

Non Più Andrai

At my funeral, the Mourner in Chief
will lie in the box.

Some daffs would be nice
a small bunch of ...

A secular rabbi to
give it some warmth; let us
agnostics not go without prayer ...

Brahms' *Wiegenlied* – as she'd sing it
in a most unmusical way.

The Lord's my shepherd – spoken. Though
shepherds know the end of their flock:
mutton in mint.

Lastly the song. You'd come home from your shop
and carry me shoulder-high, dancing through the flat.
Bist mein Liebstes, mein kleinstes, mein Alles!
'You're my dearest, my all in this world!'
Lovely tune too. Clever father.

'Why don't you carry me on your shoulders these days?'
'You're too heavy.'
It sounds like a burden.

Then in the cinema – diaphanous, luminous, sugary curtains,
multi-coloured across the screen. It is '39. Wimborne.
The organist rises from the bottomless pit;
plays a medley – but that's the tune! – the organist
sinks again, down into darkness. Where are you? Where are you?

Four years on and I am sixteen.
Lotte whistles a tune. I run out. 'What is it? What is it?'
She looks surprised. 'The Marriage of Figaro.'
'Yes, but who is it by?' More surprise still.
'Mozart'.

I my sole mourner shall order your tune.
Loud please. Triumphant as the coffin slides out.
Hear it.

Gerda Mayer