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[crematorium at sierra view cemetery next to the highschool, regarding the]

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poor graveyard: mangy green triangle where two freeways formed a crotch

twenty yards from the gym and the AG shop: see, it's morty's mom's funeral today
there's morty in a tie, his dad's head rocking: the pendulum of a clock tsk-tsks

holes just the size of flowerbeds claim sleek boxes. marry me, you ruined seed

all semester they open and gnash their yellowy teeth: *there goes mike*, we say—
his the hearse lumbering through the iron gate—remember: he used to drive so fast

and then that smokestack poking its head above the surrounding grass

so that others—ever mindful of space, perhaps—could singe and shrivel on oven racks
blazing into eggshell-colored ash collected in old penny jars and in paper sacks

there goes dusty (pointing at the belching puffs that tumbled over the valley)

between PE and molecular biology the smoke you'd sneak: half tobacco, half human
white alloy of the usual carcinogens and raymond pettibon's granny. or a bit of mike

that chest that—before it caved against the steering wheel—felt strong and sinewy