

Notes for if I Fade Away

When I Die

Parse my body into three piles.

A pile of bones to whittle
into flutes. Only place your lips
upon them to play SZA or Lauryn Hill.
Choose the most ratchet squad of hustlers
& strippers to sing the lyrics.

A pile for my dumb heart, my tired
lungs & my burnt brain. Dig a deep hole
next to my grandfather's eventual grave. Bury
them with seven mangos, a bottle of Jack
& a microphone. Plant an acorn above them.

A pile for the rest, my inked & scarred
skin, the leftover organs & blood. Burn
them to ashes, of course, & have a party.
Don't make me a diamond or a ruby or
some stone to marvel at loosely. No,
fuck that, stuff a bunch of roman
candles & mortars with the dust
& send them joints into the black sky.
Watch them explode into lit willows
& trickle back to Earth, fading away
slow amongst the everyday air, beginning
again & beginning
again --