

1985

## Death, 1983

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DEATH, 1983

1. Dark, mahogany wood grows  
    from deep red velvet,  
Too smooth and perfect to house anything  
But the dead
  
2. A corpse  
    is an interesting thing  
We animate it with our minds  
creating a cold, waxed puppet.  
  
    I touched him with my lips  
    and was surprised  
    when his eyes did not open.
  
3. Cars move single file  
    Through uncomfortable streets  
    The hearse, a bloodhound  
    Straining its leash.  
    Grave stones watch as we drive by,  
    Amused and patient.  
    There is a red and white striped tent  
    Over the open grave.  
    If Death is a circus, where are the clowns?
  
4. Sitting with David and Stefani  
    Selecting a picture for the newspaper  
    We had to go back five years  
    to find one of him whole.  
  
    I suspect the same is true of me.
  
5. "What is Death?"  
    "I don't know"  
    "But you are a Zen Master..."  
    "Yes, but I am not a dead Zen Master"  
  
by one daughter living at home, Lissa

Lissa Anklí