I Was Wrong

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"When they finally left her alone for a few minutes, what do you suppose happened?"
"She looked at you," came the doctor's strained reply.
"Exactly!! She turned and looked at me. I was looking right at her—that really gets them. She smiled. I didn't exactly smile back, though—you know, it's best not to let them think you're interested. Not at first, anyway."

I Was Wrong

—Alan L. Andersen

Whenever I used to think about dying
I always figured, you know, that when I died
I would stop . . . being . . .
Or else I would go to the Heaven
That Father Osdecker had always told me about.

But when I died, they put me in this box—
And I've been here ever since.
I'd always thought that the Spirit would be free to leave.

The Funeral was nice—
The priest said a lot of good things about me,
And everybody cried.

It wasn't even so bad when they put me in this hole
And covered me up.
But it's this decomposition that gets to me,
You know, the flesh falling off my hands and stomach . . .
And those little things crawling around inside my eyeballs bug me.