

From Beyond

**Dedicated to the Memory
of Gerald R. Detmers
(1934-1998)**

Floral gatherings
are here tagged
with your sympathetic
signatures,
reprimanding
my hastification
toward the flimsy
hand of freedom
that lifts me
into the underheights.

You may freely glorify
or scorn my memory
now that I have reached
below the neath
and behind the horizon
of hurry.
Burn and urn me
if you will,
but I am far too far
beyond the mold
for any engraved
fanciness to hold.

But let the children
chant their games,
the clouds glide
freely by,
the giant world
pulse free breaths,
for I blend only
back into a whole being
from my little island
of dinky doom.

Be, merely be here with me
as my brief obituation
slides through the air
like a telegram of smiles.