

When I Asked You to Sing at My Funeral

by Heather Fowler

It's because poetry would not do,
because the fireflies were alive that night, aflame,
reminding me of the way my heart felt
when I loved you,

because song is a different version of holding,
of kissing, of listening-- because
the last time I saw you

you showed me nothing
of what you felt, and because sometimes
you must die, in one life, in order
to start another

