

A Note to the Dead

Meredith Trede

I need to give my dead
a stern talking-to. Sit

them down. Set some
rules. When, when not
to pop up. No more

dispelling hard-found
anger with misinformed

nostalgia. No sticking
their faces in my mirror.
Personification of dishes

and sundry gewgaws will
desist. They should keep

their music to themselves.
Wafting cigarette smoke
is carcinogenic, it's not

an aphrodisiac. Henceforth
visitations will be limited.