

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