



## Funeral for Billy

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Death, I learned, holds minor consequence.  
Hindus are optimistic that way.  
A period at the end of a run-on sentence,  
or something as simple as changing coats  
when you're tired of the weight of yours.

Even my mother,  
who bawled after her father's death  
8,000 miles from home,  
looks now into other people's eyes  
like she can tell who was who.

When Billy died,  
I stood in the kitchen with my roommates  
watching light tremble on glass  
as they scooped out his dead body,  
orange and silver under the fluorescent bulb.

Everyone else milled out  
but I waited next to his tank.  
His tender weight in my palm  
was so ripe, that I wished for a second  
life didn't have to change coats so quickly.

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