

Cardboard Coffins

Karen Greene

*This box contains the dead, my dear,
not forgotten, but tattered and lifeless.
A silken handkerchief shroud—
A dried mold-eaten bouquet—
even a movie program eulogy
Clinging dreams—lost tomorrows*

*Rows of romantic beams garnish your aisle
like a candelabra—With added kisses
under a foggy moon in dark solitude.
What style!*

*And this?
A gummed-up lollipop?
Sure, it's a super prom-night goodie
turned into a postmortem treat
for invertebrates with six feet.*

*No, my dear,
That bell wasn't tolling the hour.
So take the pennies off your eyes
and buy memories—
by burning cardboard sorrows.*