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Final Dispensation

Viki Pettijohn Craig

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Final Dispensation

by Viki Pettijohn Craig

for Myra Luten Coghill

Well, the whole earth is a cemetery.
We walk on piles of bones,
Memories of bones, and hints of even
Earlier bones.

All resting places eventually are
Disturbed. We are all blended by
Plows, streams, the digging of stones
To make houses and fences.
We free-float in the earth.
Thus, I do not crave a final resting place.
Give me purging by fire;
Distribute me through the air
To waters below,
And finally to shifting sands
Beneath the waters.

Where I may eddy freely

For whatever eternity may be.

