

WHEN I AM GONE

I want no pomp, I want no state,  
I want no colorful debate  
Of what I was, or could have been;  
Just take me out and tuck me in,  
In Mother Earth beneath the sky.  
'Twas good to live, but good to die,  
Just leave me, in the wind and rain  
With flowers that bloom and fade again,  
'Neath winter's snow and April shower,  
In calm repose 'til waking hour,  
Just tuck me 'neath the sod  
With friendly hand, but speak of God.

Eric G. Hawkinson  
Chicago, 1936