

# Poi Dog Pondering, Bury Me Deep

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A lifetime of accomplishments of which the dirt knows none,  
only in death can one truly return  
Return the carrots, the apples and potatoes,  
The chickens, the cows, the fish and tomatoes.  
In one glorious swoop, let the deed be done  
and bury me deep so that I can be one...  
And all around my muscle and all around my bone,  
don't incinerate me or seal me from  
the dirt which bore me, the bed that which from  
the rain falls upon and the fruit comes from  
For the dirt is a blanket, no fiery tomb,  
No punishment, reward, or pearly white room  
And you who say that in death we will pay,  
The dead they can't hear a word that you say  
Your words are not kind, sober or giving,  
they only put fear in the hearts of the living  
So put away your tongues and roll up your sleeves,  
and pick up your shovel and bury me deep.