

# Persona Non Grata

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I do not visit graveyards,  
for the dead are jealous.

I will be too.  
It will start at the wake  
when meat slides from my bones like water,  
spills upon my mourners like a vengeful dye,  
stains their memories forever.

Later, when you think you have the mess  
safely buried, the coffin will sweat my flesh  
in bright drops; they will congeal at leisure,  
visit my friends that evening  
and commit unspeakable acts of nostalgia.

The undertaker may cure meat with his chemicals  
and some he may can for good.  
But, one way or another,  
I will be sick forever.