ROBERT CANZONERI

The Will

"I keep clean garments in the bottom drawer." She showed her niece, pleased

That loose flesh hung From bony arms, satisfied

That she'd endured so long Her nether parts would never hold Embalmers' eyes, assured

Even in dreams no Other woman's man in Her tight circle,

easing

Unsteady legs past where She lay stiff as Life, would falter,

imagining

The underlings of Undertakers

fingering

Her underthings.