

When I die and cease to be me,
Send my carbon off to be free.
Beetles, weevils, moss and birds,
Rudbeckia, baptisia, bison herds,
Prairie, soil, and the most grand tree,
Oh the places we'll go when I'm no longer me!
Until at last we settle under the sea...
Waiting millennia for our next chance to be.

Basil Camu
Treecologist & Wizard of Things