

He's in My Bones

Getting wheeled from here to there,
and the timer just went off, he's done.
The clock stopped ticking inside him,
and the document said, "don't replace the batteries."

In a flash he's gone, and the word gets out,
And not really a word from my perspective,
Rather a bunch of 1's and 0's on my handheld.
Could it be any more impersonal and painful?

So, what now; how long must I wait and for what?
"10 days is the standard in the industry," I am told,
"Then we can proceed with the requested process."
Well, I have a request too, and what about my process?

Voluntarily he gave himself up to a flame.
One large piece goes in, a pile of ashes comes out.
My request is granted, and it informs my process.
He arrives in a cardboard box and a zip-lock baggie.

I have to sign two documents to get him home.
I guess that means he must have been important.
Important enough to me to get ash and bone,
To know he's gone, and yet, he's in my own bones.

He, the father before him, and him, and him, and him,
On and on for centuries, long before I appeared
They came and went, bringing and leaving my inheritance,
He, they, all of them are somewhere in my bones.

Paul Henri
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