



If I could watch the sunset

If I could watch the sunset  
In vibrant, vacant skies,  
If the sun and wind  
Caressed my face,  
When I lay down to die...  
With kin and country, I love best  
Who so embrace my soul;  
Send me back, to my country  
So my life and death are whole.  
Don't tuck me in a hospital bed,  
White sheets contrast my skin.  
Just send me back, to my country,  
So my dreaming can begin.....

Zita Heywood 2008