

## **TO BE READ, LAUGHING FIT TO KILL**

No matter how fat your friend has been  
You will not suffer a heart attack  
Nor strain your sacroiliac  
When carrying his coffin.

Even little children know  
Nobody ever catches flu  
Attending a formal rendezvous  
With death, even in snow,

Even bare-headed, wearing  
A linen suit and no coat.  
Busyness is an antidote  
For men, pall bearing.

I apologize for being old.  
Today I caught sight of my skull  
At a stranger's funeral.  
Today, I caught cold.

*Hollis Summers*