

After I Die

After I die,

After my body is lowered into the grave,

Burnt into ashes,

Or fed to wild dogs,

If I return,

May it be as a bird.

Lifespan of months or years, no more,

Driven by season, snow, and storm,

Gleaning with never a Sabbath rest,

Falling to earth with none to mourn,

Banished from thought by all but God,

They sail on placid lakes of blue,

Fly with full-feathered wings,

Swim in heaven's crystal vault,

Split clear skies without a sound,

Surf invisible winds and clouds.

Bound by nature's laws alone,

They soar . . .

And soar . . .

And soar . . .

After I die,

If I return,

May it be as a bird.