

ON WHAT TO DO WITH MY ASHES

ah, it was smart of me not to have taken off
from work on good friday, but rather this monday,
because now it is monday morning and i am off and
it also feels as though the week ahead of me is
shorter, and because the week ahead of me is shorter
my whole life has a feeling of being shorter, and
that is a soothing feeling at times, considering
how the daily grind has a way of weighing
heavily on the soul and personality.

and this morning i was thinking (yes, again)
that i'd like my ashes, the ashes of my eyes
and my ears and my mouth, my bones and my hair
and my fingernails and my heart — all
these ashes i'd like thrown across the street
around the mailbox, since it seems to be one of
my favorite places to go off to every morning,
or every evening when i come home from work,
in search of letters from friends or word of what
has happened to some of my poems.

where else would i want to know my ashes
were going to be placed? the library
is out. i know the ladies there
would never stand for it. they get
upset with me when they find me just
snoozing in there. and the drive-in
theater down on rt. 28 is no good,
simply because it doesn't exist anymore.
and forget the cemetery: i've always
hated crowds. so, yes, across the
street would be fine. the only other
place i'd consider is the bird sanctuary.

i like to think i'd be welcome
there. and as far as that goes,
don't even reduce my hair to ashes
if i am to be put there.

some bird might find it useful
in the building of a nest.

hell, my hair's been accused
of looking like a bird's nest
often enough anyway.

— Ronald Baatz

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