

## And On The Last Sun of My Leaving

And on the last sun of my leaving  
the doors of the earth open to me  
where I will find you

Spinning,  
Spinning green children from your  
wheel to fall upon the ground as  
grass

There,  
When the flowers dress to meet  
their lover,

Sun,  
I will take your hand and run with  
you into the clouds and we will  
watch the last of Winter go, and  
Spring arrive.

– Larry Karpati

*October 11, 1963 – May 3, 2020*