

## 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.