to be found by the next curious grandchild
Don't add me to the collection of forgotten urns