

## Roger Nash / FAMILY DISCUSSION

My father often thinks of us since he  
was dead. Still dazed from the long-term  
effects of his fatal heart attack,  
he finds it hard to believe that our children  
get born so undeservedly young, while he stays  
slim and trimly defunct so late.

My father was completely fit until after  
he died. He allowed nothing to be wrong with him.  
It was improper of the room to disappear so suddenly.  
He put it down to a bomb attack.  
He wants us to know we are wrong about something,  
and that he, as usual, couldn't help being right.

It's the dead miss the living, and should be pitied.  
For the living have grown the most senseless and stiff.