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Wearing My Dead

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I used to walk upon my dead as a carpet
Woven from the lives of my forebears
I thought of them as living in my shadow
As I crawled then strode into my life

I wear my dead about me as a cloak
A marshal cloak mustered against the great out there
In battle I wrap them around my
Spirit and can face the enemy with a still heart

I will wear my dead about me as a shroud
When all the dust and blood of this life
Has moved into the collective knowing of
Death, our gentle friend