

## At My Funeral [Farewell]

*-For my English 406 class and professor Webb*

Play “You Can’t Always Get What You Want” by the Rolling Stones. Hire them if they’re still alive, along with a black female choir. Don’t host my funeral at a church. Contact Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey—ask for the large circus tent.

I don’t want my funeral to be sad. Make it a rock concert—open bar, loud music, mosh pits, women flashing. Make sure the women are flashing.

I want the women in my life who loved me to be seated up front near my casket. This may occupy quite a few rows.

Reserve a seat up front for that one woman who—when I’d plead for sex in high school—would always reply, “Not until you drop dead!” Have a sign by my casket that reads:  
**I kept up my end of the bargain.**

Have the students of English 406 write my eulogy. Hire Charles Harper Webb to read and critique it; I trust the man’s judgment. If he can’t be bought with cash, offer to exterminate all the spiders in the world. That might persuade him.

Dress my corpse like a clown and have people line up to take a photo with me. Don’t allow children near my corpse [they are deathly afraid of clowns].

Finish off with a big bang. Load my clown corpse into a canon and blast me out. Let me soar through a ring of fire, over a pool of sharks with laser-beams attached to their heads, through a stained glass window, into a pile of women’s panties.

As people walk out, hand them copies of a baby portrait of me. One day, reincarnated into the body of a great poet, I’ll return for an encore.