

Blackwood

All dressed up
In your Sunday best
Hair tightly coiled
Buttoned up vest
A pink carnation
Upon your still chest

No rise and fall
No sound at all
Hands clasped so tightly
Fingers entwined
Brow that's so smooth
No more furrowed and lined

Eyes that won't open
Lips that won't part
A body suspended
A silent still heart

Plant me in Blackwood
You said with a smile
Or my spirit will rise and haunt you a while!
Plant me in Blackwood
Where the wind stirs the trees
Plant me in Blackwood
Hear my voice in the breeze

So, I sit here before you with the sun on my back
My heart is much lighter
No longer thunderous and black
As the breeze swirls around me and tugs at my skirt
I rest my head on the ground
Place my hands in the dirt

I laid you down gently
I placed you to rest
I gave you to Blackwood
To the place you loved best