

Who will I persuade to go to the funeral?
San Francisco: upbeat crowds
rich young couples pushing strollers stop to chat with
rich young couples pushing strollers
and I thought Henry Frankel *owned* this town!
Who will I recruit
for the funeral? No one answers
or returns calls
and the hands of the old Vietnamese masseuse
feel tentative and feeble along my thigh
“You no want hand job? Too tired?”

Monday: Eternal Home

The gravediggers are dark and hot
not more than twenty-four
What do they talk about at night without music or a breeze?
God
make this dream explode
into such a fairground of hair and stream and cotton candy
Sweet mystery in that coffin!
Sealed in there forever? Not my father he'll claw
his way to safety feisty
free to explore downtown in the blazer I brought him
free to check balances reclaim his passport
because he needs Lake Como and the Alps
as badly I need his anger
and his voice