

Weird Tales

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This Thing I Wish

By ALFRED I. TOOKE

This thing I wish! When Death shall come for me,
I would be buried 'neath a spreading tree,
I would not have my body coffin-bound,
In simple shroud let it be lightly wound,
And cradled gently, for its last, long sleep,
Where twining roots a kindly vigil keep.

Perchance the body that was mine shall be,
In time, a part of that far-spreading tree,
Where birds, to sing, or build their nests will come,
And bees amidst the nodding flowers will hum;
Where summer zephyrs, sweetly whispering low,
At play amongst the leaves will come and go;
Where lowing cattle, wandering up the glade,
Will pause a moment in the welcome shade.

This thing alone I ask. When Life is spent,
Cradle me so, and I shall be content.