

Ann-Margaret Lim

“WHEN I DIE”



Let a poem fly me home –
no, a whole school of poems –
let them read me home.
Poe: let him do the danse macabre
and I will do a jig wrapped in white linen.
They say a man should not be god, but
thank you, Sir Derek, my Apollo,
and that Stephen Spender fellow.
Plath, I'll ask you in person:
“Why do you think you mourned him so?”
And the Guinea woman, Goodison,
the aloe hands of your poetry have healed me.
Wayne Brown, man, you were a trip
and I loved it! Here's to the effing Ark
your living room classroom where the
meters
were massive tides for me,
a girl Jonah in tight jeans.
Mervyn Morris, I too went to the pond
and I jumped in – plus,
I don't think I cried when my father died;
no, not I.
Revolution woman Giovanni,
let's get our guns and blow this mother up.
Earl McKenzie, I came to you for simple truths
like the smell of rain in the afternoon,
and to debunk the race myth,

and for the love of your parents.
The song writer ones, Dylan, Garfunkel and Simon,
Bob Marley and Tosh, Nas,
Joni, Janis, Chapman,
Tupac – I know you ain't dead –
and all the rest: let them sing me home,
rap me home,
rock me home.

And I will join in from the grave
when Auden sounds the salute:
“Tomorrow for the young poets exploding like bombs!”