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## To Be Read At My Wake

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To Be Read At My Wake  
by Jeffrey H. MacLachlan

Now my career  
begins. I started  
as a white boy who  
became a white man  
and now I'm a white  
corpse—the traditional  
evolution of an American  
writer. Flip back  
to my poems  
of death and examine  
which ones became  
premonitions.  
I'll be bleeding  
heavenly spotlights  
from my nose to my section  
on the bookstore shelf  
long after developers  
bulldoze the place  
into a technology park.

There are more  
people here than all  
my readings combined  
and probably  
my wedding? I can barely  
sustain a page, let alone  
relationships, but if so,  
I coached my wife  
to read this stanza  
with sugar and aplomb.  
Honey, I hope I was fair  
to you, because lord  
knows I might bump  
into every woman  
I've plundered  
with a pen. If I fracked  
for blood with paper  
cuts, here's your chance  
to slip my body

below layers of earth  
like a stiff bookmark  
and slam the dust  
cover shut.