

ANDREW GREIG

A Resurrection of a Kind

Say the worst
has already happened.
You are dead.
Zero is too big a number.

Now open your eyes —
it's a shame you didn't realise
how good the day is
before you died.

Open the curtains
on a storm of light
and know the best was never
ahead or behind.

Now greet your beloved.
She's dead too
and her brief return
is the biggest lottery win ever

and you might as well
blow the lot
because there is nothing
to save up for.

Her eyes, her smile
her warm skin meeting yours —
how beautiful the dead are
while we live.