

In a Place of Solace

Silverstein

A casket opened up
A family gathers here.

I may not have been
What you wanted me to have been, for your first born.
Do they mourn my life, or celebrate my death?
Do they celebrate my death?
This casket, close it up
This casket, close it up

No one speaks, no one says a word.
No one even stands
This is honesty through passivity.
Looking away.
This is ignorance through abstinence.
You stay away.

It ends with ashes.
To destroy the evidence and block the memory.
Close it up, black it out and remain in a place of solace.