Burial of the Dead

by Gary Hardaway

No canopic jars and fine Egyptian cotton.
No Viking sendoff, my corpse aflame
within a ship upon the sea,
for my carbon footprint is
quite sooty enough already.

No cremation with its
monoxide and dioxide.
No rouge and best suit,
veins filled to almost bursting
with chemicals, no.

Let me serve instead, cadaverous,
to teach the youngsters what a life
of genteel abuse of organs looks like
then feed me to the worms and compost pile
once my sentence of consciousness is served.

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/gary-hardaway/burial-of-the-dead»*
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