

The Funeral

There was no actual invitation.
None of the pseudo-victorian drama
of black-edged card, emotive words.
Notification was digital, face-book,
my friend was dead. Planned visits need
not take place. Once again, too late.
I wore blue, I often do, blue
the colour of woad, of defiant Celts,
darkening skies, nights and lost battles.

The church, chasm of cold dressed stone.
We sang folk songs as hymns.
Hoped the ending would be soon
before Jesus entered our hearts
his religion corrode our thoughts.

Later, we ate, talked of her,
laughed at remembered situations,
of alcohol, and silliness. I cried for hours,
wondered who I was crying for.

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