**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.