

**the afterlife shop
(a day spent attending cemeteries
with my chinese relatives)**

no fuss or sentiment here
among the paper copies of life's habits
beer cans and cigarettes
gold bars and a parasol
the tea things and that hairbrush
which when blind she loved to comb
ceaselessly her high head
necklace and watch, old slippers
and rainbow money orders
treasures sealed in the heavenly box
whose pyre of sandalwood
sends smoke offerings heavenwards
even oil of rejoice, a hairdrier
and the old mercedes-benz