

read this like a eulogy
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when the palms of my hands go cold
and the light leaves my eyes,
i want you to read the lines on my skin like a eulogy.

i want to be worshiped from the grave,
i want my name to be etched into the stars
so that God knows to anticipate my coming.
i want to be so cosmic that i forget my human body entirely
and melt into the stardust i came from.

i am prepared to fight for this eternal life
if it means i have to forfeit every part of me.
i am willing to lie down on my back
and cough out the black in my lungs
if it means i can touch the hand of God.

read this like a eulogy,
read me like a morning newsletter.
tell your friends that i'm gone but not forgotten.
remember me with anger.
remember me with fear.
remember me with love and passion.
remember all the parts of me i've come to forget.

when the sky goes dark
and the moon comes out to play,
remember that i'm not rotting underground.

i'm with the spirits,

and we are all excellent to each other.