

## Homage to a dead poet

Needless to say he had X-ray eyes  
his hair was tousled and his humour so black  
that no-one knew quite how to bury him

whether to mob him like they did the Ayatollah  
and have him fall obscenely from the casket  
or to stage something sparer

In the end he was just shut up  
with the last shard of a broken mirror  
jealously guarded and cutting his bloodless hand

They resurrected Edith Piaf to sing for the occasion  
with a few onlookers handpicked for their  
unlikely names and unprepossessing faces

When we got home there were messages on the answerphone  
history still flickered forward on TV  
but we were all bereft of words

GRANT DUNCAN