

# The dos and don'ts of burying me

by [Bill Stadick](#) in the [January 3, 2018](#) issue

*Let goods and kindred go.*

Don't, my townspeople,	hype the hyphen,
Those fill-in-the-blah-blah-blank	years
Between some b and its	subsequent d.
No prattling on of how I	scribble-shilled for salaries,
Of how I shuttled my several	offspring thither

After quick stops at some	hither or other,
Of how I ballpointed	almost-subversive verse
Around potluck	save-the-dates
In Baptist bulletins.	None of that
Celebration of life la-tee-da	I'm dead now.

Neither gush how much I	loved wife,
Daughter, son, daughter, son,	Son
Of God and the 2016 Chicago	Cubs with
Intermittently appropriate	intensities.
No need to whitewash	<i>this</i> tomb.

But do, my townspeople,	articulate
The doctrine of alien	righteousness
Over my corpus	so lucidly
Lucifer can't conceal	
A lingering scowl	and Luther

Gets one last jowl-	jiggling laugh	
As he Oktoberfest-sings, <i>The just</i>		
<i>Shall LIVE,</i>	<i>shall LIVE,</i>	<i>shall LIVE by faith.</i>
Likewise, all of you sing	<i>My hope is built</i>	
<i>On nothing less than</i>	<i>Jesus' blood</i>	

*And righteousness* and mean it  
As much as I did at 16,  
By which happy birthday

I'd already made a hash of mine own.  
Next, do stand together and sing

And in and out of tune  
*In Christ Alone.* Last  
Read Hebrews 6:13-20

Loud as a street preacher  
And know I made eternal book

On the existence / promise / oath  
Of this God and it's my pre-  
Destined *we are beggars* 'tis true  
Moment to see how this celebration  
Of afterlife hallelujahs out.