

# Dana Rodney

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## *Collect My Dust*

God

when I die

collect my dust

but do not remake me

a woman

make of me a stone

a rock reposing

on the lap of the earth

unnoticed

elemental

resplendent in the cold moonlight

empty of utterance

of no particular use

except perhaps to toss

into the sea

one ecstatic splash

the only word

I speak.