

## Autumn

doth the heavens, they shall rise  
in times of yore i bear my cries  
when the leaves subside and fall  
for the ground they lay will bear their calls

ease upon my call  
rest they shall do  
for when the simple man admires the wise one wishes he could too

for your death of orange hues leave nothing but a trail towards the greater evening towards a  
barren past

graceful evermore  
are the times of yore graceful evermore  
your death i shall adorn

## Fawn

Soft as laden snow  
You'll lie along the willows  
Holding the fleeting breeze

Rays will come from the east  
And dance along your cheeks  
Soon you will awake

Rest your head, boy  
For leaves will sing you  
Slowly back to sleep

Beneath my hands  
The gentle snow will safe  
But you will stay warm in my arms

## Luna

i forget to look at the moon sometimes  
although i know she's shining bright  
smiling looking down on me with her simple evening light

i forget to count the stars  
although i know they lay right above my head  
holding my little wishes, the kinds most everyone has said

i forget that the earth below me is rich  
although i know it's always there  
keeping a cool place for me feet when the sun's rays always blare

i forget to hug the trees around me  
although i know they breath along with me  
when the summers blaring heat comes, they hug me with their shade

i forget to thank the sun, for all its warmth and light although it's always there to give kisses in  
the morning he always gives a proud smile whenever i'm in sight

i forget to dance with the wind  
although it always cools and soothes  
and they always skip around when there's autumn leaves in sight

i forget many things  
although i know you're always there  
for you'll always protect and love me  
as nature loves us all  
so thank you moon, thank you sun wind earth and stars thank you, you! for loving as you are

## Ghostly

I'll lie in your arms tonight  
To hold your ghostly essence

The thoughtless, brainless nights  
In the burning winter

I'll lie beside your body  
And breath in the scent  
Of your aching soul

## L'Chaim

There will be no flowers at my funeral  
Wretched evil men get roots of nature  
Holding their souls to commonground  
Forever embodied, forever incarnated

There will be no flowers at my funeral  
Take your roses and thyme  
Take your rosemary and forget-me-nots  
You will forget me through the flower  
As the sun sets and rises  
I will never embody, never re-live

Do not take flowers to my funeral  
They will soon die  
Will perish, just as you and I

Bring me a great stone  
Stones cannot wilt  
They are the world I am build upon

As the sunken stones wash  
Upon the bitter salty sea  
Smoothed along the grooves it becomes  
Pure and true

I will be a stone, not flower, at my funeral  
The ocean will take me  
As Venus in her shell  
I will persist

Do not mistake me  
For one without flaw  
The sea may aid me,  
But it still stings my wounds

I am no Sunflower  
Closing at the setting sun  
I am no Daylily

Which cannot live beyond the sunset

I am the stone  
With bitter wounds  
But never perished

My sons will never be Sunflowers  
They will hold my stone  
With flushed cheeks and toothy smiles

They will tell their school mates  
The boys and girls of the new life  
They will know me as a stone  
That I have lives vicariously  
And run their fingers among my grooves

They will ease me to my new life  
Through their bubbly lives  
Playgrounds and crayons  
Shabbat dinner and candle light

Always I will be a stone  
And never the sunflower

Soon they will visit where I rest  
They will never bring flowers  
There will be no flowers at my funeral  
Only eternal stones