

Antigone Détente

by Bill Yarrow

I'm that age, I guess. People keep asking me what I want for my funeral. I don't give a shit. Let the dogs lick my bones. Throw my ashes out the window. If I die in the autumn, rake the orange leaves over my arms. Put my clavicle on your mantel. Feel free to laminate my lungs. Toss my heart off the dock. Use me if you run out of dark molasses or caulk. Make origami or a caftan or wicker furniture or a raku pot of me. Tan my hide. Feed me to rabid macaques. Dissolve me in nitric acid. Water the garden of my face. Give Achilles free reign to drag me through the mud. Don't feel guilty. It's OK, really. I, Priam, absolve you.

So they asked his wife and daughters and sons what they wanted for their father, and they said, *Just bury him. He said he wanted us to be happy.*

ALT ENDING

So they asked his wife and daughters and sons what they wanted for their father, and they said, *Bury the bastard. Serves him right for being glib.*

