

First will and testament

Wrestle when I'm dead as if you're Etruscan and naked
to honor me, but that's the day after tomorrow at least,
you have time to learn the hammerlock. I don't care.
All this bar talk about what people want done when they die
makes me want to talk about what I want done when I don't,
like right now I'm not dead and here I am alive again just now
after that time a second ago and here's suddenly a third moment
in which I am not a stiff. To revere this continuing state
of knowing roughly where my car keys are and how to evade
the hound my neighbor feels deserves a piece of my ass,
I ask that you drive the kids to school and eat your pizza crust
first and lick around the best parts of sex before you get
to the panting, that you do what you'd anyway
except that you act as if everything has a soft little bunny
inside it. This is how it'll work: you've pulled out
your machete and are ready to go to town, but then you realize
you'll kill innumerable soft little bunnies
along with your in-laws or the potting shed
you've got the eye of your wrath on, and you drop the machete
and kiss your in-laws or the potting shed, and they leave you
alone because this is creepy and the potting shed
feels appreciated and your roses win the blue ribbon
at the county fair. This is all I want for you, no in-laws
and a chance to stand proudly just a look-see away
from the three eared pig. Then I can die in peace, and by peace
I mean in a wailing sort of way, like my voice
is where barbed wire is born and it's reaching out
to grab hold of everything.