

Funeral

From parked cars come the bent and the bowed:
the frail and uncertain step slowly in ill prepared shoes.
Tenderness shelters under a huddle of umbrellas,
and the mourners disperse like sad patches
on a lawn. The lawn is slabbed to make room
for the coffin. The coffin tilts like a lopsided smile
and when I shovel earth onto it clods
of guilt land with a damp thud. My guilt
goes unnoticed: it travels hooded
like an immigrant crossing the border.
Immigrants learn to play their instruments in silence
- which is like watching an orchestra without sound
- which is what it must be like
just before you slip over to the other side.