Last Laugh

Joe Franko*

*Iowa State University

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The light fades
And they say "it is good, John,"
And they say I should wait
And they say "it will be coming soon, John,"
Coming soon, coming soon.
And oil falls from my forehead,
Getting caught near the roots of my hair,
And the thumb presses hard upon me
And they say "it is most fortunate
That it should be so painless, John,"
So easy, so painless.
And the liberal man in black and white
Bends to my ear,
And with his hot breath,
Shivers the sins sensuously from my soul
And they are glad for me,
For Father, for me,
They lift the sheet
And in that last insistence
They shut me off from them.
And on the sheet of whiteness in my mind
I see it. And John, he sees it too.
And they'll say it was a rattle
From the throat of the dead,
And never know
It was a laugh.