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.