

## DIY Obituary

[prior to the printed word that follows a suggestion from the author to the reader: say it, aloud!]

above my head  
a suffering stone  
separated from the nameless mother mountain  
recently marks the grave

belated, I, today advertise this death

to begin with

first, one has lost grip on the outside things  
and next on matters of your own doing and undoing

finally I lost hold of play and diction

I went

*'...and lighthearted I take to the open road...'*

passed away I dodge the void and nothingness  
to arrive at a better place, small and comfortable  
much more a gentle shelter  
confident it is nothing like Dante's place

all around there are voices, people speaking clearly  
not confused, no madness, just making small talk  
about the weather, a new book, a joke and "...hey you, looking good!"  
small talk, that we KNEW where everybody was going  
that WE indicated   the laborer  
                          the washerwoman on the riverbank  
                          the grocery boy on his way to the madamme  
                          the child in the town square  
                          the coachpilot in the harbor  
                          and the reverend on his way to redeem the dying

confident that death is a she with natural wisdom  
and although she contains a multitude of reasons  
she has not a single wish to revolt  
no!  
rather smiles, lovingly, to light up the situation  
and asks YOU to believe death is much more a new dress  
such as when the snake sheds her skin  
and her warm body slides through the hands of the gypsy foretelling

while I write this in a small place   a gentle shelter

(p.s. as a poet the last sentiment I registered was the love of a girl for her pet rabbit and the statement of the serial killer that it amazes him why people want to live amongst one another with the knowledge of his killings)