

## AN EDNA IN THE ROUGH

“The remains of Edna MacArthur from Alberta, Canada, were compressed into a three gramme [diamond] and flown to Italy.”

—AP, December 31, 2002

Edna, my little nugget, I hear Rome  
is beautiful any time of year. Too bad

carbon, that two-faced basic of our being,  
fails us like a marriage. 75th Anniversaries

end. Poker nights, baseball games, Neil’s  
ditties—eventually, they all call it quits.

Given a chance, I’d wear you to dinner,  
order gnocchi, leave you as a tip. Edna,

Canada’s farms needed your nitrogen.  
There are many mouths to feed.

Let’s hock you. Let’s cry crystals. Let’s cure  
the world of “passing away.”

I’m kidding. Screw euphemisms. On vacation,  
I’ll cut stained glass with you. I’ll scribble:

*Edna, my dear, just die already.*