





EPIC RITES PRESS

laughing at  
funerals

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poetry by David McLean

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epic rites press: “because all our fingers are middle ones”™

## **acknowledgments**

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## **the banality of goodness**

Hindley and Brady would light cigarettes  
like everybody else, wished their mothers dead  
like everybody else does, petted small animals  
or tortured them, or whatever.

they were very friendly, says Genesis P,  
and i see no reason to disagree with him;  
for mourning is a capricious torment,  
and it was Hindley's mother in a photo

who supervised their murders.  
there was a television too, apparently,  
and special things, children. there was pain  
in a squalid British house, nasty habits,

sweat and death, dust and devils  
and absolutely no evidence  
of resurrection. there were children –  
they thought there were too many

children living, German wine and knives.  
there was Myra's love for Ian, and an ax,  
there was the banality of goodness  
and the meaningless of life,

the poverty of time

## **when the dead woman smiled**

when the dead woman smiled  
it was chalk scratching on a blackboard,  
and there was no happiness in her  
that she could see,  
being too modern for that,  
like me.

had we ever been lovers  
i would have failed her in some way,  
since people may not touch, today,  
so it's good we never fucked.

though even as it is, i think today,  
maybe i never did enough

**“this art thou”**

i look at the trees and hills and animals and think  
“i am less than this”

existence in me is an index, a token  
that pins a name on a body,

a measure to assist recognition  
and assigned guilt.

i am not arrogant as the Veda’s mystic:  
i sort of manage to exist –

but these things outside me live

*wu wei*

remembering your mortality  
is not to act dead already  
but leave the hours  
behind and be  
graceful nothing

the beach sweeps to the faithless sea  
its homeless stones we are not  
and does not forget eternities  
that are not there or meaning  
nothing cares for

## **Cambodian skulls**

looking at Cambodian skulls  
stacked in black and white  
newspaper sun

some things seem rather empty –  
bitching about life or death  
seems pretty unnecessary

## **about the author**

This is David McLean's third full length book. He has had over 900 poems published in 400 zines online and in print over the last three years and has produced four print chapbooks and one electronic. Details are at his blog <http://mourningabortion.blogspot.com>.

This book is dedicated to Lucas, his dog.

Thanks to Wolfgang Carstens for his indefatigable work producing this book, and to Pablo Vision for the artwork.



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