

## AN END OF RAIL

I want no costly, blazoned rites  
Paid for me at my end of rail;  
Just a nook in some ragged heights  
Near the tramp of some tardy trail.

Where coyotes to the jewelled sky  
Mouth their woes in a pitching tone,  
Or the honk of wild geese phalanxed high  
Find no re-echo but their own.

Far from life's blandishments to be  
When I claim my allotted sod;  
There in shy nature would I see  
A sure embodiment of God.

No long words of a garnished tongue  
Ever would suit my flesh and bones;  
P'le me a loving mound unsung—  
A rustic mound of nature's stones.