

Passing the Graveyard

I see you did not try to save
The bouquet of white flowers I gave
So fast they've withered on your grave.

These living bodies that we wear
So change by every seventh year,
That in a new dress we appear.

Limbs, spongy brain and slogging heart,
No part remains the self-same part.

We've slipped slow bodies in the past,
So why should we be so aghast
You've thrown off the whole flesh at last?

Why does it hurt the heart to think
Of that most bitter abrupt brink
Where the low-shouldered coffins sink?

Let one who loves you think instead
That, like a woman who has wed,
You undressed first, and went to bed.

Andrew Young

In memory of Diane Lee

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