Instructions for my burial

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Bury me with my sewing needles, so they know I was a seamstress.

Bury me with my thimble on my fourth finger,

And a silk rose in my hands,

I want them to know when they dig up my bones that I was a maker,

A creator of beauty.

Bury me with my poems,

Pile a pillow of paper under my head and tuck them around my corpse,

So they know I was a spinner of stories,

So that they can read who I was and who I worried for,

My hopes and my dreams and the person I was or could be,

Bury me wearing my battlejacket,

My armour made with the help of my friends,

Patches you gave me stitched neatly to the canvas,

Love impossible to unpick at the seams,

So they know I was a warrior for things that mattered,

Let them decode the meaning of the long-dead letters,

Decide on the kind of person I was.

Let them extrapolate my age,

My hair colour,

My weight,

But one fact I know they will get right,

If you bury me this way,

Is that I was loved.

Because I am.