

Immortality
Eliza Blanchard

I want to die like a tree.
I want to be left where I fall,
cushioned by moss, leaves, and
the fragrance of pine.

I'd like to be home for mushrooms
and their brothers, fungus and lichen.
Let British soldiers bivouac along my arms.
Let beetles burrow and their larvae hatch
within me. Let ants march out from me.
What better fate than to be future's feast?

If I shelter myriad others,
if there's sanctuary in my bones,
I could lie down in silence.
I could die content to let rain,
snow, and ice tease flesh from sinew.

When death comes,
I'd prefer to molder a little
each season, and let the four
elements carry my fire home.