

Looking Forward

Long after I have laughed my last,
corn husks will still flap and cackle yearly
in the frosty wind.
Hopeful farmers will plant and reap
and worry through every weather.

Statuesque cows will still moo and moan
their mantras low like tubas in metal sheds
incensed with daily hay.

In select suburbs far from farms,
ladies with airs will continue tinting
and teasing their failing hair
or flashing acquired fashionabilities
into their lighted full-length mirrors--
ladies who will still ache at night
for a gleaming knight
between snorings
of their well-off wimp.

By then I will have poked
this life's reapings and hopings
up through my cranial chimney
and passed beyond breath.
With no nose to interfere,
coffee may smell richer.
Free of fumbling fingers,
I may play Bach heaven-like
on an unmoolecular piano.

Then, by and by and by,
in my next soulbeat,
I could emerge again
from a provided womb,
suck into baby lungs
a deep inspiration,
and cry within my new hell
for a heaven of love and milk.

I'm wondering now if,
rather than burden my brain
with all of this forward thought,
I need to read a good mystery.