

“When I Go” by Dave Carter

Spring, spirit dancer, nimble and thin  
I will leap like coyote when I go  
Tireless entrancer, lend me your skin  
I will run like the gray wolf when I go

And when the sun comes, trumpets from his red house in the east  
He will find a standing stone where long I chanted my release  
He will send his morning messenger to strike the hammer blow  
And I will crumble down uncountable in showers of crimson rubies when I  
go

Sigh, mournful sister, whisper and turn  
I will rattle like dry leaves when I go  
Stand in the mist where my fire used to burn  
I will camp on the night breeze when I go

And should you glimpse my wandering form out on the borderline  
Between death and resurrection and the council of the pines  
Do not worry for my comfort, do not sorrow for me so  
All your diamond tears will rise up and adorn the sky beside me when I go