

## Dead on the Hill

If I were you I'd be sad to be found.  
Announced, un-named, on the news.  
Carted in a bag to the road.  
Patched in places crows have been  
to be seen by a weeping wife.

No.

I want the crows to feast.  
I want to seep into the earth  
the worms to work my flesh.  
I want to feed the roots of blaeberrries  
to trickle gently down green braes.  
I want my picked bones to splinter  
and my dust to be lifted  
by the breath of the cold wind.

I want to stare  
still as the watchful hill  
at the foreverness of the stars beyond.

Charlie Gracie