

*There's a Sucker Dead Every Minute*

one thing  
home  
can assure  
is the visiting  
of dead  
relatives  
at the graveyards

they are scattered  
about the city  
like a bad throw  
of dice

every corner  
there stands  
a graveyard

as dead and cold  
as they are in  
children's  
imagination

a city  
more dead  
than alive,  
really

and as I stood  
over the graves  
of people I once knew  
I couldn't help  
but notice  
the finely  
carved marble  
gravestones

and the golden  
name plates

and the wilted  
flowers

made soggy  
by the  
summer rains

and how  
each one  
of those things  
must've  
cost so  
much

and how  
some *one*  
was getting  
the dough  
from it all

those aren't  
things you  
think of  
as you  
watch the  
casket  
being lowered into the ground

or the urn  
go into the wall

it isn't until  
you return  
and there is nothing  
left of the one  
you loved  
except a patch of grass

that you realized  
you've been  
robbed

that you  
watched the whole  
thing happen  
but were blinded

by tears

and I couldn't  
help but think  
even in death  
they got you

even when  
you'd think  
there was nothing  
left to steal

how can to  
take from a naked,  
dead body?

they move to the  
next best thing

the still living,  
the still breathing,  
plump and healthy  
family

that take it like  
guinea pigs  
in a laboratory

and in a way  
I almost admire it

it's a sweet  
racket

because death  
will never go out of business

it's seasonal numbers  
will never drop

the crashing of the  
stock market  
can only help

and there's  
a sucker  
dead  
every minute.