

## Flowers

by Fran Duffield

Who wants flowers when you're dead?  
nobody will know, in the limousine  
creeping shiny and cold as a beetle,  
if they have been carefully tucked in  
with frilled wreaths packed like sandbags,  
as if the floodtide of dying can be averted

but still I want to disappear with flowers,  
let them sing in the air about growth  
and bloom and beautiful decay,  
as I enter the fire or earth

everywhere and always,  
the living have held out a trembling stem  
as if their lost one can take it,  
carry it beyond the parting,  
as they will themselves