

Don HARRINGTON

CHILDHOOD BURIAL

Brightly colored funeral-goers
With heads held high in the air
And ~~dry eyes staring at~~ blushed hands carrying a
A cardboard casket

As a very young, cries
Untroubled voice ~~decees~~:

"We can dig ^{'im} it up
three Saturdays
from now."

Don
April
Don!

3/3/77