

**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