

SHOOT FOR THE STARS

Where are you now, Mom?
Are you sad; are you merry?
Did you fly away with an angel
Or dance off with a faerie?

Have you left this Middle World far behind?
Or do you linger still with our grief in your mind?

Let us go. Fly away.
Your birth star has fallen.
Your Spirit is free now –
Your ancestors are calling.

We'll be all right.
You've taught us well:
To shoot for the stars
And to give 'em all hell.