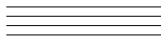


A P O L O G Y , A F T E R Y O U R
M O T H E R ' S F U N E R A L



C A T H E R I N E S T E A R N S

I may have laughed when we went to bed
you shielding in your cupped hand a match
to see our way to the light switch

We didn't know our way around the house
but found in her fridge a beer and stood
by the stove to drink a toast in her honor

I saw you then as she must have
unhard unhurt and followed your white shirt
choosing the side closest to the door

You'll have to cross the dark to leave me