

Written: March 9, 2001

## March Funeral

It snows.  
Like a dry cough of winter,  
nothing sticks.

In the funeral home alcove, we  
offer condolences to grown grandchildren,  
their folks, her husband of 59 years who  
whispers that he loves her.

We file, grim-faced, past her  
in the casket. Between sprays of pink roses, they've  
set picture boards, showing her at parties, on exotic trips,  
reunions, behind the wheel of her beloved convertible..

Proof of a long life lived at full tilt.

Congestive heart disease was at  
the root of what shut her down. The irony  
of her big-hearted nature and her enlarged heart  
were part of her eulogy, part of what we lost.

At the cemetery,  
we send her off with one last prayer  
— — our faces grey as the bitter day.

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