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To Be Read At My Wake

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To Be Read At My Wake
by Jeffrey H. MacLachlan

Now my career
begins. I started
as a white boy who
became a white man
and now I'm a white
corpse—the traditional
evolution of an American
writer. Flip back
to my poems
of death and examine
which ones became
premonitions.
I'll be bleeding
heavenly spotlights
from my nose to my section
on the bookstore shelf
long after developers
bulldoze the place
into a technology park.

There are more
people here than all
my readings combined
and probably
my wedding? I can barely
sustain a page, let alone
relationships, but if so,
I coached my wife
to read this stanza
with sugar and aplomb.
Honey, I hope I was fair
to you, because lord
knows I might bump
into every woman
I've plundered
with a pen. If I fracked
for blood with paper
cuts, here's your chance
to slip my body

below layers of earth
like a stiff bookmark
and slam the dust
cover shut.