

Back Down The Line

When I die, put me on the earth
I'll do my part, for all its worth
Just lay me there for all to feast
Belly full for some wild beast
Wherever he strains, passing me there
The grass will eat, my scent in the air
The deer grow strong from grass that's fed
Dung here and there and my final bed
The bugs and birds can have their way
There I am, white spot on the clay
Bugs and critters, some fly away
Others will eat them day after day
Back down the line, hair in a nest
Wild and free got me for a guest
My bones a treasure some will find
Eye sockets a home, why should I mind
Protein and calcium for those with a need
My final pleasure, to be able to feed
Back down the line, if I have my way
Time to return - Time to repay

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