When I Die

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WHEN I DIE...

I want life to end instantly.
I want to die in unison with the man I love,
so pain will not affect either of us.
I want to donate my organs,
so others can learn how to cure the living.
I want what’s left to be cremated,
my ashes placed in a small, antique jar.
I want a small funeral,
with family and close friends.
I want it to be a happy time,
for remembering times we’ve shared:
   camping with Jill at Pine Lake
when people thought we were "fisherboys."
   Panama City with the girls . . .
the beach, the night life, and the caravan.
Christmas morning at the Nelson house,
when Mom and Dad, or Santa,
   forgot to put out the presents.
I want an abundance of flowers.
Particularly daisies and daffodils.
I want smiles, laughter, and the singing
of "Friends," as led by the Pastor.
Finally, I want to be taken to the bluff,
to a place I call "The Sound of Music"
and scattered over Lake Michigan,
where others may
   swim through my soul
forever. . .

Sarah Nelson