

ANTHONY HUNTINGTON

I REMEMBER

A thorny bunch
Of flowers
From somebody's garden.

Stiff and sombre clothes,
Unusually hot,
Uncomfortable.

An empty cold church
Of stone and wood,
A lonely organ.

Your family,
Mother in tears,
Others with heads bowed.

You lie in that shiny coffin,
Name flowing longhand
Engraved on a plaque.

A service
From a priest
Who never knew you.

Afterwards, heat and glare,
A fellow mourner collapsed,
A struggle with memory
To find your face.