



Wishes

A quiet burial in an unrecorded place
Overgrown with cables of
gradual ivy, Herbage and fern. Dotted with the Purple trinkets of
wildflowers and The low voices of bees.

Lay me down in a plain woodcutter's box. In a secular burrow, emptied
of light, Snug, with love-knotted old roots, Beneath the freight of an
almighty tree.

Leave me to the coo and caw of isolation, To death's privacies, steeping
to a resin,
To ease myself up into the worn bedsprings of the branches, To wear the glitter of frost
And a mash of snow on my arms.

After the chirrups of spring and the sear of summer, In the colours of hen and fire
and corn-gold
Let me surrender to the whinge of the wind and Disperse. Leaf by leaf.
In the patter and churn of bundles and sweepings.

Caroline Brennan, Dublin, Ireland