

Patricio Esteve · *Argentina*

FUNERAL SONG

When someone dies, and he is a VIP
You have to make the funeral arrangements.
Don't forget to light the candles, to address the cards
And to send lots of flowers.

When someone dies, and he is a VIP
The old parade must start
With the heirs, the executors,
The gravediggers and the whole staff.

There are no free tickets, no passport
And no deals; it is all the same.
When you suffer the blow of the scythe
There are no loopholes.

The declining tycoon, the horny young man,
The groovy chicken, the dirty pimp,
The executives and the generals,
All of them peed in their pants.

Drink your booze, you rascals
Or your black coffee with brandy.
Don't waste your time, hurry up with your girl
Because the sand is trickling down in the hourglass.

Our landlady, the emaciated one,
is ahead of us in this marathon.
On this earth, we are nothing.
The death mother takes us in again.

translated by Linda Lappin with the author