

# Momentum for Life

by Milton P. Ehrlich

Embedded  
in scented satin and velvet,  
like a contented chrysalis,  
I wait for transformation.

With my third eye, I witness  
the protocol of the memorial rigmarole.  
I hear murmurings of laudatory  
epitaph salutations.

Mother always said I was as good as gold,  
like Freud's mother who called him:  
"My golden Sigi."

My face is shiny and rouged,  
and I'm dressed better than usual,  
with a Windsor-knotted tie,  
a crisp white shirt  
and spit-shined shoes.

Mourners don't see that  
I can see  
their weeping faces  
and trembling hands waving me goodbye.

I hear them mumble  
that I've earned a good rest  
and how comforted they are  
by the serene look on my face.

I tell them I'm still here,  
but they can't hear me  
as they stuff Scharffen Berger chocolate,  
a miniature Piper Heidsieck,

and a packet of my poems  
in my pockets,  
even though I try to convey

I haven't finished revising them.