

Going Under

Honest to God, drowning is a hard way
to die, I am thinking as my friend goes under,

this time, under ground. They've patched the tears and holes
in time for the ceremony. His family honours him finally

like this—everyone seems to want to touch him now, give him a kiss.
This is lovely I hear an aunt mutter.

This is hell, I think. It's all wrong and I don't care how good he looks.
Is anybody there? I want to pound on the coffin lid and ask him

Why do you leave us like this, Daniel? Why
do you let us pretend we're setting you to rest in such unmoving earth?

But I turn my face away, as if we're not going to resolve this one either,
and then I let him roll and pitch, and go to sleep in that awful sea.

JAY SCHNEIDERS