



Woodland Burial

Don't lay me in some gloomy
churchyard shaded by a wall
Where the dust of ancient bones
has spread a dryness over all,
Lay me in some leafy loam
where, sheltered from the cold
Little seeds investigate and
tender leaves unfold.

There kindly and affectionately,
plant a native tree

To grow resplendent before God
and hold some part of me.

The roots will not disturb me as
they went their peaceful way
To build the fine and bountiful,
from closure and decay.

To seek their small requirements
so that when their work is done
I'll be tall and standing strongly in
the beauty of the sun.



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