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# First Will and Testament

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*First will and testament*

Wrestle when I'm dead as if you're Etruscan and naked  
to honor me, but that's the day after tomorrow at least,  
you have time to learn the hammerlock. I don't care.  
All this bar talk about what people want done when they die  
makes me want to talk about what I want done when I don't,  
like right now I'm not dead and here I am alive again just now  
after that time a second ago and here's suddenly a third moment  
in which I am not a stiff. To revere this continuing state  
of knowing roughly where my car keys are and how to evade  
the hound my neighbor feels deserves a piece of my ass,  
I ask that you drive the kids to school and eat your pizza crust  
first and lick around the best parts of sex before you get  
to the panting, that you do what you'd anyway  
except that you act as if everything has a soft little bunny  
inside it. This is how it'll work: you've pulled out  
your machete and are ready to go to town, but then you realize  
you'll kill innumerable soft little bunnies  
along with your in-laws or the potting shed  
you've got the eye of your wrath on, and you drop the machete  
and kiss your in-laws or the potting shed, and they leave you  
alone because this is creepy and the potting shed  
feels appreciated and your roses win the blue ribbon  
at the county fair. This is all I want for you, no in-laws  
and a chance to stand proudly just a look-see away  
from the three eared pig. Then I can die in peace, and by peace  
I mean in a wailing sort of way, like my voice  
is where barbed wire is born and it's reaching out  
to grab hold of everything.