

My Funeral

I hope I can trust you, friends, not to use our relationship As an excuse for an unsolicited ego-trip.

I have seen enough of them at funerals and they make me cross.

At this one, though deceased, I aim to be the boss.

If you are asked to talk about me for five minutes, please do not go on for eight.

There is a strict timetable at the crematorium and nobody wants to be late.

If invited to read a poem, just read the bloody poem. If requested

To sing a song, just sing it, as suggested,

And don't say anything. Though I will not be there,

Glancing pointedly at my watch and fixing the speaker with a malevolent stare.

Remember that this was how I always reacted

When I felt that anybody's

speech, sermon or poetry

reading was becoming too

protracted.

Yes, I was intolerant, and not always polite And if there aren't many people at my funeral, it will serve me right.

