

## 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 wend 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.

Pam Ayres