

BORNEO

PETER SEARS

Boycott my funeral and tell everyone not to come.
Tell them the funeral is a sham, that just a week ago
you saw me in Borneo in the jungle. I didn't look great,
maybe, but who looks great in the jungle? I was in a hurry
and said I would meet you at the hotel, in the lobby,
in those big hard-cushion chairs. I know they don't call it
Borneo any more. Those folks arranging my funeral,
ask them what's in the coffin? Rocks? Rocks and worms?
Remind them you just saw me in Borneo, and I looked
healthy enough. You've got to be in good shape to be
in the jungle. You and I, we paused outside the hotel
and watched the light come down through the branches
on to the ferns. You recall that I suggested we stroll out
on to the veranda for a round of those spiked iced teas
to toast the moon dripping up over the tall bamboo
and wonder if the world really is still at war.