

# Reincarnation

by Wallace McCrae

“What is reincarnation?”,  
A cowboy asked his friend.  
His friend replied, “Well son, it happens  
when your life has reached its end.  
See, they comb your hair and wash your neck  
and they clean your fingernails.  
Then they lay you down in a padded box,  
far from life’s travails.  
Now that old box and you go down a hole  
that’s been dug into the ground.  
And I reckon reincarnation starts in  
when you’re planted ‘neath that mound.  
You see the box melts down, just like the clods  
in you who is inside.  
and then pardner, you’re just beginning  
a transformation ride.  
You see in a while some rain will come  
and fall upon the ground.  
Till one day on your lonely little grave  
a little flower will be found.  
And say a horse should wander by  
and graze upon this flower,  
That once was you, but now,  
is just a vegetative bower.  
That lil flower that the horse done et up  
with all his other feed,  
Becomes bone and fat and muscle,  
essential to that steed.  
‘Course some is consumed that he can’t use  
and so it passes through.  
And finally it lays there on the ground,  
that thing that once was you!  
Then, say that I should wander by  
and gaze upon the ground.  
And wonder and ponder on this object  
that I’ve just found.  
Well it sure makes me think of reincarnation.  
Makes me think about Life and Death and such!  
And I ride away concluding,  
Slim, you ain’t changed all that much!