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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.”

