

### DEATH IS THE END

Some hope to have  
Their dusty bones laid  
Inside a marble mausoleum,  
Beside several sleeping revolutions.

But I am not my bones,  
And when my taste dissolves,  
When I no longer feel the faintest touch—  
Why should I care where I am,  
When, indeed, forgotten, I am not?

Rather now, I'll make my home  
In that hidden glade  
Where spirits rest on jagged boughs  
And sing with birds, red and brown.

Together laughing as they watch  
The pale priests in shabby robes  
Trudge their solemn way  
To satin graves and marble mausoleums.