

Born March 1940

he was buried 1992
in a freshly dug hole
under a shady samaan tree,

he was cool as ever
no signs of the burst vein
and deep in a long sleep

his kin gathered and prayed
the glorious mysteries,
the our fathers and hail marys

ringing through the group
who believed and echoed
the sacred words from the past

further up on the hill
under another samaan tree
was a uncle buried years ago

died from a damaged liver
couldn't put down the bottle
the irreverent joke

the son, eighteen then
clambered like Hamlet
over his father's grave

i remember uncle
for the pitch oil can oven
that he would use to bake

the walk up the road
at the marketside
on the sunday

and Desmond on the beach
with his seafood cocktail
of chip chip at six

cigarette at the side
of the mouth
and the cards in his left.

KIN MAN YOUNG TAI