

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

Peter Crowley

The Wake

Sitting on either side
The war now over

He looks glumly ahead,
A blank stare towards the coffin

With fresh flowers surrounding,
Tricking death with irony and
Muses on the broken bond of siblings.

There was nothing else he would've done,
So he shrugs at the impossibility of acting otherwise.
Then he talks to someone who came in and barely knew his sister
About a business someone started of driving people out 3 miles
Where ashes can be legally thrown into international waters.
He chuckles when recounting people throwing ashes on a beach
And getting one's wife or relative's altered chemical composition blown
back in the face

Meanwhile the dead woman's immediate elective family, on the other side,
Shoot occasional glares in his direction

Through their mourning, they are still hold tight to their adamant hatred
against him

Maybe the war's not over.....
And in a coffin, his sister lays before him,
Waiting to become ash