**Life-Cage** *after Robinson Jeffers*

Michael Garrigan

I am fine

with the inevitable

life and death

tumble and settle

with the daily

to and from

work and home

with the faith

in screens and

empty gas tanks

with the scree

slope of morning

ravine of nights

with the quarry

of the rock

from the water

with the capitalization

of the gods

and the companies.

It is the after that bothers me, the desire to be remembered.

But that is the wrong word. Not remembered, but useful.

The best things in this life are still useful in this death -

leaves, roadkill, salmon, antler, orange peels.

Plant me in the moss. Lay me in the sun. Float me in the river.

An afterlife of decomposition into the universal consciousness of soil and water.

Cleave the grain of each day with the certainty of a useful death, please.