

Afterlife

“In my next life,” said the tree
“I think I’ll be a dragon,
Or maybe be a mountain troll
Who owns a giant tavern

Perhaps I’ll be a little girl
With secret, hidden powers
Or maybe be a tiny ant
That lives amongst the flowers

Perhaps I’ll surf a waterfall
Or burrow underground,
Perhaps I’ll find a heart-shaped balloon
And float up to the clouds

Perhaps I’ll find a rocket
And I’ll fire it into space
Or maybe meet a pirate
With a scar upon his face”

“What do you mean?” I asked the tree
And that is when he said
“You know we’ll all die one day
But our souls will not be dead

So when the world assumes
That I have reached eternal sleep
I’ll worry not because I’ll have
So much life left in me

See, they will take my ever-reaching
Branches in their glory
And I’ll become the pages
Of a many-treasured story

And that is why you’ll often
Find them leafing through the pages
Or turning over new leaves
Of a tale they’ve known for ages

I will not look as I do now –
My life will be rewritten
But they will hear my echo
On the pages if they listen

So if you feel inclined to,
Take a walk into the woods
And take a bag upon your back
Packed with your favourite books

Then find a shady canopy,
A leafy spot to rest
And read the trees the stories
Of the lives they might live next”

