CutBank

Volume 1 Issue 78 CutBank 78

Article 19

Spring 2013

At the Museum of Funeral History

Craig Beaven

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank



Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Beaven, Craig (2013) "At the Museum of Funeral History," CutBank: Vol. 1: Iss. 78, Article 19. Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss78/19

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

CRAIG BEAVEN

AT THE MUSEUM OF FUNERAL HISTORY

In the back, encased in glass, on a pedestal like a shrine: the original filament

from JFK's eternal flame: thin wire heated by electric,

gas breath sighs over, igniting, just a coat hanger or piece of trash, filament

from his original fire. A strand of genes is also a filament,

holding your blood's code, the element

that will form your bones. How many wept at this fire?

Who came to pour their lament—and then it began to falter, new element

installed, this one boxed up, sealed in its own coffin,

we no longer even know what these elements

help us remember: They have the programs from Lincoln's funeral—small element

of history; they have the bill of sale for McKinley's embalming, fiber

weave paper burning yellow at the edges. A new two inch wire filament

burning at Kennedy's grave, surviving the elements,

wind ruffles its glow, snow melts in a circle, rain cannot douse its light. You must know

by now what I'm talking about. You must know what I mean by filament,

element, strand of DNA. In one there is a thin wire flame at a grave in Virginia. The other heats up

inside a bulb, and the bulb—frosted—emits light. In one it is all the elements

that make a body. In another, it is all the elements that do not.