

# Tend To My Grave

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Tend to my grave – I want ashes not bones  
And shade from tall trees – *not a cold headstone*  
See that it's quiet – left mostly alone  
I never minded – being on my own

Tend to my grave – every once in a while  
Bring along some grace, to - *help me reconcile*  
Choices that I made – when love was exiled  
Self-absolution – so often futile

*Plant wildflowers – and ferns if they'll grow*  
*Blue bells and trillium – where the Shenandoah flows*

Tend to my grave – at the evening gloam  
Gather the regrets, that – *I could not let go*  
Toss them to the river – or the wind as it blows  
Give peace a chance for – this desperate soul

Tend to my grave – should you get a chance  
So much comes down to – *one's can's and one's cant's*  
But we can't avoid our - last circumstance  
So I face and embrace this - final expanse

*Plant wildflowers – and ferns if they'll grow*  
*Blue bells and trillium – where the Shenandoah flows*

*Plant wildflowers – and ferns if they'll grow*  
*Blue bells and trillium – down where the Shenandoah flows*