Carry Me High

by Judy Davies

Carry me high to my resting place, 
strong young men with backs of brawn; 
carry me under the drooping leaves 
of willow trees in dew-wet dawn.

Carry me high in the searing sun, 
shuffle the dust that’s scorched and brown. 
Carry me high in the noonday light, 
I'll wear its gold as my final crown.

The sun will set on my resting place. 
Strong young men bend knee and thigh 
to touch the grass and roughened earth. 
It’s my final trip home, so carry me high.