

Her Things

These Christian burials are
Simple affairs
The deceased leaves
With just her best clothes
On her back
Maybe a bible
To help her find her way
Or to while away the time
Like a trashy book
One reads on plane rides and
Off she goes
Into the next world
Where she presumably will find
All that she needs
Leaving us with
Her clothes
Her books
Those small items

We would have preferred it
If you could have taken your things
With you
Take your glasses
You may want to read along the way
Take my scarf
It may be cold
Don't forget your favorite handbag

WENDY GAN