

## Funeral

Not everyone is wearing black.  
I thought black represented death, mourning, respect towards the person you lost.

Old ladies have crumpled tissues in hand  
Smiling as tears build in their eyes.  
All hushed voices, like making a loud noise will wake up the deceased.

Kids are quite, but they don't know why.  
They play with the dolls their parents brought to distract them from the somber event.

Somber, but also a celebration of a life well lived.  
A few chuckles as inside jokes they always made are said in speeches.

The casket was opened for all to gaze upon the deceased.  
I don't want to. I want to remember him as alive.  
Remember his laugh, and the way he smiled.

