Homage to a dead poet

Needless to say he had X-ray eyes
his hair was tousled and his humour so black
that no-one knew quite how to bury him

whether to mob him like they did the Ayatollah
and have him fall obscenely from the casket
or to stage something sparer

In the end he was just shut up
with the last shard of a broken mirror
jealously guarded and cutting his bloodless hand

They resurrected Edith Piaf to sing for the occasion
with a few onlookers handpicked for their
unlikely names and unprepossessing faces

When we got home there were messages on the answerphone
history still flickered forward on TV
but we were all bereft of words

GRANT DUNCAN