

ONE MORNING HE WOKE UP

One morning he woke up dead
And found his wife crying by the bed.

He sat up out of his body and said,
“My darling, there's nothing to dread.
Life without me will forge on ahead.”



Her face popped out of her apron, and her tears stopped.
She stared at her husband, both dead and sitting on the bed.

“Love of my life,” she said, “It's not for you I'm crying.
You are un-crippled now and faring well I see.
Your leg is back, and so too your hand.
Tis out of joy that I cry
To see how well you are after you die.”

He looked down at his body fair,
Clenched his fist and wiggled the toes that were not there.
“Indeed,” he said. “That seems to be the case.”
And he eased out of bed with the utmost grace.

The music started, and he gave her his hand.
That's when their dance began.
Twirling and whirling around the bed
They dipped and swayed as if he were not dead.

Their daughter opened the door
And saw her mother dancing around the floor,
Alone, and to a silent score.

“Mother! What are you doing?” she said.
“Dancing with your father, as you can see.”

The ensuing struggle for Reality,
Ended when Mom stopped dancing,
Planted her fists on her hips
And took a strong stance.

She said to her daughter, and pointed,
“There's a three-days-dead body lying on that bed.
It isn't your father anymore.
Never was, even before.

So let him go, daughter mine.
It's way past time.”

The daughter turned pale and peeked at the corpse,
No longer pink and starting to stink.

It's really true! My dad is dead, she thought,
And fainted, straight away.

Seeing her laid out on the floor, her father said, "Poor Dear.
"One day she'll know there's nothing to fear."

"Naturally," her mother said.
"A few more times around the wheel,
And she'll wake up to what's really Real."

The music faded from waltz to flat-line.
He took his wife with arms she couldn't feel,
Held her tight and thought into her mind,
"See you next time."

Bracing herself for the usual misery of loss,
She watched him rise into the Light,
And anticipated the pain.
And waited for the grief.
And waited for the agony of separation.

Shock hit her bones as
She finally integrated the illusion that is death.

She fell against the bed and laughed out loud
At the blessed recognition.

She gasped with relief to actually
Experience her belief,
To have such wisdom awaken in her heart.

Of course they could never be apart!
There can never be a loss!

Bodies come and bodies go,
But if the essence is what you know,
Then you just get on with the show.

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