

## Let Me Die Singing and Clapping My Hands

Let me die singing and clapping my hands,  
Like mother who chirped, "Cheerio to all",  
At ninety-two on Atlantic bandstands.

Pass playing pianos, uprights and grands,  
Like sister who hollered, "Having a ball!"  
Released while laughing and clapping her hands.

Expire stacking hay with health in my glands,  
Like grandfather hiking a pitchfork tall,  
In 'sixty-nine on brave Baltic farm lands.

Decease having met our children's demands  
For good, healthy food, a sheltering wall,  
I'll exit relieved and clapping my hands.

Grant curtains while viewing both waves and sands,  
Retirement dreamt for since work's last roll call,  
Eighty-sixed upon Pacific coast lands.

Demise, no surprise, nor shock as it stands,  
Quietus quotidian shall enthrall.  
Let me die singing and clapping my hands  
At ninety-nine on Pacific coast lands.

Donald Shephard, March 6, 2010.