

Up In The Tree

When I die put me up in a tree
When I die I still want to see
I want no dark dank holy ground
With others snoring all around
My bones should feel sun wind and rain
Seasons changing again and again
Heavy snows would not be cold
Nature's blanket to my soul
After the feast of brother creatures
Gone the superficial features
Now pure peace has come my way
Eye sockets greeting each new day
No one can say that is not me
Watching the valley peacefully
Perhaps a squirrel while all alone
Would stop and visit and chew the bone
When I die I still want to be
When I die put me up in a tree

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