

Reincarnation
By Wallace McCrae

What is reincarnation, a cowboy asked his friend.
Why its something that happens when your life has reached its end.
They comb your hair and wash your neck and clean your fingernails,
And lay you in a padded box away from life's travails.

Now this box and you goes in a hole that's been dug into the ground.
And this here reincarnation starts once your planted 'neath the mound.'
Now pretty soon the clods melt down along with the box and you
who are inside,
and then your just beginning on your transformation ride.

And then one day some grass will grow upon rendered mound.
Until one day, on your moldered grave a little flower is found.
Then say by chance a horse should wander by and graze upon that
flower,

That once was you and now has become your vegetative bower.
Now the posy that that horse done ate along with all the rest of his
feed,

becomes fat and bone and muscle, essential to the steed.

But some is consumed that he can't use
and so it finally passes on through,
And just lays there on the ground.

This thing that once was you.
And then I see's this on the ground,
and I wonder and I ponder at this object that I found.
And I begin to think about reincarnation and life and death and such.
And I come away concluding old pal, You ain't changed that much!