

AFTERLIFE

It's good news for my mortality fears
that those close to me who have died
feel closer now than when they were alive,

as if the relationships that I fear exiting
will start perfecting the minute my death
severs all earthly attachments to me.

It's such a religious-sounding effect
I'd mistrust it if not for the way
I still want to talk, do talk

to my lost loved ones,
still filter my experience
through their tastes and morals.

I hope to be of the same service to others,
absorbed into them
with none of the inarticulateless or moodiness

that constantly trips me up while alive.
I know we're all born to die,
but life encumbers me in a way

that being relieved of words and feelings
won't—I never thought of my virtues
in these terms, but I'll make a good memory.