

## When I Die

When I die, who is going to pay for my life, my funeral,

Who will arrange it, and who will be there.

In sorrow or in joy, will they cry?

Or will I die all alone, with no-one to send me to the next world,

No-one at the funeral, digging my own grave.

Lonely and lost, a life not lived, can it ever be fulfilled,

I want it to be, dreams ambitions. I want to find out,

Therefore am not ready to die.

Where will I be buried, poets corner? Rest in peace.

Or it is frightening to think about, anonymity,

With no-one knowing whether I have lived.

But I know that I do exist,

And that is all that matters for now.