

A Note to Loved Ones
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Yesterday I spoke with a friend
who randomly wondered what we'd
look like dead or if we'd die with regrets.

I suggested my coffin be large enough
to bear a typewriter tucked
in beside my journal, then

a purple orchid tossed on top—
a snug box with things to keep
me busy and smiling when visitors

have long forgotten their duties.
Then, I wondered maybe cremation is better—
flaky ashes funneled into a box

left on my family's mantle,
an urn with a window
to see all the goings-on about me.

In hindsight and when I am alone and gone
I shall miss my friends and family
who didn't know me as well as they thought.