

*Wilderness House Literary Review 1/4*

**O'Reilly's Rites**

"Should me ticker explode, I command ye  
to execrate, execrate! Only go a bit soft  
on the last line."

-- O'Reilly's

**Living Will**

Until the afterlife kicks in  
with itch to copulate and whispered  
rumor of drink on the house, O'Reilly's  
ghost's all drub and moan  
while we, his jolly pubmates, shoulder off  
the gross remains, attesting with our sunlit smirks  
himself, not us, is in the box.

O Almighty God won't O'Reilly soon spring  
to ethereal semblance of his senses  
and snort his undying disdain for us:  
drab creatures he no more need abide  
than he'd ever arrest his thrilling thirst  
for the touch of a wanton titty,  
the velvet stout going down?

Sweet Christ much to say of O'Reilly!--  
the less the better, and therefore we  
heartily plant him and that's that; and yet  
Lord knows how we're drawn to such pains for him  
let alone think him a kind thought in passing  
God rest his soul, he was an awful ass.

Still and all, as he's barely no longer  
the slobbering plague he ever was  
upon any sociable moment, we feel him dearly  
amongst us now as we put him down  
with decent cause, him dead and all, and we pause  
here ever so briefly in our sorrows  
to raise strong spirits to his snuffed flame  
and send him winging--egregious, lugubrious, ill-famed--  
past the hell he well merits, and on to his choice of  
tomorrows!