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Instructions to The Coroner

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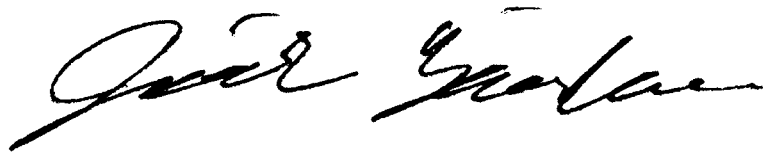
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JOSIAH ZUIDERVEEN



Instructions to the Coroner

After all of life's grand adventures are finished
Burn my body on a pyre like Vikings of old
My soul has journeyed on to brighter things
Don't take me to a cemetery.
Too cold and monumental.
Gather the dust and place me
Here.....
Among high grasses and trees.
Spread my coal-tempered ashes to ride wind-worn hills.
Put some of me in a water bottle,
Ride with me one last time.
There...
Where I went to rest my bike amidst the coolness,
Under the bridge where water rushes through this magic cove
Is where my powdered-carcass can ride the stream
Let me watch over that place still
And I will cause the wind to gently ruffle your hair
Blowing away cares and fears

Then walk
Among the dunes and rocky waters
I shall call to friends I ran ahead of
My soul shall sway with song singing
"Come, spend time in this magic cove,
And walk this windy sun-grass,
Or sit on the gnarled, broken trunk
Listening to the swirling waters under the trees.
Where the wind caresses your tear-stained cheeks
Let this wind hold you in your sorrow
Till you are ready to rejoin life's adventure without me."