

## Die Well, Like Trees

Everyone I know  
Is learning to let go  
Of something  
Or someone  
They love.

Hope becomes unclear,  
And then it reappears.  
Life is sweet  
And out of control.

Like trees we're stretched over ourselves,  
Love inscribed in our cells.  
We're falling,  
Leaving our rings to those left behind.

We're trying to die well.

Teach us all that that means:

To see things of eternal weight,  
To glimpse joy in the in-between;  
To take life as it comes—  
The beauty and the misery.

Then, on our dying days,  
May we *and* the trees sing praise  
For how you taught our lifetime  
To be a song.