

i am not comforted by the funeral home and its chambered crematorium
after we leave the service.

why is it that i cannot smell the burning flesh
being set free and the spirit

crawling out and ember dancing
towards darkness and stars
before falling back into our
ancestral eyes
with sacred baboons and
spiritual inclinations
of the sun and moon
as attendants and servers.

burn my body in the flames of whatever a real heaven provides
and not as a profit to profiteers.

avoiding free traders of religious relics.

wf.h.

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