

Death Smile

There is something they aren't telling you:
when we die, our lips form a smile.

The undertakers, with their supple, gloved hands,
work the muscles in our faces to make them blank:

it would be unbecoming for a corpse to smile.
When we die, our hair and fingernails grow,

and we smile a knowing smile:
a signal that we are OK,

it's going to be all right,
save your tears for the living.

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