

The Poetry of Gary Charles Wilkens at www.gcwilkens.com

POEM OF THE WEEK — February 21-26, 2005:

Preface to an Afterlife

I like to imagine that the dead
are neither praising nor burning but floating-
million-hued feathers of some resplendent bird,
nudged this way and that by breaths
from eternity's giggle over
the splendid joke she's played on the rest of us.

Well beyond worry, the dead dance
in the shine of a sun unsetting,
spinning about playing tag and laughing
themselves if they happen to remember
the things that pained them so much
back this side of the divide.

They shake the chains of necessity
that once bound them for rhythm,
play bongos on the hard-backed cares
which still sit heavy on us here.
When I join that band I'll tell them
how their song pained us so.