

# Mummy Pendulum

*David Paxman*

A man's last wish  
should be sacred.

I want to be wrapped  
like a ball of roots  
in burlap and brown twine  
and left swaying  
from an oak branch  
on a long rope  
to soak up odors,  
storm dust,  
and heavy drops of rain,  
till the branch sags  
with my weight  
and I strain  
for the ground I grew on.

Those who pass may  
pause at this plump bulb,  
may want to feel  
my wet fabric.  
I will leave the smell  
of loam and burlap  
on their fingers.

They may swing me  
with their hands;  
should they sense my longing,  
let them set the heft  
of whole bodies—  
shoulder, arm, and side—  
against my slow pendulum  
and leave me soaring  
with gravity and time.  
Let them push again;  
I am heavy with desire.

As I measure time  
in slow circles,  
I will listen  
with inert eardrums  
for footsteps  
and storm wind,  
muffled voices  
and the fluttering of birds,  
while memories seep  
through my wrapped roots  
and something in me  
readies for replanting.