

Requiem

POEM NO 189
19 May 1966

If you come to my funeral
Don't wear black Don't look glum
Don't pretend

If you come to my funeral
Come with tops come with cats papa hats
If you're coming first get drunk somehow
Drunk on perfumes words and looks
Wear white red yellow Dance on me
Sing

Don't pretend it's the end of anything
Fight if you want to make a shindy
Make love Laugh above my stone
Don't die at my funeral - live live live
At my funeral if I bother to
have one only come if you're
Drunk with life

W. T. Jones
19.V.66.