

This earth is made of old bones
And one day I will die
Bury me in the backwoods creek
So that my soul may fly

Fill my lungs with raindrops
Wrap my wrists with vines
Face my sightless sockets
Towards the aspens and the pines

Cover me in flower seeds
And let my flesh decay
Cloak my corpse in soil
Till my features rot away

Shroud my skin in shadow
Lay a lily on my grave
Then leave me in my stillness
And still I'll always stay

I need not live forever
For forever is a curse
And when my life is over
Let the earth and sky rejoice

For each old bone supports new life
Of which they give freely
Let my body be a vessel
As it once was loaned to me

So may my flesh grow flowers
That in their time bear seeds
That feed the deer that feed the people
One of whom once was me

For this world is a cycle
Around and round it goes
But one thing here is certain:
Soon, we all will be old bones.

