

When I die...

...murmured the leaf.

I will float from the branches of my home
dancing until I reach the ground.

When I die quacked the duck.

I want to be in my pond
where I played with my children.

When I die sang the bird.

I want to be flying
to see the blue sky as I fall
to the green earth.

When I die thought the fish.

I want to die in the sea
among the anemones.

I don't want to die

shouted the little boy.

I want to climb the trees
feed the ducks in the pond
watch birds fly
look at fish in the sea.

But, when I do die

whispered the little boy.

I want to be buried
near my mother, my father, my cat
and all the animals in Africa and Argentina.

Pat in contemplation in September 2021