

## Last Will & Testament

I want only blue sky over me.  
I want the clouds, so many  
of them, variations, passing,  
changing as they pass.

I want the blackest nights  
filled with turning stars.  
I want birds to find me,  
want the hot breath of animals.

The wind too will pass,  
on its way to places  
I have been.

*James Koller*