

# 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

