

End-Song

Fanny Howe

During life I wanted to be buried in a mystery.
On a western estuary where seabirds nest.

To drop into a piece of muck and shell, unnamed.

Wind, low clouds, rain and shafts of sun. Monks, poets, vapors of the deep.
Now where do I want to be buried?

Without an urn, there will be dirt that my ashes will disturb.
Why an urn at all?

Can't you burn into nothing?

Isn't the sky what I expected to become?
Does gravity hang on to bones like a registry of comings and goings?

Where to be buried, where to be thrown: from what mouth sing.