

Words of Departure

by Jackie Parslow

A certain butterfly is already on the wing

They needn't say I was a king,
nor drop with me a shining ring,
my quoir shall have its day and sing,
dancing, laughter, light it bring,
not a dark or shameful thing,
over and over, a six foot sink
Champagne, my friends shall drink,
Not a fuss, not a stink,
The eulogy, deep, will make one think,
Grandmother, sat in back, will wink

