

Scattering

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I do not know about
this. You. Burned
and boneground to
bits, bits, bits, then –

what? A Baggie tied
and slipped routinely
into this unsealed black-
scrolled tribute
you preferred?

It's beautiful, of course.
You had good taste.
I do not want your ashes.
I'd rather a funeral and

forget. I do not want
to explain
what you became.

And what would I do
with you? I do not have
a mantel. Should I
wait for a windy day?
And the crows would say

no. This will not do –
this scattering of
what? I do not know.