

## Funeral

by bill Monday, Jan 6 2014, 10:18pm

international / poetry / post

-- i died --  
the day of my birth  
so much fuss, panic and hubbub

the umbilical tightly  
coiled around my neck  
numerous times  
my face was as blue  
as new denim --  
i died of starvation  
in my mother's womb,  
no blood to the brain

i had fully formed  
and with this new body  
i decided to spin  
and twirl like a dervish  
until i strangled myself,  
so strange  
or did i know something  
about life on earth  
from previous experience?  
did i subvert this push into  
the hellish, irrational world  
of man,  
a place of desecrated  
unimaginable beauty  
poisoned by a sick species?

i was not going,  
such determination

i spun wildly in fluid  
and space until  
i returned to the place of peace,  
the origin of things,  
the soothing bliss  
and easy harmony  
that mankind would destroy  
if given a chance,  
so perverse and sick  
this species

whether by forceful design  
or by some other hand  
that overruled my will  
i cannot say  
but via the quick action of fate  
and a nurse who repaid a debt  
or inflicted a curse,  
i was forced to return  
to my little human body  
and blue denim face  
so i could write this little poem  
for you today  
more than half a century  
after my death and rebirth

i could also reveal  
what i have been doing  
all this time  
and how i have rewarded  
those that robbed me  
of my peace and will,  
but i have,  
hidden between the lines

it was surely designed this way  
not by fate, fortune or accident --  
the same hand  
that resisted my will  
also turns the cosmic wheel  
of justice, retribution  
and reward

i have fulfilled my obligation  
my slate is clean

you are all invited to my birth  
in due course